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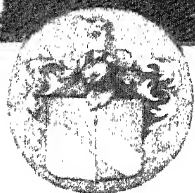




THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
GEOFFREY CHAUCER. .









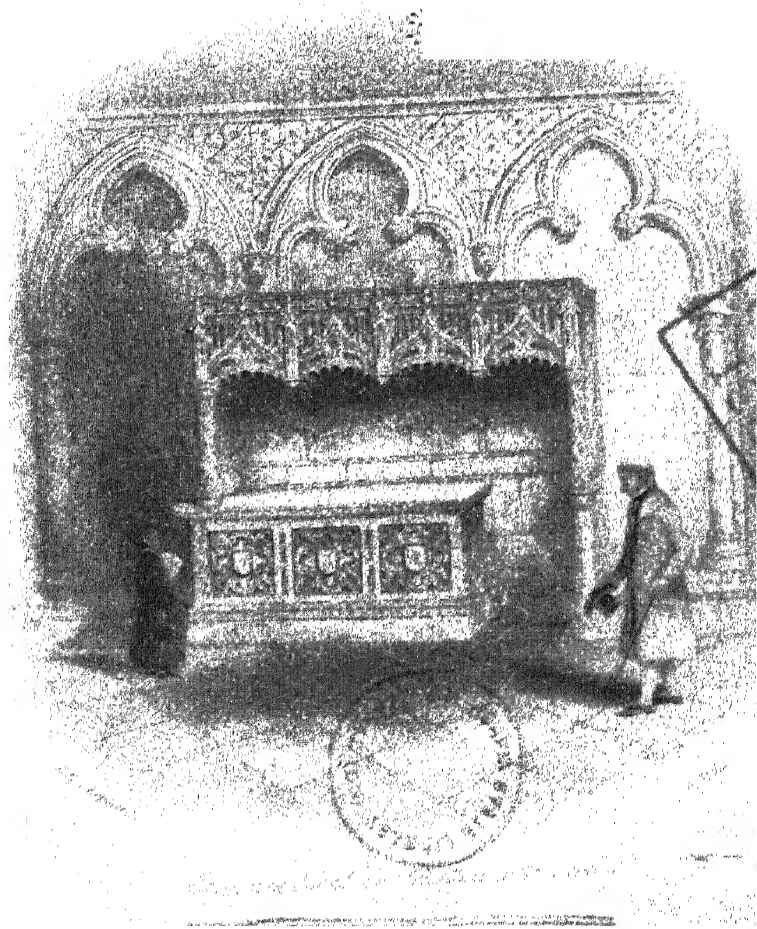




# DRITICAL WORKS

OF

## GEOFFREY CHAUCER.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

WITH  
AN ESSAY ON HIS LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION,  
AND  
AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE;



BY THOMAS TYRWHITT.

LONDON:  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL  
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## THE OLD DRAMATISTS AND THE OLD POETS.

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TO  
THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE,

THIS EDITION OF

THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHAUCER,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THE PUBLISHER.

*July, 1843.*



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Inscription  
FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER  
AT  
WOODSTOCK

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SUCH WAS OLD CHAUCER, SUCH THE PLACID MIND  
OF HIM WHO FIRST WITH HARMONY INFORM'D  
THE LANGUAGE OF OUR FATHERS HERE HE DWELL'D  
FOR MANY A CHEERFUL DAY. THESE ANCIENT WALLS  
HAVE OFTEN HEARD HIM, WHILE HIS LEGENDS BLITHE  
HE SANG; OF LOVE, OR KNIGHTHOOD, OR THE WILES  
OF HOMELY LIFE: THROUGH EACH ESTATE AND AGE,  
THE FASHIONS AND THE FOLLIES OF THE WORLD  
WITH CUNNING HAND PORTRAYING THOUGH PERCHANCE  
FROM BLENHEIM'S TOWERS, O STRANGER, THOU ART COME  
GLOWING WITH CHURCHILL'S TROPHIES, YET IN VAIN  
DOST THOU APPLAUD THEM, IF THY BREAST BE COLD  
TO HIM, THIS OTHER HERO, WHO, IN TIMES  
DARK AND UNTAUGHT, BEGAN WITH CHARMING VERSE  
TO TAME THE BUDENESS OF HIS NATIVE LAND

AKENSIDE



## THE PREFACE.

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THE first object of this publication was to give the text of THE CANTERBURY TALES as correct as the MSS. within the reach of the Editor would enable him to make it.

The account of former Editions, in the Appendix to this Preface (A), will shew, that this object had hitherto been either entirely neglected, or at least very imperfectly pursued. The Editor therefore has proceeded as if his author had never been published before. He has formed the text throughout from the MSS. and has paid little regard to the readings of any edition, except the two by Caxton, each of which may now be considered as a Manuscript. A List of the MSS. collated, or consulted, upon this occasion is subjoined (B).

In order to make the proper use of these MSS., to unravel the confusions of their orthography, and to judge between a great number of various readings, it was necessary to enquire into the state of our language and versification at the time when Chaucer wrote, and also, as much as was possible, into the peculiarities of his style and manner of composition. Nor was it less necessary to examine with some attention the work now intended to be republished; to draw a line between the imperfections, which may be supposed to have been left in it by the author, and those which have crept into it since; to distinguish the parts where the author appears as an inventor, from those where he is merely a translator, or imitator; and throughout the whole to trace his allusions to a variety of forgotten books and obsolete customs. As a certain degree of information upon all these points will be found to be necessary even for the reading of the Canterbury Tales with intelligence and satisfaction, the Editor hopes he shall be excused for supposing, that the majority of his readers will not be displeased with his attempt to shorten at least the labour of their enquiries, by laying before them such parts of the result of his own researches, as he judges will be most conducive to that purpose. He has therefore added to the text, 1. AN ESSAY\* ON THE LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION OF CHAUCER; 2. AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES; and 3. NOTES, &c.

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\* The book by Dr. Shaw, Part the third, § 1—6. is contained a short view of English Poetry to the time of Chaucer, the compilation which the Editor might perhaps have saved himself, if he had foreseen, that Mr Warton's book, *travelling* ENGLISH POETRY would have appeared so soon. Both the *Essay* and the *Introductory Discourse* were before by Mr. Warton's book was published; which is mentioned, not so much to obviate any suspicion of his never saying as to apologise for whatever defects there may be in either of those treatises, from a want of the lights we fill at earned and elegant writer has thrown upon all parts of this subject.

8

into which he has thrown an account of the most material various readings; illustrations of particular passages; and explanations of the most uncommon words and phrases, especially such as are omitted, or ill explained, in the Glossary to Urry's Edition.

He had once an intention of adding a Glossary\*, and a Life of Chaucer. From the former of these undertakings he was deterred by the bulk to which this publication had already swollen, and by the consideration that a Glossary, adapted to a part only of Chaucer's writings, must necessarily be a very imperfect work, the utility of which would by no means be proportionable to the labour employed in compiling it. If this attempt, to invite the attention of the public to their too much neglected bard, should so far succeed as to bring to light any MSS. by the help of which, together with those in the Bodleian and other Libraries, the remainder of the writings of Chaucer might be restored to a tolerable degree of purity, a good Glossary to the whole would be a most useful work, and indeed would answer all the purposes of a Dictionary of our antient Language.

With respect to a life of Chaucer, he found, after a reasonable waste of time and pains in searching for materials, that he could add few *facts* to those, which have already appeared in several lives of that poet; and he was not disposed, either to repeat the comments and inventions, by which former biographers have endeavoured to supply the deficiency of facts, or to substitute any of his own for the same laudable purpose. Instead therefore of a formal life of his author, which, upon these principles, must have been a very meagre narration, he has added to this Preface (c) a short **ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORICAL PASSAGES OF THE LIFE OF CHAUCER**, with remarks, which may serve to separate for the future those passages from others, which have nothing to recommend them to credit, but the single circumstance of having been often repeated.

He will detain the reader no longer than just to observe, that in the following edition of the *Canterbury Tales* he does not recollect to have deviated from the MSS. (except, perhaps, by adding the final *n* to a very few words) in any one instance, of which the reader is not advertised in the notes.

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[\* This intention the learned Editor afterwards carried into execution, and published a Glossary in 1778.]

## APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE.

### (A) AN ACCOUNT OF FORMER EDITIONS OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE Art of Printing had been invented and exercised for a considerable time, in most countries of Europe, before the Art of Criticism was called in to superintend and direct its operations. It is therefore much more to the honour of our meritorious countryman William Caxton, that he chose to make the Canterbury Tales one of the earliest productions of his press, than it can be to his discredit, that he printed them very incorrectly. He probably took the first MS. that he could procure to print from, and it happened unluckily to be one of the worst in all respects that he could possibly have met with. The very few copies of this Edition, which are now remaining\*, have no date, but Mr. Ames supposes it to have been printed in 1475 or 6.

It is still more to the honour of Caxton, that when he was informed of the imperfections of his edition, he very readily undertook a second, "for to satisfy the author," (as he says himself,) "whereas tofore by ignorance he had erred in hurting and diffaming his book." His whole account of this matter, in the Preface to this second Edition, is so clear and ingenuous, that I shall insert it below in his own words<sup>b</sup>. This Edition is also without date, except that the Preface informs us, that it was printed six years after the first.

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\* The late Mr. West was so obliging as to lend me a complete copy of this Edition, which is now, as I have heard, in the King's Library. There is another complete copy in the Library of Merton College, which is illuminated, and has a ruled line under every printed one, to give it the appearance, I suppose, of a MS. Neither of these books, though seemingly complete, has any Preface or Advertisement.

<sup>b</sup> Pref. to Caxton's 2d Edit. from a copy in the Library of St. John's Coll. Oxford. *Ames*, p. 55.—Whiche book I have dylygently oversen, and duly examyned to the ende that it be made accordyng unto his owen makynge; for I fynde many of the sayd bookes, whiche wryters have abyrdyd it, and many thynges left out, and in some places have sette certayn versys that he never made ne sette in hys booke; of whyche bookes so incorrekte was one broughte to me vi. yere passyd, whiche I supposed had ben veray true and correkte, and accordyng to the same I dyde do enprynte a certayn number of them, whyche anon were solde to many and dyverse gentyl men, of whom one gentylman cam to me, and sayd that this book was not accordyng in many places unto the book that Gefferey Chaucer had made. To whom I answered, that I had made it accordyng to my cople, and by me was nothyng added ne mynushyd. Thenne he sayd, he knewe a book whyche hys fader had and weche lovyd, that was very trewe, and accordyng unto hys owen first book by hym made; and sayd more, yf I wold enprynte it agayn, he wold gete me the same book for a cople. How be it he wist well that hys fader wold not gladly departe fro it. To whom I said, in caas that he coude gete me suche a book, trewe and correkte, yet I wold ones endevoyre me to enprynte it agayn, for to satisfy the auctour, where as tofore by ygnoraunce I erryd in hurtyng and dyffamyng his book in dyverce places, in setting in somme thynges that he never sayd ne made, and leving out many thynges that he made, whyche ben requysite to be sette in it. And thus we fylt at accord, and he full gentilly gate of hys fader the said book, and delyvered it to me, by whiche I have corrected my book, as heere after alle alonge by the ayde of almighty God shal folowe, whom I humbly beseche, &c.



Ames mentions an Edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, "Collected by William Caxton, and printed by Wynken de Worde at Westmestre, in 1495. Folio." He does not appear to have seen it himself, nor have I ever met with any other authority for its existence; which however I do not mean to dispute. If there was such an Edition, we may be tolerably sure, that it was only a copy of Caxton's.

This was certainly the case of both Pynson's Editions. He has prefixed to both the introductory part of Caxton's *Prohemye* to his 2d Edition, without the least alteration. In what follows, he says, that he purposes to imprint his book [in the first Edition] *by a copy of the said Master Caxton*, and [in the second] *by a copy of William Caxton's imprinting*<sup>a</sup>. That the Copy, mentioned in both these passages, by which Pynson purposed to imprint, was really Caxton's second Edition, is evident from the slightest comparison of the three books. Pynson's first Edition has no date, but is supposed (upon good grounds, I think) to have been printed not long after 1491, the year of Caxton's death. His second Edition<sup>d</sup> is dated in 1526, and was the first in which a Collection of some other pieces of Chaucer was added to the *Canterbury Tales*.

The next Edition, which I have been able to meet with, was printed by Thomas Godfray in 1532. If this be not the very Edition which Leland speaks of<sup>e</sup> as printed by Berthelette, with

Mr. Lewis in his *Life of Caxton*, p. 104, has published a minute account of the contents of this edition from a copy in the Library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, but without deciding whether it is the first or the second edition.

It is undoubtedly the second; but the Preface is lost. There is an imperfect copy of this edition in the Museum, and another in the Library of the Royal Society. Both together would not make a complete one.

<sup>c</sup> See the *Prohemies* to Pynson's 1st and 2d Edit. in the Preface to Urry's Chaucer. There is a complete copy of Pynson's 1st Edit. in the Library of the Royal Society.

<sup>d</sup> I venture to call this Pynson's 2d Edit. though Ames (from some notes of Bagford) speaks of Editions in 1520 and 1522. He does not appear to have seen them himself. Mr. West had a copy of the Edition of 1526, in which the name of the printer and the date of the impression are regularly set down at the end of the *Canterbury Tales*. After that follow "*Troilus and Creseide*" and "*The Boke of Fame*," at the end of which last is a note, copied from Caxton's edition of the same book, with this addition, *And here foloweth another of his workes*. But in Mr. West's copy nothing followed. The writer of the Preface to Ed. Urr. seems to have had the use of a copy of this Edition in 1526, which contained some other pieces of Chaucer's, and several by other hands. See the Pref. to Ed. Urr.

<sup>e</sup> I think it necessary to state Leland's account of the editions of Chaucer in his own words, from Tanner's *Bibl. Brit.* v. Chaucer. "Non alienum meo erit instituto palam facere, *Gulielmum Caxodunum*, hominem nec indiligentem nec indoctum, et quem constat primum Londini artem excuississe typographicam, *Chauceri* opera, quotquot vel pretio vel precibus comparare potuit, in unum volumen collegisse. Vicit tamen Caxodunicam editionem *Bertholotus* noster operâ *Gulielmi Thynni*, qui multo labore, sedulitate, ac curâ usus in perquirendis vetustis exemplaribus, multa *primæ* adjecit *ditioni*. Sed nec in hac parte caruit *Brianus Tucca*, mihi familiaritate conjunctissimus, et Anglicæ linguæ eloquentia mirificus, suâ gloriâ, editâ in postremam impressionem *prefatione* climatâ, luculentâ, elegantî. Sequar igitur codicem *pauca* adhuc annis impressum, et promissum adponam syllabon." He then gives a Syllabus of the works of Chaucer, contained in that Edition, as follows: "*Fabula Cantuaræ* xxiv, quarum due solutâ oratione scriptæ; sed *Petri Aratoris fabula*, quæ communi doctorum consensu Chaucero, tanquam vero parenti, attribuitur, in utrâque editione, quia malos sacerdotum mores vehementer increpavit, suppressa est. *De arte amanu* alias *Romances of the Rose*," &c.

Before I make any remarks upon this account, I must observe that it was drawn up by Leland before the year 1540. This appears from his "New Year's gift to Henry VIII. in the xxxvii years of his raygne," (1 Jan. 1546.) in which he says expressly, that he had spent the last six years in travelling about the kingdom, "all his other occupations intermitted," [Ed. 1745. p. xxii. prefixed to Leland's *Itin.* v. i.] so that his book *De Viris Illustribus*, which he speaks of as finished in the same piece, p. xxi. must have been finished before he set out upon his travels. I will observe too, by the way, that the Biographers of Leland seem to have confounded these last six years travels with his former travels, in execution of the Commission granted to him by Henry VIII. to serche the Libraries of Monasteries, Colleges, &c. That Commission was granted in the year 1533, 25 H. VIII. but how many years he spent in the execution of it, there is no authority, that I can find, for determining with precision.

In the account above-quoted, Leland is certainly mistaken in saying that Caxton collected the works of Chaucer into one volume. He printed two Editions of the *Canterbury Tales* by themselves, as has been shewn above. He also

the assistance of Mr. William Thynne, (as I rather suspect it is,) we may be assured that it was copied from that. Mr. Thynne's Dedication to Henry VIII. stands at the head of it; and the great number of Chaucer's works, never before published, which appear in it, fully

printed Boethius, Troilus and Cressida, and the Boke of Fame; but each in a separate volume; and some smaller pieces of Chaucer, intermixed with several of Lydgate, &c. in another volume, of which the contents may be seen in Middleton's Dissert. p. 263. n. [d]; but it does not appear that he ever attempted to collect these separate publications into one volume.

Leland is also inaccurate, at least, in representing the edition by Thynne as coming next after that by Caxton, without taking any notice of the intermediate editions by Pynson, and especially that in 1526, in which an attempt was really made to collect the works of Chaucer into one volume.

It may appear presumptuous to go further, and to charge him with inaccuracy in his description of that very edition by Thynne, which he seems to have had before his eyes, but I am much inclined to suspect, (as I have intimated in the text,) that the edition which he speaks of as printed by Berthelette was really printed by Godfray, and that the Preface of *Brianus Tucca* (Sir Brian Tuke) which he commends so much, was nothing else but the Prefatory address, or Dedication, to the King, which is prefixed to Godfray's and other later editions in the name of Mr. William Thynne. The mistake may not have been so extravagant, as it appears to be at first. It is possible, that Berthelette might be concerned in putting forth the edition of 1532, though it was printed by Godfray; and it is very probable, that the Dedication, (which is in such a style as I think very likely to be commended by Leland,) though standing in the name of Mr. William Thynne, was composed for him by Sir Brian Tuke. Mr. Thynne himself, I apprehend, was rather a lover, than a master, of these studies.

In support of this suspicion I observe, 1. that the syllabus, which Leland has given of the contents of Berthelette's edition, agrees exactly enough with the contents of the edition by Godfray, a few small pieces only being omitted by him. 2. The date of Godfray's Edition in 1532 agrees perfectly with what Leland says of the edition in question, (viz. that it was printed a few years before,) and with the probable date of Mr. Thynne's edition, which appears to have been published not earlier than 1530, and certainly not later than 1532. It was not published earlier than 1530, because the *French Grammar made by an Englishman*, mentioned in the Dedication, must mean, in all probability, *L'esclaircissement de la langue Françoise* by John Palsgrave, the printing of which was finished by John Hawkins, xviii July, 1530, and the Privilege granted on the 2 September following. It was not later than 1532, because the Dedication appears in Godfray's edition of that year. 3. If Berthelette had printed Mr. Thynne's edition, in 1531 (we will suppose), it is inconceivable that Godfray should set about another edition so immediately as to be able to publish it the very next year. Though the printers of that age had a very imperfect notion, I apprehend, of Copy-right at Common Law, they may be presumed to have had always a certain Common Sense, which would restrain them from undertaking a new impression of a book, while a considerable number of copies of a former impression remained unsold, whether those copies belonged to themselves or to others. Besides, Godfray's edition has no appearance of a hasty, piratical impression. It is upon a fine paper, and the types and presswork are remarkably neat and elegant. 4. I think we have Berthelette's own authority for believing that he did not print Mr. Thynne's edition of Chaucer. In the preface to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, which he published in this very year 1532, after having mentioned *Troilus and Creseide*, he goes on thus: "The whiche noble warlike and many other of the sayde Chausers, that never were before imprinted, and those that very few men knewe and fewer hadde them, be now of late put forth together in a fayre volume." There can be no doubt that in this passage he refers to Mr. Thynne's edition, and if he had printed it himself, I think he would certainly have claimed the honour of it. At the same time, the favourable manner in which he speaks of it, would lead one to imagine, (as has been suggested above,) that he had some concern in it.

Upon the whole therefore I am persuaded, that the edition by Godfray in 1532 is the edition which Leland speaks of as printed by Berthelette. I have given above what I conjecture to have been the probable grounds of his mistake. But indeed, when we recollect the hurry in which this work of Leland must have been compiled, and that it was left by him unfinished, we need not seek for any other causes of the inaccuracies with which it abounds. In the latter part of the passage cited above, he speaks of *The Ploughman's Tale* by the title of *Petri Aratoris fabula*, confounding it, in the title at least, with *Pierce Ploughman's Visions*. For I do not suppose that he meant to attribute the *Vision* to Chaucer; though in fact the one might as well be attributed to him as the other.

Notwithstanding the immoderate length of this note, I must not suppress another testimony, which may be produced in favour of the existence of an Edition of Chaucer by Mr. Thynne, distinct from that printed by Godfray. Mr. Speght in his Life of Chaucer has the following passage: "M. William Thynn in his first printed booke of Chaucer works with one columbe on a side, had a Tale called the Pilgrims tale, which was more odious to the Clergie, than the speech of the Plowman. The tale began thus: *In Lincolneshire fast by a fenne: Standeth a religious house who doth keene*. The argument of which tale, as also the occasion thereof, and the cause why it was left out of Chaucer works, shall hereafter be shewed, if God permit, in M. Fran. Thyns coment upon Chaucer: and the Tale itself published if possibly it can be found."

It must be allowed that this description of Mr. Thynne's first edition, "with one columbe on a side, and a tale called the Pilgrim's tale," does not suit the edition printed by Godfray which is in two columns and has no Pilgrim's tale.

entitles it to the commendations, which have always been given to Mr. Thynne's edition on that account. Accordingly, it was several times reprinted as the standard edition of Chaucer's works, without any material alteration, except the insertion of the Plowman's tale in 1542, of which I have spoken in the Discourse, &c. n. 32.

As my business here is solely with the Canterbury Tales, I shall take no notice of the several miscellaneous pieces, by Chaucer and others, which were added to them by Mr. Thynne in his Edition, and afterwards by Stowe and Speght in the Editions of 1561, 1597, and

But I observe that Mr. Speght does not pretend to have seen this book. He even doubts whether the tale *can be found*. If therefore I should be able to prove, that the Tale, which he speaks of, could not possibly be in Mr. Thynne's first edition, I presume no great stress will be laid upon the other part of his evidence, in which he supposes that edition to have been printed with only one column on a side.

It appears very strange, at first sight, that the Plowman's Tale (according to Leland) should have been suppressed in Mr. Thynne's edition, *quia malos sacerdotum mores vehementer increpavit*, and that he should have inserted this Pilgrim's Tale, which, as Mr. Speght tells us, was still *more odious to the Clergie*. A few years after, when the Reformation was further advanced, in 1542, the Plowman's Tale is inserted among Chaucer's works and the Pilgrim's Tale is suppressed! But there is no occasion to insist upon these little improbabilities. Though Mr. Speght did not know where to find the Pilgrim's Tale, and the Printer of the Edit. in 1687 assures us, that he had searched for it "in the public libraries of both Universities," and also "in all private libraries that he could have access unto," I have had the good fortune to meet with a copy\*. It is entitled, "*The Pilgrymse tale*," and begins thus:

In Lincolneshyr fast by the fene  
Ther stant an hows and you yt ken,  
And callyd sempynham of religion  
And is of an old foundation, &c.

There can be no doubt, I think, that this is the piece of which Mr. Speght had received some confused intelligence. It seems to have been mentioned by Bale among Chaucer's works, in the following manner. "*Narrationes diversorum, Lib. i. In comitatu Lincolnensi fuit*—" *Script. Brit.* p. 526. Ed. 1559. But it is impossible that any one who had read it should ascribe it to Chaucer. He is quoted in it twice by name, fol. xxxiii. and fol. xlv. and in the latter place the reference seems to be made to a printed book. The reader shall judge.—

He sayd he durst not it disclose,  
But bad me reyd the Romant of the Rose,  
The thred leaft just from the end,  
To the second page ther he did me send,  
He prayd me thes vi. stavis for to marke,  
Whiche be Chaucers awn hand wark.  
¶ Thus moche woll our boke sygnify  
That while Peter hath mastery, &c.

[Then follow four more lines from Chaucer's R. R. v. 7263—8 Ed. Urr.] It is not usual, at least, to cite MSS. by the leaf and the page. But if this citation was really made from a printed book, the Pilgrim's tale must have been written after Mr. Thynne's edition, for Chaucer's translation of the Romant of the Rose was first printed in that edition. Another passage will fix the date of this composition still more clearly. In fol. xxxix. xl. are the following lines:

Perkin werbeck and Jak straw  
And now of late our cobler the dawe.

One would not expect to find any mention of *Perkin Warbeck* in a work attributed to Chaucer; but, passing that over, I think it is plain, that *our cobbler*, in the second line, means the leader of the Lincolnshire rebels in 1536, who, as Hollinshed tells us, p. 941. "called himself *Captaine Cobler*, but was indeed a monk, named Doctor Mackarell." *The Pilgrim's tale* therefore was not written till after 1536, and consequently could not possibly be in Mr. Thynne's first Edition, which, as has been shewn above, was printed at latest in 1532.

\* The copy, of which I speak, is in the black letter, and seems to have once made part of a volume of miscellaneous poems in 8vo. The first leaf is numbered xxxi. and the last xlv. *The Pilgrim's tale* begins about the middle of fol. xxxi. vers. and continues to the end of the fragment, where it breaks off imperfect. The first leaf has a running title — *Venus The Court of*—and contains the ten last lines of one poem, and another whole poem of twenty lines, before *the Pilgrim's tale*.

This curious fragment was purchased at the Auction of Mr. West's library, in a lot (N<sup>o</sup> \* 1040) of *Sundry fragments of old black-letter books*, by Mr. Herbert of Gulston's Square, who very obligingly permitted me to examine it.

1602. With respect to the *Canterbury Tales*, I am under a necessity of observing, that, upon the whole, they received no advantage from the edition of 1532. Its material variations from Caxton's *second* edition are all, I think, for the worse. It confounds the order of the *Squier's*<sup>f</sup> and the *Frankleyn's*<sup>g</sup> tales, which Caxton, in his *second* Edition, had set right. It gives the *Frankleyn's* Prologue to the *Merchant*, in addition to his own proper Prologue<sup>h</sup>. It produces for the first time two Prologues, the one to the *Doctor's*, and the other to the *Shipman's* tale, which are both evidently spurious<sup>i</sup>; and it brings back the lines of ribaldry<sup>k</sup> in the *Merchant's* tale, which Caxton, in his *second* Edition, had rejected upon the authority of his good MS.

However, this Edition of 1532, with all its imperfections, had the luck, as I have said, to be considered as the standard edition, and to be copied, not only by the Booksellers, in their several Editions<sup>l</sup> of 1542, 1546, 1555, and 1561, but also by Mr. Speght, (the first Editor in form, after Mr. Thynne, who set his name to his work,) in 1597 and 1602. In the Dedication to Sir Robert Cecil, prefixed to this last edition, he speaks indeed of having "reformed the whole work, both by old written copies and by Ma. William Thynnes praise-worthy labours," but I cannot find that he has departed in any material point from those editions, which I have supposed to be derived from Mr. Thynne's. In the very material points abovementioned, in which those editions vary from Caxton's second, he has followed *them*. Nor have I observed any such verbal varieties, as would induce one to believe that he had consulted any good MS. They who have read his Preface, will probably not regret, that he did not do more towards correcting the text of Chaucer.

In this state the *Canterbury Tales* remained<sup>m</sup> till the edition undertaken by Mr. Urry, which was published, some years after his death, in 1721. I shall say but little of that edition, as a very fair and full account of it is to be seen in the modest and sensible Preface prefixed to it by Mr. Timothy Thomas<sup>n</sup>, upon whom the charge of publishing Chaucer devolved, or rather

<sup>f</sup> See the Discourse, &c. §. xxiii. and Note on ver. 10293.

<sup>g</sup> See the Discourse, &c. §. xxv. and Note on ver. 10935.

<sup>h</sup> See the same Section and Note.

<sup>i</sup> See them in all the Edit. since 1532

<sup>k</sup> See the Note on ver. 10297. The lines themselves are in all the common Edit.

<sup>l</sup> There are some other Editions mentioned by Ames, without date, but it is probable that, upon inspection, they would appear to be one or other of the Editions, whose dates are here given. It seems to have been usual to print books in partnership, and for each partner to print his own name to his share of the impression. See Ames, p. 252. A Bible is said to be printed in 1551, by Nicholas Hill—"at the cost and charges of certayne honest menne of the occupacyon, whose names be upon their books."

<sup>m</sup> It may be proper just to take notice, that Mr. Speght's Edition was reprinted in 1687, with an Advertisement at the end, in which the Editor pretended to publish from a MS. *the conclusion of the Coke's Tale and also of the Squires Tale, which in the printed books are said to be lost or never finished by the author.*—These Conclusions may be seen in the Preface to Ed. Urry. Whoever the Editor was, I must do him the justice to say, that they are both really to be found in MS. The first is in MS. B. a. and the other in MS. B. d. from which Hearne has also printed it, as a choice discovery, in his Letter to Bagford. App. to R. G. p. 601. If I thought the Reader had any relish for such supplements to Chaucer, I could treat him from MS. B. a. with at least thirty more lines, which have been inserted in different parts of the *Cook's Tale*, by the same hand that wrote this Conclusion. It seems to have been an early, though very unsuccessful, attempt to supply the deficiencies of that Tale, before any one had thought of tacking *Gamelyn* to it.

<sup>n</sup> I learn this from a MS. note in an interleaved copy of Urry's Chaucer, presented to the British Museum by Mr. William Thomas, a brother, as I apprehend, of Mr. T. Thomas. T. Thomas was of Christ-Church, Oxford, and died in 1751, aged lix. In another note Mr. W. Thomas informs us, that the *Life of Chaucer*, in that edition, was very incorrectly drawn up by Mr. Dart, and corrected and enlarged by W. T. (i. e. himself.) The same Mr. W. Thomas has taken a great deal of unnecessary pains in collating that copy of Urry's Edit. with several MSS. The best part of the various

was imposed, after Mr. Urry's death. The strange licence, in which Mr. Urry appears to have indulged himself, of lengthening and shortening Chaucer's words according to his own fancy, and of even adding words of his own, without giving his readers the least notice, has made the text of Chaucer in his edition by far the worst that was ever published.

Since this there has been no complete Edition of the *Canterbury Tales*. A volume in 8vo containing the Prologue and the *Knights Tale*, with large explanatory notes, &c. was published in 1737, by a Gentleman, (as I am informed,) who has since distinguished himself by many other learned and useful publications. He appears to have set out upon the only rational plan of publishing Chaucer, by collating the best MSS. and selecting from them the genuine readings; and accordingly his edition, as far as it goes, is infinitely preferable to any of those which preceded it.

(B) A LIST OF MSS. COLLATED, OR CONSULTED, WITH THE ABBREVIATIONS BY WHICH THEY ARE CITED.

IN THE MUSEUM.

- A. MS. Harl. 7335.
- B. MS. Reg. 18 C. ii. In Urry's List, vii.
- C. MS. Harl. 7334.
- D. MS. Reg. 17 D. xv. In Urry's List, viii.
- E. MS. Harl. 7333.
- F. MS. Harl. 1758. In Urry's List, i.
- G. MS. Sloane. A. 1685. xxii. D. In Urry's List, iii.
- H. MS. Sloane. A. 1686. xxii. D. In Urry's List, iv.
- I. MS. Harl. 1239. In Urry's List, ii.

AT OXFORD.

In the *Bodleian Library*.

- B. a. No. 2527. in the printed Catalogue.
- B. c. No. 1234. Ibid.
- B. γ. No. 1476. Ibid.
- B. δ. No. 3360. Ibid.
- B. e. No. 4138. Ibid.
- B. ζ. No. 6420. Ibid.
- N C. A MS. in the Library of *New College*.

AT CAMBRIDGE.

- C. 1. In the Public Library. No. D. d. 4. 24.
- C. 2. Ibid. No. I. i. 3. 26.
- T. MS. in the Library of *Trinity College*, No. R. 3. 3.
- T t. Ibid. No. R. 3. 15.
- Ask. 1. 2. Two MSS. lent to me by the late Dr. Askew. The second has in it the *Arms of Henry Deane*, Archbishop of Canterbury. 1501—3.
- H A. A MS. lent to me by Edward Haistwell, Esq.
- W. A MS. in the possession of the late Mr. P. C. Webb.
- Ch. N. Two MSS. described in the Pref. to Ed. Urr. the one as belonging to Charles Cholmondeley, Esq., of Vale Royal, in Cheshire, and the other to Mr. Norton, of Southwick, in Hampshire. The Editor quotes them from the Collations of Mr. W. Thomas, mentioned above in this APP. A. note n.

readings serves only to correct the arbitrary innovations, which Mr. Urry had introduced into the text. He has employed himself to better purpose upon the Glossary, where he has made many emendations and additions, which may be of considerable use, if ever a new Glossary to Chaucer shall be compiled.

Of these MSS. the most credit is certainly due to the five following, viz. A. C. 1. Ask. 1. 2. and H. A. The four last exhibit the Tales in exactly the same order in which they are printed in this edition; and so does A. except that it wants the *Cokes Tale* [See the Discourse, &c. §. xiii.] and has the *Nonnes Tale* inserted between the *Sompnoures* and the *Clerkes*. It is also unluckily very imperfect; beginning only at ver. 1204. and ending (with several intermediate breaks) at ver. 12610. in the *Pardoner's Tale*.

N.B. The Edit. of Chaucer by Caxton and Pynson are cited by these abbreviations; Ca. 1. 2. Pyns. 1. 2.—Sp. and Urr. are put for the Edit. by Speght and Urry.—M. stands for the Edit. of the *Prologue and Knight's Tale* in 1737.—The other Edit. are cited by their respective dates. If no date is mentioned, the reference is to the Edit. of 1642 by John Reyne.

### (c) AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORICAL PASSAGES OF THE LIFE OF CHAUCER.

THE birth of Chaucer in 1328 has been settled, I suppose, from some inscription on his tomb-stone, signifying that he died in 1400, at the age of 72. Of his birth itself we have no memorial, any more than of his parents\*. He calls himself a *Londenois*, or *Londoner*, in the *Testament of Love*; B. i. fol. 325. and in another passage, fol. 321. speaks of the city of London as the place of his *engendrure*.

We are more in the dark about the place of his education. In his *Court of Love*, ver. 912. he speaks of himself under the name and character of "Philogenet—of Cambridge, Clerk." This is by no means a decisive proof that he was really educated at Cambridge; but it may be admitted, I think, as a strong argument that he was not educated at Oxford; as Leland has supposed, without the shadow of a proof<sup>b</sup>. The Biographers however, instead of weighing one of these accounts against the other, have adopted both; and tell us very gravely, that he was first at Cambridge, and afterwards removed from thence to complete his studies at Oxford.

It were to be wished that Mr. Speght had given us the date of that Record in the Inner Temple, (which he says, a Mr. Buckley had seen,) where "Geffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscane frier in Fleet-street." Leland has also told us, that our

\* Mr. Speght has referred to several Records in which the name of Chaucer occurs. There is mention in the *Monast. Ang.* vol. iii. p. 326. of a *Johannes le Chauser, civis Londoniensis*, an. 1299. who may possibly have been our Poet's Grandfather. Though Leland says, that he was *nobili loco natus*, Mr. Speght informs us, that "in the opinion of some heralds—he descended not of any great house, which they gather by his Armes." I am inclined to believe the Heralds, rather than Leland.

The name of Chaucer is explained [Life of Ch. Urr.] to signify a *shoe-maker*; but it rather means *un faiseur de chausses ou culottiers*. Dict. de Lacombe, v. *Chaucier*. According to what is said to be the old spelling of it, *Chaucecir*, it might be not improbably derived from *Chaufectre*, an office, which still subsists under the title of *Chafewax*.

<sup>b</sup> The single circumstance, by which Leland has endeavoured to strengthen his supposition that Chaucer was educated at Oxford, is another supposition that he was born in Oxfordshire or Berkshire. The latter has been shewn above to be false.

<sup>c</sup> Though this be but a blind story, it rather inclines me to believe that Chaucer was of the Inner Temple in the early part of his life, before he went into the service of Edward III. The circumstance recorded is plainly a youthful sally. On the contrary, Leland supposes his principal residence in the Inns of Court to have been after he had flourished in France, about the last years of Richard II.; which is totally incredible. Indeed Leland, through his whole account of our author, seems to have considered him as living at least twenty years later than he really did.

## APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE

author "*collega Lepidus*" is put first after his travels in Italy, and perhaps before. I must observe, that these travels in France rest entirely upon the authority of Isidore, whose account is full of inconsistencies.

The first authentic memorial, which we have of Chauver, is the Patent in Henry, 41 F III by which that King grants to him an annuity of 20 marks, by the title of *Justiciarius*. He was then in the 30th year of his age. How long he had served the King in that or a higher station, and what particular merits were rewarded by this royal bounty, are points wholly unknown.

He takes no notice of the best authenticated circumstances of his life, and presents him as highly esteemed by Henry IV. and his son, and as a man of great worth and ability.

4 Our Ye man Mr Speight, when its this grant menti na ene Y the ass e ly y t i a 3 i i m  
 chauce is styled *Faulet's House*, which he translates *the house of the faulet* (the faulet is a  
 too low as the water has raised him too high, by translate it to mean *the gentleman's house* as  
 chamber, *Life of the Earl*. *Faulet, or Ye man*, was the intermediate rank between *gentleman* and *baron* in  
 over 101. See also the Will of Edward Duke of York, by *Ye man*, an illiberal sentence in *Ye man* is  
 thus arranged:—*un unsculer a a un vallet a a un garri* (the unsculer is a vallet)

*Faleitus* is probably a corruption of *Famaleitus*, the diminutive of *Fama* = a. Hence to this was added *us* as a name of service, to young man of the highest quality, but as they were knighted

Il est un fils de sa maîtresse  
 Et n'est pas un fils de son père,  
 Et c'est tout ce qu'il faut savoir — Et voilà ! —

So that if Edward III or Mr. de Grey was "child of the Lure" his father had a son of the name of Edward, and I should guess, that the said Lord was not the King's son, but the son of the King's brother, as the King's brother was, but his name was not Edward.

\* I should have been glad to have met with any ground for supposing, that it is mark of Royal favour, or even of notice of our author's poetical merits. That Chaucer had before this time distinguished himself by his excellent poetical services, is almost certain. I have mentioned a suspicion [in our 12th] that the *Assommoir de Blanche* which he dedicated to Blanche of Lancaster by John of Gaunt, who married her in 1359, the 30th year of H. III. And perhaps the *Assommoir de Blanche* might be written for John of Gaunt during the same Courtship. It is still more probable that his Translation of the *Roman de la Rose* and his *Trilogie* were both composed before 1367, since he was then in France, as we are speaking. But I think, if the King had really patronised Chaucer as a poet, we must have found some more evidence of such a connection. If the King had been fond of verses, the other would certainly have received some, especially as he might have exerted his genius in the praise of his sovereign, as a later writer did in the service of flattery. If we consider further, that, a few years after, the King appointed him to be English Poet to the Duke of Burgundy, who lived in the Port of London, with the full wage of an English Poet, - that he was the first who ever had the crown and his house to honour, and that many nobles there, and all of consequence at court, - that he lived in his own property, and in a very comfortable, we all probably be obliged to acknowledge that he was either totally insensible to our author's poetical talents, or that he did not think them worth any notice, or that he did not exercise them. It should seem that Edward, though a man of great many Royal and other virtues, was not a great lover of discerning and patronising great Poets, a gift, which, like that of genius, if we may say so, is very rare, and perhaps spoke feelingly in the only friendly and natural sentiment which he manifested for the poet.

—THE PROCEEDINGS WILL BE RECORDED  
 BUT NOT PRINTED, I HAVE PLACED IN FAVOR OF THEM  
 MURDER BY THE

I observe however, that, notwithstanding the petrifying quality, with which these Customs in use are said to be expected to operate upon Chaucer's genius, he probably wrote his *House of Fame* while he was in that office. I gather this from B. ii. ver. 144 where the I angle says to him,—

For when thy labour al done is,  
And hast made all thy rekenynges,  
In stede of rest and of newe thynges

From this time we find frequent mention of him in various public instruments<sup>1</sup>. In the 16<sup>th</sup> H. III. [1254] the King appoints him Envoy, with two others, to Genoa, by the title of *Soutier et notaire*. In the 18<sup>th</sup> H. III. he has a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily [ap. *Rymet*.]; and in the same year a grant, during pleasure, of the offices of Comptroller of the custom of wools, and Comptroller of the parva custuma vinorum, &c. in the Port of London. *Ibid*. In the 19<sup>th</sup> H. III. the King grants to him the Wardship of Sir Edmund Staplegate's Heir [MS. *Rymet*, H. III. vol. xi. n. 12], for which he received 10*l*. [Ibid. R. II. vol. i. n. 16]; and in the next year some forfeited wool to the value of 7*l*. 4*s*. 6*d*. [Life of Ch. Urr.] In the last year of Ed. III. he was sent to France, with Sir Guchard D'Angle and Richard Stan, or *Sturry*, to treat of a marriage between the Prince of Wales, Richard, and a daughter of the French King. *Froussart*, v. i. ch. 325.

In the next year, 1 R. II. his annuity of 20 marks was confirmed to him, and another annuity of 20 marks was granted to him in lieu of the pitcher of wine daily. See the Licence to surrender these grants in the Life of Ch. Urr. It is probable too that he was confirmed in his Office of Comptroller, though the instrument has not been produced<sup>2</sup>. In the 11<sup>th</sup> of R. II. he had the King's Licence to surrender his two grants of 20 marks each in favour of John Cally. In the 13<sup>th</sup> R. II. he appears to have been Clerk of the works at Westminster &c. and in the following year at Windsor<sup>3</sup>. In the 17<sup>th</sup> R. II. the King granted to him a new

<sup>1</sup> In the 4<sup>th</sup> H. III. Galf. Ch. in obsequium R. ad partes transmarinas profecturus hab. lit. R. de protectione, 2<sup>o</sup> Jun. [MS. Harl. 686 f. 1203.]

<sup>2</sup> *Our Squier*—so that in the course of these five years our author had been promoted from the rank of Yeoman, to that of *Squier*, attendant upon the King. *Soutier* and *Assier*, *Lar.* are synonymous terms for the French *Is uer*; The Biographers thinking, I suppose, the title of *Squier* too vulgar, have changed it into *Shield bearer*, as if Chaucer had the special office of carrying the King's shield.

<sup>3</sup> Some observations have been made upon this appointment of Chaucer, as Envoy to Genoa, in the Discourse, &c. n. 20.

<sup>4</sup> This is probable, I think, because Chaucer, in his Testament of Love, frequently alludes to his loss of Office, as one of the greatest misfortunes brought upon him by his meddling in those disturbances which happened in the City of London in the 7<sup>th</sup> of R. II. When he fled, to avoid being examined in relation to those disturbances (as he says, Test. of Love, l. 131) he was probably superseded in his office.

In the Life of Ch. Urr. the date of the following grant, and the dates of them, are thus specified:

1 R. II. New grant of Comptroller of Wools, 22 Jan. MS. Harl. 686 f. 1203.

2 R. II. New grant of Comptroller of parva Custuma vinorum, 20 Apr. *Ibid*. fol. 51.

3 R. II. Grant to execute the office of Comptroller by a deputy, 17 Feb. *Ibid*. fol. 74.

<sup>5</sup> This Licence, reciting the two grants, is printed in the Life of Ch. Urr. and the author of that life has observed, that this surrender was probably occasioned by our Author's distressed circumstances. Either he despaired of procuring payment of his pensions, or perhaps wanted to raise a sum of ready money. The same writer has extracted from the Testament of Love almost all that is now to be known of the history of this distress, which he ascribes very truly to Chaucer's unfortunate engagements with that party in the city of London, of which John of Northampton was at the head. What the real designs of that party were, and how a trifling City riot, as it seems to have been, came to be treated as a rebellion, are points of great obscurity. There is good ground to believe that Northampton was connected with the Duke of Lancaster. At his trial, in August 1344, he contended, "that he ought not to be tried in the absence of his Lord the Duke;" *quo verbo* (says Walsingham, p. 316.) *suscitavit suspicionem sinistram tam vulgi quam principum contra Ducem*. He was condemned however to perpetual imprisonment; in which he remained till July 1346 when (according to the Monk of Evesham, p. 122.) *ad instantiam Ducis Lancastrie Johannes Northampton comes sui nuper de Londoniis bannitus, restitutus sunt ad pristinas libertates*. The judgement against him was reversed in Parliament the next year, *Rot. Parl.* 14 R. II. n. 36 and he was restored to his lands, &c. the year following, *Rot. Parl.* 15 R. II. n. 33. This connexion of Northampton with the Duke of Lancaster will account for the part which Chaucer appears to have taken in this unhappy affair. He was very early attached to that Duke, and was at this time married to a sister of Catherine Swinford the Duke's mistress; and it is observable, that the first mark of royal favour, which he received after his distresses, was bestowed upon him at the same time that Northampton received his pardon, and probably through the same mediation.

<sup>6</sup> See Tanner's Bib. Brit. v. CHAUCER, n. 6. It may justly be doubted whether these two offices together indemnified





Alain Chartier\*, because his Editors have falsely ascribed to him a translation of one of Alain's poems.

I know in this beginning, *In the reign of Henry*." The Ballad is among the additions made by John Stowe to Chaucer's works in 1361 and, like the greatest part of those additions, is of *very dubious authority*, to use the gentlest terms. But supposing it genuine, there is nothing in it to make us believe that it had any reference to the Countess of Pembroke. That its commendations of the Daye ought not to weigh with us is very plain from the other part of the Ballad by Mr. Spenser, for the *Legende of good Women* in which he imagines "the Lady Margaret to be honoured under the name of the Daye" was certainly not written till at least twelve years after that Lady's death. See the *Dedication*, Art. 3. for the date of the *Legende*. The Countess Margaret must have died not later than 1370, as the *Parson*, by Howard with *Just*, was about nineteen years of age, when he was killed in a tournament in 1361. H. H. H. 141. It is possible that the *dit de la fleur de lis et de la Marguerite* by Guillaume de Machaut [Acad. des Ins. t. x. p. 50] and the *Ballade de la fleur de la Marguerite* by Froissart [Ibid. t. x. p. 669 t. xiv. hist. p. 223.] (neither of which had the least relation to the Countess of Pembroke,) might furnish us with the true key to those mystical emblems, which our poet has paid to the Daye-flower.

\* I find many first authors of this story which is totally inconsistent with Chronology. The time of Alain's birth has been settled with precision, but he was certainly living near 50 years after Chaucer's death, which makes it impossible to suppose that the latter should have borrowed from him, in his attempts to polish his native language. *La Balade de la fleur de lis et de la Marguerite* [Alain Chartier, p. 717.] was written upon the taking of that place by the English in 1448. There is even the part attributed to Alain [Ibid. p. 771.] which is thus entitled, *Complainte faite a Paris et présentée au Roi de France* [Ibid. p. 771.] Instead therefore of supposing that Chaucer imitated Alain Chartier, we should rather conclude, that he was not the author of that translation, which is headed in MS. Harl. 72, is expressly attributed to a *Sir Richard Rox*.

I find just take notice of another opinion, (which has been propagated upon as little foundation,) that Chaucer imitated the French poets. Mr. Rymer, who, I believe first made the discovery, speaks only of his having borrowed from them in the *Vision of King* p. 71, but Mr. Dryden found out, that he copied after their manner, particularly his taste of the *Four and the Leaf*. Pref. to *Labes*. Mr. Warton also thinks, that the *House of Fame* "was originally a Provencal composition." Hist. of Eng. Po. p. 339. 458.

How far Chaucer's language was borrowed, has been considered already, in the Essay, &c. Part I. I will only add here, that I have not observed in any of his writings a single phrase or word, which has the least appearance of having been fetched by him from the South of the Loire. With respect to the manner and matter of his compositions, till some clear instance of imitation be produced, I shall be slow to believe that in either he ever copied the poets of Provence, with whose works I acquainted, he had very little, if any, acquaintance.

\* The following description was made by Chaucer Oct. 25 1360, in the celebrated Scrope and Grosvenor controversy. It was first printed in *Chaucer's Life* (Appendix I.) and has more recently appeared as a portion of Sir H. N. Cotton's edition of *the Scrope and Grosvenor Roll*, vol. i. 173.

"Geoffrey de Scrope le plus noble de nosseigneurs armeez par chevalliers produict par la partie de mons. Richard Lescrope, le plus noble de nosseigneurs."

"Demandez-lez vous de ce que est un bon chevalier appartenant ou deoyent appartenir au dit mons. Richard Lescrope et le dit Geoffrey."

"Que cil, qui a lez de ses armes armeez en France devant la ville de Betters, et mons. Henry Lescrope armeez en nosseigneurs armeez en un lieue et demy et devant le dit mons. Richard armeez en les entiers armeez dazure ove un bande d'or, et ainsi il a lez armes par tout le dit viage, tantque le dit Geoffrey estoit pris."

"Item un lez, par quel cil seiet que lez ditz armeez appartenent au dit mons. Richard, dist,

"Que par ce, ditz des vens chevalliers et esquires, et que eunt toutdys contrains leur possession en les ditz armeez, et par ce ont euz par leur armeez reputeez com commune fame et publique vois laboure et ad labouree; et auxi il dist que quant il a lez ditz armeez en bannieres, en verrures, en peyntures, en verres, enz, communement appelez les armeez de Lescrope."

"Demandez cil ditz unques parler quele estoit le premier aancestre du dit mons. Richard, qi portast primerment les ditz armeez dist,

"Que nous ne qil ne dist unques autre mes qils estoient venus de veille aancestre et de des vens gentils hommes et occupiez les ditz armeez."

"Demandez, si il oïst unques parler e n l'ing tamps que les aunecestres du dit m. n. Richard eussent eussent armes, dist,

"Que n'ou, mes com il ad ov dire q'il passa la memoire de h' n'ome

"Demandez si il oïst unques d'aucun intruption ou d'alonge fait j'ar m. n. Richard eussent eussent armes, dist

"Que n'ou, mes il dist q'il est une fois en Friystrat en Le un'ies eussent eussent armes, dist

"The time of Chaucer's birth" observes Sir H. Nicolas "is little known; but from a statement in his deposition in the Scrope and Grosvenor case, it is known that he was born 'between 1340 and upwards,' and 'had been armed twenty-seven years,' which, if strictly correct, would place his birth about 1315, and to have served for the first time in the field in 1339, whereas his birth is hitherto assigned, though without any positive evidence, to the year 1328. There are, however, strong reasons from many passages in his own works and in the writings of his contemporaries, to believe that he was born about 1328, and the many instances which have been adduced of the misapprehension of his age, from whom some are stated to have been ten and others even to thirty years under than he was, in support of Chaucer's deposition being conclusive on the point. It is therefore probable that he was born between twenty and forty in 1328. He had he will have served twenty-seven years in which he had been generally more correct so that assuming that he was about thirty-five when examined at Westminster, he commenced his military career until 1357, at which time he was about twenty-eight."

The following entries are from the *Issue Roll of Thomas I. King of England*, 1328-1330.

44 Edward III.

Thursday, the 25th day of April

"Geoffrey Chaucer, the King's valet, to whom the King had given a grant of a year's service rendered by him to the King in money, viz. 100 marks, in discharge of the 10 marks which he had rendered by his writ of *Liberty*, amongst the mandates of this Term."

44 Edward III.

Wednesday, the 7th day of November

"Philippa Chaucer, the King's valet, to whom the King had given a grant of a year's service rendered by her to the King in money, viz. 100 marks, in discharge of the 10 marks which she had rendered by her writ of *Liberty*, amongst the mandates of this Term."

The following entries occur in the *Issue Roll of Thomas I. King of England*, 1328-1330.

Michaelmas, the 29th day of September  
"The King's valet, to whom the King had given a grant of a year's service rendered by him to the King in money, viz. 100 marks, in discharge of the 10 marks which he had rendered by his writ of *Liberty*, amongst the mandates of this Term."

Easter 2 Richard II.  
"The King's valet, to whom the King had given a grant of a year's service rendered by him to the King in money, viz. 100 marks, in discharge of the 10 marks which he had rendered by his writ of *Liberty*, amongst the mandates of this Term."

# APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE.

Michæmas, 4 Richard II. "26th November.—To Geoffrey Chaucer, in money paid to his own hands in discharge of 14l due upon an account made with him at the Exchequer of account, for receipt of his wages and expenses in going upon the King's message to Lombardy, in the 1st year of the reign of King Richard II. By writ of privy seal, &c.—14l." p. 214

"6th March.—To Geoffrey Chaucer, an esquire of the King. In money paid to his own hands, by assignment made to him this day, in discharge of 22l, which the Lord the King commanded to be paid him of his gift in recompense of his wages, and the charges by him incurred in going as well in the time of King Edward, grandfather of the present King as a messenger of the same grandfather, to Mounstrell and Paris, in France, on account of a treaty of peace pending between the aforesaid grandfather and his adversary of France, as in the time of the present Lord the King, to make a communication respecting a marriage to be had between the same Lord the King and the daughter of his said enemy of France. By writ of privy seal, &c.—22l." p. 215

Michæmas, 13 Richard II. "7th October.—To Geoffrey Chaucer, clerk of the works of the Lord the King within the palace of Westminster, Tower of London, and divers others the King's castles and manors. In money paid to him by assignment made this day,—to wit, by the hands of John Hermethorp, clerk of the works near the Tower. By writ of liberate amongst the mandates of Easter term last past,—46l 13s. 4d. [Note.—This Roll contains several other payments to Geoffrey Chaucer, as clerk of the King's works.]" p. 239.]

at there  
so gross and  
(revelation) must  
not known, or not  
be some thing. Verses, which are lame  
renunciation can make otherwise."  
controverted, except by Mr Urry, whose design of  
laudable, as his execution of it has certainly been

in Anglia, sed nutritus in Nor...

# AN ESSAY

ON

## THE LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION OF CHAUCER

### CONTENTS.

**Introduction.** The different judgements of the Language and Versification of Chaucer's style. Plan of this Essay, in three parts. 1. The influence of the Conquest, in charge of having corrupted the English Language by the great mixture of French with it. 2. The observations upon the real state of our Language in his time. 3. To apply these observations and thence towards illustrating the real nature of his Versification.

#### PART THE FIRST

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#### PART THE THIRD

§ 1. Preliminary observations upon the French Language, § 2. The influence of the Conquest, in the new establishments at the Conquest, § 3. The ordinary Language of the Court, § 4. The Language of the Provinces by the great Barons and military Commanders, § 5. and especially by the Clergy, § 6. who, both secular and Regular, were chiefly foreigners. § 7. The French Language continued to be much used as late as the reign of Edward III. § 8. Conclusion that the mixture of French in Chaucer's writings was not owing to any affectation of his, but to the causes above mentioned, which in his time had generally introduced the Norman-Saxon instead of the Saxon Dialect, the same mixture being observable in other contemporary authors.

122 42, of Chaucer's language, gone two very different judgements. According to the day of April, of Saint Mark, according to the other, he has corrupted the English Language.

Q b iv c 11 st 2

conquest came the French language, which was written by





time of Edward III it is probable, that the French and English languages subsisted together throughout the kingdom, the higher orders, both of the Clergy and Laity<sup>20</sup>, speaking almost

by slow and almost imperceptible degrees in proportion nearly as the English natives were emerging from that state of depression in which they were placed by the Conquest. We have no reason to believe that much progress was made in this matter before the reign of King John. The loss of Normandy &c. in that reign, and the consequent reduction of Henry III and his son, to which the subjects of either Crown were made incapable of holding lands in the Island, must have greatly diminished the usual contact of Normans to the English Court, and the intimate communications in this country under John and Henry III in which so many of the nobles lost their lives in Estates must eventually have opened a way for the English to raise themselves to the same level as the French, which they had very rarely before been admitted to aspire.

In the year 1264 Henry III we have a particular instance (the first, I believe, of the kind) of attention on the side of government to the English part of the community. The Letters Patent, which the King was advised to publish in support of the Oxford Provisions, were sent to each County in Latin, French, and English [Annals, Part II, p. 110]. One of them has been printed from the Patent roll, 4 H III m 40 m 15 by Somner in his Diet Sax. v. LXXVII and his Hume Text R ff p 301. At the same time all the proceedings in the business of the Provisions appear to have been carried on in French and the principal persons in both parties are evidently of foreign extraction.

If a conjecture may be allowed in a matter so little capable of proof, I should think it probable, that the necessity, which the great Barons were under at this time, of engaging the body of the people to support them in their opposition to the worst of a tyrannical and selfish Politician, contributed very much to abolish the invidious distinctions which had then existed between the French and English parts of the nation. In the early times after the Conquest, if we may believe the story of Huntingdon [L. vi p 770] 'it is called in Englishman was a reproach' but when the Clergy, the Barons, the Bishops, were rising arms for the expulsion of the foreigners out of the Kingdom, they would not probably be unwilling to have themselves considered as natives of England. Accordingly Matthew Paris [p. 633] calls Hugh the Third, the Earl Marshal, *strum de terra Angli sum natus alim et inquam*, and in another place [p. 671] applies the title of *alienigenæ* to those foreigners "qui regine alienigenæ per eam intrant in regnum Angliæ" and so perhaps the word ought generally to be understood in the transactions of that time. Not that persons born out of England were then esteemed as foreigners.

About the same time we find an Archbishop of York objecting to Clerks recommended to benefices by the Pope, because they were "ignorant of the English language" [Mat. Par. p. 831], which seems to imply, that a knowledge of that language was then considered among the proper qualifications of an Ecclesiastic, but that it was not necessarily required even in the Parochial Clergy, appears from the great number of foreign Parsons, Vicars, &c. who had the Kings Letters of protection in the 25th year of Edward I. See the Lists in Prynne's i p. 769-770.

<sup>20</sup> The testimony of Herbert of Gloucester (who lived in the times of H III and F I) is so full and precise to this point that it is almost needless to say that he will not be disposed to see it in his own words or rather in the words of that very incorrect MS. which Hearne has religiously followed in his edition.

R. I. 61 m 1 p 94

Thus com I inleu into Normannes honde  
And the Normans ne couthe speke the *shote her otre speche*,  
And speke I renche as *dude abem*, and here chylidren dude al so teche.  
So that hit was of this lond, that if her blod come,  
Hit lede alle thulke speche, that his of hem nome

*For hit is man couthe I rench, & me faith of hym wel lute*

<sup>12</sup> The ancient Earls had a power of legislation within their own lands to her kindred speche *'gute*  
Pita Osborn, Earl of Hereford, says, "*Manet in hunc diem thys noue,*  
*incomune frimlas; ut nullus miles pro quacunque commisso plus*  
*ob parvam occasiunculam in transgressionem precepti herilis, et tunc vel vigin*

<sup>13</sup> Ordericus Vitalis, l. iv p. 511 observes, that before the Conquest, "*Muniti* this general testimony of  
*Angli eis proximis iuvenis non fuerant et ob hoc Angli, licet bell-* "*fuerint et* "*et* "*constitendum* "*bert of*  
*inimicis extiterant debiliores.*" William, at his landing, placed gar- "*at Pevensey and Hastings.* After the b of Ely,  
huts by possession of Dover, and left a garrison there. He caused "*Caementa quædam*" to be made at London  
built a strong citadel at Winchester. Upon his return from Normandy after the first insurrection of the English, Peter,  
built a castle within the city of Exeter, another at Warwick, "*at Linc In, Huntingdon, and Cam-* "*sedes,*  
"*munitiorem firmavit quam delectis militibus custodiendam* "*had also garisons at Montacute in Somerset*  
"*castra, et tunc et tutam eorum fortissimis viris commendavit* "*We read also of castles at Arundel and*  
shire and at Shrewsbury. He built fortifications at Chester and St. "*months. Ord. Vit. p. 510-535.*  
bury at this time; and Norwich was so strong as to stand a siege of

<sup>14</sup> Ordericus Vitalis l. iv p. 505. *Custodes in castellis strenues viri, ex Gallis collocavit, et opulenta beneficiis quibus labores et pericula libenter tolerarent, distribuit*

<sup>20</sup> See the transactions of the Council held at Winchester in the year 1070, ap. Flor. B. m. p. 636. Having so





shall be pleaded and judged in the English tongue," and the preamble recites, "*that the French tongue* (in which they had been usually pleaded, &c) *was too much unknown*," or disused; and yet, for near threescore years after this<sup>23</sup> the proceedings in Parliament, with very few exceptions, appear to have been all in French, and the statutes continued to be published in the same language, for above one hundred and twenty years, till the first of Richard III.

§ VIII. From what has been said I think we may fairly conclude, that the English language must have imbibed a strong tincture of the French, long before the age of Chaucer, and consequently that he ought not to be charged as the importer of words and phrases, which he only used after the example of his predecessors and in common with his contemporaries. This was the real fact, and is capable of being demonstrated to any one, who will take the trouble of comparing the writings of Chaucer with those of Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne, who both lived before him, and with those of Sir John Mandeville and Wicliff, who lived at the same time with him. If we could for a moment suppose the contrary, if we could suppose that the English idiom, in the age of Chaucer, remained pure and unmixed, as it was spoken in the courts of Alfred or Ælfgert, and that the French was still a foreign, or at least a separate language; I would ask, whether it is credible, that a Poet, writing in English upon the most familiar subjects, would stuff his compositions with French words and phrases, which, upon the above supposition, must have been unintelligible to the greatest part of his readers; or, if he had been so very absurd, is it conceivable, that he should have immediately become not only the most admired, but also the most popular writer of his time and country?

at short intervals, or, perhaps, because the new practice of opening it in English was so well established, in the opinion of the Clerk, as not to need being marked by a special entry.

The reasons assigned, in the preamble to this Statute for having Pleas and Judgements in the English tongue might still have been urged, with at least equal force for having the Laws themselves in that language. But the times were not yet ripe for that innovation. The English scale was clearly beginning to preponderate, but the slowness of its motion proves that it had a great weight to overcome.

<sup>23</sup> All the Parliamentary proceedings in English before 1422, the first of Henry VI are the few which follow.

The Confession of Thomas Duke of Gloucester, taken at Calais by William Rickhill and recorded in Parliament, *inter Plea Ceron* 21 Ric II n 9. It is printed in Tyrrell, v. iii. p. 793.

Some passages in the Deposition of Richard II printed at the end of Knighton's *Chronicles*. The Ordinance between William I and the Barons and Robert Fitzwitt, Justice of the King's Bench 13 Hen IV n 18. A Petition of the Commons with the King's answer 2 Hen V n 2.

A Proviso in English inserted into a French grant of a Dismissal and Quinzisme 9 Hen V n 10.

At the beginning of the reign of Henry VI the two languages seem to have been used indifferently of Wille, &c was granted in English 1 Hen VI n 19. A Proviso in French was added by the Articles of the Council of Regency, which are in English Ibid n 73. Even the Royal Assent in English 2 Hen VI n 54. Be it ordained as it is asked. Be it as it is asked—

I have stated this matter so particularly, in order to shew, that when the French entered it was gradually disused in Parliamentary use to her *kinde speche* *gude* *for* *it* *was* *used* *in* *the* *same* *maner* *in* *world* *controversies* *now* *scarcely* *understand* *to* *her* *kinde* *speche* *hote* *England* *done* *one*

<sup>24</sup> Robert of Gloucester's *aw to vertue and to the wel yet* *in* *direct* *it* *is* *that* *a* *man* *in* *the* *more* *worth* *he* *is*

<sup>25</sup> The words together here a few well-known facts in confirmation of this general testimony of Robert of Gloucester.

A note of Hugh Bishopp's *verba* as served by Hoveden [p. 714] assures us, that William Bishop of Fly, (the Bishop of Ely) Minister to King Richard I, *lingua Anglica* *lingua* *prope* *ignorat* *in* *the* *of* *Henry* *III* *Richard* *for* *under* *intending*, as it should seem, to give the very words of Peter, Bishop of Ely, *for* *in* *the* *his* *just* *all* *in* *a* *French* *bishop*"), makes him speak thus—*For* *in* *the* *his* *just* *all* *in* *a* *French* *bishop*").

<sup>26</sup> *For* *in* *the* *his* *just* *all* *in* *a* *French* *bishop*"). Rob Gloucester p. 537. There is a more recent instance of the familiar use of the French language by a bishop, as late as the time of Edward II. Louis, consecrated Bishop of Durham in 1318, was unfortunately very illiterate—*laicus*, *Latium* *non*

<sup>27</sup> But their own.  
<sup>28</sup> Did at home

For but ———  
<sup>29</sup> Men told —little.

But kinde natural  
<sup>30</sup> Let.

## PART THE SECOND.

HAVING thus endeavoured to shew, in opposition to the ill grounded censures of Verstegan and Skinner, that the corruption, or improvement, of the English language by a mixture of French was not originally owing to Chaucer, I shall proceed, in the second part of this Essay, to make some observations upon the most material peculiarities of that Norman-Saxon dialect, which I suppose to have prevailed in the age of Chaucer, and which, in substance, remains to this day the language of England.

§ i. By what means the French tongue was first introduced and propagated in this island has been sufficiently explained above; but to ascertain with any exactness the degree, by which it insinuated itself and was ingrafted into the Saxon, would be a much more difficult task<sup>25</sup>, for want of a regular series of the writings of approved authors transmitted to us by authentic copies. Luckily for us, as our concern is solely with that period when the incorporation of the two languages was completed, it is of no great importance to determine the precise time at which any word or phrase became naturalized; and for the same reason, we have no need to enquire minutely, with respect to the other alterations, which the Saxon language in its several stages appears to have undergone, how far they proceeded from the natural mutability of human speech, especially among an unlearned people, and how far they were owing to a successive conflux of Danish and Norman invaders.

§ ii. The following observations therefore will chiefly refer to the state, in which the English language appears to have been about the time of Chaucer, and they will naturally divide themselves into two parts. The first will consider the remains of the antient Saxon mass, however defaced or disguised by various accidents; the second will endeavour to point out the nature and effects of the accessions, which, in the course of near three centuries, it had received from Normandy.

§ iii. For the sake of method it will be convenient to go through the several parts of speech in the order, in which they are commonly ranged by grammarians.

being  
The Prepositive Article *fe, feo, þat*, (which answered to the *ἐ, ἡ, το*, of the Greeks, in  
1. <sup>1000</sup> *fe* varieties of gender, case, and number,) had been long laid aside, and instead of it an  
all its *ve* <sup>1000</sup> *ve* was prefixed to all sorts of nouns, in all cases, and in both numbers.

2. The Declensions of the Nouns Substantive were reduced from six to three; and instead of a variety of cases in both numbers, they had only a Genitive case singular, which was uniformly deduced from the Nominative by adding to it *es*; or only *z*, if it ended in an *e* terminant; and that same form was used to express the Plural number in all its cases: as, *Nom. Sg. Gen. Sg. Plur. Sg. Plur. Sg. Plur.*

The Nouns Adjective had lost all distinction of Gender, Case, or Number.

<sup>25</sup> In order to trace with exactness the progress of any language, it seems necessary, 1. that we should have had to us a continued series of authors; 2. that those authors should have been approved, as having written, at least with purity; and 3. that their writings should have been correctly copied. In the English language, we have scarce any authors within the first century after the Conquest; of those, who wrote before Chaucer, and whose writings have been preserved, we have no testimony of approbation from their contemporaries or successors; and lastly, the Copies of their works, which we have received, are in general so full of inaccuracies, as to make it often very difficult for us to be assured, that we are in possession of the genuine words of the Author.

<sup>26</sup> It is scarce necessary to take notice of a few Plurals, which were expressed differently, though their number was greater in the time of Chaucer than it is now. Some of them seem to retain their termination in *es* from the second Declension of the Saxons; as *oxen, eyen, hosen, &c.* Others seem to have adopted it euphonically; as *brethren, eyren*, instead of *broðrus, æppus*. And a few seem to have been always irregularly declined; as *men, wimmen, mice, Ioe, feet, &c.* See Hicks, *Gr. A. S.* p. 11, 12.

3. The Primitive Pronouns retained one oblique case<sup>27</sup> in each number: *as, Ie, or I; We; Obl. Me; Us;—Thou; Ye; Obl. Thee; You;—He, She; Hi<sup>28</sup>, or They; Obl. Him, Hirs; Hem, or Them.*

Their Possessives were in the same state with the Adjectives; *Min, Thin, His, Hirs; Ours, Yours, Hir, or Their<sup>29</sup>.*

The Interrogative and Relative *Who* had a Genitive and Accusative case, *Whes*, and *Whom*, but no variety of Number.

On the contrary, the Demonstrative, *This*, and *That*, had a Plural expression, *Thise*, and *Tho*, but no variety of case.

The other words, which are often, though improperly, placed in the class of Pronouns, were all become undeclined, like the Adjectives; except, *Eyther*, alteruter; *Neyther*, neuter; *(ther*, alter; which had a Genitive case Singular, *Eytheres, Neytheres, Otheres; Other*, alius, had a Genitive case singular, and a Plural number, *Otheres*; and *Aller* (a corruption of *calpa*) was still in use, as the Genitive Plural of *All*.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>27</sup> I take no notice here of the Genitive cases, *min, thin, ours, yours*, &c. as being at this time hardly ever distinguishable from Pronouns Possessive. How are we to know whether *min boke* should be rendered *ther mei*, or *ther me is*? In the Plural number however, in a few instances, the Genitive case seems to have retained its proper power. C. T. v. 1225. *ours alle* &c.—would be more naturally translated—*nostrum omnium gallus*, than, *noster omnium*. And so in P. P. fol. cxl. *Yours alle* &c.—*vestrum omnium salus*; not, *vestra*.

<sup>28</sup> It is very difficult to say from whence, or why, the Pronouns, *They, Them*, and *Their*, were introduced into our language. The Saxon Pronouns, *Hi, Hen*, and *Hir*, seem to have been in constant use in the time of Robert of Gloucester. Sir John Mandeville and Chaucer use *They*, for *He*, but never, as I remember, in the MSS. of authority; *Them*, or *Their*.

<sup>29</sup> The four last of these Possessive Pronouns were sometimes expressed a little differently viz. *Hires, Ours, Yours, and Hirs*, or *Theirs*, as they are still, when the Noun to which they belong is understood, or when they are placed after it in a sentence. To the question, Whose book is this? we answer, *Hers, Ours, Yours, or Theirs*. or we declare; This book is *Hers, Ours*, &c. I can hardly conceive that the final *s* in these words is a mark of the Possessive or Genitive case, as a very able writer [short Introduction to English Grammar, p. 33, 6.] seems to be inclined to think; because in the instances just mentioned, and in all which I have been able to find or to imagine, I cannot discover the least trace of the usual powers of the Genitive case. The learned Wallis [Gram. Ang. c. 7.] has explained the use of these Pronouns without attempting to account for their form. He only adds; "Nonnulli, *heri, euri, yurni, heni*, dicunt, pro *hers, ours*, &c. sed barbare, ne quisquam (credo) sic scribere solit." If it could be proved that these words were antiently terminated in *n*, we might be led to conjecture that they were originally abbreviations of *her own, our own*, &c. the *n* being afterwards softened into *s*, as it has been in many other words.

It may be proper here to take a little notice of the Pronoun, or Pronominal Adjective, *Self*, which our best Grammarians, from Wallis downwards, have attempted to metamorphose into a Substantive. In the Saxon language, it is certain that *Self* was declined like other Adjectives, and was joined in construction with Pronoun, Personal and substantives, just as *ipse* is in Latin. They said, *he sylf, Igo ipse; Min sylfes, mei ipsius; Me sylfne, na ipsium*, &c. Petrus sylf, Petrus ipse, &c. [See Hicke, Gr. A. s. p. 25.] In the age of Chaucer, *Self*, like other Adjectives, was become undeclined. Though he writes, *Self, Sele*, and *Selen*, those varieties do not denote any distinction of case or number; for he uses indifferently, *himself* [and *himselfen*; *hemself* and *hemselfen*. He joins it with Substantives, in the sense of *ipse*, as the Saxons did. [See v. 2352. In that *selve* grove. In illo *ipso* nemore. v. 4525. *Thy selve* neighebour. *Ipe tus vicinus*.] But his great departure from the antient usage was with respect to the Pronouns Personal prefixed to *Self*. Instead of declining them through the cases which they still retained, he uses constantly, *Myself*, for, *I self*, and, *Me self*; *Thyself*, for, *Tha self*, and, *Thee self*; *Him self* and *Hirs self*, for, *He self* and *She self*; and in the Plural number, *our self*, for, *We self*, and, *Us self*; *Your self*, for, *Ye self*, and, *You self*; and *Hem self*, for, *They self*.

It would be vain to attempt to defend this practice of Chaucer upon any principles of reason or grammatical analogy. All that can be said for it is, that perhaps any regular practice was preferable to the confusion and uncertainty which seems to have prevailed before. Accordingly, the writers who succeeded him following his example, it became a rule, as I conceive, of the English language, that Personal Pronouns prefixed to *Self* were only used in one case in each number; viz. those of the First and Second Person in the Genitive case, according to the Saxon form, and those of the Third in the Accusative.

By degrees a custom was introduced of annexing *Self* to Pronouns in the Singular number only, and *Selves* in cor-

4. The verbs, at the time of which we are treating, were very nearly reduced to the simple state in which they are at present.

They had four Modes, as now; the Indicative, the Imperative, the Subjunctive, and the Infinitive; and only two expressions of Time, the Present and the Past. All the other varieties of Mode and Time were expressed by Auxiliary Verbs.

In the inflexions of their Verbs, they differed very little from us, in the Singular number: *I love, Thou lovest, He loveth*; but in the Plural they were not agreed among themselves; some<sup>21</sup> adhering to the old Saxon form, *We loveth, Ye loveth, They loveth*; and others adopting, what seems to have been, the Teutonic, *We loven, Ye loven, They loven*. In the Plural of the Past Tense the latter form prevailed universally: *I loved, thou lovedest, he loved; We loveden, Ye loveden, They loveden*.

The second person Plural in the Imperative Mode regularly terminated in *esth*; as, *loveth ye*<sup>22</sup>; though the final consonants, according to the genius of the language, were frequently omitted, especially in verse.

The Saxon termination of the Infinitive in *an* had been long changed into *en*; *to loven, to liven, &c.* and they were beginning to drop the *n*; *to love, to live*.

The Participle of the Present Time began to be generally terminated in *ing*; as, *loving*; though the old form, which terminated in *ende*, or *ande*, was still in use; as, *lovende, or lovende*. The Participle of the Past time continued to be formed, as the Past time itself was, in *ed*, as, *loved*; or in some contraction of *ed*<sup>23</sup>, except among the irregular Verbs<sup>24</sup>, where for the most part it terminated in *en*, as, *loveden, bounden, fowden*.

ruption, I suppose, of *Sclen*) to those in the Plural. This probably contributed to persuade our late Grammarians that *Self* was a Substantive; as the true English Adjective does not vary in the Plural number. Another cause of their mistake might be, that they considered *my, thy, our, your*, to which *self* is usually joined, as Pronouns Possessive; whereas I think it more probable that they were the Saxon Genitive cases of the Personal Pronouns. The metaphysical Substantive *Self*, of which our more modern Philosophers and Poets have made as much use, was unknown, I believe, in the time of Chaucer.

<sup>21</sup> In the long quotation from *Trivium* (which see above, n. 21) it may be observed, that all his Plural Verbs of the Present Tense terminate in *eth*; whereas in *Str John Mandeville* and *Chaucer* they terminate almost as constantly in *en*.

<sup>22</sup> *Mand. p. 281.* And at certeyn houres—thel seyn to certeyn officeres—*Maketh pees* (i. e. Make ye silence). And than sein the Officeres, *Now pass! lytleneth d* (i. e. listen ye)—In the following page, *Stondeth*, is used for, *Stand ye*: and *Putteth*, for *Put ye*.

<sup>23</sup> The methods, by which the final *ed* of the Past Tense and its Participle was contracted or abbreviated, in the age of Chaucer, were chiefly the following:

1. By throwing away the *d*.

This method took place in Verbs, whose last Consonant was *t*, preceded by a Consonant. Thus, *caste, coute, hurte, putte, stulte*, were used instead of, *casted, couted, hurted, putted, stulted*.

2. By transposing the *d*.

This was very generally done in Verbs, whose last Consonant was *d*, preceded by a Vowel. Thus, instead of *reded, leded, spraded, bleided, feded*, it was usual to write, *redde, ledde, spreddde, bleidde, faddde*.—And this same method of transposition, I apprehend, was originally applied to shorten those words which we now contract by Syncope; as, *lov'd, liv'd, smil'd, hear'd, fear'd*, which were antiently written *torde, livde, smile, herde, ferde*.

3. By transposing the *d* and changing it into *t*.

This method was used 1. In Verbs, whose last Consonant was *t*, preceded by a Vowel. Thus, *leted, swrted, weled*, were changed into, *lette, swelte, mette*.—2. In Verbs, whose last Consonant was *d* preceded by a Consonant. Thus, *bended, bided, girded*, were changed into, *bende, bide, girte*.—And generally, in Verbs, in which *d* changed into *t*, I conceive that *d* was first transposed; so that *dwelled, passed, dreamed, feled, kepted*, should be supposed to have been first changed into, *dweltte, passde, dreamde, feltde, keptde*, and then into, *dwelte, passde, dreamde, feltde, keptde*.

4. The last method, together with a change of the radical vowel, will account for the analogy of a species of Verbs, generally reputed anomalous, which form their Past Time and its Participle, according to modern orthography, in *ght*. The process seems to have been thus. *Bring, bringed, brongde, brogde, brogte*; *Think, thinked, thanke, thokde, thokte*; *Teche, teched, tuchde, lachte, &c.* Only *fought*, from *fohted*, seems to have been formed, by throwing

The greatest part of the Auxiliary Verbs were only in use in the Present and Past Tenses of their Indicative and Subjunctive Modes. They were inflected in those tenses like other Verbs, and were prefixed to the Infinitive Mode of the Verb to which they were Auxiliary. I *shall* loven; I *will*, or *woll*, loven; I *may*, or *moȝ*, loven; I *can*, or *con*, loven, &c. We *shullen* loven; We *willen*, or *wollen*, loven; We *moȝen* loven; We *connen* loven, &c. In the Past tense, I *shulde* loven; I *wulde* loven; I *myghte*, or *moughte* loven; I *coude* loven, &c. We *shulden*, we *wolden*, we *myghten*, or *moughten*, we *couden* loven, &c.

The Auxiliary *To Haren* was a complete Verb, and, being prefixed to the Participle of the Past time, was used to express the Preterperfect and Preterpluperfect Tenses. I *have* loved, Thou *harest*, or *hast* loved, He *hareth*, or *hath* loved; We *haven*, or *han* loved, &c. I *hadde*<sup>26</sup> loved, thou *haddest* loved, he *hadde* loved; We, ye, they, *hadden* loved.

The Auxiliary *To ben* was also a complete Verb, and being prefixed to the Participle of the Past time, with the help of the other Auxiliary Verbs, supplied the place of the whole Passive voice, for which the Saxon language had no other form of expression. I *am*, thou *art*, he *is* loved; We, ye, they, *aren*, or *ben* loved. I *was*, thou *wast*, he *was* loved; We, ye, they, *weren* loved.<sup>27</sup>

5. With respect to the indeclinable parts of Speech, it will be sufficient to observe here, that many of them still remained pure Saxon: the greatest number had undergone a slight change of a letter or two; and the more considerable alterations, by which some had been disfigured, were fairly deducible from that propensity to abbreviation, for which the inhabitants of this island have been long remarkable, though perhaps not more justly so than their neighbours.

§ iv. Such was, in general, the state of the Saxon part of the English language when Chaucer began to write; let us now take a short view of the accessions, which it may be supposed to have received at different times from Normandy.

As the Language of our Ancestors was complete in all its parts, and had served them for the purposes of discourse and even of composition in various kinds, long before they had any intimate acquaintance with their French neighbours, they had no call from necessity, and

away the *d* (according to method 1.) and changing the radical Vowel. See instances of similar contractions in the Franco language. Hickes, Gramm. Fr. Th. p. 66.

<sup>24</sup> I consider these verbs only as Irregular, in which the Past Time and its Participle differ from each other. Their varieties are too numerous to be particularly examined here, but I believe there are scarce any, in which the deviations from the regular form will not appear to have been made by some method of contraction, or abbreviation, similar to those which have been pointed out in the last note among the Regular Verbs. The common termination of the Participle in *en* is clearly a substitution for *ed*, probably for the sake of a more agreeable sound; and it is often shortened, as *ed* has been shewn to be, by transposition. Thus, *drawen*, *knowen*, *bornen*, *stolen*, were changed into *drawene*, *knowene*, *borne*, *stolene*.

<sup>25</sup> *Shulde* and *Wolde* are contracted from *Shulled*, and *Wolled*, by transposing the *d*, according to method 2. *Myghte* and *Moughte* are formed from *maghed* and *moghed*, according to method 3. *Maghed*, *maghede*, *maghte*; *Moghed*, *moghede*, *moghte*.

*Coude* is from *conned*, by transposition of the *d*, and softening the *n* into *u*. It is often written *coute*, and always so, I believe, when it is used as a Participle. In the same manner Bishop Douglas, and other Scottish writers, use *Begyneth* as the Preterit of *Begyn*. *Begonnen*, *begonde*, *begoude*, *bypenthe*.

<sup>26</sup> *Hadde* is contracted from *Haved*, as *made* is from *maked*. See Hickes, Gram. Fr. Th. p. 66.

<sup>27</sup> The verb *To do* is considered by Wallis, and other later Grammarians, as an Auxiliary Verb. It is so used, though very rarely, by Chaucer. [See v. 1478, 4.] He more commonly uses it transitively: [v. 10074. *Do stripen me. Faites me depouiller*—v. 10075. *Do me drenchen. Faites me noyer*.] but still more frequently to save the repetition of a verb. [v. 200.]

His eye twinkled in his hod aright,  
As now the stars in a frosty night.]

Dr. Hickes has taken notice that *do* was used in this last manner by the Saxons: [Gr. A. S. p. 77.] and so was *faire* by the French, and indeed is still. It must be confessed, that the exact power, which *do*, as an auxiliary, now has in our language, is not easy to be defined, and still less to be accounted for from analogy.

consequently no sufficient inducement, to alter its original and radical constitutions, or even its customary forms. Accordingly, we have just seen, that, in all the essential parts of Speech, the characteristic features of the Saxon idiom were always preserved; and we shall see presently, that the crowds of French words, which from time to time were imported, were themselves made subject, either immediately or by degrees, to the laws of that same idiom.

§ v. The words which were thus imported, were chiefly Nouns Substantive, Adjectives, Verbs, and Participles. The Adverbs, which are derived from French Adjectives, seem to have been formed from them after they were Anglicised, as they have all the Saxon termination *lich* or *ly*<sup>38</sup>, instead of the French *ment*. As to the other indeclinable parts of Speech, our language, being sufficiently rich in its own stores, has borrowed nothing from France, except perhaps an Interjection or two.

The Nouns Substantive in the French language (as in all the other languages derived from the Latin) had lost their Cases long before the time of which we are treating; but such of them as were naturalised here, seem all to have acquired a Genitive case, according to the corrupted Saxon form, which has been stated above. Their Plural number was also new modelled to the same form, if necessary; for in Nouns ending in *e* feminine, as the greater part of the French did, the two languages were already agreed. Nom. *Flour*. Gen. *Flours*. Plur. *Floues*. Nom. *Dame*. Gen. *Dames*. Plur. *Dames*.

On the contrary, the Adjectives, which at home had a distinction of Gender and Number, upon their naturalisation here, seem to have been generally stript of both, and reduced to the simple state of the English Adjective, without Case, Gender, or Number.

The French Verbs were obliged to lay aside all their differences of Conjugation. *Accorder*, *souffrir*, *recevoir*, *descendre*, were regularly changed into—*accorden*, *suffren*, *receiven*, *descenden*. They brought with them only two Tenses, the Present and the Past; nor did they retain any singularity of Inflection, which could distinguish them from other Verbs of Saxon growth.

The Participle indeed of the Present time, in some Verbs, appears to have still preserved its original French form; as, *usant*, *suffisant*, &c.

The Participle of the Past time adopted, almost universally, the regular Saxon termination in *ed*; as *accorded*, *suffred*, *received*, *descended*. It even frequently assumed the prepositive particle *ge*, (or *y*, as it was latterly written,) which, among the Saxons, was very generally, though not peculiarly, prefixed to that Participle.

§ vi. Upon the whole, I believe it may be said with truth, that, at the time which we are considering, though the form of our Language was still Saxon, the matter was in a great measure French. The novelties of all kinds, which the Revolution in 1066 had introduced, demanded a large supply of new terms; and our Ancestors very naturally took what they wanted, from the Language which was already familiar to a considerable part of the Community. Our Poets in particular, who have generally the principal share in modelling a Language, found it their interest to borrow as many words as they conveniently could from France. As they were for a long time chiefly Translators, this expedient saved them the trouble of hunting for correspondent terms in Saxon. The French words too, being the remains of a polished language, were smoother and slid easier into metre than the Saxon, which had never undergone any regular cultivation: their final syllables chimed together with more frequent consonancies, and their Accents were better adapted to Riming Poetry. But more of this in the next Part.

<sup>38</sup> As rarely, continually, verally, bravely, &c. which correspond to the French adverbs, rarement, continuellement, verament, bravement, &c.

## PART THE THIRD.

BEFORE we proceed in the third and last part of this Essay, in which we are to consider the Versification of Chaucer, it may be useful to premise a few observations upon the state of English Poetry antecedent to his time.

§ 1. That the Saxons had a species of writing, which differed from their common prose, and was considered by themselves as Poetry<sup>39</sup>, is very certain; but it seems equally certain, that their compositions of that kind were neither divided into verses of a determinate number of syllables, nor embellished with what we call Rime<sup>40</sup>. There are no traces, I believe, to be

<sup>39</sup> The account which Bede has given of Cædmon [Ecc. Hist. l. iv. c. 24.] is sufficient to prove this. He repeatedly calls the compositions of Cædmon *carmina*—*poemata*—and in one place, *versus*: which words in the Saxon translations are rendered *Leop*,—*Leop ronzger*, or *ronzger*—and *ferp*: and *ars canendi* is translated, *Leop cræp* or *fang cræp*.

Asser also, in his Life of Alfred, speaks of *Saxonica poemata* and *Saxonica carmina* [p. 16. 43.] and most probably the *Cantilenæ per successiones temporum detritæ*, which Malmesbury cites in his History, l. 11. p. 52. were in the Saxon language. The same writer [l. v. de Pontif. edit. Gale.] mentions a *Carmen triviale* of Aldhelm (the author of the Latin Poem *de Virginitate*, who died in 709,) as *adhuc vulgo cantitatum*; and he quotes the testimony of King Alfred, in his *Liber manualis*, or *Hand-book*, as saying, "that no one was ever equal to Aldhelm in English Poetry."

<sup>40</sup> Both these circumstances are evident from the most cursory view of the several specimens of Saxon Poetry, which Hickes has exhibited in his *Gram. Ang. Sax. c. xxi.* and they are allowed by that learned writer himself. Unwilling however, as it should seem, to leave his favourite language without some system of versification, he supposes, that the Saxons observed the quantity of syllables in their verses, "though perhaps," he adds, "not so strictly as the Heroic Greek and Latin Poets."

He gives three reasons for this supposition. 1. Because they did not use Rime. 2. Because they transposed their words in such an unnatural manner. "*Hoc autem cur facerent Anglo-Saxonum Poetæ, nulla, ut videtur, alia assignari causa potest, quam quæ, ut idem facerent, Græcos et Latinos poetæ coegit; nempe Metri Lex.*" 3. Because they had a great number of dissyllable and polysyllable words, which were fit for metrical feet.

However specious these reasons may appear, they are certainly far from conclusive, even if we had no monuments of Saxon Poetry remaining; but in the present case, I apprehend, the only satisfactory proof would have been to have produced, out of the great heap of Poetical compositions in the Saxon language, some regular metrical verses; that is, some portions of words, similar to each other in the nature and order of their component syllables, and occurring either in a continued series, or at stated intervals. If all external proofs of the nature of the Roman Poetry were lost, a few verses of Virgil or Horace would be sufficient to convince us, that their metres were regulated by the quantity of syllables; and if Cædmon had really written in a metre regulated by the quantity of syllables, a few of his lines must have afforded us the same conviction with respect to the general laws of his versification.

For my own part, I confess myself unable to discover any material distinction of the Saxon Poetry from Prose, except a greater pomp of diction, and a more stately kind of march.

Our ancestors affected a certain pomp of style in all their compositions. Angli (says Malmesbury, l. i. p. 13.) *pompaticè dictare amant*. And this affectation, I suspect, was the true cause of their so frequently inverting the natural order of their words, especially in Poetry. The obscurity arising from these inversions had the appearance of Pomp. That they were not owing to the constraint of any metrical Laws (as Hickes supposes) may be presumed from their being commonly used in Prose, and even in Latin Prose, by Saxon writers. Ethelwerd, an Historian descended in the fifth degree from King Ethelred [Inter Script. post Bedam, p. 831—850.], is full of them. The following passage of his history, if literally translated, would read very like Saxon poetry. "*Abstrahuntur tunc | ferventes fide | anno in eodem | Iibernia stirpe | tres viri lecti; | furtim consuunt lembum | taurinis byrsis; | alimentum sibi | hebdomadarium suppleunt; | elewant dies | per vela septem totidemque noctes;*" &c.

We do not see any marks of studied alliteration in the old Saxon Poetry; so that we might attribute the introduction of that practice to the Danes, if we were certain, that it made a part of the Scaldic versification at the time of the Danish settlements in England.

However that may have been, Giraldus Cambrensis [Descr. Camb. p. 889.] speaks of *Annomination*, which he describes to be what we call *Alliteration*, as the favourite rhetorical figure of both the Welsh and English in his time. "*Adeo igitur hoc verborum ornatu duæ nationes, Angli scilicet et Cambri, in omni sermone exquisito utuntur ut nihil ab his eleganter dictum, nullum nisi rude et agreste censeatur eloquium, si non schematis hujus limâ plene fuerit expolitur.*" It is plain that Alliteration must have had very powerful charms for the ears of our ancestors, as we



found of either Rime or Metre in our language, till some years after the Conquest; so that I should apprehend we must have been obliged for both to the Normans, who very early<sup>41</sup> distinguished themselves by poetical performances in their Vulgar tongue.

The Metres which they used, and which we seem to have borrowed from them, were plainly copied from the Latin<sup>42</sup> rhythmical verses, which, in the declension of that language, were current in various forms among those, who either did not understand, or did not regard, the true quantity of syllables; and the practice of Riming<sup>43</sup> is probably to be deduced from the

find that the Saxon Poetry, by the help of this embellishment alone, even after it had laid aside its pompous phraseology, was able to maintain itself, without Rime or Metre, for several centuries. See Dr. Percy's Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. Rel. of Antient Poetry, vol. ii.

<sup>41</sup> I cannot find that the French Antiquaries have been able to produce any Poetry in any of the dialects of their language, of an earlier date than the Conquest of England, or indeed than the beginning of the XIIth Century. However we read of a Thibaud de Vernun, Canon of Rouen, who, before the year 1053, "multorum gesta Sanctorum, sed et S<sup>i</sup> Wandregesii, a sua latinitate transtulit, atque in communis lingue usum satis facunde refudit, ac sic, ad quamdam tinnuli rhythmi similitudinem, urbanas ex illis cantilenas edidit. [De Mirac. S<sup>i</sup> Vulframmi. Auctore Monacho Fontanell. tempt. Will. I. ap. Dacherii Acta SS. Ord. Ben. t. iii. p. 379.] It is probable too, that the "vulgaris cantus," which, according to Raimond de Agles [Gesta Dei, p. 180.], were composed against Arnoulph, a Chaplain of the Duke of Normandy, in the first Croisade, were in the French language; and there can be little doubt that William IX, Duke of Aquitain, upon his return from Jerusalem, in 1101, made use of his native tongue, when "miserias captivitatis sue, ut erat jocundus et lepidus, multotiens retulit rhythmicis versibus cum facili modulationibus." Ord. Vital. l. x. p. 793. The History of the taking of Jerusalem, which is said to have been written by the Chevalier Gregoire Bechada, of Tours in Limoges, *materna lingua, rhythmo vulgari, ut populus pleniter intelligeret*," [Labbe, Bibl. Nov. t. ii. p. 296] has not yet been brought to light; so that probably the oldest French Poem of any length now extant is a translation of *Bestiarius* by Philippe de Thaum, it being addressed to Alix (Adeliza of Louvain) the second Queen of our Henry I.

There is a copy of this Poem among the Cotton MSS. Nero. A. v. The authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, t. ix. p. 179—90. suppose it to have been written about 1125, that is, thirty years before *Le Brut*, which Fauchet had placed at the head of his list of French Poems.

I shall take occasion in another place to shew, that the real author of *Le Brut* was Wace (the same who wrote the *Roman de Rou*), and not Wistace, as Fauchet calls him.

<sup>42</sup> The Latin Rhythmical verses resembled the Metrical in the number of syllables only, without any regard to quantity. "Arma cano virumque qui primus Troje ab oris" would pass for a very good Rhythmical Hexameter. The greatest part however of these compositions were in imitation of the Iambic and Trochaic metres; and in them, if the Accents fell luckily, the unlearned ear would often be as well pleased as if the laws of Quantity were observed. The two Rhythmical Hymns quoted by Beda [De Metris, edit. Putsch. p. 2380.] are sufficient to prove this. The first, he observes, "*ad instar Iambici metri pulcherrime factus est.*"

O rex æterne Domine  
Rerum creator omnium, &c.

The other is "*ad formam metri Trochaici.*"

Apparebit repentina dies magna Domini  
Fur obscura velut nocte improvisos occupans.

In the former of these Hymns, "*Domine*," to a modern ear at least, sounds as well as "*nomine*;"—and in the latter, "*dies*" and "*velut*," being accented upon their first Syllables, affect us no other wise than "*dicies*" and "*velum*" would have done.

From such Latin Rhythms, and chiefly those of the Iambic form, the present Poetical measures of all the nations of Roman Europe are clearly derived. Instead of long and short Syllables, the Feet of our Poetry are composed of Syllables accented and unaccented, or rather of Syllables strongly and less strongly accented; and hence it is, that we have so little variety of Feet, and consequently of Metres; because the possible combinations of Syllables accented and unaccented are, from the nature of speech, much more limited in point of number, than the combinations of long and short Syllables were in the Greek and Latin languages.

<sup>43</sup> We see evident marks of a fondness for Rime in the Hymns of S. Ambrosius and S. Damasus, as early as the fourth Century. One of the Hymns of Damasus, which begins,

"Martyris ecce dies Agathæ  
Virginis emicat eximæ," &c.

is regularly rimed throughout. Prudentius, who had a more classical taste, seems studiously to have avoided Rimes.

final, as we find that practice to have prevailed in Ecclesiastical Hymns, and other songs, in Latin, some centuries before Otfrid of Weissenberg, the first known Rimer in a vulgar European dialects.

wish it were in my power to give a regular history of the progress which ours made in this new style of versification; but<sup>44</sup>, except a few lines in the Saxon upon the death of William the Conquerour, which seem to have been intended for the Modern fashion, and a short Canticle, which, according to Matthew Paris<sup>45</sup>, the

us and Fortunatus, in the fifth and sixth Centuries, use them frequently in their Hymns. See their works, none of the latter ap. Fabric. Bib. Med. Ætat. v. FORTUNATUS.

ed Muratori, in his Dissertation de *Rhythmica Veterum Poesi*, [Antiq. Med. Ævi, Dissert. xl.] has collected vast heap of examples, which prove that Rimes were very generally used in Hymns, Sequences, and other compositions in Latin, in the VIth, VIIth, and IXth Centuries; so that for my own part I think it as probable Poets in the vulgar languages (who first appeared about the IXth Century) borrowed their Rimes from Latin Poetry of that age, as it is evident that they did the forms of their versification.

Weissenberg, the earliest Rimer that is known in any of the modern Languages, about the year 870, calls his style of the Latin Grammarians, *Schema onæcleuton* [Præf. ad Liutbert. ap. Schilter. Thes. Antiq. l. p. 11.] And when the Monk, who has been cited in n. 41. says, that Thibaud de Vernun composed his *quamdam tinnuli rhythmī similitudinem*, he must mean, I think, that he composed them "in imitation of gling Rhythm." I say, *Latin*, or at least some *foreign*, Rhythm, because otherwise he would rather have said *tinnulo*. The addition of the epithet *tinnulus* seems to shew plainly enough, that *Rhythmus* alone did not signify what we call *Rime*.

mon of Malmesbury [de Gest. Pont. Angl. l. iii. p. 271.] has preserved two Riming verses of Aldred, Archbishop, which that Prelate threw out against one Urse, Sheriff of Worcestershire, not long after the Conquest. On Urse—Have thou God's curse." "*Vocaris Ursus—Habeas Dei maledictionem.*" Malmesbury says, that his English, "*quod Latina verba non sicut Anglica concinnitati respondent.*" The Concinnity, I suppose, consisted in the Rime, and would hardly have been thought worth repeating, if Rime in English had not been a novelty.

in the Saxon Chronicle, to which I mean to refer, are in p. 191. ed Gibs. The passage begins,

Laptelar he let pyrcean.  
jeapme men jpeðe jpencean—

es are not in Rime; but I shall set down a few, in English characters, which I think could not have chimed exactly by mere accident.

Thet he nam be rihte  
And mid mycelan un-rihte  
Of his leode  
For litelre neode—  
He sætte mycel deor-frith,  
And he lægde laga thet with—  
He forbead the heortas,  
Swylce eac tha baras;  
Swa swithe he lufode tha hea-deor  
Swylce he ware heora fæder.  
Eac he sætte be tham haran,  
That hi mosten freo faran—

uding lines are—

Se æl-mihtiga God  
Klithe his saule mild-heortnisse  
And do him his synna forgifnesse.

lter of this part of the Chronicle (as he tells us himself, p. 189.) had seen the Conquerour.

Angl. p. 100. Godric died in 1170, so that, according to tradition, the Canticle was prior to that period. The sa being incorrectly printed, I shall only transcribe the last—

Seinte Marie, Christes bur,  
Meidenes clenhad, moderes flur,  
Dille mine sennen, rise in min mod.  
Bringe me to winne with selfe God—

found of either Rime or Metre in our language, till some years after the Conquest; so that I should apprehend we must have been obliged for both to the Normans, who very early<sup>41</sup> distinguished themselves by poetical performances in their Vulgar tongue.

The Metres which they used, and which we seem to have borrowed from them, were plainly copied from the Latin<sup>42</sup> rythmical verses, which, in the declension of that language, were current in various forms among those, who either did not understand, or did not regard, the true quantity of syllables; and the practice of Riming<sup>43</sup> is probably to be deduced from the

find that the Saxon Poetry, by the help of this embellishment alone, even after it had laid aside its pompous phraseology, was able to maintain itself, without Rime or Metre, for several centuries. See Dr. Percy's Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. Rel. of Antient Poetry, vol. ii.

<sup>41</sup> I cannot find that the French Antiquaries have been able to produce any Poetry in any of the dialects of their language, of an earlier date than the Conquest of England, or indeed than the beginning of the XIIth Century. However we read of a Thibaud de Vernun, Canon of Rouen, who, before the year 1053, "*multorum gesta Sanctorum, sed et S<sup>ti</sup> Wandregesilli, a sua latinitate transtulit, atque in communis lingue usum satis facunde refudit, ac sic, ad quamdam tinnuli rythmi similitudinem, urbanas ex illis cantilenas edidit.* [De Mirac. S<sup>ti</sup> Vulframmi. Auctore Monacho Fontanell. tempt. Will. I. ap. Dacherli Acta SS. Ord. Ben. t. ii. p. 379.] It is probable too, that the "*vulgares cantus*," which, according to Raimond de Agiles [Gesta Dei, p. 180-], were composed against Arnoulph, a Chaplain of the Duke of Normandy, in the first Croisade, were in the French language; and there can be little doubt that William IX, Duke of Aquitain, upon his return from Jerusalem, in 1101, made use of his native tongue, when "*misericordias captivitatis sue, ut erat jocundus et lepidus, multotiens reituit rhythmicis versibus cum facietis modulationibus.*" Ord. Vital. l. x. p. 793. The History of the taking of Jerusalem, which is said to have been written by the Chevalier Gregoire Bechada, of Tours in Limoges, *materna lingua, rythmo vulgari, ut populus pleniter intelligeret*," [Labbe, Bibl. Nov. t. ii. p. 296] has not yet been brought to light; so that probably the oldest French Poem of any length now extant is a translation of *Bestiarius* by Phillipe de Thauin, it being addressed to Aliz (Adeliza of Louvain) the second Queen of our Henry I.

There is a copy of this Poem among the Cotton MSS. Nero. A. v. The authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, t. ix. p. 173-90. suppose it to have been written about 1125, that is, thirty years before *Le Brut*, which Fauchet had placed at the head of his list of French Poems.

I shall take occasion in another place to shew, that the real author of *Le Brut* was Wace (the same who wrote the *Roman de Rou*), and not Wistace, as Fauchet calls him.

<sup>42</sup> The Latin Rythmical verses resembled the Metrical in the number of syllables only, without any regard to quantity. "*Arma cano virumque qui primus Trojæ ab oris*" would pass for a very good Rythmical Hexameter. The greatest part however of these compositions were in imitation of the Iambic and Trochaic metres; and in them, if the Accents fell luckily, the unlearned ear would often be as well pleased as if the laws of Quantity were observed. The two Rythmical Hymns quoted by Beda [De Metris, edit. Putsch. p. 2390.] are sufficient to prove this. The first, he observes, "*ad instar Iambici metri pulcherrime factus est.*"

O rex æterne Domine  
Rerum creator omnium, &c.

The other is "*ad formam metri Trochaici.*"

Apparebit repentina dies magna Domini  
Fur obscura velut nocte improvisos occupans.

In the former of these Hymns, "*Domine*," to a modern ear at least, sounds as well as "*nomine*;"—and in the latter, "*dies*" and "*velut*," being accented upon their first Syllables, affect us no other wise than "*dices*" and "*velum*" would have done.

From such Latin Rythms, and chiefly those of the Iambic form, the present Poetical measures of all the nations of Roman Europe are clearly derived. Instead of long and short Syllables, the Feet of our Poetry are composed of Syllables accented and unaccented, or rather of Syllables strongly and less strongly accented; and hence it is, that we have so little variety of Feet, and consequently of Metres; because the possible combinations of Syllables accented and unaccented are, from the nature of speech, much more limited in point of number, than the combinations of long and short Syllables were in the Greek and Latin languages.

<sup>43</sup> A e see evident marks of a fondness for Rime in the Hymns of S. Ambrosius and S. Damasus, as early as the verbal Century. One of the Hymns of Damasus, which begins,

"Martyris ecce dies Agathæ  
Virginis emicat eximæ," &c.

same original, as we find that practice to have prevailed in Ecclesiastical Hymns, and other compositions, in Latin, some centuries before Otfrid of Weissenberg, the first known Rimer in any of the vulgar European dialects.

§ II. I wish it were in my power to give a regular history of the progress which our Ancestors made in this new style of versification; but<sup>44</sup>, except a few lines in the Saxon Chronicle upon the death of William the Conquerour, which seem to have been intended for verses of the Modern fashion, and a short Canticle, which, according to Matthew Paris<sup>45</sup>, the

but Sedulius and Fortunatus, in the fifth and sixth Centuries, use them frequently in their Hymns. See their works, and an Hymn of the latter ap. Fabric. Bib. Med. Ætat. v. Fortunatus.

The learned Muratori, in his Dissertation *de Rythmicâ Veterum Poesi*, [Antiq. Med. Ævi, Dissert. xl.] has collected together a vast heap of examples, which prove that Rimes were very generally used in Hymns, Sequences, and other religious compositions in Latin, in the VIIth, VIIIth, and IXth Centuries; so that for my own part I think it as probable, that the Poets in the vulgar languages (who first appeared about the IXth Century) borrowed their Rimes from the Latin Poetry of that age, as it is evident that they did the forms of their versification.

Otfrid of Weissenberg, the earliest Rimer that is known in any of the modern Languages, about the year 870, calls Rime, in the style of the Latin Grammarians, *Schema omæoteleuton* [Præf. ad Liutbert. ap. Schilter. Thes. Antiq. Teuton. t. i. p. 11.] And when the Monk, who has been cited in n. 41. says, that Thibaud de Vernun composed his Songs "*ad quamdam tinnuli rythmi similitudinem*," he must mean, I think, that he composed them "in imitation of [Latin] jingling Rythm." I say, Latin, or at least some foreign, Rythm, because otherwise he would rather have said in *rythmo tinnulo*. The addition of the epithet *tinnulus* seems to shew plainly enough, that *Rythmus* alone did not then signify what we call Rime.

<sup>44</sup> William of Malmesbury [de Gest. Pont. Angl. l. iii. p. 271.] has preserved two Riming verses of Aldred, Archbishop of York, which that Prelate threw out against one Urse, Sheriff of Worcestershire, not long after the Conquest. "Hatest thou Urse—Have thou God's curse." "*Pocaris Ursus—Habeas Dei maledictionem.*" Malmesbury says, that he inserts this English, "*quod Latina verba non sicut Anglica concinnitati respondent.*" The Concinnity, I suppose, must have consisted in the Rime, and would hardly have been thought worth repeating, if Rime in English had not then been a novelty.

The lines in the Saxon Chronicle, to which I mean to refer, are in p. 19l. ed. Gibs. The passage begins,

Cartelar he let pyncean.  
jeapme men ꝛwīð ꝛpencean—

All the lines are not in Rime; but I shall set down a few, in English characters, which I think could not have chimed together so exactly by mere accident.

Thet he nam be rihte  
And mid mycelan un-rihte  
Of his leode  
For littele neode—  
He sætte mycel deor-frith,  
And he lægde laga ðer with—  
He forbead ða heortas,  
Swylce eac ða baras;  
Swa swiðe he lufode ða hea-deor  
Swylce he ware heora fæder.  
Eac he sætte be ðam haran,  
That hi mosten freo faran—

The concluding lines are—

Se æl-mihtiga God  
Kikþe his saule mild-heortnisse  
And do him his synna forgiðnesse.

The writer of this part of the Chronicle (as he tells us himself, p. 189.) had seen the Conquerour.

<sup>45</sup> Hist. Angl. p. 100. Godric died in 1170, so that, according to tradition, the Canticle was prior to that period. The first Stanza being incorrectly printed, I shall only transcribe the last—

Seinte Marie, Christes bur,  
Meldenas clenhad, moderes flur,  
Dille mine sænnen, rise in min mod,  
Bringe me to winne with selfe God—

blessed Virgin was pleased to dictate to Godric, an Hermite near Durham, I have not been able to discover any attempts at Riming Poetry, which can with probability be referred to an earlier period than the reign of Henry the second. In that reign Layamon<sup>46</sup>, a Priest of Ernleye near Severn, as he calls himself, translated (chiefly) from the French of Wace<sup>47</sup>, a

*Hoc Canticum (says M. P.) potest hoc modo in Latinum transferri.*

*Sancta Maria, Christi thalamus,  
virginalis puritas, matris flos,  
dele mea crimina, regna in mente med,  
duc me ad felicitatem cum solo Deo.*

Upon the authority of this translation I have altered *pinne* (as it is in the print) to *winne*. The Saxon *p* is often mistaken for a *p*.

<sup>46</sup> This work of Layamon is extant among the Cotton MSS. Cal. A. ix. A much later copy, in which the author, by a natural corruption was called *Lawcman*, was destroyed by the fire. There is an account of both copies in Wanley's Cat. MSS. Septent. p. 228, and p. 237.

The following short extract from fol. 7, 8. containing an account of the Sirens, which Brutus met with in his voyage, will serve to support what is said in the text of this Author's intermixing Rimes with his prose.

*Ther heo funden the Merminnen,  
That beoth deor of mucchele ginnen.  
Wismen hit thunchet ful iwis,  
Bineo the thon gurdle hit thuncheth fise.  
Theos habbeth swa murie song,  
Ne beo tha dai na swa long,  
Ne bið na man weri  
Heora songes to heran—*

<sup>47</sup> The French Clerk, whom Layamon professes to have followed in his history, is called by Wanley [Cat. MSS. Sept. p. 228.] *Wate*, as if poor *Maistre Wace* were doomed to have his name perpetually mistaken. Fauchet, and a long string of French Antiquaries, have agreed to call him *Wistace*. I shall here, in justice to *Maistre Wace*, (for whom I have a great respect, not only as a very ancient but as a very ingenious Rimer, state my reasons shortly for believing, that he was the real author of that translation in French verse of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Romance, which is commonly called *Le Brut*.

In the first place his name is distinctly written in the text of three MSS. of very considerable antiquity. Two of them are in the Museum, viz. Cotton. Vitell. A. x. and Reg. 13 A. xxi. The third is at Cambridge, in the Library of Bennet College, n. 58. In a fourth MS. also in the Museum, Harl. 6508, it is written *Gazce*, and *Gace*, by a substitution of G for W, very usual in the French language.

Secondly, in the MS. abovementioned of Layamon's history Cal. A. ix. if I may trust my own eyes, the name is *Wace*; and not *Wate*, as Wanley read it. The Saxon *τ* is not very unlike a *c*. What Layamon has said further, that this *Wace* was a French Clerk, and presented his book to Alienor, the Queen of Henry, [the Second,] agrees perfectly well with the date of *Le Brut* (in 1155, according to all the copies) and with the account which *Wace* himself, in his *Roman de Rou*, has given of his attachment to Henry.

Thirdly, in a subsequent translation of *Le Brut*, which was made by Robert of Brunne in the beginning of the XIVth Century, he repeatedly names *Mayster Wace*, as the author (or rather translator from the Latin) of the French History. See *Hearne's* App. to Pref. to *Peter Langtoft*, p. xviij.

In opposition to this strong evidence in favour of *Wace*, we have nothing material, except the MS. of *Le Brut* quoted by Fauchet [*de la Langue Françoise*, l. ii.], in which, according to his citation, the author is called *Wistace*. The later French writers, who have called him so, I apprehend, have only followed Fauchet. The Reader will judge, whether it is not more probable, that the writer of the MS. or even Fauchet himself, may have made a little slip in this matter, than that so many MSS. as I have quoted above, and the successive testimonies of LAYAMON and ROBERT or BRUNNE, should have concurred in calling the author of *Le Brut* WACE, if that had not been his true name.

I will just add, that *La vie de Saint Nicholas*, which is frequently quoted by *Hickes* [Gr. A. S. p. 146. 149. et al.] was probably a work of this same *Wace*, as appears from the following passage. [MS. Bodl. 1637. v. 17. from the end.]

*Ci faut le livre mestre Guaco,  
Qil ad de Saint Nicholas fait,  
De Latin en Romanz estreit  
A Osberd le fix Thilout,  
Qui Saint Nicholas mout amout.—*

And I should suspect, that *Le Martyre de St. George en vers François par Robert Guaco*, mentioned by M. Labeuf as

fabulous history of the Britons, entitled "Le Brut," which Wace himself, about the year 1155, had translated from the Latin of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Though the greatest part of this work of Layamon resemble the old Saxon Poetry, without Rime or metre, yet he often intermixes a number of short verses, of unequal lengths but riming together pretty exactly, and in some places he has imitated not unsuccessfully the regular octosyllable measure of his French original.

§ III. It may seem extraordinary, after these proofs, that the art of Riming was not unknown or unpractised in this country in the time of Henry II, that we should be obliged to search through a space of above an hundred years, without being able to meet with a single maker of English Rimes, whom we know to have written in that interval. The case I suspect to have been this. The scholars of that age (and there were many who might fairly be called so, in the English dominions abroad<sup>48</sup> as well as at home) affected to write only<sup>49</sup> in Latin, so that we do not find that they ever composed, in verse or prose, in any other language. On the other hand they, who meant to recommend themselves by their Poetry to the favour of the great, took care to write in French, the only language which their patrons understood; and hence it is, that we see so many French poems<sup>50</sup>, about that time, either addressed directly to the principal persons at the English court, or at least written on such subjects as we may suppose to have been most likely to engage their attention. Whatever therefore of English Poetry was produced, in this infancy of the art, being probably the work of illiterate authors

extant in the Bibl. Colbert. Cod. 3745 [Mem. de l'Acad. D. J. et B. L. t. xvii. p. 731.] ought to be ascribed to the same author, as *Guaco* is a very strange name. The Christian name of Wace was *Robert*. See Huet, *Orig. de Caen*, p. 412.

<sup>48</sup> The following passage of Roger de Hoveden [p. 672.] gives a striking description of the extent of the English dominions in the time of Richard I. *Sciendum est quod tota terra, quæ est ab Anglia usque in Hispaniam, secus mare, videlicet Normannia, Britannia, Pictavia, est de dominio Regis Angliæ.* The Kings of France at that time were not possessed of an inch of territory upon the coasts of the Ocean.

<sup>49</sup> It will be sufficient to name John of Salisbury, Peter of Blois, Joseph of Exeter, Gerald Barry, Nigell Wireker, Geoffrey Vinsauf. I should add to this list Walter Map, if there were not a tradition, not entirely destitute of probability, that he was the author of the *Roman de Saint Graal* in French. I find this in an old MS. of *Tristan*, Bib. Reg. 20. D. ii. p. antep. *Quant Boort of donte laventure del Saint Graal, teles come eles estoient avenues, eles furent mises en escrit, gardees en lanere de Salibieres, dont Mestre Gallier Map testrest a faire son livre du Saint Graal, por lamor du roy Herri son seignor, qui fist le storie tralater del Latin en Romanz.* The adventure of the *Saint Graal*, is plainly written upon a very different plan from the other Romances of the Round Table, and is likely enough to have come from an Ecclesiastick, though rather, I confess, from a graver one than Walter Map may be supposed to have been. The French Romance, from which our Romance called "*Mort d'Arthur*" is translated, seems to be an injudicious jumble of *Le Brut*, *Lancelot*, *Tristan*, the *Saint Graal*, and some other Romances of less note, which were all, I apprehend, originally separate works.

<sup>50</sup> *Le Bestiaire*, by *Philippe de Thaum*, addressed to Queen Adélisa; *Le Brut* and *Le Roman de Rou*, by *Wace*, have been mentioned above. Besides the *Roman de Rou*, there is another Chronicle of Normandy in French verse by *Maitre Beneit*, compiled by order of Henry II. MS. Harl. 1717. The same *Beneit* was, perhaps, the author of the *Vie de St. Thomas*, MS. Harl. 3775. though he there calls himself

"Frere Beneit, le pecheour,  
"ove les neirs dras"—

At the end of a copy of *Le Brut*, Bib. Reg. 13. A. xxi. there is a Continuation of the History to the death of William II., in the same Metre, by a *Geffret Gaimar*, which escaped the observation of Mr. Casley; and at the end of another copy, *Vitell*. A. x. the History is continued by an anonymous author to the accession of King John.

Richard I. composed himself in French. A specimen of his Poetry has been published by Mr. Walpole, *Cat. of Royal Authors*, v. i. And his Chancellor, William Bishop of Ely (who, as has been observed before, "was totally ignorant of the English language"), was by no means behindhand with his Master in his encouragement of French Poets; for of this Bishop the passage in Hoveden is to be understood, which Mr. Walpole has applied to the King himself. It is part of a letter of Hugh Bishop of Coventry, who, speaking of the Bishop of Ely, says that he, "*ad augmentum et famam sui nominis, emendicata carmina et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat, et de regno Francorum cantores et fuculatores muneribus alleverat, ut de illo canerent in plateis; et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe.*" Hoveden, p. 103.

and circulating only among the vulgar<sup>51</sup>, we need not be much surprised that no more of it has been transmitted down to posterity.

§ IV. The learned Hickes, however, has pointed out to us two very curious pieces, which may with probability be referred to this period. The first of them is a Paraphrase of the Gospel Histories, entitled *Ormulum*<sup>52</sup>, by one *Orm*, or *Ormin*. It seems to have been considered as mere Prose by Hickes and by Wanley, who have both given large extracts from it; but, I apprehend, every reader, who has an ear for metre, will easily perceive that it is written very

<sup>51</sup> To these causes we may probably impute the loss of those Songs upon Hereward (the last perhaps of the Saxon heroes,) which, according to Ingulphus, "were sung about the streets" in his time. Hist. Croyl. p. 68. Robert of Brunne also mentions "a Rime" concerning Gryme the Fisher, the founder of Grymesby; Haneioke the Dane; and his wife Goldeburgh, daughter to a King Athelwold; who all now, together with their bard,

—Ilacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte.—

See Translation of Peter of Langtoft, p. 25. and Camden's Brit. p. 569.

<sup>52</sup> The *Ormulum* seems to be placed by Hickes among the first writings after the Conquest [Gram. Ang. Sax. c. xxii. p. 165.], but, I confess, I cannot conceive it to have been earlier than the reign of Henry II. There is a peculiarity in the author's orthography, which consists in doubling the Consonants; e. g. brother, he writes, *brotherr*; after, *afterr*, &c. He has done this by design, and charges those who shall copy his book to be very careful to write those letters twice, which he has written so, as otherwise, he assures them, "they will not write the word right." Hickes has taken notice of this peculiarity, but has not attempted to explain the author's reasons for it; and indeed, without a more perfect knowledge than we now probably can have of the Saxon pronunciation, they seem totally inexplicable. In the few lines, which I think it necessary to quote here as a specimen of the Metre, I shall venture (first begging Ormin's pardon for disregarding his injunction) to leave out the superfluous letters, and I shall also for my own ease as well as that of the reader transcribe them in modern characters. The first lines of Wanley's extract from MS. Bod. Junius. 1. [Cat. Codd. MSS. Septent. p. 59] will answer my purpose as well as any other.

Nu, brother Walter, brother min after the fleshes kinde,  
And brother min i Cristendom thurh fulluht and thurh trouthe,  
And brother min i Godes hus yet o the thridre wise,  
Thurh that wit hafren taken ba an reghel boc to folghen  
Under kanunkes-had and lif swa sum Sant Awstin sette,  
Ic hafe don swa sum thu bad, and *forbed* + te thin wille,  
Ic hafe wend intil English godspelles halighe lare,  
After that little wit that me min Drihten hafeth lened—

The reader will observe, that, in calling these verses of fifteen syllables, I consider the words—*kinde*, *trouthe*, *wise*, *sette*, *wille*, *lare*—as dissyllables.

The laws of Metre require that they should be so considered, as much as *folghen* and *lened*: and for the same reason *thridre* in ver. 3 and *hafe* in ver. 6 and 7. are to be pronounced as consisting of two syllables.

It is the more extraordinary that neither Hickes nor Wanley should have perceived that Ormin wrote in Metre, as he himself mentions his having added words for the sake of *filling* his *Rime*, or *Vers*, for he calls it by both those names in the following passages:

Ic hafe sett her o this boc among Godspelles wordes  
All thurh me selfen manig word, the *Rime* swa to *fillen* —

And again,

And ic ne muhte noht min *fers* ay with Godspelles wordes  
Wel *fillen* all, and all forthi shoilde ic wel ofte nede  
Among Godspelles wordes don min word, min *fers* to *fillen*—

p

It is therefore necessary to remark, that *Rime* is here to be understood in its original sense, as denoting the whole verse, merely the consonancy of the final syllables. In the second quotation *fers*, or *verse*, is substituted for it as a us term. Indeed I doubt whether, in the time of Ormin, the word *Rime* was, in any language, used singly for the idea of Consonant terminations.

I should suspect

\* r. *forthed*. MS.

exactly in verses of fifteen syllables, without Rime, in imitation of the most common species of the Latin Tetrameter Iambic. The other piece<sup>53</sup>, which is a moral Poem upon old age, &c. is in Rime, and in a metre much resembling the former, except that the verse of fifteen syllables is broken into two, of which the first should regularly contain eight and the second seven syllables; but the metre is not so exactly observed, at least in the copy which Hickes has followed, as it is in the *Ormulur*.

§ v. In the next interval, from the latter end of the reign of Henry III, to the middle of the fourteenth century, when we may suppose Chaucer was beginning to write, the number of English Rimers seems to have increased very much. Besides several, whose names we know<sup>54</sup>, it is probable that a great part of the anonymous Authors, or rather Translators<sup>55</sup>, of the

<sup>53</sup> A large extract from this Poem has been printed by Hickes [Gram. Ang. Sax. c. xxiv. p. 222], but evidently from very incorrect MSS. It begins thus:

Ich am nu elder thanne ic wes  
A wintre and ee a lore;  
Ich ealdi more thanne ic dede,  
Mi wit oghte to bi more.

<sup>54</sup> Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne have been mentioned already.

To these may be added Richard Rolle, the hermite of Hampole, who died in 1349, after having composed a large quantity of English rimes. See Tanner, Bib. Brit. Art. HAMPOLE.—Laurence Minot, who has left a collection of Poems upon the principal events of the former part of the reign of Edward III. MS. Cotton. Galba. E. ix.—Within the same period flourished the two Poets, who are mentioned with great commendations by Robert of Brunne [App. to Pref. to Peter Langt. p. xcix.] under the names "Of Erceldoun and of Kendale." We have no memorial, that I know, remaining of the latter, besides this passage; but the former I take to have been the famous Thomas Leirmouth, of Ercildoun (or Ersilton, as it is now called, in the shire of Merch,) who lived in the time of Edward I, and is generally distinguished by the honourable addition of "The Rhymour." As the learned Editor of "Ancient Scottish Poems, Edinburgh, 1770," has, for irrefragable reasons, deprived this Thomas of a Prophecy in verse, which had usually been ascribed to him, [see Mackenzie, Art. THOMAS RHYMOUR,] I am inclined to make him some amends by attributing to him a Romance of "Sir Tristrem;" of which Robert of Brunne, an excellent Judge! [in the place above cited] says,

Over gestes it has th'esteem,  
Over all that is or was,  
If men it sayd as made THOMAS.

<sup>55</sup> See Dr. Percy's curious *Catalogue of English Metrical Romances*, prefixed to the third Volume of *Reliques of ancient Poetry*. I am inclined to believe that we have no English Romance, prior to the age of Chaucer, which is not a translation or imitation of some earlier French Romance. The principal of those, which, being built upon English stories, bid the fairest for having been originally composed in English, are also extant in French. A considerable fragment of *Hornchild*, or *Dan Horn* as he is there called, is to be found in French Alexandrines in MS. Harl. 527. The first part of *Guy of Warwick* is in French, in the octosyllable metre, in MS. Harl. 3775. and the last part in the same language and metre in MS. Bib. Reg. 8 F. ix. How much may be wanting I have not had opportunity to examine. I have never seen *Bevis* in French; but Du Fresnoy, in his *Biblioth. des Romans*, t. ii. p. 241. mentions a MS. of *Le Roman de Beuves de Hantonne*, and another of *Le Roman de Beuves et Rosiane, en Rime*, and the Italians, who were certainly more likely to borrow from the French than from the English language, had got among them a Romance *di Buovo-d'Antona* before the year 1343. Quadrio, *Storia della Poesia*, t. vi. p. 542.

However, I think it extremely probable that these three Romances, though originally written in French, were composed in England, and perhaps by Englishmen; for we find that the general currency of the French language here engaged several of our own countrymen to use it in their compositions. Peter of Langtoft may be reckoned a dubious instance, as he is said by some to have been a Frenchman; but Robert Grosseteste, the famous Bishop of Lincoln in the time of Henry III, was a native of Suffolk, and yet he wrote his *Chateau d'Amours*, and his *Manuel des Pechies* in French. [Tanner's Bib. Brit. and Hearne's Pref. to Rob. of Gloucester, p. lviii.]—There is a translation of *Cato* in French verse by *Helis de Guineestre*, i. e. Winchester, MS. Harl. 4388. and a Romance also in French verse, which I suppose to be the original of the English *Ipomedon* [Percy's Cat. n. 22.] by *Hue de Rotelande*, is to be found in MS. Cotton. Vesp. A. vii.—A French Dialogue in verse, MS. Bod. 3904. entitled, "*La plainte par entre mis Sire Henry de Lacy Counte de Nichole et Sire Wauter de Byblesworth pur la croisierie en la terre Seinte*," was most probably composed by the latter, who has also left us another work in French prose. [See his article in Tanner, Bib. Brit.]—Even as late as the time of Chaucer, Gower wrote his *Speculum meditantis* in French, but whether in verse or prose is uncertain. John Stowe, who was a diligent searcher after MSS. had never seen this work [Annals, p. 326.]; nor does



popular Poems, which (from their having been originally written in the Roman, or French, language) were called Romances, flourished about this time. It is unnecessary to enter into particulars here concerning any of them, as they do not appear to have invented, or imported from abroad, any new modes of Versification, by which the Art could be at all advanced<sup>56</sup>, or even to have improved those which were before in use. On the contrary, as their works were intended for the ear more than for the eye, to be recited rather than read, they were apt to be more attentive to their Rimes than to the exactness of their Metres, from a presumption, I suppose, that the defect, or redundancy, of a syllable might be easily covered in the recitation, especially if accompanied, as it often was, by some musical instrument.

§ vi. Such was, in general, the state of English Poetry at the time when Chaucer probably made his first essays. The use of Rime was established; not exclusively (for the Author or

either Bale or Pits set down the beginning of it, as they generally do of the books which they have had in their hands. However, one French Poem of Gower's has been preserved. In MS. *Harl.* 3869. it is connected with the *Confessio Amantis* by the following rubric: "Puisqu'il ad dit cidevant en Englois par voie d'essample la sotie de celui qui par amours aime par especial, dira ore apres en Francois a tout le monde en general une traite selonc les auctours, pour essamplir les amants marriez, an fin q'ils la foi de leurs seints espousailles pourront par fine loialte garder, et al honneur de dieu salvement tenir." *Fr. Le creatour de toute creature.* It contains 14 Stanzas of 7 verses each, in the last of which is the following apology for the language:

"Al' universite de tout le monde  
Johan Gower ceste Balade envoie,  
Et si j'eo nai de Francois la faconde,  
Pardonez moi qe j'eo de ceo forsvoie;  
Jeo suis Englois, si quier par tiele voie  
Estre excuse——.

Chaucer himself seems to have had no great opinion of the performances of his countrymen in French. [*Prol.* to *Test. of Love*, ed. 1542.] "Certes (says he) there ben some that speke theyr poysy mater in Frenche, of whyche speche the Frenche men have as good a fantasye, as we have in hearing of French mennes Englyshe." And he afterwards concludes, with his usual good sense. "Let then Clerkes endyten in Latyn, for they have the propretye of science and the knowynge in that facultye; and lette Frenchmen in theyr Frenche also endyte theyr queynt termes, for it is kyndly to theyr mouthes; and let us shewe our fantasyes in suche wordes as we lerneden of our dames tonge."

<sup>56</sup> It was necessary to qualify the assertion, that the Rimers of this period "did not invent or import from abroad any new modes of Versification," as, in fact, Robert of Brunne (in the passage referred to in n. 54.) has mentioned three or four sorts of verse, different from any which we have hitherto met with, and which appear to have been much cultivated, if not introduced, by the writers who flourished a little before himself. He calls them *Couwees*, *Strangere*, *Enterlace*, and *Baston*. Mr. Bridges, in a sensible letter to Thomas Hearne [*App.* to *Pref.* to *Peter Langt.* p. ciii.] pointed out these terms as particularly "needing an explanation;" but Thomas chose rather to stuff his book with accounts of the *Nunnery at Little Gidding*, &c. which cost him only the labour of transcribing. There can be little doubt, I think, that the Rimes called *Couwete* and *Enterlaced* were derived from the *Versus Caudati* and *Interlaqueati* of the Latin Rimers of that age. Though Robert of Brunne in his Prologue professes not to attempt these elegancies of composition, yet he has intermixed several passages in Rime *Couwete*; [see p. 266. 273, 6, 7, 8, 9, et al.] and almost all the latter part of his work from the *Conquest* is written in Rime *Enterlaced*, each couplet riming in the middle as well as at the end. [This was the nature of the *Versus interlaqueati*, according to the following specimen, MS. *Harl.* 1002.

Plausus Grecorum | lux cecis et via claudis |  
Incola celorum | virgo dignissima laudis.]

I cannot pretend to define the exact form of the Rime called *Baston*, but I dare say it received its appellation from the Carmelite, *Robert Baston*, a celebrated Latin Rimer in the reigns of Edward I. and II. [See Tanner, *Bibl. Brit.* in v. and Hearne's *Pref.* to *Fordun*, p. ccxxvi. et seq.] His verses upon the battle of Bannockburn, in 1313, are printed in the Appendix to *Fordun*, p. 1570. They afford instances of all the whimsical combinations of Rimes which can well be conceived to find a place in the Latin heroic metre.

As to Rime *Strangere*, I suspect (upon considering the whole passage in Robert of Brunne) that it was rather a general name, including all sorts of uncommon Rimes, than appropriated to any particular species.

Upon the whole, if this account of these new modes of Versification shall be allowed to be any thing like the truth, I hope I shall be thought justified in having added, "that the Art could not be at all advanced by them."

the "Visions of Pierce Ploughman" wrote after the year 1350<sup>57</sup> without Rime,) but very generally; so that in this respect he had little to do but to imitate his predecessors. The Metrical part of our Poetry was capable of more improvement, by the polishing of the measures already in use as well as by the introducing of new modes of versification; and how far Chaucer actually contributed to the improvement of it, in both or either of these particulars, we are now to consider.

§ VII. With respect to the regular Metres then in use, they may be reduced, I think, to four. First, the long Iambic Metre<sup>58</sup>, consisting of not more than fifteen, nor less than fourteen syllables, and broken by a *Cesura* at the eighth syllable. Secondly, the Alexandrin Metre<sup>59</sup>,

<sup>57</sup> This is plain from fol. 68. edit. 1550. where the year 1350 is named, as a year of great scarcity. Indeed, from the mention of the Kitten in the tale of the Rattons, fol. iii. iiii. I should suspect that the author wrote at the very end of the reign of Edward III., when Richard was become heir apparent.

The Visions of (i. e. concerning) Pierce Ploughman are generally ascribed to one Robert Langland; but the best MSS. that I have seen, make the Christian name of the author William, without mentioning his surname. So in MS. Cotton. Vesp. B. xvi. at the end of p. 1. is this rubric. "Hic incipit secundus passus de visione Willielmi de Petre Ploughman." And in ver 5. of p. 2. instead of, "And sayde; sonne, sleepest thou?" the MS. has, "And sayde; Willelme, sleepest thou?" See also the account of MS. Harl. 2376. in the Harleian Catalogue.

I cannot help observing, that these Visions have been printed from so faulty and imperfect a MS. that the author, whoever he was, would find it difficult to recognize his own work. However, the judgement of the learned Doctors, Hickes and Percy, [Gram. A. S. p. 217.—Rel. of Anc. Poet. v. ii. p. 260.] with respect to the laws of his versification, is confirmed by the MSS. Each of his verses is in fact a distich, composed of two verses, after the Saxon form, without Rime, and not reducible to any certain Metre. I do not mean to say, that a few of his verses may not be picked out, consisting of fourteen and fifteen syllables, and resembling the metre used in the *Ormulum*; and there are still more of twelve and thirteen syllables, which might pass for very tolerable Alexandrines; but then, on the other hand, there is a great number of his verses (warranted for genuine by the best MSS.) which cannot, by any mode of pronunciation, be extended beyond nine or ten syllables; so that it is impossible to imagine, that his verse was intended to consist of any determinate number of syllables. It is as clear that his Accents, upon which the harmony of modern Rhythms depends, are not disposed according to any regular system. The first division of a verse is often Trochaic, and the last Iambic; and *vice versa*. The only rule, which he seems really to have prescribed to himself, is what has been taken notice of by his first Editor, viz. "to have three wordes at the leaste in every verse whiche beginne with some one letter." Crowley's Pref. to Edit. 1550.

<sup>58</sup> The most perfect example of this metre has been given above, n. 52, from the *Ormulum*. Each verse is composed of fifteen syllables, and broken by a *Cesura* at the eighth, which always terminates a word. The accents are so disposed upon the even syllables, particularly the eighth and fourteenth, as to produce the true Iambic Cadence.

The learned reader will recollect, that the *Political verses*, as they are called, of Tzetzes, and others, who wrote when the Greek versification was become Rhythmical instead of Metrical, are chiefly of this form. See Du Cange, v. *POLITICÆ VERSUS*. And it is remarkable, that, about the time of our Orm, Ciullo d'Alcamo, a Poet of Sicily, where the Greek was still a living language, [Montf. Palæog. Gr. l. vi.] made use of these verses of fifteen syllables, intermixed with Hendecasyllables, in the only production of his which has been preserved. Raccolta dell' Allacci, p. 408—16. The first Stanza is quoted by Crescimbeni, [Istor. d. V. P. l. i. p. 3.] who however labours very much to persuade us that the verses in question ought not to be considered as verses of fifteen syllables, but as containing each of them two verses, the one of eight and the other of seven syllables. If this were allowed, the nature of the verse would not be altered: [See before, p. xxxv.] but the supposition is highly improbable, as by that distribution there would be three verses in each Stanza not riming. In what follows, Crescimbeni shews very plainly that he had not adverted to the real nature of Ciullo's measure, for he compares it with the noted tetrameter, "Gallias Caesar subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem," which is a *Trochaic*, whereas these verses of Ciullo are evidently *Iambic*, like those of Orm.

I suspect, that, if we could recover the genuine text of Robert of Gloucester, he would be found to have written in this Metre. It was used by Warner, in his *Libions England* (another Chronicle in verse) in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign; and Gascoigne about the same time [Instruction concerning the making of verse in Eng. Signature U. ii.] speaks of the couplet, consisting of one verse of twelve and another of fourteen syllables, as the commonest sort of verse then in use. It may be proper to observe, that the metre, which Gascoigne calls a verse of fourteen syllables, is exactly the same with what is called above a verse of fifteen syllables; just as the French Alexandrin may be composed indifferently of twelve or thirteen syllables, and the Italian Hendecasyllable of ten, eleven, or even twelve. The general rule in all these kinds of verse is, that, when they consist of the greater number of syllables, the superfluous syllables, as they may be called, are never accented.

<sup>59</sup> Robert of Brunne, in his translation of *Peter of Langtast*, seems to have used the *Alexandrin* verse in imitation

consisting of not more than thirteen syllables, nor less than twelve, with a *Cæsura* at the sixth. Thirdly, the Octosyllable Metre; which was in reality the antient Dimeter Iambic. Fourthly, the Stanza of six verses; of which the first, second, fourth, and fifth, were in the complete Octosyllable Metre; and the third and last catalectic, i. e. wanting a syllable, or even two.

§ VIII. In the first of these Metres it does not appear that Chaucer ever composed at all, (for, I presume, no one can imagine that he was the author of Gamelyn,) or in the second; and in the fourth we have nothing of his but the Rime of Sire Thopas, which, being intended to ridicule the vulgar Romancers, seems to have been purposely written in their favourite Metre. In the third, or Octosyllable Metre<sup>60</sup>, he has left several compositions; particularly,

of his Original; but his Metre (at least in Hearne's copy) is frequently defective, especially in the latter part of his work, where he affects to rime at the *Cæsura* as well as at the end of his verse.

The Alexandrin metre is generally agreed to have been first used in the *Roman d'Alexandre*, by Lambert li Cors and Alexandre de Bernay, toward the latter end of the twelfth Century. Du Verdier, Bibl. p. 780. Fauchet, l. ii. A late French Antiquary (M. L'Evêque de la Ravaliere), in his history *Des Révolutions de la Langue Française*, p. 165. has combated this opinion, upon the authority of some Alexandrin verses, which he has discovered, as he supposes, in the *Roman de Rou*. I shall only observe, that no such verses are to be found in a very good MS. of the *Roman de Rou*, Bib. Reg. 4 C. xi. and I very much suspect that upon an accurate examination they will appear to have been not the work of Wace, but of some later author. A similar mistake of an interpolation, or continuation, for the original work has led another very able Antiquary of the same nation to place the *Roman de Rou* in the fourteenth Century. Mem. de l'Acad. des L. et B. L. tom. xv. p. 582. There can be no doubt, that Wace wrote the *Roman de Rou* about the middle of the twelfth Century. See before, n. 47.

They who attend only to the length of the Alexandrin verse, will naturally derive it from the Trimeter Iambic rhythms, which were in frequent use in the beginning of the twelfth Century. See Orderic. Vital. l. ii. p. 404. 409. 410. 415. et al. But when it is considered, that the *Cæsura* at the sixth syllable, so essential to the Alexandrin metre, was hardly ever observed in the Trimeter Iambic, it will seem more probable, I think, that the Inventor of the Alexandrin took for his model, what has been called above, the long Iambic, but, for some reason or other, retrenched a foot, or two syllables, in the first hemistich.

<sup>60</sup> Though I call this the Octosyllable Metre from what I apprehend to have been its original form, it often consists of nine and sometimes of ten syllables; but the eighth is always the last accented syllable.

The oldest French poems, to the latter end of the twelfth Century, are all in this metre; but upon the invention of the Alexandrin, the octosyllable verse seems by degrees to have been confined to the several species of lighter compositions in which it is still used. Here in England, Robert of Brunne, in his Preface to his translation of *Le Brut* [App. to Pref. to Peter Langtoft, p. c.] calls it "*light rime*," in contradistinction to "*strange rime*," of which he has just enumerated several sorts [see n. 56.]; and says, that he wrote in it "*for luf of the lewed man*:" and Chaucer himself speaks of it in nearly the same terms in the beginning of the third book of the *House of Fame*.

" God of science and of light,  
Apollo, thurgh thy grete might  
This litte last book now thou gye;  
Not that I will for maystrye  
Here art potential be shewde;  
But, for the ryme is *light and lewde*,  
Yet make it somewhat agreeable,  
Though some verse fayle in a syllable."

The learned Editor of a part of the Canterbury Tales [London, 1737, 8vo.] has quoted this passage [Pref. p. xxv. as proving, "by Chaucer's own confession, that he did not write in equal measure."

It certainly proves, that he did not write in equal measure in this particular poem of the House of Fame; but it proves also, that he knew well what the laws of measure were, and that he thought that any deviation from them required an apology. Is it just to conclude, because Chaucer has owned a neglect of those laws in one work, written in light metre, and in which he formally disclaims any exertion of art [ver. 4, 5] that therefore he has been equally negligent of them in his other works, written in the gravest metre, and in which he may reasonably be supposed to have employed his utmost skill of versification? In the Troilus, for instance, [b. v.] he has a solemn prayer, "that none miswrite, or *mismetre* his book." Can we suppose that it was not originally written in Metre?—But I shall not enter any further into the general argument concerning Chaucer's versification, which will more properly be discussed in the text. My business here was only to prevent the reader from coming to the question with a preconceived opinion (upon the authority of the learned Editor above-mentioned) that "Chaucer himself," in this passage of the House of Fame, "has put the matter out of dispute."

To return again to the Octosyllable Metre. Its constitution is such, that the first syllable may often be dropped without

"an imperfect Translation of the *Roman de la Rose*," which was, probably, one of his earliest performances; "the House of Fame;" "the Dethe of the Duchesse Blanche," and a poem called his "Dreme:" upon all which it will be sufficient here to observe in general, that, if he had given no other proofs of his poetical faculty, these alone must have secured to him the pre-eminence, above all his predecessors and contemporaries, in point of Versification.

§ ix. But by far the most considerable part of Chaucer's works is written in that kind of Metre which we now call the Heroic<sup>61</sup>, either in Distichs or in Stanzas; and as I have not been able to discover any instance of this metre being used by any English poet before him, I am much inclined to suppose that he was the first introducer of it into our language. It had long been practised in France, in the Northern as well as the Southern provinces; and in Italy, within the last fifty years before Chaucer wrote, it had been cultivated with the greatest assiduity and success, in preference to every other metre, by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccace. When we reflect that two of Chaucer's juvenile productions, the Palamon and Arcite, and the Troilus, were in a manner translated from the *Theseida* and the *Filosostrato* of Boccace<sup>62</sup>, both

much prejudiced to the harmony of the verse; and as far as I have observed, that is the syllable in which Chaucer's verses of this kind generally fail. We have an instance in the first line of the passage quoted above—

God of science and of light—

sounds as well (to my ear at least) as

*Thou* God of science and of light—

according to Mr. Urry's correction. The reason, I apprehend, is, that the measure, though of another sort, is still regular: instead of a Dimeter Iambic, it is a Dimeter Trochaic Catalectic.

But no such liberty can be taken in the Heroic Metre without totally destroying its harmony; and therefore when the above-mentioned learned Editor says [Pref. p. xxvi.] that the numbers of Chaucer "are always musical, whether they want or exceed their complement," I doubt his partiality for his author has carried him too far. I have no conception myself that an heroic verse, which wants a syllable of its complement, can be musical, or even tolerable. The line which he has quoted from the *Knights Tale* [ver. 1228 of this Edition],

Not in purgatory but in helle—

however you manage it; (whether you make a pause; or give two times to the first syllable, as he rather advises;)—can never pass for a verse of any form. Nor did Chaucer intend that it should. He wrote (according to the best MSS.)—

Not only in purgatory but in helle.

<sup>61</sup> The Heroic Metre with us, as with the Italians, is of the Iambic form, consists of ten, eleven, or twelve syllables; the tenth, however, being in all cases the last accented syllable. The French have the same Metre; but with them it can scarce contain more than eleven syllables, as their language has few (if any) words, in which the accent is laid upon the Antepenultima. Though we have a great number of such words, we seldom use the verse of twelve syllables. The extraordinary difficulty of riming with three syllables is a sufficient reason for excluding it from all works which are written in Rime, and in Blank Metre the two unaccented syllables at the end make the close of the verse heavy and languid. Milton, for the sake of variety of measure, has inserted a very few of these verses, which the Italians call *Sdrucioliti*, in his heroic poems; but they are more commonly and, I think, more properly employed in Dramatic compositions, where a continued stateliness of numbers is less requisite.

The generical name for this Metre in Italy is *Endecasillabo*; and the verses of ten and twelve syllables are distinguished by additions; the former being called *Endecasillabo tronco*, and the latter *Endecasillabo sdruciolito*. This proves, I think, that the verse of eleven syllables was the primitive metre, and principally used, as it still is, in Italy; and it will appear hereafter, if I am not mistaken, that the greatest part of Chaucer's heroic verses, when properly written and pronounced, are in this measure.

<sup>62</sup> It is so little a while since the world has been informed, that the Palamon and Arcite of Chaucer was taken from the *Theseida* of Boccace, that it would not have been surprising if another century had elapsed without our knowing that our countryman had also borrowed his Troilus from the *Filosostrato* of the same author; as the *Filosostrato* is more scarce, and much less famous, even in Italy, than the *Theseida*. The first suspicion which I entertained this theft was from reading the title of the *Filosostrato* at large, in Sarti Hist. Lit. Typog. Mediolan. ad an. and I afterwards found, in Montfaucon's Bibl. MSS. t. ii. P. 793. among the King of France's MSS. one with the "Philostrato, dell' amorose fatiche di Troilo per Gio Boccaccio." See also Quadrio, t. vi. p. 473. I had just a person to procure me some account of this MS. from Paris, when I had the good fortune to meet with a p

written in the common Italian hendecasyllable verse, it cannot but appear extremely probable that his metre also was copied from the same original; and yet I cannot find that the form of his Stanza in the *Troilus*, consisting of seven verses, was ever used by Boccace, though it is to be met with among the poems of the King of Navarre, and of the *Provençal* Rimers<sup>63</sup>. Whichever he shall be supposed to have followed, whether the French or Italians, it is certain that he could not want in either language a number of models of correct and harmonious versification; and the only question will be, whether he had ability and industry enough to imitate that part of their excellency.

§ x. In discussing this question we should always have in mind, that the correctness and harmony of an English verse depends entirely upon its being composed of a certain number of syllables, and its having the accents of those syllables properly placed. In order therefore to form any judgement of the Versification of Chaucer, it is necessary that we should know the syllabical value, if I may use the expression, of his words, and the accentual value of his syllables, as they were commonly pronounced<sup>64</sup> in his time; for without that knowledge, it is not more probable that we should determine justly upon the exactness of his metres, than that we should be able to cast up rightly an account stated in coins of a former age, of whose current rates and denominations we are totally ignorant.

§ xi. Let us consider a moment, how a sensible critic in the Augustan age would have proceeded, if called upon to examine a work of Ennius<sup>65</sup>. When he found that a great pro-

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in the very curious Collection of the Reverend Mr. Crofts. The title is "Il *Filostrato*, che tracta de lo innamoramento de Troilo e Gryseida. et de molte altre infinite battaglie. Impresso nella indolita cita de Milano per magistro Uldericho Schinzenzeler nell' anno m. cccc lxxxviii. a di xxvii. di mese de Septembre, in 4<sup>o</sup>." By the favour of the learned owner (who is as free in the communication, as he has been zealous in the collection, of his literary treasures) I had soon an opportunity of satisfying myself, that Chaucer was to the full as much obliged to Boccace in his *Troilus* as in his *Knights Tale*.

The doubts which Quadrio mentions [l. vi. p. 474], whether the *Filostrato* was really a work of Boccace, are sufficiently answered, as he observes, by the concurring testimony of several ancient MSS. which expressly name him as the author. And it may be remarked, that Boccace himself, in his *Decameron*, has made the same honourable mention of this Poem as of the *Theseida*; though without acknowledging either for his own. In the introduction to the Sixth Day, he says, that "*Dioneo insieme con Lauretta di Troilo et di Chriseida cominciarono cantare*," just as afterwards, in the conclusion of the Seventh Day, we are told, that the same "*Dioneo et la Fiammetta gran pezza cantarono insieme d'Arcita et di Palemone*."

<sup>63</sup> See *Poesies du Roi de Navarre*, Chans. xvi. xviii. xxvii. xxxiii. lviii. The only difference is, that the two last verses, which in Chaucer's Stanza form a distinct couplet, are made by Thibaut to rhyme with the first and third. In a MS. of Provençal poetry (in the Collection of the Reverend Mr. Crofts), I find one piece by Folket de Marseilles, who died about 1213, in which the Stanza is formed exactly agreeable to Chaucer's.

This Stanza of seven verses, being first introduced, I apprehend, by Chaucer, was long the favourite measure of the Poets who succeeded him. In the time of Gascoigne it had acquired the name of *Rithme royal*; and surely, says he, it is a royal kind of verse serving best for grave discourses. [Instruction concerning the making of verse. Sign. U. l. b.] Milton, in some of his juvenile compositions, has made the last verse of this Stanza an Alexandrin.

As the *Theseida* and the *Filostrato* of Boccace are both written in the Octave Stanza, of which he is often, though improperly, called the inventor [see Pasquier, *Recherches*, l. vi. c. 3] it seems extraordinary that Chaucer should never have adopted that Stanza. Even when he uses a Stanza of eight verses (as in the *Monkes Tale*), it is constituted very differently from the Italian Octave. I observe, by the way, that Chaucer's Stanza of eight verses, with the addition of an Alexandrin, is the Stanza in which Spenser has composed his *Fairy Queen*.

<sup>64</sup> Mons l'Evêque de la Ravaliere, in his *Discourse de l'ancienneté des Chansons Françaises*, prefixed to the *Poesies du Roi de Navarre*, has the same observation with respect to the old French poets. *Leur Poësir* (says he, p. 227.) *marque combien ils respectoient cette ryme* [of exact riming]; *mais pour en juger aujourd'hui, ainsi que de la mesure de leurs Vers, il faut prononcer les mots comme eux*:—He is vindicating the ancient French bards from an unjust and ignorant censure of Boileau, in his *Art Poët.* Chant. i. So that, it should seem, a great Poet is not of course a censorious Antiquary. See above, n. 4 a censure of Chaucer's verse by our Dryden, who was certainly a great Poet.

in the  
upon  
Fame,ification are so different from those of Ovid, for instance, that I much question whether his poems were  
To return, or even understood, by the vulgar Romans in that age, than the works of Chaucer are now by the

portion of the verses were strictly conformable to the ordinary rules of Metre, he would, probably, not scruple to conclude that such a conformity must have been produced by art and design, and not by mere chance. On the other hand, when he found, that in some verses the number of feet, to appearance, was either deficient or redundant; that in others the feet were seemingly composed of too few or too many syllables, of short syllables in the place of long, or of long in the place of short; he would not, I think, immediately condemn the old Bard, as having all at once forgotten the fundamental principles of his art, or as having wilfully or negligently deviated from them. He would first, I presume, enquire, whether all these irregularities were in the genuine text of his author, or only the mistakes of Copyists: he would enquire further, by comparing the genuine text with other contemporary writings and monuments, whether many things, which appeared irregular, were not in truth sufficiently regular, either justified by the constant practice, or excused by the allowed licence of the age: where authority failed, he would have recourse, but soberly, to etymology and analogy; and if after all a few passages remained, not reducible to the strict laws of Metre by any of the methods above-mentioned, if he were really (as I have supposed him) a sensible critic, he would be apt rather to expect patiently the solution of his difficulties from more correct manuscripts, or a more complete theory of his author's versification, than to cut the knot, by deciding peremptorily, that the work was composed without any regard to metrical rules.

§ xii. I beg leave to pursue the same course with respect to Chaucer. The great number of verses, sounding complete even to our ears, which is to be found in all the least corrected copies of his works, authorises us to conclude, that he was not ignorant of the laws of metre. Upon this conclusion it is impossible not to ground a strong presumption, that he intended to observe the same laws in the many other verses which seem to us irregular; and if this was really his intention, what reason can be assigned sufficient to account for his having failed so grossly and repeatedly, as is generally supposed, in an operation, which every Balladmonger in our days, man, woman, or child, is known to perform with the most unerring exactness, and without any extraordinary fatigue?

§ xiii. The offences against metre in an English verse, as has partly been observed before, must arise either from <sup>the</sup>superfluity or deficiency of syllables, or from the accents being improperly placed.

§ xiv. With respect to the first species of irregularity, I have not taken notice of any superfluities in Chaucer's verses, but what may be reduced to just measure by the usual practices<sup>66</sup> of even modern Poets. And this, by the way, is a strong proof of his real attention to metrical rules; for otherwise, if he had written without any restraint of that kind, a

generality of readers. However a great many of his verses are as smoothly turned as those of Ovid himself, and it is well known, that Virgil has not scrupled to incorporate several of them into his divine *Æneid*. At the same time, whoever casts an eye over the Fragments of his Annals, as collected by Columa, Hesselus, and others, will find frequent examples of all the seeming irregularities alluded to in the text.

<sup>66</sup> It is unnecessary to trouble the Reader with an enumeration of Syncope, Apostrophus, Synecphosis, &c.

Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria vatum.

They may all, I think, be comprehended in our language under this one general principle, that an English verse, though chiefly composed of feet of two syllables, is capable of receiving feet of three syllables in every part of it, provided only one of the three syllables be accented.

In short, whoever can taste the metrical harmony of the following lines of Milton, will not be embarrassed how to dispose of the (seemingly) superfluous syllables, which he may meet with in Chaucer.

P. L. li. 123. Omnis | conjecture on the whole success.

302. A pil | lar of state | , deep on his front engraven—

658. Celestial sp | its in bon | dage, nor the abyss—

▼ 495. No inconvenient di | et, nor too | light fare.

vii 122. Things not revealed, which the invis | ible King—

certain proportion of his deviations from measure must, in all probability, have been on the side of excess.

§ xv. But a great number of Chaucer's verses labour under an apparent deficiency of a syllable, or two. In some of these perhaps the defect may still be supplied from MSS. but for the greatest part I am persuaded no such assistance is to be expected<sup>67</sup>; and therefore, supposing the text in these cases to be correct, it is worth considering whether the verse also may not be made correct, by adopting in certain words a pronunciation, different indeed from modern practice, but which, we have reason to believe, was used by the author himself.

For instance, in the Genitive case Singular and the Plural Number of Nouns (which, as has been remarked above, in the time of Chaucer had the same expression), there can be no doubt that such words as, *shoures*, ver. 1. *croppes*, ver. 7. *shires*, ver. 15. *lordes*, ver. 47, &c. were regularly pronounced as consisting of two syllables. Whenever they are used as monosyllables, it must be considered as a Poetical Licence, warranted however even then (as we may presume from the natural progress of our language) by the practice of inaccurate speakers in common conversation.

In like manner, we may be sure that *ed*, the regular termination of the Past Tense and its Participle, made, or contributed to make, a second syllable in the words, *perced*, ver. 2. *bathed*, ver. 3. *loved*, ver. 45. *were'd*, ver. 75, &c.<sup>68</sup> The first step toward reducing words of this form to Monosyllables seems to have been to shorten the last syllable, either by transposing the final letters, as in—*wolde*, ver. 144. *saide*, ver. 763. &c. or by throwing away the *d*, as in—*coste*, ver. 1910. *caste*, ver. 2083, &c. In both these cases the words still remained of two syllables, the final *e* being sounded as an *e* feminine; but they were prepared to lose their last syllable by the easy licence of changing an *e* feminine into an *e* mute, or of dropping it entirely, according to the modern practice.

§ xvi. But nothing will be found of such extensive use for supplying the deficiencies of Chaucer's metre as the pronunciation of the *e* feminine; and as that pronunciation has been for a long time totally antiquated, it may be proper here to suggest some reasons for believing (independently of any arguments to be drawn from the practice of Chaucer himself) that the final *e* in our ancient language was very generally pronounced, as *ne e* feminine is at this day by the French.

With respect to words imported directly from France. it is certainly quite natural to suppose,

<sup>67</sup> I would not be thought to undervalue the MSS. which I have not seen, or to discourage those who may have inclination and opportunity to consult them. I only mean to say, that, where the text is supported (as it generally is in this Edition) by the concurrence of two or three good MSS. and the sense is clear and complete, we may safely consider it as tolerably correct. In the course of the Notes, I shall have occasion to point out several passages, in which either the disagreement of the good MSS. or the obscurity of their readings, makes a further enquiry absolutely necessary in order to settle the text.

<sup>68</sup> It appears from the Preface to the last Edition of Chaucer's Works, Lond. 1721, that Mr. Urry, the undertaker of that Edition, had the same opinion with respect to the pronunciation of the final syllables in this and the last-mentioned instance; and that it was his intention to distinguish those syllables, *whenever they were to be pronounced*, by printing them with an *i*, instead of an *e*; as, *shouris*, *shiris*, *percid*, *lovid*, &c. As such a distinction is entirely unsupported by the MSS. and must necessarily very much disfigure the orthography of the language, I cannot think that an Editor has a right to introduce it upon ever so plausible a pretence. A shorter and (in my opinion) a less exceptionable method would have been to have distinguished the syllables of this sort, *whenever they were to be contracted*, by adding a sign of Syncope, thus; *shoure's*, *shire's*, *perce'd*, *love'd*. But after all a reader, who cannot perform such operations for himself, had better not trouble his head about the Versification of Chaucer.

Mr. Urry had also discovered, that the final *e* (of which I shall treat more at large in the next Section) often made a syllable in Chaucer's verse; and (according to the Preface quoted above) he "always marked with an accent, when he judged it necessary to pronounce it; as, *swetè*, *halvè*, *smalè*, ver. 5, 8, 9." I have the same objection to this mark that I have to innovations in orthography; and besides, that it would be apt to mislead the ignorant reader (for whom only it can be intended), by making him suppose that the *e* so marked was really to be accented, whereas the true *e* feminine is always to be pronounced with an obscure evanescent sound, and is incapable of bearing any stress or accent.

that, for some time, they retained their native pronunciation; whether they were Nouns substantive, as, *hoste*, ver. 753. *face*, ver. 1580, &c.—or Adjectives, as, *large*, ver. 755. *strange*, ver. 13, &c.—or Verbs, as, *grante*, ver. 12756. *preche*, ver. 12327, &c. and it cannot be doubted, that in these and other similar words in the French language, the final *e* was always pronounced, as it still is, so as to make them dissyllables.

We have not indeed so clear a proof of the original pronunciation of the Saxon part<sup>69</sup> of our language; but we know, from general observation, that all changes of pronunciation are usually made by small degrees; and therefore, when we find that a great number of those words, which in Chaucer's time ended in *e*, originally ended in *a*, we may reasonably presume, that our ancestors first passed from the broader sound of *a* to the thinner sound of *e* feminine, and not at once from *a* to *e* mute. Besides, if the final *e* in such words was not pronounced, why was it added? From the time that it has confessedly ceased to be pronounced it has been gradually omitted in them, except where it may be supposed of use to lengthen or soften<sup>70</sup> the preceding syllable, as in—*hope*, *name*, &c. But according to the antient orthography it terminates many words of Saxon original, where it cannot have been added for any such purpose, as, *herte*, *childe*, *olde*, *wilde*, &c. In these therefore we must suppose that it was pronounced as an *e* feminine, and made part of a second syllable; and so, by a parity of reason, in all others, in which, as in these, it appears to have been substituted for the Saxon *a*.

Upon the same grounds we may presume, that in words terminated, according to the Saxon form, in *en*, such as the Infinitive modes and Plural numbers of Verbs, and a great variety of Adverbs and Prepositions, the *n* only was at first thrown away, and the *e*, which then became final, continued for a long time to be pronounced as well as written.

These considerations seem sufficient to make us believe, that the pronunciation of the *e* feminine is founded on the very nature of both the French and Saxon parts of our language; and therefore, though we may not be able to trace the reasons of that pronunciation in all cases so plainly as in those which have been just mentioned, we may safely, I think, conclude with the learned Wallis<sup>71</sup>, that what is generally considered as an *e* mute in our language,

<sup>69</sup> This is owing to the Saxons not having left us any metrical compositions, as has been observed before, p. xxix. Hickes complains [Gr. A. S. c. xxiii. §. 7.], "that it is difficult to know of how many syllables a Saxon verse some times consists, for this reason among others, *quod non constat quomodo voces in e feminino vel obscuro terminate pronuntiande sunt in carmine.*" He might, perhaps with more propriety, have complained, that it is difficult to know how words ending in *e* feminine are to be pronounced in a Saxon verse, because it is uncertain of how many syllables any of their verses consisted. I have mentioned in the text two cases of words abbreviated, in which I think we might conclude from general reasoning that the final *e* was pronounced. As this Theory, with respect to these words, is entirely confirmed by the practice of Orm (the most authentic metrical composer that we have in our antient language) it would not perhaps be unreasonable to infer, that the practice of Orm, in other words of Saxon original, in which the final *e* is pronounced, is consonant to the old Saxon usage. However that may be the practice of Orm must certainly be admitted to prove, that such a pronunciation prevailed at least 150 years before Chaucer.

<sup>70</sup> In most of the words in which the final *e* has been omitted, its use in lengthening or softening the preceding syllable has been supplied by an alteration in the Orthography of that Syllable. Thus, in—*grete*, *mete*, *stele*, *rede*, *dere*,—in which the first *e* was originally long, as closing a syllable, it has (since they have been pronounced as Monosyllables) been changed either into *ea*, as in—*great*, *meat*, *steal*, *read*, *dear*; or into *ee*, as in—*greet*, *meet*, *steel*, *reed*, *deer*. In like manner the *o* in—*bote*, *foie*, *dore*, *gode*, *more*, has been changed either into *oa*, as in—*boat*, *foal*; or into *oo*, as in—*door*, *good*, *moon*.

<sup>71</sup> Gram. Ling. Ang. c. i. § 2. "Originem vero hujus *e* muti, nequis miretur unde devenierit, hanc esse judicio Nempe, quod antiquitus pronuntiatum fuerit, sed obscuro sono, sicut Gallorum *e* femininum." He afterwards adds: "Certissimum autem hujus rei indicium est ex antiquis Poetis petendum; apud quos reperitur illud *e* promissi vel constituere vel non constituere novam Syllabam, prout ratio carminis postulaverit." So that, according to the judicious writer, (who has confessedly searched much deeper into the formation of vocal sounds in general, and the pronunciation of the English language in particular, than any of our other Grammarians,) I might have assumed as certain, the point, which I have been labouring in the text (by arguments drawn from reason and analogy) to render probable.



either at the end or in the middle of words<sup>72</sup>, was antiently pronounced, but obscurely, like the *e* feminine of the French.

§ XVII. The third kind of irregularity, to which an English verse is liable, is from the accents being misplaced. The restoring of Chaucer's words to their just number of syllables, by the methods which have been pointed out above, will often be of signal service in restoring his accents also to their proper places; but further, in many words, we must be cautious of concluding too hastily that Chaucer accented the same syllables that we do. On the contrary, I am persuaded that in his French words he most commonly laid his accent according to the French custom (upon the *last* syllable, or the *last but one* in words ending in *e* feminine), which, as is well known, is the very reverse of our practice. Thus in ver. 3. he uses *licoûr* for *liquour*; ver. 11. *corâges* for *courages*; ver. 22. again, *corâge* for *courage*; ver. 37. *resôn* for *reason*; ver. 77. *viâge* for *voyage*; ver. 109, 10. *visâge*—*usâge* for *visage*—*usage*; ver. 140. *manêre* for *manner*; ver. 186. *laboure* for *labour*; ver. 204. *prelât* for *prélate*: ver. 211. *langâge* for *language*; ver. 212 *mariâge* for *marriage*; ver. 216. *contrêe* for *country*; and so through the whole work.

In the same manner he accents the last Syllable of the Participle Present, as, ver. 885, 6. *wedding*—*coming* for *wedding*—*coming*; ver. 903. *living* for *living*; ver. 907, 8. *coming*—*crying* for *coming*—*crying*; ver. 998. *brenning* for *brénning*, &c. and as he does this in words of Saxon as well as of French growth, I should suppose that the old Participle of the present tense, ending in *and*, was originally accented upon that syllable, as it certainly continued to be by the Scottish Poets a long time after Chaucer. See Bp. Douglas, Virg. p. 18. ver. 18. *Spryngând*; ver. 51. *Berând*; p. 27. ver. 49. *Fleând*; p. 29. ver. 10. *Seând*.

These instances are all taken from the Riming syllables (where a strong accent is indispensably necessary) in order to prove beyond contradiction, that Chaucer frequently accented his words in the French manner. But if he followed this practice at the end of his verses, it is more than probable that he did the same in the middle, whenever it gave a more harmonious flow to his metre; and therefore in ver. 4. instead of *vêrtue*, I suppose he pronounced *vertûe*; in ver. 11. instead of *nâture*, *natûre*; in ver. 25. instead of *âventûre*, *aventûre*; in ver. 46. instead of *hônour*, *honour*, &c.

There is much more to this purpose in Wallis, *loc. cit.* which I should transcribe, if I did not suppose that his book is in the hands of every one, who is likely to be curious upon this subject. I will only take notice of one passage which may be wrested to his disadvantage. From considering the gradual extinction of the *e* feminine in our language, and observing that the French, with whom he conversed, very often suppressed it in their common speech, he has been led to predict, that the pronunciation of it would *perhaps shortly* be disused among them as among ourselves. The prediction has certainly failed; but, notwithstanding, I will venture to say, that, at the time when it was made, it was not unworthy of Wallis's sagacity. Unluckily for its success, a number of eminent writers happened, at that very time, to be growing up in France, whose works, having since been received as standards of style, must probably fix for many centuries the antient usage of the *e* feminine in Poetry, and of course give a considerable check to the natural progress of the language. If the age of Edward III had been as favourable to Letters as that of Louis XIV; if Chaucer and his contemporary Poets had acquired the same authority here, that Corneille, Molière, Racine, and Boileau, have obtained in France; if their works had been published by themselves, and perpetuated in a genuine state by printing; I think it probable, that the *e* feminine would still have preserved its place in our Poetical language at least, and certainly without any prejudice to the smoothness of our versification.

<sup>72</sup> The reasoning in the text concerning the final *e* is equally applicable to the same vowel in the middle of words. Indeed (as Wallis has observed, *loc. cit.*) "*vix uspiam in medio dictionis reperitur e mutum, quod non ab origine fuit finale.*" If therefore it was pronounced while final, it would probably continue to be pronounced notwithstanding the addition of a syllable. If it was pronounced in *suete*, *treue*, *large*, *riche*, it would be pronounced in *sweetely*, *trevely*, *largely*, *richely*. [See ver. 123 and 3219, ver. 775 and 3692, ver. 2740 and 3034, ver. 1014 and 1913.] In another very numerous set of words (French Verbals ending in *ment*) the pronunciation of this middle *e* is countenanced, not only by analogy, but also by the still subsisting practice in the French language. So Chaucer certainly pronounced the words, *Jugement*, ver. 780. 807. 820. *commandement*, ver. 2871. 2981. *amendement*, ver. 4183. *pavement*, *revisement*, ver. 4505, 6. Even Spenser in the same Canto (the 8th of B. v.) uses *attonement* and *avengement*, as words of four syllables: [St. 21. 8.—30. 5.] and Wallis takes notice that the middle *e* in *commandement* was pronounced in his time.

It may be proper however to observe, that we are not to expect from Chaucer that regularity in the disposition of his accents, which the practice of our greatest Poets in the last and the present century has taught us to consider as essential to harmonious<sup>73</sup> versification. None of his masters, either French or Italian, had set him a pattern of exactness<sup>74</sup> in this respect; and it is rather surprising, that, without rule or example to guide him, he has so seldom failed to place his accents in such a manner, as to produce the cadence best suited to the nature of his verse.

§ XVIII. I shall conclude this long and (I fear) tedious Essay, with a Grammatical and Metrical Analysis of the first eighteen lines of the Canterbury Tales. This will afford me an opportunity of illustrating at once a considerable part of that Theory, which I have ventured to propose in the preceding pages, with regard to the Language and Versification of Chaucer. The remainder I shall take occasion to explain in a few notes upon particular passages.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

- I. <sup>1</sup>Whánne that Ápril with his <sup>2</sup>shoures <sup>3</sup>sóte
- II. The droúghte of Márch hath <sup>1</sup>pérceð tó the <sup>2</sup>róte,
- III. And <sup>1</sup>báthed évery véine in <sup>2</sup>swíche <sup>3</sup>lícour,
- IV. Of whíche <sup>1</sup>vertúe engéndred is the flóur;
- V. Whan Zéphírús eke with his <sup>1</sup>sóte bréthe

<sup>73</sup> It is agreed, I believe, that, in our Heroic Metre, those Verses, considered singly, are the most harmonious, in which the Accents fall upon the even Syllables; but it has never, that I know, been defined, how far a verse may vary from this its most perfect form, and yet remain a verse. On the *tenth* (or *riming*) syllable a strong Accent is in all cases indispensably required; and in order to make the line tolerably harmonious, it seems necessary that at least *two more* of the *even* syllables should be accented, the *fourth* being (almost always) one of them. Milton however has not subjected his verse even to these rules; and particularly, either by negligence or design, he has frequently put an unaccented syllable in the *fourth* place. See P. L. b. li. 35. 586. b. v. 413. 750. 874.

<sup>74</sup> It has been suggested above, that Chaucer probably copied his Heroic Metre from Boccace. But neither Boccace nor any of the older Italian Poets are exact in the disposition of their accents. Though their Hendecasyllable Metre is allowed by the best Critics to be derived from the Trimeter Iambic Catalectic, the perfection of it has never been determined, like that of our Heroic Metre, to consist in the conformity of its Accents to the pure Iambic measure. Quadrio, L. ii. Dist. in. c. iv. Part. I. Nor does the King of Navarre always dispose his Accents more agreeably to our present notions. It is probable, I think, that some fundamental differences in the three languages may have led each of the three nations to prefer a different form of constructing the same kind of verse.

I. 1. *Whanne*, SAX. *Hræne*, is so seldom used as a *Dissyllable* by Chaucer, that for some time I had great doubts about the true reading of this line. I now believe that it is right, as here printed, and that the same word is to be pronounced as a *Dissyllable* in ver 703.

But with these relics *whanne* that he fond—

*Thanne*, a word of the same form, occurs more frequently as a *Dissyllable*. See ver. 12360 12506. 13721. 13924. 15282. 2. *Shoures*, Dis. *Plural number*. See above, p. xlii.—3. *Sote*. See ver. v.

II. 1. *Perceð*, Dis. *Participle of the Past Time*. See above, p. xlii.—2. *Rote*, root.

III. 1. *Bathed*, Dis. See II. 1.—2. *Swiche*, such; from *Swilke*, SAX.—3. *lícour*, Fr. has the accent upon the *last* syllable, after the French mode.

IV. 1. *Vertúe*, Fr. may be accented in the same manner. There is another way of preserving the harmony of this verse, by making *whiche* (from *whilke*, SAX.) a *Dissyllable*. See ver. 1015. 3921. 5488. 6537. *Vertue* may then be pronounced, as it is now, with the accent on the *first*; the second syllable being incorporated with the first *o engendred*.

V. 1. *Sote*, *seote*, *sucche*; sweet, Dis. See ver. 3219. 3699. 3734. 3763. 3790.

- VI. <sup>1</sup> *Enspired* háth in évery hólt and hétho  
 VII. The téndre <sup>1</sup> *croppes*, and the <sup>2</sup> *yónges* sónné;  
 VIII. Háth in the Rám his <sup>1</sup> *hálfes* coúrs <sup>2</sup> *yrónné*,  
 IX. And <sup>1</sup> *smále* <sup>2</sup> *fóúles* <sup>3</sup> *máken* mélodíe,  
 X. That <sup>1</sup> *slépen* <sup>2</sup> *álle* night with ópen éfe,  
 XI. So príketh <sup>1</sup> *hém* <sup>2</sup> *natúre* in <sup>3</sup> *hír* <sup>4</sup> *coráges*;  
 XII. Than <sup>1</sup> *lóngen* fólk to <sup>2</sup> *gón* on pílrímáges,  
 XIII. And <sup>1</sup> *pálmer*'es fórt to <sup>2</sup> *séken* <sup>3</sup> *stránné* stróndes,  
 XIV. To <sup>1</sup> *sérve* <sup>2</sup> *háúwes* <sup>3</sup> *coúthe* in sóndry lóndes;  
 XV. And spéciálly from évery <sup>1</sup> *shíres* énde  
 XVI. Of <sup>1</sup> *Englelónð* to Cánterbúry <sup>2</sup> *they wénðe*,  
 XVII. The hóly blísful mátyr fórt to séke,  
 XVIII. That <sup>1</sup> *hém* hath <sup>2</sup> *hólpén*, whán that théy were <sup>3</sup> *séke*.

VI. 1. *Enspired*. Tris. Part. of Past Time.

VII. 1. *Croppes*, Dis. Pl. N. as *shoures*. I. 2.—2. *Yonge*, Dis. See ver. 213. 665. 1013. 3333. 73. It is used as a *Dissyllable* in the *Ormulum*. Col. 230.

That wás god blíse fúl i wís till úreýnnge génge.

*Stronge* and *Longe* are pronounced in the same manner. See ver. 2375. 2640. 6. 3060. 3438. 3693.

VIII. 1. *Halfe* or *Halve*, Dis. The original word is *Halfen*. So *Selce*, from *Seiven*, is a *Dissyllable*, ver. 2862. 4535.  
 2. *Yronne*; Run. Part. of the Past Time, with the Saxon prepositive article *ȝe*, which in the MSS. of Chaucer is universally expressed by *y*, or *i*. In this Edition, for the sake of perspicuity, *y* only is used.

IX. 1. *Smale* Dis. See ver. 146. 2078. 6897. 10207.—2. *Foules*, Dis. as *Shoures*. I. 2.—3. *Maken*; make. Plural Number of the Present Tense. See above, p. xxvi.

X. 1. *Sleepen*, as *Maken*. IX. 3.—2. *Alle*, Dis. See ver. 76. 348. 536. 1854. 2102.

XI. 1. *Hem*; Them. It is constantly used so by Chaucer. 2. *Nature* should perhaps be accented on the last syllable (or rather the last but one, supposing it a *Trisyllable*), after the French manner, though in the present case the verse will be sufficiently harmonious if it be accented on the first. That Chaucer did often accent it after the French manner appears from ver. 8778. 9842. 11637. 11945. 12229. In the same manner he accents *Figúre*, ver. 2037. 2045. *Mesúre*, ver. 8132. 8493. *André*, *Statúre*, ver. 8130. 3. *Peintúre*, ver. 11967. *Aventúre*, ver. 1188. 1237. *Creatúre*, ver. 2397. 4883. and many other words of the same form, derived from the French language.—3. *Hír*; Their. The Possessive Pronoun of the third Person Plural is variously written, *Hír*, *Híre*, *Hér*, and *Here*; not only in different MSS. but even in the same page of good MSS. There seems to be no reason for perpetuating varieties of this kind, which can only have taken their rise from the unsettled state of our Orthography before the invention of Printing, and which now contribute more than any real alteration of the language to obscure the sense of our old Authors. In this edition, therefore, *Hír* is constantly put to signify *Their*, and *Híre* to signify *Her*, whether it be the oblique case of the Personal Pronoun *She*, or the Possessive of the same Pronoun.—4. *Coráges*, Fr. is to be accented on the *Penultima*. See before, p. xlv. and also ver. 1947. 2215. To the other instances quoted in p. xlv. add, *Avantúge*, ver. 2449. 4566. *Brocdge*, 3375. *Fordge*, ver. 3866. *Líndge*, ver. 4270. 5419. *Servdge*, ver. 1943. 4788. *Costdge*, ver. 5831. *Paráge*, ver. 5832.

XII. 1. *Longen* as *Maken*. IX. 3.—2. *Gon*, Infinitive Mode of *Go*, terminated in *n* according to the Saxon form. See above, p. xxvi.

XIII. 1. *Pálmer'es*, Dis. the *e* of the termination being cut out by Syncope, as it generally is in Plural Nouns of three Syllables, accented upon the first, and in the Past Tenses and their Particples of Verbs, of the same description, ending in *ed*. The reason seems to be, that, where the Accent is placed so early, we cannot pronounce the final syllables fully, without laying more stress upon them, than they can properly bear.—2. *Séken* as *Gon*. XII. 2.—3. *Stránné*, Dis. Fr. See before, p. xlii.

XIV. 1. *Sérve* Dis. from *Serven*, the *n* being thrown away before *h*. See above, p. xxvi. and xliii.—2. *Háúwes*, Sax. *palȝeȝ*. The Saxon *ȝ* is changed into *w*, as in *sorwe*, *morwe*, and some others; though it generally passes into *y*. The derivatives from this same word afford us instances of both forms; *Hólyness*, *Hólyday*, *All-Háúwes-day*.—3. *Coúthe*; known, The Participle of the Past Time from *Connen*, to know. See before, n. 35.

XV. 1. *Shíres*, Dis. Genitive Case Sing. See before, p. xlii.

XVI. 1. *Englelónð*, Trisyllable, from the Saxon *Englaland*.—The last foot consists of three syllables

—to Cán | terbúr | y they wende.

See above, n. 66.

XVIII. 1. *Hem*; Them. See XI. 1.—2. *Hólpén*, the Participle of the Past Time from the Irregular Verb *Help*. See

before, n. 34.—3. *Seke* ; *Sick*. As Chaucer usually writes this word *Sike*, we may suppose that in this instance he has altered the Orthography in order to make the Rime more exact; a liberty, with which he sometimes indulges himself, though much more sparingly than his contemporary Poets. The Saxon writers afford authorities to justify either method of spelling, as they use both *Seoca* and *SioCa*.

I have hitherto considered these verses as consisting of *ten* syllables only; but it is impossible not to observe, that, according to the rules of pronunciation established above, all of them, except the 3d and 4th, consist really of *eleven* syllables. This is evident at first sight in ver. 11, 12, 13, 14, and might be shewn as clearly, by authority or analogy, in the others; but as the *eleventh* syllable, in our versification, being unaccented, may always, I apprehend, be absent or present without prejudice to the metre, there does not seem to be any necessity for pointing it out in every particular instance.

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# INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE

## TO THE

### CANTERBURY TALES.

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XV. 1. *Shires*, Dis.

XVI. 1. *Engleland*.

See above, n. 66.

XVIII. 1. *Hem*; The

atic form, which Boccace gave to his collection of Tales, or Novels, about fourteenth Century<sup>1</sup>, must be allowed to have been a capital improvement

Decameron being supposed in 1348, the year of the great pestilence, it is probable that Boccace did not till after that period. How soon he completed it is uncertain. It should seem from the

of that species of amusing composition. The Decameron in that respect, not to mention many others, has the same advantage over the *Cento Novelle antiche*, which are supposed to have preceded it in point of time, that a regular Comedy will necessarily have over an equal number of single unconnected Scenes. Perhaps indeed there would be no great harm, if the Critics would permit us to consider the Decameron, and other compositions of that kind, in the light of Comedies not intended for the stage: at least we may venture to assume, that the closer any such composition shall copy the most essential forms of Comedy, the more natural and defined the Plan shall be; the more the Characters shall be diversified; the more the Tales shall be suited to the Characters; so much the more conspicuous will be the skill of the Writer, and his work approach the nearer to perfection.

§ II. The Canterbury Tales are a work of the same nature with the Decameron, and were, in all probability, composed in imitation of it, though upon a different and, in my opinion, an improved plan. It would be easy to shew, that, in the several points abovementioned, Chaucer has either been more judicious, or more fortunate, than his master Boccace: but, waiving for the present<sup>2</sup> that disquisition, I shall proceed to the immediate object of this Discourse, which is, in the first place, to lay before the Reader the general plan of the Canterbury Tales, as it appears to have been originally designed by Chaucer; and, secondly, to give a particular review of the several parts of that work, which are come down to us, as they are published in this edition.

§ III. THE GENERAL PLAN of the Canterbury Tales may be learned in a great measure from the Prologue, which Chaucer himself has prefixed to them. He supposes there, that a company of Pilgrims going to Canterbury assemble at an Inn in Southwark, and agree, that, for their common amusement on the road, each of them shall tell at least one Tale in going to Canterbury, and another in coming back from thence; and that he, who shall tell the best Tales, shall be treated by the rest with a supper upon their return to the same Inn. This is shortly the *Fable*. The *Characters* of the Pilgrims are as various as, at that time, could be found in the several departments of *middle* life; that is, in fact, as various as could, with any probability, be brought together, so as to form one company; the highest and the lowest ranks of society being necessarily excluded. It appears further, that the design of Chaucer was not barely to recite the Tales told by the Pilgrims, but also to describe their journey, *And all the*

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introduction to the Fourth Day, that a part (containing perhaps the three first Days) was published separately; for that Introduction he takes pains to answer the censures, which had been passed upon him by several persons, who had read his Novels. One of the censures is, "that it did not become *his age* to write for the amusement of women, &c." In his answer he seems to allow the fact, that he was rather an old fellow, but endeavours to justify himself by the examples of "Guido Cavalcanti et Dante Alighieri *gia vecchi* et Messer Cino da Pistoia *vecchissimo*." It appears from a passage in the *Laberinto d'Amore* [Ed. 1723. t. iii. p. 24.], that Boccace considered himself as an elderly man, when he was a little turned of forty; and therefore the publication of the first part of the Decameron may very well have been, as Salvini has fixed it, [V. Manni. Ist. del Decam. p. 144.] in 1353, when Boccace was just forty years of age. If we consider the nature of the work, and that the Author, in his Conclusion, calls it repeatedly "*lunga fatica*," and says, that "*molto tempo*" had passed between the commencement and the completion of it, we can hardly, I think, suppose that it was finished in less than ten years; which will bring the publication of the entire collection of Novels, as we now have it, down to 1358.

<sup>2</sup> I will only just mention what appear to me to be fundamental defects in the Decameron. In the first place, the *Action* is indefinite; not limited by its own nature, but merely by the will of the Author. It might, if he had been so pleased, have as well comprehended twenty, or a hundred days, as ten; and therefore, though some frivolous reasons are assigned for the return of the Company to Florence, we see too plainly, that the true reason was, that the budget of Novels was exhausted. Not to mention, that every day after the first may properly be considered as containing a new Action, or, what is worse, a repetition of the Action of the former day. The second defect is in the *Characters*, which are so nearly resembling to each other, in age, rank, and even natural disposition, that, if they had been strictly supported, their conversation must have been incapable of that variety, which is necessary to carry the reader through so long a work. The third defect has arisen from the author's attempt to remedy the second. In order to diversify and enliven his narrations, he has made a circle of virtuous ladies and polite gentlemen hear and relate in their turns a number of stories, which cannot with any degree of probability be supposed to have been suffered in such an assembly.

remnant of their *pilgrimage* [ver. 726.] ; including, probably, their adventures at Canterbury as well as upon the road. If we add, that the Tales, besides being nicely adapted to the Characters of their respective Relaters, were intended to be connected together by suitable introductions, and interspersed with diverting episodes ; and that the greatest part of them was to have been executed in Verse ; we shall have a tolerable idea of the extent and difficulty of the whole undertaking : and admiring, as we must, the vigour of that genius, which in an advanced age<sup>3</sup> could begin so vast a work, we shall rather lament than be surprised that it has been left imperfect.

§ iv. In truth, if we compare those parts of the Canterbury Tales, of which we are in possession, with the sketch which has been just given of the intended whole, it will be found that more than one half is wanting. The Prologue we have, perhaps nearly complete, and the greatest part of the journey to Canterbury ; but not a word of the transactions at Canterbury, or of the journey homeward, or of the Epilogue, which, we may suppose, was to have concluded the work, with an account of the Prize-supper and the separation of the company. Even in that part which we have of the journey to Canterbury, it will be necessary, in the following Review, to take notice of certain defects and inconsistencies, which can only be accounted for upon the supposition, that the work was never finished by the Author.

§ v. Having thus stated the general Plan of the Canterbury Tales, I shall now, according to my promise, enter upon a particular Review of those parts of them, which are published in this edition, beginning with THE PROLOGUE.

It seems to have been the intention of Chaucer, in the first lines of the Prologue, to mark with some exactness the *time* of his supposed pilgrimage ; but unluckily the two circumstances of his description, which were most likely to answer that purpose, are each of them irreconcilable to the other. When he tells us, that "the shoures of April had *perced to the rote* the drought of March" [ver. 1, 2], we must suppose, in order to allow due time for such an operation, that April was far advanced ; while on the other hand the place of the Sun, "having just run half his course in the Ram" [ver. 7, 8.], restrains us to some day in the very latter end of March ; as the Vernal Equinox, in the age of Chaucer, according to his own treatise on the Astrolabe<sup>4</sup>, was computed to happen on the twelfth of March. This difficulty may, and I think, should, be removed by reading in ver. 8, *the Bull*, instead of *the Ram*<sup>5</sup>. All the

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer was born in 1328, and it is most probable, I think, that he did not begin his Canterbury Tales before 1332, at the earliest. My reason is this. The Queen, who is mentioned in the *Legende of Good Women*, ver. 496. was certainly Anne of Bohemia, the first Queen of Richard II. She was not married to Richard, till the beginning of 1332, so that the *Legende* cannot possibly be supposed of an earlier date than that year. In the *Legende* [ver. 329—332. ver. 417—430] Chaucer has enumerated, I believe, all the considerable works which he had then composed. It was to his purpose not to omit any. He not only does not mention the Canterbury Tales, but he expressly names *the story of Palamon and Arcite* and *the Life of Saint Cecilia*, both which now make part of them, as separate compositions. I am persuaded therefore, that in 1332 the work of the Canterbury Tales was not begun ; and if we look further and consider the troubles in which Chaucer was involved, for the five or six following years, by his connexions with John of Northampton, we can hardly suppose that it was much advanced before 1339, the sixty first year of the author's age.

<sup>4</sup> In this particular the Editions agree with the MSS. but in general, the printed text of this Treatise is so monstrously incorrect, that it cannot be cited with any safety.

<sup>5</sup> This correction may seem to be authorised, in some measure, by Lidgate, who begins his continuation of the Canterbury Tales in this manner.

"When bright Phœbus *passed was the Ram*  
Midde of April, and into the Bull came."

But the truth is, that Dan John wrote for the most part in a great hurry, and consequently without much accuracy. In the account which he proceeds to give of Chaucer's Tales, he not only confounds the circumstances of description of the Sompnour and Pardoner, but he speaks of the latter as—

Telling a tale to anger with the Frere.  
*Stone of Thebes*, ver. 32—5.

parts of the description will then be consistent with themselves, and with another passage [ver. 4425.], where, in the best MSS. *the eighte and twenty day of April* is named as the day of the journey to Canterbury.

We will suppose therefore, that the preceding day, the seven and twentieth of April, was the day on which the company assembled at the Tabard. In what year this happened, Chaucer has not thought fit to inform us<sup>6</sup>. Either he did not think it necessary to fix that point at all; or perhaps he postponed it, till the completion of his work should enable him to assign such a date to his Fable, as should be consistent with all the historical circumstances, which he might take occasion to introduce into it.

§ vi. A second point, intended to be defined in the Prologue, is the *number of the company*; and this too has its difficulties. They are said in ver. 24. to have been *nine and twenty*, but it is not clear whether Chaucer himself is included in that number. They might therefore, according to that passage, be *thirty*; but if we reckon the several characters, as they are enumerated in the Prologue, we shall find them *one and thirty*; 1. a Knight; 2. a Squier; 3. a Yeman; 4. a Prioress; 5. an other Nonne; 6. 7. 8. Three Preestes; 9. a Monk; 10. a Frere; 11. a Shant; 12. a Clerk of Oxenforde; 13. a Sergeant of the Lawe; 14. a Frankleyn; 15. a Haberdasher; 16. a Carpenter; 17. a Webbe; 18. a Deyr; 19. a Tapiser; 20. a Coke; 21. a Shipman; 22. a Doctour of Physike; 23. a Wif of Bathe; 24. a Persone; 25. a Plowman; 26. a Reve; 27. a Miller; 28. a Sompnour; 29. a Pardoner; 30. a Manciple; 31. Chaucer himself. It must be observed however that in this list there is one very suspicious article, which is that of the *three Preestes*. As it appears evidently to have been the

<sup>6</sup>It is clear, that, whether the Pilgrimage were real or imaginary, Chaucer, as a Poet, had a right to suppose it to have happened at the time which he thought best. He was only to take care, when the time was once fixed, that no circumstances were admitted into his Poem, which might clash, or be inconsistent with the date of it. When no particular date is assigned to a fable of this sort, we must naturally imagine that the date of the fable coincides with that of the composition; and accordingly, if we examine the Canterbury Tales, we shall not find any circumstances which do not perfectly suit with that period, which has been stated in a former note as the probable time of Chaucer's beginning to compose them. The latest historical fact mentioned in them is the Insurrection of Jakke Straw [ver. 15400], which happened in 1381; and the earliest in which any person of the Drama is concerned, is the siege of Algezir [ver. 56, 7], which began in August 1342, and ended, with the taking of the city, in March 1344 Mariana, l. xvi. c. x., xl. The Knight therefore may very well be supposed to have been at that siege, and also upon a Pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1383, or thereabouts.

They who are disposed to believe the Pilgrimage to have been real, and to have happened in 1383, may support their opinion by the following inscription, which is still to be read upon the Inn, now called the Talbot, in Southwark. "This is the Inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the twenty-nine Pilgrims lodged in their journey to Canterbury, Anno 1383." Though the present inscription is evidently of a very recent date, we might suppose it to have been propagated to us by a succession of faithful transcripts from the very time; but unluckily there is too good reason to be assured, that the first inscription of this sort was not earlier than the last century. Mr. Speght, who appears to have been inquisitive concerning this Inn in 1597, has left us this account of it in his Glossary, v. TABARD. "A Jaquet, or sleeveless coat, worn in times past by Noblemen in the warres, but now only by Heraults, and is called theyre coate of Armes in servise. It is the signe of an Inne in Southwarke by London, within the which was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the Hostelry where Chaucer and the other Pilgrims mett together, and, with Henry Baily their hoste, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath bin much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoynd, newly repaired, and with convenient roomes much encreased, for the receipt of many guests."

If any inscription of this kind had then been there, he would hardly have omitted to mention it; and therefore I am persuaded it has been put up since his time, and most probably when the sign was changed from the Tabard to the Talbot, in order to preserve the ancient glory of the House notwithstanding its new title. Whoever furnished the date, must be allowed to have at least invented plausibly.

While I am upon the subject of "this famous Hostelry, I will just add, that it was probably parcel of two tenement which appear to have been conveyed by William de Ludegarsale to the Abbot, &c. *de Hydd juxta Winton*, in 1306, and which are described, in a former conveyance there recited, to extend in length, "*a communi fossato de Suthwerk versus Orientem, usque Regiam viam de Suthwerke versus Occidentem*." Registrum de Hyde, MS. Harl. 1761. fol. 106-173. If we should ever be so happy as to recover the account books of the Abbey of Hyde, we may possibly learn what rent *Harry Baily* paid for his inn, and many other important particulars.



design of Chaucer to compose his company of individuals of different ranks, in order to produce a greater variety of distinct characters, we can hardly conceive that he would, in this single instance, introduce *three*, of the same profession, without any discriminating circumstances whatever; and in fact, when the Nonnes Preest is called upon to tell his tale, [ver 14814.] he is accosted by the Host in a manner, which will not permit us to suppose that two others of the same denomination were present. This must be allowed to be a strong objection to the genuineness of that article of the *three* Preestes; but it is not the only one. All the other Characters are particularly described, and most of them very much at large, whereas the whole that is said of the *other Nonne* and the *three Preestes* is contained in these two lines [ver. 163, 4.] at the end of the Prioresses character :

Another Nonne also with hire had she,  
That was hire Chapellein, and Preestes thre.

Where it is also observable, that the single circumstance of description is false; for no Nonne could be a Chaplain. The chief duty of a Chaplain was to say Mass, and to hear Confession, neither of which offices could regularly be performed by a Nonne, or by any woman<sup>7</sup>.

It should seem therefore, that we have sufficient ground to reject these two lines, or at least the second, as an interpolation<sup>8</sup>; by which means we shall get rid of *two* of the Preestes, and the detail of the characters will agree with the gross number in ver. 24, Chaucer himself being included among the *nine and twenty*. As Novellists generally delight in even numbers, it is not improbable that the Host was intended to be the thirtieth. Though not under the same obligation with the other Pilgrims, he might nevertheless tell his Tale among them as a Volunteer.

§ vii. This leads me, in the third place, to examine what the *agreement* was, which the Pilgrims entered into, at the suggestion of the Host, with respect to the number of Tales that each person was to tell. The proposal of the Host stands thus, with very little variation, in all the MSS.

This is the point—says he, ver. 792—5.

That eche of you, to shorten with youre way,  
In this viage shal tellen tales tway,  
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,  
And homeward he shal tellen other two—

From this passage we should certainly conclude, that each of them was to tell *two tales* in the

<sup>7</sup> It appears that some Abbesses did at one time attempt to hear the Confessions of their Nuns, and to exercise some other smaller parts of the clerical function: but this practice, I apprehend, was soon stopped by Gregory IX, who has forbidden it in the strongest terms Decretal l. v. tit 38. c. x. Nova quedam nostri sunt auribus intimata, quod Abbatissæ moniales proprias benedicunt; *ipsarum quoque confessiones in criminibus audiunt*, et legentes Evangelium præsumunt publice prædicare: Cum igitur id absolum sit et pariter absurdum, Mandamus quatenus ne id de cætero fiat cunctis firmiter inhibere. If these presumptuous Abbesses had ventured to say Mass, his Holyness would doubtless have thundered still louder against them.

<sup>8</sup> My notion, I cannot call it opinion, the matter is this; that the first of these lines did really begin the character of the Nonne, which Chaucer has originally inserted in this place together with that of the Nonnes Preest, at as great length as the other characters, but that they were both afterwards expunged, either by himself, or, more probably, by those who published his work after his death, for reasons of nearly the same kind with those which occasioned the suppression of the latter part of the Cokes Tale. I suspect our Bard had been rather too gay in his description of these two Religious persons. See a little concerning the Preest, ver. 15453—67.

If it should be thought improbable that an interpolator would insert any thing so absurd and contradictory to the Author's plan as the second line, I beg leave to suggest, that it is still more improbable that such a line should have come from the Author himself, and further, I think I can promise, in the course of the following work, to point out several other undoubted interpolations, which are to the full as absurd as the subject of our present discussion

journey to Canterbury, and *two more* in the journey homeward : but all the other passages, in which mention is made of this agreement, would rather lead us to believe, that they were to tell only *one* Tale in each journey ; and the Prologue to the Parsons Tale strongly confirms this latter supposition. The Host says there, [ver. 17327.]

—“ Now lacketh us no tales mo than on ”—

and calling upon the Parson to tell this one tale, which was wanting, he says to him, [ver. 17335.]

—“ ne breke thou not our play,  
For every man, save thou, hath told his tale.”

The Parson therefore had not told any tale before, and only one tale was expected from him (and consequently from each of the others) upon that journey.

It is true, that a very slight alteration of the passage first cited would reconcile that too to this hypothesis. If it were written—

That eche of you, to shorten with youre way,  
In this viage shal tellen tales tway ;  
To Canterbury ward, I mene it, o,  
And homeward he shal tell another to—

the original proposition of the Host would perfectly agree with what appears to have been the subsequent practice. However, I cannot venture to propose such an alteration of the text, in opposition to so many MSS. some of them of the best note ; and therefore the Reader, if he is so pleased, may consider this as one of those inconsistencies, hinted at above, which prove too plainly that the author had not finished his work.

§ viii. The remainder of the Prologue is employed in describing the *Characters* of the Pilgrims, and their first setting out upon their journey. The little that it may be necessary to say in illustration of some of the Characters I shall reserve for the Notes. The circumstances of their setting out are related succinctly and naturally ; and the contrivance of appointing the Knight *by lot* to tell the first tale is a happy one, as it affords the Author the opportunity of giving his work a splendid opening, and at the same time does not infringe that apparent equality, upon which the freedom of discourse and consequently the ease and good humour of every society so entirely depends. The general satisfaction, which this appointment is said to give to the company, puts us in mind of a similar gratification to the secret wishes of the Grecian army, when the lot of fighting with Hector falls to Ajax ; though there is not the least probability that Chaucer had ever read the *Iliad*, even in a translation.

§ ix. THE KNIGHTS TALE, or at least a Poem upon the same subject, was originally composed by Chaucer, as a separate work. As such it is mentioned by him, among some of his other works, in the *Legende of gode women*, [ver. 420, l.] under the title of—“ al the love of Palamon and Arcite of Thebes, though the storie is knowen lite— ;” and the last words seem to imply that it had not made itself very popular. It is not impossible that at first it was a mere translation of the *Theseida* of Boccace, and that its present form was given it, when Chaucer determined to assign it the first place among his Canterbury tales. As the *Theseida*, upon which this tale is entirely founded, is very rare to be met with, it may be not

\* The letter, which Boccace sent to the Fiammetta with this poem, is dated *di Napoli a 15 d'Aprile 1341*. Lettere di xiii. Uomini illust. Ven. 1564. I believe that date is a true one, and it is remarkable, as being the very year and month, in which Petrarch received the Laurel at Rome. See Petr. Ep. Fam. XII. 12.

The first Edition of the *Theseida*, according to Quadrio [t. vi. p. 462], was without date, and under the mistaken title of *Amasonde*, which might have been proper enough for the first book. It was soon after however reprinted with its true title, at Ferrara, in 1475, fol. Dr. Askew was so obliging as to lend me the only copy of this edition which I have ever heard of, in England. The Reverend Mr. Crofts has a later edition in 4<sup>to</sup>. printed at Venice, 1

unpleasing to the Reader to see here a short summary of it, which will shew with what skill Chaucer has proceeded in reducing a poem of about ten thousand lines to a little more than two thousand, without omitting any material circumstance.

The Theseida is distributed into twelve Books or Cantoes.

B. I. contains the war of Theseus with the Amazons; their submission to him; and his marriage with Hippolyta.

B. II. Theseus, having spent two years in Scythia, is reproached by Perithous in a vision, and immediately returns to Athens with Hippolyta and her sister Emilia. He enters the city in triumph; finds the Grecian Ladies in the temple of Clemenzia; marches to Thebes; kills Creon, &c. and brings home Palemone and Arcita, who are

*Damnati—ad eterna presone.*

B. III. Emilia, walking in a garden and singing, is heard and seen first by Arcita<sup>10</sup>, who calls Palemone. They are both equally enamoured of her, but without any jealousy or rivalry. Emilia is supposed to see them at the window, and to be not displeased with their admiration.—Arcita is released at the request of Perithous; takes his leave of Palemone, with embraces, &c.

B. IV. Arcita, having changed his name to *Pentheo*, goes into the service of Menelaus at Mycenæ, and afterwards of Peleus at Ægina. From thence he returns to Athens and becomes a favourite servant of Theseus, being known to Emilia, though to nobody else; till after some time he is overheard making his complaint in a wood, to which he usually resorted for that purpose, by Pamphilo, a servant of Palemone.

B. V. Upon the report of Pamphilo, Palemone begins to be jealous of Arcita, and is desirous to get out of prison in order to fight with him. This he accomplishes with the assistance of

1528, but in that the poem has been *riveduto e emendato*, that is, in plain English, modernized. I cannot help suspecting that Salvini, who has inveighed with great bitterness against the corruptions of the printed Theseida, [Manni, Ist. del Decam. p. 52.] had only examined this last edition; for I observe that a Stanza which he has quoted (from some MS. as I suppose) is not near so correct as it is in the edition of 1475. As this Stanza contains Boccace's own account of the intention of his Poem, I shall transcribe it here from that edition. It is the beginning of his conclusion

Poi che le Muse nude cominciaro  
Nel conspetto de gli onienî ad andare,  
Gai fur de quelli che [gia] le exercitaro  
Con bello stilo in *honesto* parlare,  
E altri in *amoroso* lo operar;   
Ma tu, o libro, primo al lor cantare  
Di *Marte* fai gli affanni sostenuti,  
Nel vulgar latino mai piu non veduti.

This plainly alludes to a passage in Dante, de *Vulgari Eloquentia*, l. H. c. ii. where, after having pointed out the three great subjects of Poetry, viz. *Arma, Amor, et Rectitudinem*, (War, Love, and Morality,) and enumerated the illustrious writers upon each, he adds: *Arma vero nullum Italiam adhuc invento poetasse*. Boccace therefore apparently prides himself upon having supplied the defect remarked by Dante, and upon being the first who taught the Italian Muses to sing of *Arma*.

Besides other variations for the worse, the fifth line in Salvini's copy is written thus,

*Ed altri in dolci modi l'operar.*—

by which means the allusion to Dante is rendered incomplete.

<sup>10</sup> In describing the commencement of this Amour, which is to be the subject of the remainder of the poem, Chaucer has entirely departed from his author in three principal circumstances. 1. By supposing Emilia to be seen first by Palamon, he gives him an and, I think, in each with very good reason. 2. The picture which Boccace has exhibited of two young princes violently enamoured of the same object, without jealousy or rivalry, is, I think, to suppose, as Chaucer has done, that they are not seen by her  
being seen by Emilia at this time, it is better,

Pamphilo, by changing clothes with Alimeto, a Physician. He goes armed to the wood in quest of Arcita, whom he finds sleeping. At first they are very civil and friendly to each other <sup>11</sup>. Then Palemone calls upon Arcita to renounce his pretensions to Emilia, or to fight with him. After many long expostulations on the part of Arcita, they fight, and are discovered first by Emilia, who sends for Theseus. When he finds who they are, and the cause of their difference, he forgives them, and proposes the method of deciding their claim to Emilia by a combat of an hundred on each side, to which they gladly agree.

B. VI. Palemone and Arcita live splendidly at Athens, and send out messengers to summon their friends, who arrive; and the principal of them are severally described, viz. Iycurgus, Peleus, Phocus, Telamon, &c. Agamemnon, Menelaus, Castor, and Pollux, &c. Nestor, Evander, Perithous, Ulysses, Diomedes, Pygmalion, Minos, &c. with a great display of ancient history and mythology.

B. VII. Theseus declares the laws of the combat, and the two parties of an hundred on each side are formed. The day before the combat, Arcita, after having visited the temples of all the Gods, makes a formal prayer to Mars. The Prayer, *being personified* <sup>12</sup>, is said to go and find Mars in his temple in Thrace, which is described; and Mars, upon understanding the message, causes favourable signs to be given to Arcita. In the same manner Palemone closes his religious observances with a prayer to Venus. His Prayer, *being also personified*, sets out for the temple of Venus on Mount Citherone, which is also described; and the petition is granted. Then the sacrifice of Emilia to Diana is described; her prayer; the appearance of the Goddess; and the signs of the two fires.—In the morning they proceed to the Theatre with their respective troops, and prepare for the action. Arcita puts up a private prayer to Emilia, and harangues his troop publicly; and Palemone does the same.

<sup>11</sup> En sìeme se fer festa di bon core,  
E li loro accidenti si narraro. Thes. l. v.

This is surely too much in the style of Romance. Chaucer has made them converse more naturally. He has also judiciously avoided to copy Boccace in representing Arcite as more moderate than his rival.

<sup>12</sup> Era alor forsi Marte in evercilio  
Di chiara far la parte ruginosa  
Del grande suo e horribile hospitio,  
Quando de Arcita LA ORATION pietosa  
Pervenne li per fare il dato ofitio,  
Tutta ne lo aspetto lagrimosa;  
La qual divene di spavento muta,  
Come di Marte hebbe laca veduta. Thes. l. vii.

As this contrivance, of *personifying* the Prayers and sending them to the several deities, is only in order to introduce a description of the respective temples, it will be allowed, I believe, that Chaucer has attained the same end by more natural fiction. It is very probable that Boccace caught the idea of making the Prayers *persons* from Homer, with whose works he was better acquainted than most of his contemporaries in this part of the world; and there can be no doubt, I suppose, that Chaucer's imagination, in the expedient which he has substituted, was assisted by the occasional edifices which he had himself seen erected for the decoration of Turnaments.

The combat, which follows, having no foundation in ancient history or manners, it is no wonder that both poets should have admitted a number of incongruous circumstances into their description of it. The great advantage, which Chaucer has over his original in this respect is, that he is much shorter. When we have read in the *Thesaurus* is, a long and learned catalogue of all the heroes of Antiquity brought together upon this occasion, we are only surprised to see Theseus, in such an assembly, conferring the honour of Knighthood upon the two Theban ch—

E senza stare con non piccolo honore  
Cinse le spade a li qui scudieri,  
E ad Arcita Poluce e Castore  
Calciaro d'oro li sproni e volentieri,  
E Diomede e Ulixé di cuore  
Calzati a Palemone, e cavallieri  
Ambedui furono allora novelli  
Li innamorati Theban damigelli. Thes. l. vii.

so Sun, in the  
ore than fifteen  
to make together  
un was not at the  
ing to all the Editions  
e fourth part of the day

B. VIII. Contains a description of the battle, in which Palemone is taken prisoner.

B. IX. The horse of Arcita, being frightened by a Fury, sent from hell at the desire of Venus, throws him. However, he is carried to Athens in a triumphal chariot with Emilia by his side; is put to bed dangerously ill; and there by his own desire espouses Emilia.

B. X. The funeral of the persons killed in the combat Arcita, being given over by his Physicians, makes his will, in discourse with Theseus, and desires that Palemone may inherit all his possessions and also Emilia. He then takes leave of Palemone and Emilia, to whom he repeats the same request. Their lamentations. Arcita orders a sacrifice to Mercury, which Palemone performs for him, and dies.

B. XI. Opens with the passage of Arcita's soul to heaven, imitated from the beginning of the 9th Book of Lucan. The funeral of Arcita. Description of the wood felled takes up six Stanzas. Palemone builds a temple in honour of him, in which his whole history is painted. The description of this painting is an abridgement of the preceding part of the Poem.

B. XII. Theseus proposes to carry into execution Arcita's will by the marriage of Palemone and Emilia. This they both decline for some time in formal speeches, but at last are persuaded and married. The Kings, &c. take their leave, and Palemone remains—"in gioia e in diporto con la sua dona nobile e cortese."

From this sketch of the Theseida it is evident enough that Chaucer was obliged to Boccace<sup>13</sup> for the Plan and principal incidents of the KNIGHTS TALE; and in the Notes upon that tale I shall point out some passages, out of many more, which are literal translations from the Italian.

§ x. When the *Knight* has finished his Tale, the *Host* with great propriety calls upon the *Monk*, as the next in rank among the men, to tell the next Tale; but, as it seems to have been the intention of Chaucer to avail himself of the variety of his Characters, in order to distribute alternate successions of Serious and Comic, in nearly equal proportions, throughout his work, he has contrived, that the *Hostes* arrangement shall be set aside by the intrusion of the *drunken Miller*, whose tale is such as might be expected from his character and condition, a complete contrast to the *Knights*.

§ xi. I have not been able to discover from whence the Story of the MILLERS TALE is taken; so that for the present I must give Chaucer credit for it as his own invention, though in general he appears to have built his Tales, both serious and comic, upon stories, which he found ready made. The great difference is, that in his serious pieces he often follows his author with the servility of a mere translator, and in consequence his narration is jejune and constrained; whereas in the comic, he is generally satisfied with borrowing a slight hint of his subject, which he varies, enlarges, and embellishes at pleasure, and gives the whole the air and

<sup>13</sup> To whom Boccace was obliged is a more difficult subject of enquiry. That the Story was of his own invention, I think is scarcely credible. He speaks of it himself as *very ancient*. [Lett. alla Fiammetta. *Biblioth. Smith. App. p. exh.*] Trovata una antichissima Storia, e al piu delle genti non manifesta, in latino volgare, acciocchè piu dilettesse e massimamente a voi, che già con sommo titolo le mie rime esaltaste, ho ridotta. He then tells her, that she will

have that what is related under the name of one of the two lovers and of Emilia, is very similar to what had lay passed between herself and him; and adds—Se forse alcune cose soperchie vi fossero, il voler bene coprire by which mon era onesto manifestare, da noi due in fuori, e'l volete la storia seguire, ne sono cagione. I am well aware

that declinations of this kind, prefixed to fabulous works, are not much to be depended upon. The wildest In descriptions of Romances are commonly said by the Authors to be translated from some old Latin Chronicle at St. Chaucer has ent certainly the Story of Palemone and Arcita, as related by Boccace, could not be *very ancient*. If it was reason. 1. By such al, as I rather suspect, it must have been thrown into its present form, after the Norman Princes had the catastrophe most manners of Chivalry into their dominions in Sicily and Italy.

violently enamoured and modern Greek political verses *De nuptiis Thesei et Emiliæ*, printed at Venice in 1529, is a more insipid and unpoetical *Theseida*. The Author has even translated the prefatory epistle addressed by Boccace to the I think, to suppose, as Ch.

colour of an original; a sure sign, that his genius rather led him to compositions of the latter kind.

§ XII. The next tale is told by the REVE (who is represented above, ver. 589. as "a cholerick man") in revenge of the *Müller's* tale. It has been generally said to be borrowed from the *Decameron*, D. ix. N. 6. but I rather think that both Boccace and Chaucer, in this instance, have taken whatever they have in common from an old *Fabliau*, or *Conte*, of an anonymous French rimer, *De Gombert et des deux Clercs*. The Reader may easily satisfy himself upon this head, by casting his eye upon the French *Fabliau*, which has lately been printed with several others from MSS. in France. See *Fabliaux et Contes*, Paris, 1756. t. ii. p. 115—124.

§ XIII. The COKE'S TALE is imperfect in all the MSS. which I have had an opportunity of examining. In MS. A. it seems to have been entirely omitted; and indeed I cannot help suspecting, that it was intended to be omitted, at least in this place, as in the *Manciples Prologue*, when the *Coke* is called upon to tell a tale, there is no intimation of his having told one before. Perhaps our Author might think, that three tales of *harlotrie*, as he calls it, together would be too much. However, as it is sufficiently certain, that the *Cokes* Prologue and the beginning of his Tale are genuine compositions, they have their usual place in this Edition. There was not the same reason for inserting the story of GAMELYN, which in some MSS. is annexed to the *Cokes* Tale. It is not to be found in any of the MSS. of the first authority; and the manner, style, and versification, all prove it to have been the work of an author much inferior to Chaucer. I did not therefore think myself warranted to publish it a second time among the *Canterbury Tales*, though as a Relique of our antient Poetry, and the foundation, perhaps, of Shakespeare's *As you like it*, I could have wished to see it more accurately printed, than it is in the only edition which we have of it.

§ XIV. In the PROLOGUE to THE MAN OF LAWES TALE Chaucer recalls our attention to the Action, if I may so call it, of his Drama, the journey of the Pilgrims. They had set out soon after *the day began to spring*, ver. 824 and f. When the *Reve* was beginning to tell his tale, they were in the neighbourhood of Deptford and Greenwich, and it was *half way prime*; that is, I suppose, *half way past prime*, about half hour after seven A. M. [ver. 3904, 5.]. How much further they were advanced upon their road at this time is not said; but the hour of the day is pointed out to us by two circumstances. We are first told [ver. 4422, 3.], that

—"the Sonne  
The ark of his artificial day had runne  
The fourthe part and half an hour and more;"—

and secondly [ver. 4432.], that he was "five and forty degrees high;" and this last circumstance is so confirmed by the mention of a corresponding phenomenon that it is impossible to suspect any error in the number. The *equality in length* of shadows to their projecting bodies can only happen, when the Sun is at the height of *five and forty* degrees. Unfortunately however this description, though seemingly intended to be so accurate, will neither enable us to conclude with the MSS. that it was "*ten of the clock*," nor to fix upon any other hour; as the two circumstances just mentioned are not found to coincide in any part of the twenty-eighth, or of any other, day of April<sup>14</sup> in this climate. All that we can conclude with certainty is, that it was *not past ten* of the clock.

<sup>14</sup> The twenty-eighth day of April, in the time of Chaucer, answering to our 6th or 7th of May, the Sun, in the latitude of London, rose about half hour after four, and the length of the artificial day was a little more than fifteen hours. A fourth part of 15 hours (= 3<sup>h</sup>. 45<sup>m</sup>.) and half an hour and more—may be fairly computed to make together 4 hours  $\frac{3}{4}$ , which being reckoned from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  A. M. give the time of day exactly 9, A. M. But the Sun was not at the altitude of 45°, till above half hour after 9. In like manner, if we take the eighteenth day (according to all the Editions and some MSS.) we shall find that the Sun indeed was 45° high at 10 A. M. exactly, but that the *fourth part* of the day and half an hour and more had been completed at 9, A. M.

The compliments which Chaucer has introduced upon his own writings are modest enough, and quite unexceptionable; but if the reflection [ver. 4497. and f.] upon those who relate such stories as that of *Canace*, or of *Apollonius Tyrius*, was levelled at Gower, as I very much suspect, it will be difficult to reconcile such an attack to our notions of the strict friendship, which is generally supposed to have subsisted between the two bards<sup>15</sup>. The attack too at this time must appear the more extraordinary on the part of our bard, as he is just going to put into the mouth of his *Man of Lance* a tale, of which almost every circumstance is borrowed from Gower. The fact is, that the story of *Canace* is related by Gower in his *Conf. Amant.* B. iii. and the story of <sup>16</sup>*Apollonius* (or *Apollignus*, as he is there called) in the viii<sup>th</sup> book of the same work; so that, if Chaucer really did not mean to reflect upon his old friend, his choice of these two instances was rather unlucky.

§ xv. THE MAN OF LAWES TALE, as I have just said, is taken, with very little variation, from Gower, *Conf. Amant.* B. ii. If there could be any doubt, upon a cursory perusal of the two tales, which of them was written first, the following passage, I think, is sufficient to decide the question. At ver. 5506, Chaucer says,—

Som men wold sayn, how that the child Maurice  
Doth this message until this Emperour :—

and we read in Gower, that Maurice is actually sent upon this message to the Emperour. We may therefore fairly conclude that in this passage Chaucer alludes to Gower, who had treated the same subject before him, but, as he insinuates, with less propriety.

I do not however suppose that Gower was the inventor of this tale. It had probably passed through several hands before it came to him. I find among the *Cotton MSS.* Cal. A. ii. fol. 69. an old English Rime, entitled "*Emare*," in which the heroine under that name goes through a series of adventures for the most part<sup>17</sup> exactly similar to those of Constance. But neither

In this uncertainty, I have left the text as I found it in all the best MSS. Only MS. HA. does not express the hour but reads thus :—

Yt was atte cloke—.

<sup>15</sup> There is another circumstance, which rather inclines me to believe, that their friendship suffered some interruption in the latter part of their lives. In the new edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, which Gower published after the accession of Henry IV, the verses in praise of Chaucer [fol. 190. b. col. 1. ed. 1532.] are omitted. See MS. Harl 3860. Though perhaps the death of Chaucer at that time had rendered the compliment contained in those verses less proper than it was at first, that alone does not seem to have been a sufficient reason for omitting them, especially as the original date of the work, in the 16 of Richard II, is preserved. Indeed the only other alterations, which I have been able to discover, are toward the beginning and end, where every thing which had been said in praise of Richard in the first edition, is either left out or converted to the use of his successor.

<sup>16</sup> The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welser, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. V. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not, that I know, now extant in that language. The Rhythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*apo Λατινικης εις Ρωμαϊκην γλωσσαν.* Du Cange, Index Author. ad Gloss. Græc. When Welser printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already, perhaps more than once, among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Toward the latter end of the XIII<sup>th</sup> Century, *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon*, or universal Chronicle, inserted this Romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14 C. xl.] :

Filii Seleuci regis stat clara decore  
Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.  
Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one Pentameter only to two Hexameters.

Gower, by hi own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantheon*; as the Author, whoever he was, of *Pericles Prince of Tyre* professes to have followed Gower.

<sup>17</sup> The chief differences are, that *Emare* is originally exposed in a boat for refusing to comply with the incestuous

was the author of this Rime the inventor of the story, for in fol. 70. a. he refers to his original "in Romans," or French; and in the last Stanza he tells us expressly—

Thys ys on of *Brytayne layes*  
That was used by olde dayes.

Of the *Britayne layes* I shall have occasion to speak more at large, when I come to the *Frankelien's Tale*.

§ XVI. *The Man of Lawes Tale* in the best MSS. is followed by the *Wife of Bathes Prologue and Tale*, and therefore I have placed them so here; not however merely in compliance with authority, but because, according to the common arrangement, in the *Merchant's Tale*<sup>18</sup> there is a direct reference to the *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, before it has been spoken. Such an impropriety I was glad to remove upon the authority of the best MSS. though it had been acquiesced in by all former Editors; especially as the same MSS. pointed out to me another, I believe the true, place for both the *Merchant's* and the *Squier's Tales*, which have hitherto been printed immediately after the *Man of Lawes*. But of that hereafter.

§ XVII. The want of a few lines to introduce the WIFE OF BATHES PROLOGUE is, perhaps, one of those defects, hinted at above, which Chaucer would have supplied if he had lived to finish his work. The extraordinary length of it, as well as the vein of pleasantry that runs through it, is very suitable to the character of the speaker. The greatest part must have been of Chaucer's own invention, though one may plainly see that he had been reading the popular invectives against marriage and women in general; such as, the ROMAN DE LA ROSE; VALERIUS AD RUFINUM *de non ducenda uxore*; and particularly HIERONYMUS *contra Jovinianum*<sup>19</sup>.

§ XVIII. THE WIFE OF BATHES TALE seems to have been taken from the Story of Florent in Gower, *Conf. Amant*. B. i. or perhaps from an older narrative, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, or some such collection, from which the Story of Florent was itself borrowed. However that may have been, it must be allowed that Chaucer has considerably improved the fable by lopping off some improbable, as well as unnecessary, circumstances; and the transferring of the scene from Sicily to the Court of King Arthur must have had a very pleasing effect, before the fabulous majesty of that court was quite obliterated.

desires of the Emperour her father; that she is driven on the coast of *Galys*, or Wales, and married to the king of that country. The contrivances of the step-mother, and the consequences of them, are the same in both stories.

<sup>18</sup> V. 9550, *Justine* says to his brother *January*—

The Wif of Bathe, if ye han understonde,  
Of marriage, which ye now han in honde,  
Declared hath ful wel in litel space—

alluding very plainly to this Prologue of the *Wife of Bath*. The impropriety of such an allusion in the mouth of *Justine* is gross enough. The truth is, that Chaucer has inadvertently given to a character in the *Merchant's Tale* an argument which the *Merchant himself* might naturally have used upon a similar occasion, after he had heard the *Wife of Bath*. If we suppose, with the Editions, that the *Wife of Bath* had not at that time spoken her Prologue, the impropriety will be increased to an incredible degree.

<sup>19</sup> The holy Father, by way of recommending celibacy, has exerted all his learning and eloquence (and he certainly was not deficient in either) to collect together and aggravate whatever he could find to the prejudice of the female sex. Among other things he has inserted his own translation (probably) of a long extract from what he calls—"*libraureolus Theophrasti de nuptiis*."

Next to him in order of time was the treatise entitled "*Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum de non ducenda uxore*." MS. Reg. 12 D. III. It has been printed, for the similarity of its sentiments, I suppose, among the works of St. Jerome, though it is evidently of a much later date. Tanner (from Woods MS. Coll.) attributes it to *Walter Map*. Bib. Brit. v. M. 2. I should not believe it to be older; as John of Salisbury, who has treated of the same subject in his *Polygraphon* 1. viii. c. xi. does not appear to have seen it.

To these two books *Jean de Meun* has been obliged for some of the severest strokes in his *Roman de la Rose*; and Chaucer has transfused the quintessence of all the three works, upon the subject of Matrimony, into his *Wife of Bathes Prologue* and *Merchant's Tale*.



The old Ballad entitled "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine," [*Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 11.] which the learned Editor thinks may have furnished Chaucer with this tale, I should rather conjecture, with deference to so good a judge in these matters, to have been composed by one who had read both Gower and Chaucer.

§ XIX. THE TALES OF THE FRERE AND THE SOMPOUR are well ingrafted upon that of the *Wife of Bath*. The ill humour which shews itself between those two characters is quite natural, as no two professions at that time were at more constant variance. The Regular Clergy, and particularly the Mendicant Freres, affected a total exemption from all Ecclesiastical jurisdiction, except that of the Pope, which made them exceedingly obnoxious to the Bishops, and of course to all the inferior officers of the national hierarchy.

I have not been able to trace either of these tales to any author older than Chaucer, and possibly they may both have been built upon some traditional pleasantries, which were never before committed to writing.

§ XX. THE CLERKES TALE is in a different strain from the three preceding. He tells us, in his *Prologue*, that he learned it from *Petrarch at Padua*; and this, by the way, is all the ground that I can find for the notion that Chaucer had seen Petrarch<sup>20</sup> in Italy. It is not easy to say why Chaucer should choose to own an obligation for this tale to Petrarch rather than to Boccace, from whose *Decameron*, D. x. N. 10. it was translated by Petrarch in 1373, the year before his death, as appears by a remarkable letter, which he sent with his translation to Boccace. *Opp. Petrarch*. p. 540—7. Ed. Bas. 1581. It should seem too from the same letter, that the story was not invented by Boccace, for Petrarch says, "that it had always pleased him when he heard it many years before,"<sup>21</sup> whereas he had not seen the *Decameron* till very lately.

<sup>20</sup> I can find no older or better authority for this notion than the following passage in *Speght's* life of Chaucer, prefixed to the Edition in 1597. "Some write, that he with Petrarke was present at the marriage of Lionell Duke of Clarence with Violante daughter of Galeasius, Duke of Millaine: yet Paulus Jovius nameth not Chaucer; but Petrarke, he sayth, was there." It appears from an instrument in Rymer [*Liberat.* 42 E. III. m. 1.], that the Duke of Clarence passed from Dover to Calais, in his way to Milan, in the spring of 1368, with a retinue of 457 men and 1280 horses. That Chaucer might have attended the Duke upon this occasion is not impossible. He had been, probably, for some time in the king's service, and had received the year before a Grant of an annuity of 20 marks—pro bono servitio, quod dilectus Valettus noster, Galfridus Chaucer nobis impendit et impendet in futurum. *Pat.* 41 E. III. p. 1. m. 13. ap. Rymer. There is a curious account of the feast at this marriage in the *Chronica di Mantova di Alibrandi* [Muratori. *Antiq. Med. Ævi*, vol. v. p. 1187, & seq.], but he does not give the names of the

"Grandi Signori e Baroni Inghilesi"

who were, as he says,

"Con Messere Lionell' in compagnia."

The most considerable of them were probably those 26 (Knights and others) who, before their setting out for Milan, procured the King's licence to appoint Attorneys general to act for them here *Franc.* 42 E. III. m. 8. ap. Rymer. The name of Chaucer does not appear among them.

The embassy to *Genoa*, to which Chaucer was appointed in November 1372, might possibly have afforded him another opportunity of seeing Petrarch. But in the first place, it is uncertain whether he ever went upon that Embassy. If he did, the distance from *Genoa* to *Padua*, where Petrarch resided, is considerable; and I cannot help thinking that a reverential visit from a Minister of the King of England would have been a flattering to the old man, that either he himself or some of his biographers must have recorded it. On the other hand supposing Chaucer at *Genoa*, it is to be presumed, that he would not have been deterred by the difficulties of a much longer journey from paying his respects to the first literary character of the age: and it is remarkable, that the time of this embassy, in 1373, is the precise time at which he could have learned the story of *Griselda* from Petrarch at *Padua*. For Petrarch in all probability made his translation in that very year, and he died in July of the year following.

The inquisitive and judicious author of *Mémoires pour la vie de Pétrarque* gave us hopes [Pref. p. 6.], that he would shew, that Chaucer was in connexion (*en liaison*) with Petrarch. As he has not fulfilled the promise in a later (I fear, the last) volume of his very ingenious work, I suspect that his more accurate researches have not enabled him to verify an opinion, which he probably at first adopted upon the credit of some biographer of Chaucer.

<sup>21</sup> —Cum et mihi semper ante multos annos audita placuisset, et tibi usque adeo placuisse perpenderem, ut vulgari tam stylo tuo censeris non indignam, et fine operis, ubi rhetorum disciplina validiora quelibet collacari jubet.

§ xxxi. In the *Ballade*, with which the *Clerk* concludes his Tale, I have changed the order of the three last Stanzas, so as to make it end—

And let him *care*, and *wepe*, and wringe, and *wail*—

and immediately after I have placed the MERCHANTS PROLOGUE, beginning—

*Weping and wailing, care and other sorwe*  
I have enough—.

This arrangement, which recommends itself at first sight, is also supported by so many MSS. of the best authority, that, without great negligence or dullness, I could not have either overlooked or rejected it, especially as the whole turn of the *Merchant's Prologue*, and the express mention of *Grisilde* in ver. 9100. demonstrate, that he is supposed to speak with the *Clerk's Tale* fresh in his memory.

§ xxii. The scene of the MERCHANTS TALE is laid in Italy, but none of the names, except Damian and Justin, seem to be Italian, but rather made at pleasure; so that I doubt whether the story be really of Italian growth. The adventure of the *Pear-tree* I find in a small collection of Latin fables, written by one Adolphus, in Elegiac verses of his fashion, in the year 1315. As this fable has never been printed but once, and in a book not commonly to be met with, I shall transcribe below <sup>22</sup> the material parts of it, and I dare say the Reader will not be very anxious to see any more.

*Petrarch. loc. cit.* M. L'Abbé de Sade [*Mem. de Petr.* t. iii. p. 797.] says, that the Story of Griseldis is taken from an ancient MS. in the library of M. Foucault, entitled, *Le parement des Dames*. If this should have been said upon the authority of Manni [*Ist. del Decam.* p. 603.], as I very much suspect, and if Manni himself meant to refer to M. Galland's *Discours sur quelques anciens Poetes* [*Mem. de l'Acad. des L. et B. L.* t. ii. p. 686.], we must look still further for the original of Boccace's Novel. M. Galland says nothing, as I observe, of the antiquity of the MS. Le titre (he says) est *Le parement des Dames*, avec des explications en Prose, où l'on trouve l'histoire de Griseldis que feu M. Perrault a mise en vers: but he says also expressly, that it was a work of *Olivier de la Marche*, who was not born till many years after the death of Boccace.

<sup>22</sup> *Adolphi Fabula*, ap. Leyser. Hist. Poet. Medii Aevi, p. 2008.

*Fabula 1.*

Cæcus erat quidam, cui pulcra virago—

In curtis viridi resident hi cespite quâdam

Luca. Petit mulier robur adire Pyri.

Vir favet, amplexans mox robur ubique laetatis.

Arbor adunca fuit, qua latuit juvenis.

Amplexantur eam dans basia dulcia. Terram

Incepit colere vomere cum proprio.

Audit vir strepitum; nam sæpe carentia sonitus,

Unus in reliquo, nosco, vigere solet.

Heu miser! exclamat; te lædit adulter ibidem.

Conqueror hoc illi qui dedit esse mihi.

Tunc Deus omnipotens, qui condidit omnia verbo,

Qui sua membra probat, vascla velut figulus,

Restituens aciem misero, tonat illico; Fallax

Femina, cur tantâ fraude nocere cupis?

Percipit illa virum. Vultu respondet alacri:

Magna dedi medicis; non tibi cura fuit.

Ast, ubi lustra sua satis uda petebat Apollo,

Candida splendescens Cynthia luce merâ,

Tunc sopor irrepit mea languida corpora: quidam

Astitit: insonuit auribus illa meis.

Ludere cum juvene studeas in roboris alto;

Prisca viro dabitur lux cito, crede mihi.

Whatever was the real original of this Tale, the Machinery of the Faeries, which Chaucer has used so happily, was probably added by himself; and indeed, I cannot help thinking, that his *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were the true progenitors of *Oberon* and *Titania*<sup>23</sup>, or rather, that they themselves have, once at least, deigned to revisit our poetical system under the latter names.

§ XXIII. THE PROLOGUE to the *Squier's Tale* appears now for the first time in print. Why it has been omitted by all former Editors I cannot guess, except, perhaps, because it did not suit with the place, which, for reasons best known to themselves, they were determined to assign to the *Squier's Tale*, that is, after the *Man of Law's* and before the *Marchant's*. I have chosen rather to follow the MSS. of the best authority in placing the *Squier's Tale* after the *Marchant's*, and in connecting them together by this Prologue, agreeably, as I am persuaded, to Chaucer's intention. The lines which have usually been printed by way of Prologue to the *Squier's Tale*, as I believe them to have been really composed by Chaucer, though not intended for the *Squier's* Prologue, I have prefixed to the *Shipman's Tale*, for reasons, which I shall give when I come to speak of that Tale.

§ XXIV. I should have been very happy if the MSS. which have furnished the *SQUIERS* Prologue, had supplied the deficient part of his TALE, but I fear the judgement of Milton was too true, that this story was "*left half-told*" by the author. I have never been able to discover the probable original of this tale, and yet I should be very hardly brought to believe that the whole, or even any considerable part of it, was of Chaucer's invention.

§ XXV. We are now arrived with the common Editions, though by a different course, at the *FRANKLEINES TALE*; and here again we must be obliged to the MSS. not indeed, as in the last instance, for a new Prologue, but for authorising us to prefix to this Tale of the *Frankleins* a Prologue, which in the common Editions is prefixed to the Tale of the *Marchant*, together with the true Prologue of that Tale, as printed above. It is scarce conceivable how these two Prologues could ever be joined together and given to the same character, as they are not only entirely unconnected, but also in one point directly contradictory to each other; for in that, which is properly the *Marchant's*, he says expressly [ver. 9110.], that he had been married "*two monthes* and not more;" whereas in the other, the Speaker's chief discourse is about *his son*, who is *grown up*. This therefore, upon the authority of the best MSS. I have restored to the *Frankleins*; and I must observe, that the sentiments of it are much more suitable to his character than to that of the *Marchant*. It is quite natural, that a wealthy land-holder, of a generous disposition, as he is described [ver. 333—62.], who has been Sheriff, Knight of the Shire, &c. should be anxious to see his son, as we say, a *Gentleman*, and that he should talk slightly of money in comparison with polished manners and virtuous endowments; but neither the character which Chaucer has drawn of *his Marchant*, nor our general notions of the profession at that time, prepare us to expect from him so liberal a strain of thinking.

§ XXVI. THE *FRANKLEINS TALE*, as he tells us himself, is taken from a *British Lay*<sup>24</sup>; and

---

Quod feci. Dominus ideo tibi munera lucis  
Contulit. Idcirco munera reddo mihi.  
Addidit ille fidem mulieri, de prece cujus  
Se sanum credit, mittit et omne nefas.

---

The same story is inserted among *The Fables of Alphonse*, printed by Caxton in English, with those of *Æsop*, *Avian* and *Poyge*, without date; but I do not find it in the original Latin of Alphonse, MS Reg. 10. B. xii. or in any of the French translations of his work that I have examined.

<sup>23</sup> This observation is not meant to extend further than the *King and Queen of Faery*; in whose characters, I think it is plain, that Shakespeare, in imitation of Chaucer, has dignified our Gothic Elves with the manners and language of the classical Gods and Goddesses. In the rest of his Faery system, Shakespeare seems to have followed the popular superstition of his own time.

<sup>24</sup> Les premieres Chansons Françaises furent nommées des *Lais*; says M. de la Ravière, *Poes du Roi de Nav.* t. I. p. 215. And so far I believe he is right. But I see no foundation for supposing with him, in the same page, that the

the names of persons and places, as well as the scene and circumstances of the story, make this account extremely probable. The *Lay* itself is either lost, or buried, perhaps for ever, in

*Lay* was *une sorte d'Elegie*, and that it was derived *du mot Latin Lessus, qui signifie des plaintes*; or [in p. 217.] that it was *la chanson—la plus majestueuse et la plus grave*. It seems more probable that *Lai* in French was anciently a generical term, answering to *Song* in English. The passage which M. de la Ravailliere has quoted from *Le Brut*,

“ Molt sot de *Lais*, molt sot de notes ”—

is thus rendered by our *Layamon*. [See before, Essay, &c. n. 46.]

Ne cuthe na mon swa muchel of *song*.

The same word is used by Peirol d'Alvergn, MS. Crofts, fol. lxxxv. to denote the *songs of birds*, certainly not of the plaintive kind.

Et li ausell s'en van enamoran  
L'uns per l'autre, et fan vantas (or *cantas*) et *lais*.

For my own part I am inclined to believe, that *Lied*, Island. *Lied*, Teuton. *Leoth*, Saxon, and *Lai*, French, are all to be deduced from the same Gothic original.

But beside this general sense, the name of *Lay* was particularly given to the French translations of certain Poems, originally composed in Armorican Bretagne, and in the Armorican language. I say the French translations, because *Lay*, not being (as I can find) an Armorican word, could hardly have been the name, by which a species of Poetry, not imported from France, was distinguished by the first composers in Bretagne.

The chief, perhaps the only, collection of these *Lays* that is now extant, was translated into French octosyllable verse by a Poetess, who calls herself *Marie*; the same, without doubt, who made the translation of *Esope*, quoted by Pasquier [Rech. l. viii. ch. i.] and Fauchet [L. ii. n. 84.], and placed by them in the reign of St. Louis, about the middle of the xiii<sup>th</sup> century. Both her works have been preserved together in MS. Harl. 978. in a fair hand, which I see no reason to judge more recent than the latter end of that Century.

The *Lais*, with which only we are at present concerned, were addressed by her to some king. Fol. 130.

En le honur de vous, noble reis,  
Ki tant estes pruz e curteis,  
A li tute jone se endine,  
Fi en ki quor tuz biens racine,  
M'entremis des *lais* assembler,  
Par rime faire e raconter.—

A few lines after, she names herself.

Oez, Seignurs, ke dit *Marie*.

The titles of the Poems in this collection, to the number of twelve, are recited in the Harleian Catalogue. They are, in general, the names of the principal persons in the several Stories, and are most of them evidently Armorican; and I think no one can read the Stories themselves without being persuaded, that they were either really translated from the Armorican language, or at least composed by one who was well acquainted with that language and country.

Though these Poems of Marie have of late been so little known as to have entirely escaped the researches of Fauchet and other French Antiquaries, they were formerly in high estimation. Denis Piramus, a very tolerable versifier of the Legend of St. Edmund the King [MS. Cotton. Dom. A. xi.], allows that Dame Marie, as he calls her, had great merit in the composition of her *Lays*, though they are not all true—

Et si en est ele mult loee,  
Et la ryme par tut amee.

A translation of her *Lays*, as it should seem, into one of the Northern languages was among the books given by Gabriel de la Gardie to the University of Upsal, under the title of *Variae Britannorum Fabulae*. See the description of the book by Stephanus, in Cat. Libb. Septent. at the end of Hickes, Gr. A. S. edit. 1689, 4<sup>to</sup>, p. 180. That Chaucer had read them I think extremely probable, not only from a passage in his Dreame [vol. 1820—1826], which seems to have been copied from the *Lay of Elidur*, but also from the manner in which he makes the Frankelein speak of the Bretons and their compositions. See the note on ver. 11021.

However, in Chaucer's time, there were other British *Lays* extant beside this collection by Marie. Emarè has been mentioned before, § xv. An old English Ballad of Sir Gowther [MS. Reg 17 B. xliii.] is said by the writer to have been taken out of one of the *Layes of Britanye*: in another place he says—the first *Lay of Britanye*. The original of the Frankelein's Tale was probably a third. There were also *Lays*, which did not pretend to be British, as *Le Lay d'Aristote*, *Li Lais de l'Oiselet* [Fabliaux, tom. i.] *Le Lai du Corn* by Robert Blykez [MS. Bod. 1697.] is said

one of those sepulchres of MSS. which, by courtesy, are called Libraries; but there are two imitations of it extant by Boccace, the first in the vii Book of his *Philosopo*, and the second in the *Decamerone*, D. x. N. 5. They agree in every respect with each other, except that the scene and the names are different, and in the latter the narration is less prolix and the style less flowery than in the former, which was a juvenile work<sup>25</sup>. The only material point, in which Boccace seems to have departed from his original, is this; instead of "the removal of the rocks" the Lady desires "a garden full of flowers and fruits of May, in the month of January;" and some such alteration was certainly necessary, when the scene came to be removed from Bretagne to Spain and Italy, as it is in Boccace's novels<sup>26</sup>. I should guess that Chaucer has preserved pretty faithfully the principal incidents of the *British tale*, though he has probably thrown in some smaller circumstances to embellish his narration. The long list of virtuous women in Dorigene's Soliloquy is plainly copied from Hieronymus contra Jovinianum.

§ XXVII. Thus far I flatter myself I have been not unsuccessful in restoring the true order, and connexion with each other, of the *Clerkes*, the *Marchantes*, the *Squieres*, and the *Frankleines* Tales, but with regard to the next step, which I have taken, I must own myself more dubious. In all the editions the Tales of the *Nonne* and the *Chanones Yeman* precede the *Doctoures*, but the best MSS. agree in removing those Tales to the end of the *Nonnes Preestes*, and I have not scrupled to adopt this arrangement, which, I think, is indisputably established by the following consideration. When the *Monk* is called upon for his Tale the Pilgrims were near Rochester [ver. 13932.], but when the *Chanon* overtakes them they were advanced to Boughton under Blee [ver. 16024.], twenty miles beyond Rochester, so that the Tale of the *Chanones Yeman*, and

by him to have been invented by *Garaduc*, who accomplished the adventure. In the Ballad, entitled "THE BOY AND THE MANTLE," [Anc. Poet. v. iii. p. 1.] which I suspect to have been made up out of this Lay and *Le Court Mantel*, the successful knight is called *Craddock*. Robert Bizek says further, that the Horn was still to be seen at Cirencester,

Q'ust a Cirincetre  
A une haute feste,  
La pureit il veer  
Icest corn tout pur veir.  
Ceo dist Robert Bizek—

In none of these Lays do we find the qualities attributed to that sort of composition by M. de la Ravalierre. According to these examples we should rather define the Lay to be a species of serious narrative poetry, of a moderate length, in a simple style and light metre. *Serious* is here opposed (not to pleasant, but) to *ludicrous*, in order to distinguish the Lay from the *Conte* or *Fabliau*; as on the other hand its moderate length distinguishes it from the *Geste*, or common *Roman*. All the Lays that I have seen are in light metre, not exceeding eight syllables. See before, *Essay*, &c. n. 60.

<sup>25</sup> I saw once an Edition of the *Philosopo*, printed at Venice, 1503, fol. with a letter at the end of it, in which the Publisher Hieronymo Squarzasicho says (if I do not misremember,) "that this work was written by Boccace at twenty-five years of age (about 1338), while he was at Naples in the house of John Barrile." *Johannes Barrillus* is called by Boccace [Geneal. Deor. l. xiv. c. 19.] *magni spiritus homo*. He was sent by King Robert to attend Petrarch to his coronation at Rome, and is introduced by the latter in his second Eclogue under the name of *Idæus*; ab Idæ, monte Cretensi, unde et ipso oriundus fuit. *Intentiones Eclogarum Franc. Petrarcho*, MS. Bod. 558. Not knowing at present where to find that Edition, I am obliged to rely upon my memory only for this story, which I think highly probable, though it is not mentioned, as I recollect, by any of the other Biographers of Boccace. A good life of Boccace is still much wanted.

The adventures of *Florio* and *Blanceflore*, which make the principal subject of the *Philosopo*, were famous long before Boccace, as he himself informs us, l. i. p. 6. Ed. 1723. Hieronymo Squarzasicho, in the letter mentioned above, says, that the story, "anchora si nova insino ad ogi scripta in un librazolo de triste et male composto rime—dove il Boccaccio ni cavo questo digne et elegante libro." *Floris* and *Blanceflore* are mentioned as illustrious lovers by *Matfres Eymengau de Bezers*, a Languedocian Poet, in his *Breviari d'amor* dated in the year 1288. MS. Reg. 19 C. i. fol. 199. It is probable however that the Story was enlarged by Boccace, and particularly I should suppose that the *Love-questions* in l. v. (the fourth of which questions contains the Novel referred to in the text) were added by him.

<sup>26</sup> The *Conte Bolardo*, the precursor and model of Ariosto, in his *Orlando innamorato*, l. i. ca. 12. has inserted a Tale upon the plan of Boccace's two novels, but with considerable alterations, which have carried the Story, I apprehend, still further from its *British* original.

that of the *Nonne* to which it is annexed, cannot with any propriety be admitted till after the *Monkes* Tale, and consequently not till after the *Nonnes Preestes*, which is inseparably linked to that of the *Monk*.

§ XXVIII. These two Tales therefore of the *Nonne* and the *Chanones Yeman* being removed out of the way, the *Doctoures* comes clearly next to the *Frankleines*; but how they are to be connected together, and whether at all, is a matter of doubt. What I have printed by way of *Prologue* to the *Doctoures* Tale I found in one of the best MSS. but only in one: in the others it has no *Prologue*. The first line applies so naturally and smartly to the *Frankleines* conclusion, that I am strongly inclined to believe it from the hand of Chaucer, but I cannot say so much for the five following. I would therefore only wish these lines to be received for the present, according to the Law-phrase, *de bene esse*, till they shall either be more authentically established or superseded by the discovery of the genuine *Prologue*.

§ XXIX. IN THE DOCTOURES TALE, beside Livy, who is quoted, Chaucer may possibly have followed Gower in some particulars, who has also related the story of Virginia, *Conf. Amant*. B. vii. but he has not been a servile copyist of either of them.

§ XXX. The *Pardoneres Tale* has a *Prologue* which connects it with the *Doctoures*. There is also a pretty long preamble, which may either make part of the *Prologue*, or of the Tale. The MSS. differ in this point. I have chosen to throw it into the Tale, and to confine the *Prologue* to what I suppose to be its proper use, the introduction of the new Speaker. When he is once in complete possession of his office of entertaining the company, his Prefaces or Digressions should all, I think, be equally considered as parts of his Tale.

The mere outline of THE PARDONERES TALE is to be found in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. Nov. lxxxii.

§ XXXI. The Tale of the *Shipman* in the best MSS. has no *Prologue*. What has been printed as such in the common Editions is evidently spurious. To supply this defect I have ventured, upon the authority of one MS. (and, I confess, not one of the best) to prefix to this Tale the *Prologue*, which has usually been prefixed to the Tale of the *Squier*. As this *Prologue* was undoubtedly composed by Chaucer, it must have had a place somewhere in this Edition, and if I cannot prove that it was really intended by him for this place, I think the Reader will allow that it fills the vacancy extremely well. The *Pardoneres tale* may very properly be called "a thrifty tale," and he himself "a learned man" [ver. 12905—8.]; and all the latter part, though highly improper in the mouth of the "curteis Squier," is perfectly suited to the character of the *Shipman*.

This tale is generally supposed to be taken from the *Decameron*. D. viii. N. 1. but I should rather believe that Chaucer was obliged to some old French *Fableour*, from whom Boccace had also borrowed the ground-work of his Novel, as in the case of the *Rekes* Tale. Upon either supposition, a great part of the incidents must probably have been of his own invention.

§ XXXII. The transition from the Tale of the *Shipman* to that of the *Prioress* is happily managed. I have not been able to discover from what *Legende* of the Miracles of our Lady THE PRIORRESSES TALE is taken. From the scene being laid in Asia, it should seem, that this was one of the oldest of the many stories, which have been propagated, at different times, to excite or justify several merciless persecutions of the Jews, upon the charge of murdering Christian children<sup>27</sup>. The story of *Hugh of Lincoln*, which is mentioned in the last Stanza, is placed by Matthew Paris under the year 1255.

<sup>27</sup> In the first four months of the *Acta Sanctorum* by Bollandus, I find the following names of Children canonized, as having been murdered by Jews: xxv Mart. *Willielmus Norwicensis*. 1144. *Richardus, Parisiensis*. 1179. xvii Apr. *Rudolphus, Berna*. 1287. *Wernerus, Wesalia*. an. eod. *Albertus, Polonia*. 1598. I suppose the remaining eight months would furnish at least as many more. See a Scottish Ballad [Rel. of Anc. Poet. v. i. p. 32.], upon one of these supposed murders. The Editor has very ingeniously conjectured that "Mirryland" in ver. 1. is a corruption of "Milan." Perhaps the real occasion of the Ballad may have been what is said to have happened at Trent, in 1475, to a boy called *Simon*. The Cardinal Hadrian, about fifty years after, mentioning the Rocks of Trent, adds, "quo Judæi

§ XXXIII. Next to the *Prioress* CHAUCER himself is called upon for his Tale. In the *Prologue* he has dropped a few touches descriptive of his own person and manner, by which we learn, that he was used to look much upon the ground; was of a corpulent habit; and reserved in his behaviour. His *Rime of Sire Thopas* was clearly intended to ridicule the "palpable-gross" fictions of the common Rimers of that age, and still more, perhaps, the meanness of their language and versification. It is full of phrases taken from *Isumbras*, *Li beaus desconus*, and other Romances in the same style, which are still extant. A few of his imitations of them will be pointed out in the Notes.

§ XXXIV. For the more complete reprobation of this species of Riming, even the *Host*, who is not to be suspected of too refined a taste, is made to cry out against it, and to cut short *Sire Thopas* in the midst of his adventures. CHAUCER has nothing to say for his *Rime*, but that "it is the best he can" [ver. 13856.], and readily consents to tell another Tale; but having just laughed so freely at the bad poetry of his time, he might think it, perhaps, too invidious to exhibit a specimen of better in his own person, and therefore his other Tale is in prose, a mere translation from, *Le Livre de Melibee et de dame Prudence*, of which several copies are still preserved in MS.<sup>28</sup> It is in truth, as he calls it, [ver. 13868.] "a moral tale vertuous," and was probably much esteemed in its time, but, in this age of levity, I doubt some Readers will be apt to regret, that he did not rather give us the remainder of *Sire Thopas*.

§ XXXV. THE PROLOGUE OF THE MONKES Tale connects it with *Melibee*. The Tale itself is certainly formed upon the plan of *Boccaccio's* great work *de casibus virorum illustrium*, but Chaucer has taken the several Stories, of which it is composed, from different authors, who will be particularized in the Notes.

§ XXXVI. After a reasonable number of melancholy ditties, or Tragedies, as the Monk calls them, he is interrupted by the Knight, and the Host addresses himself to the *Nonnes Preest*, to tell them "swiche thing as may their hertes glade."

THE TALE OF THE NONNES PREEST is cited by Dryden, together with that of the *Wife of Bath*, as of Chaucer's own invention. But that great Poet was not very conversant with the authors of which Chaucer's library seems to have been composed. The *Wife of Bathes Tale* has been shewn above to be taken from Gower, and the Fable of the Cock and the Fox, which makes the ground of the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, is clearly borrowed from a collection of *Æsopian* and other Fables, by *Marie* a French Poetess, whose collection of *Lais* has been mentioned before in n. 24. As her Fable is short and well told, and has never been printed, I shall insert it here at length<sup>29</sup>, and the more willingly, because it furnishes a convincing proof, how able Chaucer was to work up an excellent Tale out of very small materials.

*ob Simonis cædem ne aspirare quidem audent. Præf. ad librum de Serm. Lat.* The change of the name in the Song, from *Simon* to *Hugh*, is natural enough in this country, where similar stories of *Hugh of Norwich* and *Hugh of Lincoln* had been long current.

<sup>28</sup> Two copies of this work are in the Museum, MS. Reg. 19 C. vii. and 19 C. xi. in French Prose. Du Fresnoy, *Bibliot. des Romans*, v. ii. p. 248. mentions two copies of the same work *en vers*, dans la *Bibliothèque Segur*.

<sup>29</sup> From MS. Harl. 978. f. 76.

D un cok recunte, ki estot  
Sur un femer, e si chantot.  
Par de lez li vient un gupilz,  
Si l'apela par muz beaus diz.  
Sire, fet il, muz te vel bel;  
Unc ne vi si gent oisel.  
Clere voiz as sur tute rien,  
Fors tun pere, qe jo vi bien;  
Unc oisel meuz ne chanta;  
Mes il le fist meuz, kar il cluna.  
Si puis jeo fere, dist li cocs.  
Les eles bat, les oiz ad cios,  
Chanter quida plus clerement.  
Li gupilz saut, e sil prent;

§ xxxvii. The sixteen lines, which are printed at the end of the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, might perhaps more properly be considered as the beginning of the Prologue to the succeeding Tale, if it were certain what Tale was intended to succeed. In both Dr. Askew's MSS. the last of these lines is read thus,—

Seide unto the Nunne as ye shul heer.—

and there are six more lines to introduce her Tale; but, as these six lines are manifestly forged for the purpose, I have chosen rather to adhere to the other MSS. which acknowledge themselves defective in this part, and give us *the Nonnes Tale*, as I have done, without any introduction. It is very probable, I think, that Chaucer himself had not determined, whether he should connect the *Nonnes Tale* with that of the *Nonnes Preest*, or whether he should interpose a Tale or two, or perhaps more, between them.

THE TALE OF THE NONNE is almost literally translated from the life of St. Cecilia in the *Legenda aurea* of Jacobus Januensis. It is mentioned by Chaucer, as a separate work, in his *Legende of good women*, [ver. 426.] under the title of “the life of Saint Cecile,” and it still retains evident marks that it was not originally composed in the form of a Tale to be spoken by the Nonne<sup>30</sup>. However there can be no doubt that Chaucer meant to incorporate it into this collection of Canterbury Tales, as the *Prologue of the Chanones Yeman* expressly refers to it.

Vers la forest od lui s'en va.  
Par mi un champ, u il passa,  
Curent apres tut li pastur;  
Li chiens le huent tut entour.  
Veit le gupil, ki le oek tient,  
Mar le gualna si par eus vient.  
Va, fet li cocs, si lurescrie.  
Qe sui tuens, ne me larras mie.  
Li gupil volt parle en haut,  
E li cocs de sa buche saut.  
Sur un haut fast s'est muntez.  
Quant li gupilz s'est regardex,  
Mut par se tient enfantillé,  
Que li cocs l'ad si enginne.  
De mal talent e de droit ire  
La buche comence a mandire,  
Ke parole quant deveroit taire.  
Li cocs respunt, si del jeo faire,  
Maudire l'oïl, ki volt cluiner,  
Quant il deit garder e guaiter,  
Que mal ne vient a lur Seignur  
Ceo fant li fol tut li plusur,  
Parolent quant deivent taizer,  
Teisent quant il deivent parler.

The resemblance of Chaucer's Tale to this fable is obvious; and it is the more probable that he really copied from Marie, because no such Fable is to be found either in the Greek *Æsop*, or in any of the Latin compilations (that I have seen) which went about in the dark ages under the name of *Æsop*. Whether it was invented by Marie, or whether she translated it, with the rest of her fables, from the Anglo-Saxon version of *Æsop* by King Alfred, as she says herself, I cannot pretend to determine. Though no Anglo-Saxon version of *Æsop* be now, as I can find, extant, there may have been one formerly, which may have passed, like many other translations into that language, under the name of Alfred; and it may be urged in support of the probability of Marie's positive assertion, that she appears, from passages in her *Lais*, to have had some knowledge of English. I must observe that the name of the King, whose English Version she professes to follow, is differently stated in different MSS. In the best MS. *Harl.* 978. it is plainly *Li reis Auured*. In a later MS. *Vesp. B.* xiv. it is *Li reis Henris*. Pasquier [*Recherches*, l. viii. c. i.] calls him *Li roy Auvert*, and Du Chesne (as quoted by Menage, v. *ROMAN*) *Li reis Mitres*; but all the copies agree in making Marie declare, that she translated her work “*de l'Anglois en Roman*.” A Latin *Æsop*, MS. *Reg.* 15 A. vii. has the same story of an English version by order of a *Rex Anglie Affrus*.

<sup>30</sup> The whole Introduction is in the style of a person writing, and not of one speaking. If we compare it with the Introduction to the Prioresses Tale, the difference will be very striking. See particularly ver. 15346.

Yet praye I you, that reden that I write—



§ XXXVIII. The introduction of the *Chanones Yeman* to tell a Tale, at a time when so many of the original characters remain to be called upon, appears a little extraordinary. It should seem, that some sudden resentment had determined Chaucer to interrupt the regular course of his work, in order to insert a Satire against the Alchemists. That their pretended science was much cultivated about this time<sup>31</sup>, and produced its usual evils, may fairly be inferred from the Act, which was passed soon after, 5 H. IV. c. iv. to make it Felonie to *multiplie gold or silver, or to use the art of multiplication.*

§ XXXIX. In the PROLOGUE TO THE MANCIPLES TALE, the Pilgrims are supposed to be arrived at a little town called "Bob up and down, under the blee, in Canterbury way." I cannot find a town of that name in any Map, but it must have lain between Boughton, the place last mentioned, and Canterbury. The Fable of the Crow, which is the subject of THE MANCIPLES TALE, has been related by so many authors, from Ovid down to Gower, that it is impossible to say whom Chaucer principally followed. His skill in new dressing an old story was never, perhaps, more successfully exerted.

§ XL. After the *Tale of the Manciple* the common Editions, since 1542<sup>32</sup>, place what is called

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and in ver. 15530. the Relater, or rather Writer, of the Tale, in all the MSS. except one of middling authority. is called "unworthy *Sone of Eve.*" Such little inaccuracies are strong proofs of an unfinished work. See before p. 1.

<sup>31</sup> The first considerable Coinage of Gold in this country was begun by Edward III. in the year 1343, and according to Camden. [in his *Remains*, Art. *Money*] "the Alchemists did affirm, as an unwritten verity, that the Rosenobles, which were coined soon after, were made by projection or multiplication Alchemical of Raymond Lully in the Tower of London." In proof of this, "besides the tradition of the Rabbies in that faculty," they alledged "the Inscription; *Jesus autem transiens per medium eorum ibat;*" which they profoundly expounded, as *Jesus passed invisible and in most secret manner by the midst of Pharisees, so that gold was made by invisible and secret art amidst the ignorant.* But others say, "that Text was the only amulet used in that credulous warfaring age to escape dangers in battles." Thus Camden. I rather believe it was an Amulet, or Charm, principally used against Thieves; upon the authority of the following passage of Sir John Mandeville, c. x. p. 137. "And an half myle fro Nazareth is the Lepe of oure Lord: for the Jewes ladden him upon an highe roche for to make him lepe down and have slayn him: but Jesu passed amonges hem, and lepte upon another roche; and yit ben the steppes of his feet sene in the roche where he allyghte. And therefore seyn sum men when thei dreden hem of Thefes on ony weye, or of Enemyes; *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat:* that is to seyne; *Jesus forsothe passynge be the myddes of hem he wente:* in tokene and mynde, that oure Lord passed thorghe out the Jewes crueltee, and scaped saffy fro hem; so surely moue men passen the perille of Thefes." See also Catal. MSS. Harl. n. 2906. It must be owned, that a Spell against Thieves was the most serviceable, if not the most elegant, Inscription that could be put upon Gold Coin.

Ashmole, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 443. has repeated this ridiculous story concerning Lully with additional circumstances, as if he really believed it; though Lully by the best accounts had been dead above twenty years before Edward III began to coin Gold.

The same Author (*Mercuriophilus Anglicus*, as he styles himself) has inserted among his *Hermetique Mysteries* (p. 213.) an old English Poem, under the title of *Hermes Bird*, which (he says in his Notes, p. 467.) was thought to have been written originally by *Raymund Lully*, or at least made English by Cremer, Abbot of Westminster and Scholar to Lully, p. 465. The truth is, that the Poem is one of *Lydgate's*, and had been printed by Caxton under its true title, *The Chorie and the Bird*; and the fable, on which it is built, is related by *Petrus Alphonsus (de Clericali Disciplinâ. MS. Reg. 10 B. xii.)* who lived above two hundred years before Lully.

<sup>32</sup> In the Edition of 1542, when the *Plowman's Tale* was first printed, it was placed *after* the Person's Tale. The Editor, whoever he was, had not assurance enough, it should seem, to thrust it into the body of the work. In the subsequent Editions however, as it had probably been well received by the public, upon account of its violent invectives against the Church of Rome, it was advanced to a more honourable station, next to the Manciple's Tale and *before* the Person's. The only account which we have of any MS. of this Tale is from Mr. Speght, who says (Note prefixed to *Plowman's Tale*), that he had "seene it in written hand in John Stowes Librarie in a booke of such antiquitie, as seemed to have been written neare to Chaucer's time." He does not say that it was *among the Canterbury Tales*, or that it had *Chaucer's name* to it. We can therefore only judge of it by the internal evidence, and upon that I have no scruple to declare my own opinion, that it has not the least resemblance to Chaucer's manner, either of writing or thinking, in his other works. Though he and Boccace have laughed at some of the abuses of religion and the disorders of Ecclesiastical persons, it is quite incredible that either of them, or even Wicliff himself, would have

*the Plowman's Tale*; but, as I cannot understand that there is the least ground of evidence, either external or internal, for believing it to be a work of Chaucer's, I have not admitted it into this Edition.

§ XLI. THE PERSONES PROLOGUE therefore is here placed next to the *Manciples Tale*, agreeably to all the MSS. which are known, and to every Edition before 1542. In this Prologue, which introduces the last Tale upon the journey to Canterbury, Chaucer has again pointed out to us the time of the day; but the hour by the clock is very differently represented in the MSS. In some it is *ten*, in others *two*: in most of the best MSS. *four*, and in one *five*. According to the phenomena here mentioned, the Sun being 29° high, and the length of the Shadow to the projecting body as 11 to 6, it was *between four and five*. As by this reckoning there were at least three hours left to sunset, one does not well see with what propriety the Host admonishes the Person to *haste him*, because "*the Sonne wol adoun*," and to be "*fructuous in litel space*;" and indeed the Person, knowing probably how much time he had good, seems to have paid not the least regard to his admonition; for his Tale, if it may be so called, is twice as long as any of the others. It is entitled in some MSS. "*Tractatus de Penitentia*, pro Fabulâ, ut dicitur, Rectoris;" and I much suspect that it is a translation of some such treatise. I can not recommend it as a very entertaining or edifying performance at this day; but the Reader will be pleased to remember, in excuse both of Chaucer and his Editor, that, considering the Canterbury Tales as a great picture of life and manners, the piece would not have been complete, if it had not included the Religion of the time.

§ XLII. What is commonly called the *Retractation* at the end of the Person's Tale, in several MSS. makes part of that Tale; and certainly the appellation of "*litel tretise*" suits better with a single tale, than with such a voluminous work as the whole body of Canterbury Tales. But then on the other hand the recital, which is made in one part of it of several compositions of Chaucer, could properly be made by nobody but himself. I have printed it, as I found it in MS. Ask. i. with a few corrections from other MSS. and in the Notes I shall give the best account that I can of it.

Having thus gone through the several parts of the Canterbury Tales, which are printed in this Edition, it may not be improper, in the conclusion of this Discourse, to state shortly the parts which are wanting to complete the journey to Canterbury: of the rest of Chaucer's intended Plan, as has been said before, we have nothing. Supposing therefore the number of the Pilgrims to have been *twenty-nine* (see before, § VI.), and allowing the Tale of the *Chanones Yeman* to stand in the place of that which we had a right to expect from the *Knights Yeman*, the Tales wanting will be only those of the *five City-Mechanics* and the *Ploughman*. It is not likely that the Tales told by such characters would have been among the most valuable of the

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railed at the whole government of the Church, in the style of this *Plowman's Tale*. If they had been disposed to such an attempt, their times would not have born it; but it is probable, that Chaucer, though he has been pressed into the service of Protestantism by some zealous writers, was as good a Catholic as men of his understanding and rank in life have generally been. The necessity of auricular Confession, one of the great scandals of Popery, cannot be more strongly inculcated than it is in the following *Tale of the Person*.

I will just observe, that Spenser seems to speak of the Author of the *Plowman's Tale* as a distinct person from Chaucer, though, in compliance, I suppose, with the taste of his age, he puts them both on the same footing. In the epilogue to the *Shepherd's Calendar* he says to his book,—

Dare not to match thy pipe with *Tityrus* his stile,  
Nor with the Pilgrim that the *Ploughman* plaid awhile.

I know that Mr. Warton, in his excellent *Observations on Spenser*, v. l. p. 125. supposes this passage to refer to the *Visions of Pierce Ploughman*; but my reason for differing from him is, that the Author of the *Visions* never, as I remember, speaks of himself in the character of a *Ploughman*.

Of the *Pilgrim's Tale*, which has also, with as little foundation, been attributed to Chaucer (Speght's Life of Ch.) I shall speak in another place. See App. to Pref. A. n. e. p. v.

set; but they might, and probably would, have served to link together those which at present are unconnected; and for that reason it is much to be regretted, that they either have been lost, or, as I rather<sup>33</sup> believe, were never finished by the Author.

## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

TO THE

## ESSAY, AND INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE.

ESSAY, &c. p. xxxix. n. 61. A learned person, whose favours I have already acknowledged in the Gloss. v. GORE, cannot acquiesce in this notion, "that the greatest part of Chaucer's heroic verses, when properly written and pronounced, are verses of eleven syllables;" and for a proof of the contrary he refers me particularly to the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, ver. 14970, and the verses following and preceding. I am sorry that by an unguarded expression I should have exposed myself to a controversy, which can only be decided by a careful examination of the final syllables of between thirty and forty thousand lines. It would answer my purpose as well to say "a great part," instead of "the greatest part;" but in support of my first idea I must be permitted to observe, that I have carefully examined a hundred lines which precede, and as many which follow ver. 14970, and I find, that a clear majority of them, as they are printed, end in a feminine, and consequently, according to my hypothesis, have an eleventh syllable. I observe too, that several more ought to have been printed as ending with an *e* feminine; but whether the omission of it should be imputed to the defectiveness of the MSS. or to the negligence of the collator, I cannot be certain. See the concluding note of the Essay, &c. p. xlv. and xlvii.

F. xxxix. n. 62. Add.—It may not be improper here to observe further, that a third poem, which is mentioned in the Decameron in the same manner with the *Theseida* and the *Filostrato*, was also probably one of Boccace's own compositions. In the conclusion of the Third Day, it is said, that "Dioneo et la Fiammetta cominciarono a cantare di Messer Guiglielmo et della dama del Vergiu." There is an old French Romance, upon this subject, as I apprehend, in MS. Bodl. 2336. It is entitled *Le Roman de la Chastelaine du Veray*, and begins thus:

Une maniere de gens sont  
Qui d'estre loyaux semblant font—  
Ainsi qu'il avint en Bourgoigne  
D'un chevalier preux et hardi  
Et de la dame du Veray.—

The story is the same, in the main, with that of the 70th Novel in the Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre, from which, I suppose, the more modern *Histoire de la Contesse du Vergi*, Par. 1722, is taken.

I cannot find that any Italian poem upon this subject is now extant; but the unaccountable neglect, with which the poetry of Boccace has been long treated by those very countrymen of his who idolize his prose, makes the supposition, I think, not improbable, that a small piece of this sort may have been suffered to perish, or even to lurk at this day, unpublished and unnoticed, in some Italian library.

Discourse, &c. p. li. n. 6. l. 7. The latest historical fact.] This passage should be compared with the n. on ver. 14700, and corrected accordingly.

P. ix. § xix. Add.—I am obliged to Mr. Steevens for pointing out to me a story, which has a great resemblance, in its principal incidents, to the *Freres tale*. It is quoted by D'Artigny, *Memoires d'Histoire*, &c. T. iii. p. 238. from a collection of Sermons, by an anonymous Dominican, printed about the beginning of the xvth Century, under the title of "*Sermones discipuli*."

<sup>33</sup> When we recollect, that Chaucer's papers must in all probability have fallen into the hands of his Son Thomas, who, at the time of his father's death, was of full age, we can hardly doubt that all proper care was taken of them; and if the Tales in question had ever been inserted among the others, it is scarce conceivable that they should all have slipped out of all the Copies of this work, of which we have any knowledge or information. Nor is there any sufficient ground for imagining that so many Tales could have been suppressed by design; though such a supposition may perhaps be admitted to account for the loss of some smaller passages. See above, n. 8.

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THE  
CANTERBURY TALES.

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THE

# CANTERBURY TALES.

## THE PROLOGUE.

v. 1—90

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote  
 The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,  
 And bathed every veine in swiche licour,  
 Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;  
 Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe  
 Enspired hath in every holt and hethie  
 The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,  
 And smale foules maken melodie,  
 That slepen alle night with open eye,  
 So priketh hem nature in hir corages;  
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,  
 And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,  
 To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;  
 And specially, from every shires ende  
 Of Engeland, to Canterbury they wende,  
 The holy blisful martyr for to seke,  
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.  
 Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,  
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
 To Canterbury with devoute corage,  
 At night was come into that hostelrye  
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie  
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle  
 In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,  
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.  
 The chambres and the stables weren wide,  
 And wel we weren esed atte bany.  
 Betwix shortly, whan the soun drewe, gon to reste,  
 I coude I spoken among sheldes sellon,  
 His worth of hitful wel his wit besette  
 Wiste no wight that he was in dette  
 Of fastly didde he his governance,  
 Or thirgeines, and with his chevisancee,  
 Me tolde as a worthy man withalle,  
 Of echeyn, I n'ot how men him calle  
 And wh  
 And eke  
 And as  
 As hors as is a rake,  
 A pot right fat, I undertake;  
 And he, and therto soberly.  
 And he was his overest courtiepy,  
 Hadde geten him yet no benefeece,  
 Nought worldly to have an office.

Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.  
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,  
 And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,  
 As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,  
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne,  
 Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne  
 Aboven alle nations in Pruce.

In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,  
 No cristen man so ofte of his degre.  
 In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be  
 Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.

At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,  
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see  
 At many a noble armee hadde he be.  
 At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,  
 And foughten for our faith at Tramissene

In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.  
 This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also  
 Somtime with the lord of Palacie, *Baron of the*  
 Agen another hethen in Turkie:

And evermore he hadde a sovereign pris.  
 And though that he was worthy he was wise,  
 And of his port as meke as is a maye.  
 He never yet no vilanie ne sayde  
 In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.

He was a veray parfit gentil knight.  
 But for to tellen you of his manere,  
 His hors was good, but he ne was not gale.  
 Of fustian he wored a gipon,  
 Alle besmotred with his habergeon,  
 For he was late ycome fro his viage,  
 And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yonge SQUIRE,  
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor,  
 With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.  
 Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.  
 His tabour he was of even lengthe,  
 Stode redy covered, and grete of strengthe  
 At sessions ther was he in chevachie,  
 Ful often time he was knight in Picardie,  
 An anelace and a gipeiere all of space,  
 Heng at his girdel, white as morwe se.  
 A shereve hadde he ben, and a countee  
 Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,  
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.  
Short was his goune, with sleeves long and wide.  
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.  
He coude songes make, and wel endite,  
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.  
So hote he loved, that by nightertale  
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.  
Curteis he was lowly, and servisable,  
And carf before his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo  
At that time, for him luste to ride so;  
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.  
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene  
Under his belt he bare ful thriffully.  
Wel coude he dresse his takel yomanly:  
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.  
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.  
A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.  
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.  
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,  
And by his side a sword and a bokeler,  
And on that other side a gaie daggere,  
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:  
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.  
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.  
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

There was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,  
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;  
Hire grettest othe n'as but by Saint Eloy;  
And she was cleped madame Egleteine.  
Ful wel she sange the service devine,  
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;  
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.  
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;  
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,  
Ne wette hire fingers in hire sauce depe.  
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,  
Thatte no drope no fell upon hire brest.  
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.  
Hire over lippe wiped she so clepe,  
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene  
Of gresse, when she dronken hadde hire draught.  
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.  
And sikerly she was of grette disport,  
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,  
And peined hire to contrefeten chere  
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,  
And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,  
She was so charitable and so pitous,  
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous  
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.  
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde  
With rosted flesch, and milk, and wastel brede;  
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,  
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:  
And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched  
Hire nose tretis; hire eyen  
Hire mouth ful smale,  
But sikerly she had  
It was almost  
For hardily sl  
Ful fetis  
Of smale

A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;  
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,  
On whiche was first ywritten a crowned A,  
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE also with hire hadde she,  
That was hire chapelleine, and PRESTES thre.

A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,  
An out-rider, that loved venerie;  
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.  
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable.  
And when he rode, men mighte his bridel here  
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,  
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,  
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

The reule of saint Maure and of saint Beneit,  
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,  
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,  
And held after the newe world the trace.  
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,  
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;  
Ne that a monk, when he is rekkeles,  
Is like to a fish that is waterles;  
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.  
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.  
And I say his opinion was good.

What shulde he studie, and make himselfen wood  
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,  
Or swinken with his hondes, and labour,  
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?  
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.  
Therefore he was a prickasoure a right:  
Grihounes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:  
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare  
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

I saw his sleeves purified at the hond  
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.  
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,  
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:  
A love-knotte in the gretter end ther was.  
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,  
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.  
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.  
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,  
That stemed as a forneis of a led.  
His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,  
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.  
He was not pale as a forpined gost.  
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.  
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A FRERE ther was, a wanton and a mery,  
A Limitour, a glempne man.  
In all the o... is non that can  
So moche of... la rage.  
He hadde...  
Of yonge...  
Until his...  
Ful we...  
With f...  
And c...

This noble ave, he dorste make avant,  
 That first pat a man was repentant.  
 Out of the a man so hard is of his herte,  
 And this fot wepe although him sore smerte.  
 That if in stede of weping and praieres,  
 For poute give silver to the poure freres  
 N this tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,  
 And pinnes, for to given fayre wives,  
 And certainly he hadde a mery note.  
 Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.  
 Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.  
 His nekke was white as the flour de lis.  
 Therto he strong was as a champion,  
 And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,  
 And every hosteler and gay tapstere,  
 Better than a lazor or a beggere,  
 For unto swiche a worthy man as he  
 Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,  
 To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.  
 It is not honest, it may not avance,  
 As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,  
 But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.  
 And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,  
 Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.  
 Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.  
 He was the beste begger in all his hous :  
 And gave a certaine terme for the grant,  
 Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.  
 For though a widewe hadde but a shloo,  
 (So pleasant was his *In principio*)  
 Yet wold he have a fertling or he went.  
 His pourchas was wel better than his rent.  
 And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,  
 In lovedayes, ther coude he mochel help.  
 For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,  
 With thredbare coye, as is a poure scolere,  
 But he was like a maister or a pope.  
 Of double worsted was his semicoipe,  
 That round was as a belle out of the presse.  
 Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,  
 To make his English swete upon his tonge ;  
 And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,  
 His eyen twinkled in his hed aright,  
 As don the sterres in a frosty night.  
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MERCHANT was ther with a forked berd,  
 In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,  
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.  
 His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly.  
 His resons spake he ful solemnely,  
 Souning alway the oncesse of his winning.  
 He wold the see were kept for any thing  
 Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.  
 Wel coude he in eschanges sheldes selle.  
 This worthy man ful wel his wit besette ;  
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,  
 So stedefastly didde he his governance,  
 With his bargemes, and with his chevisance.  
 Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,  
 But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,  
 That unto logike hadde long ygo.  
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he was not right fat, I undertake ;  
 But loked holwe, and therto soberly.  
 Ful thredbare was his overest courtiepy,  
 For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,  
 Ne was nought worldly to have an office.

For him was lever han at his beddes hed  
 A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,  
 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,  
 Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.  
 But all be that he was a philosophe,  
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,  
 But all that he might of his frendes hente,  
 On bokes and on lerning he it spente,  
 And besily gan for the soules praie  
 Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.  
 Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.  
 Not a word spake he more than was nede ;  
 And that was said in forme and reverence,  
 And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.  
 Souning in moral vertue was his speche,  
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWEware and wise,  
 That often hadde yben at the paruis,  
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.  
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence ;  
 He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise,  
 Justice he was ful often in assise,  
 By patent, and by pleine commissioun ;  
 For his science, and for his high renoun,  
 Of fees and robes had he many on.  
 So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.  
 All was fee simple to him in effect,  
 His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.  
 Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,  
 And yet he semed besier than he was.  
 In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,  
 That fro the time of king Will. weren fallc.  
 Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,  
 Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.  
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.  
 He rode but homely in a medlee cote,  
 Girt with a sent of silk, with barres smale ;  
 Of his array tell I no longer tale.

A FRANKLEIN was in this compaignie ;  
 White was his berd, as is the dayesie.  
 Of his complexion he was sanguin.  
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.  
 To liven in delit was ever his wone,  
 For he was Epicures owen sone,  
 That held opinion, that plein delit  
 Was veraily felicitye parfite.  
 An housholder, and that a grete was he ;  
 Seint Julian he was in his contree.  
 His brede, his ale, was alway after on ;  
 A better envyned man was no wher non.  
 Withouten lake mete never was his hous,  
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,  
 It snowed in his hous of mete and drinke,  
 Of alle deintees that men coude of thinke,  
 After the sondry secons of the yere,  
 So changed he his mete and his soupere.  
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,  
 And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.  
 Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were  
 Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.  
 His table dormant in his halle alway  
 Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

At sessions ther was he lord and sire.  
 Ful often time he was knight of the shire.  
 An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,  
 Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk,  
 A shreve hadde he ben, and a countour.  
 Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.



AN HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,  
A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAPISER,  
Were alle yclothed in o livere,  
Of a solempne and grette fraternite.  
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypliked was.  
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,  
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,  
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.  
Wei semed echie of hem a fayre burgeis,  
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.  
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,  
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.  
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,  
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent :  
And elles certainly they were to blame.  
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madame,  
And for to gon to vigiles all before,  
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,  
To boile the chickens and the marie bones,  
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.  
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.  
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,  
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.  
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,  
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.  
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woned fer by West :  
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.  
He rode upon a rounce, as he couthe,  
All in a gounne of falding to the knee.  
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee  
About his nekke under his arm adoun.  
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe all brown.  
And certainly he was a good felaw.  
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw  
From Burdeaux ward, while that the chapman slepe.  
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.  
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,  
By water he sent hem home to every land.  
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,  
His stremes and his strandes him besides,  
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemange,  
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.  
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake :  
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.  
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,  
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,  
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine :  
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a DOCTOUR or PHISIKE,  
In all this world ne was ther non him like  
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie :  
For he was groundid in astronomie.  
He kept his patient a ful gret del  
In houres by his magike naturel.  
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendit  
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladic,  
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,  
And wher engendred, and of what humour,  
He was a veray parfite practisour.  
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,  
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.  
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries  
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,  
For echie of hem made other for to winne :

Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne,  
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,  
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus ;  
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien ;  
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen ;  
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin ;  
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.  
Of his diete mesurable was he,  
For it was of no superfluitee,  
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.  
His studie was but litel on the Bible.  
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle  
Lined with taffata, and with sendaille.  
And yet he was but esy of dispence :  
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.  
For gold in phisike is a cordial ;  
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good WIF was ther of beside BATHE,  
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.  
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,  
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.  
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,  
That to the offring before hire shulde gen,  
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,  
That she was out of alle charitee.  
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground ;  
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound ;  
That on the Sunday were upon hire hede.  
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,  
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe  
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.  
She was a worthy woman all hire live,  
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,  
Withouten other compaignie in youthe.  
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.  
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusalem.  
She hadde passed many a jerouse streme.  
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,  
In Galice at Saint James, and at Coloine.  
She coude moche of wandring by the way.  
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.  
Upon an ambler esily she sat,  
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,  
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.  
A fote-mantel about hire hippes large,  
And on hire fete a pair of spores sharpe.  
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe  
Of remedies of love she knew perchance,  
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,  
That was a poure PERSONN of a toun :  
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,  
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.  
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.  
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
And in adversite ful patient :  
And swiche he was yprevved often sithes.  
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,  
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,  
Unto his poure parishens aboute,  
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.  
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.  
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,  
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,  
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite  
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,  
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.  
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,  
And this figure he added yet therto,  
That if gold ruste, what shuld iheren do ?  
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,  
No wonder is a lewed man to rust :  
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,  
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe :  
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,  
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,  
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,  
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,  
To seken him a chanterie for soules,  
Or with a brotherhede to be withold :  
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,  
So that the wolf ne made it no miserie.  
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.  
And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
He was to sinful men not despitous,  
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,  
But in his teching discrete and benigne.  
To drawen folk to heven, with fairnesse,  
By good ensample, was his businesse :  
But it were any persone obstinat,  
What so he were of highe, or low estat,  
Him wolde he snubben sharply for the nones.  
A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.  
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,  
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,  
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,  
That hadde ylaide of dong ful many a fother.  
A trewe swinker, and a good was he,  
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.  
God loved he beste with alle his herte  
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,  
And than his neighenbour right as himselfe.  
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,  
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,  
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes paid he ful fayre and wel  
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.  
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.

Ther was also a reve, and a millere,  
A sompnour, and a pardoner also,  
A manciple, and myself, ther n're no mo.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,  
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones ;  
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,  
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.  
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,  
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,  
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.  
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,  
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.  
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade  
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,  
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.  
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.  
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.  
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.  
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,  
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.  
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.  
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.

A white cote and a blew hode wered he.  
A baggepiper wel coude he blowe and soune,  
And therewithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil MANCIPLE was ther of a temple,  
Of which achantours mighten take ensenple  
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.  
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,  
Algate he waited so in his achate,  
That he was ay before in good estate.  
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,  
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace  
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men ?

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,  
That were of lawe expert and curious :  
Of which ther was a dosen in that hous,  
Worthy to ben stewards of rent and lond  
Of any lord that is in Englelond,  
To maken him live by his propre good,  
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,  
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire ;  
And able for to helpen all a shire  
In any cas that mighte fallen or lappe ;  
And yet this manciple sette hur aller cappe.

The REVE was a sleindre colerike man,  
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.  
His here was by his eres round yshorne.  
His top was docked like a preest beforeme.  
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,  
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.  
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne :  
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.  
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,  
The yielding of his seed, and of his grain.  
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirre,  
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,  
Were holly in this reves governing,  
And by his covenant yave he rekenyng.  
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age ;  
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.  
Ther n'as bailif, no herde, ne othir hie,  
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine :  
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.  
His wonnyng was ful fayre upon an heth,  
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.  
He coude better than his lord pourchace  
Ful riche he was ystored privily.  
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,  
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,  
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.  
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.  
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.  
This reve sate upon a right good stot,  
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.  
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,  
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.  
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,  
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.  
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,  
And ever he rode the hinderest of the rout.

A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,  
That hadde a fire-red cherubennes face,  
For sausefeme he was, with eyen narwe.  
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,  
With scalled browes blake, and pillid berd :  
Of his visage children were sore afrimed.  
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,  
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,  
Ne oinment that wolde clense or bite,

That him might helpen of his whelkes white,  
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.  
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,  
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.  
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.  
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,  
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.  
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,  
That he had lerned out of som decree;  
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.  
And eke ye known wel, how that a jay  
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.  
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,  
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,  
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.

He was a gentil harlot and a kind;  
A better felaw shulde a man not find.  
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,  
A good felaw to have his concubine  
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.  
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.  
And if he found owhere a good felawe,  
He wolde techen him to have non awe  
In swiche a cas of the archedeke's curse;  
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;  
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.  
Purse is the archedeke's helle, said he.  
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:  
For cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.  
For curse wol sle right as assouling saveth,

A Shalwe were him of a *significavit*.  
For of danger hadde he at his owen gise  
He he yonge gyles of the diceise,  
And knew hur conseil, and was of hir rede.  
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,  
As gret as it were for an alestake:  
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil **PARDONERE**  
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere.  
That stroit was comen from the court of Rome.  
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.  
This sompneur bare to him a stiff burdoun,  
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.  
This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,  
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:  
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,  
And therwith he his shuldres overspradde.  
Ful thinne it lay, by coupons on and on,  
But hode, for jolite, no wered he non,  
For it was trussed up in his wallet.  
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,  
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.  
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.  
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.  
His wallet lay before him in his lappe,  
Bret-ful of purlon come from Rome al hote.  
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.  
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,  
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;  
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,  
Ne was ther swiche an other pardoner.  
For in his male he hadde a pilwibere,  
Which, as he saide, was oure ladies veil:  
He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl  
Thatte seint Peter had, whan that he went  
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.  
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,  
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.

But with these reliques, whanne that he fond  
A poure persons dwelling up on lond,  
Upon a day he gat him more moneie  
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.  
And thus with fained flattering and japes,  
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.  
But trewely to tellen atte last,  
He was in churche a noble ecclesiast.  
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,  
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:  
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,  
He muste preche, and wel afie his tonge,  
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:  
Therefore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,  
Th' estat, th' araise, the nombre, and eke the cause  
Why that assembled was this compaignie  
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,  
That lighte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.  
But now is time to you for to telle,  
How that we baren us that ilke night,  
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.  
And after wol I telle of our viage,  
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.

But firste I prafe you of your curtesie,  
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,  
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,  
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;  
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.  
For this ye known al so wel as I,  
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,  
He moste reherse, as neigh as ever he can,  
Everich word, if it be in his charge,  
All speke he never so rudely and so large;  
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrowe,  
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.  
He may not spare, although he were his brother.  
He moste as wel sayn o word, as an other.  
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,  
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.  
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,  
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.

Also I prafe you to forgive it me,  
All have I not sette folk in hir degree,  
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.  
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,  
And to the souper sette he us anon:  
And served us with vitaille of the beste.  
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.  
A semely man our hoste was with alle  
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.  
A large man he was with eyen stepe,  
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:  
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,  
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.  
Eke therto was he right a mery man,  
And after souper plaien he began,  
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,  
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;  
And saide thus; Now, lordinges, trewely  
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:  
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,  
I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie  
At oes in this herberwe, as is now.  
Feyn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.  
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,  
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.

Ye gon to Canterbury ; God you spede,  
The blisful martyr quite you your mede ;  
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,  
Ye shapen you to talken and to play :  
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,  
To riden by the way dombe as the ston :  
And therefore wold I maken you disport,  
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.  
And if you liketh alle by on assent  
Now for to stonden at my jugement :  
And for to werchen as I shal you say  
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,  
Now by my faders soule that is ded,  
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.  
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.

Our conseil was not longe for to seche :  
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,  
And granted him withouten more avise,  
And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.

Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste ;  
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain ;  
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,  
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,  
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,  
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,  
And homeward he shal tellen other two,  
Of adventures that whilom han befalle.  
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,  
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas  
Tales of best sentence and most solas,  
Shal have a souper at youre aller cost  
Here in this place sitting by this post,  
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.  
And for to maken you the more mery,  
I wol myselfen gladly with you ride,  
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.  
And who that wol my jugement withsay,  
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.  
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,  
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,  
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.

This thing was granted, and our othes swore  
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,  
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,  
And that he wolde ben our governour,

And of our tales juge and reportour,  
And sette a souper at a certain pris ;  
And we wol reuled ben at his devise,  
In highe and lowe : and thus by on assent,  
We ben accorded to his jugement.  
And therupon the win was fette anon.  
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,  
Withouten any lenger taryng.

A-morwe whan the day began to spring,  
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,  
And gaderd us togeder in a flock,  
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,  
Unto the watering of Scint Thomas :  
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,  
And saide ; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.  
Ye wete your forward, and I it record.  
If even-song and morwe-song accord,  
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.  
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,  
Who so is rebel to my jugement,  
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.  
Now draweth cutte, or that ye further twinne.  
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

Sire knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,  
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.  
Cometh nere, (quod he) my lady prioresse,  
And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefastnesse,  
Ne studieth nought ; lay hand to, every man.

Anon to drawn every wight began,  
And shortly for to tellen as it was,  
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,  
The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,  
Of which ful bliþh and glad was every wight ;  
And tell he must his tale as was reson,  
But forward, and by composition,  
As ye han herd ; what nedeth wordes mo ?  
And whan this good man saw that it was so,  
As he that wise was and obediens  
To kepe his forward by his free assent,  
He saide ; sithen I shal begin this game,  
What ? welcome be the cutte a goddes name.  
Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say.

And with that word we riden forth our way ;  
And he began with right a mery chere  
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

## THE KNIGHTES TALE.

WHILOM, as olde stories tellen us,  
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.  
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,  
And in his time swiche a conquerour,  
That greter was ther non under the sonne.  
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.  
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,  
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,  
That whilom was ycleped Scythia ;  
And wedded the fresshe queene Ipolita,  
And brought hire home with him to his contree  
With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,  
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.  
And thus with victorie and with melodie  
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,  
And all his host, in armes him beside.

And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,

I wolde have told you fully the manere,  
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie,  
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie ;  
And of the grette bataille for the nones  
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones ;  
And how assaged was Ipolita  
The faire hardy queene of Seythia ;  
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,  
And of the temple at hire home coming.  
But all this thing I moste as now forbere.  
I have, God wot, a large feld to ere ;  
And weke ben the oxen in my plow.  
The remenant of my tale is longe now.  
I wil not letten eke non of thise bute.  
Let every felaw telle his tale aoute,  
And let se now who shal thise soper winne  
Ther as I left, I wil agene, or ene.  
Ay all thy

This duk, of whom I made mentiou,  
Whan he was comen almost to the toun,  
In all his wele and in his moste pride,  
He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,  
Wher that ther kneled in the highe wey  
A compaignie of ladies, twey and twey,  
Eche after other, clad in clothes blake :  
But swiche a crie and swiche a wo they make,  
That in this world n'is creature living,  
That ever herd swiche another waimenting.  
And of this crie ne wolde they never stenten,  
Till they the reines of his bridel henten.

What folk be ye that at min home coming  
Perturben so my feste with crying ?  
Quod Theseus, have ye so grete envie  
Of min honour, that thus complaine and eric ?  
Or who hath you misboden, or offended ?  
Do telle me, if that it may be amended ;  
And why ye be thus clothed alle in blake ?

The oldest lady of hem all than spake,  
Whan she had sowned, with a dedly chere,  
That it was reuthe for to seen and here.  
She sayde ; lord, to whom fortune hath yeven  
Victorie, and as a conquerour to liven,  
Nought greveth us your glorie and your honour ;  
But we beseke you of mercie and socour.  
Have mercie on our wo and our distresse.  
Som drope of pitee, thurgh thy gentillesse,  
Upon us wretched wimmen let now falle.  
For certes, lord, thir n'is non of us alle,  
That she n'hath ben a duchesse or a queene  
Now be we caitives, as it is wel sene :  
Thanked be fortune, and hire false whele,  
That non estat ensureth to be wele.  
And certes, lord, to abiden your presence  
Here in this temple of the goddesse ( lence)  
We han ben waiting all this fourteenight :  
Now helpe us, lord, sin it lieth in thy might.

I wretched wight, that wope and wale thus,  
Was whilom wif to king Capaneus,  
That starfe at Thebes, cursed be that day :  
And alle we that ben in this aray,  
And maken all this lamentation,  
We losten alle our husbondes at that toun,  
While that the sege therabouten lay.  
And yet now the olde Creon, wala wa !  
That lord is now of Thebes the citee,  
Fulfilled of ire and of iniquitee,  
He for despit, and for his tyrannie,  
To don the ded bodies a vilanie,  
Of alle our lordes, which that ben yslawe,  
Hath alle the bodies on an hepe ydrawe,  
And will not suffren hem by non assent  
Neyther to ben yberied, ne ybrent,  
But maketh houndes ete hem in despite.

And with that word, withouten more respite  
They fallen groff, and crien pitously ;  
Have on us wretched wimmen som mercy,  
And let our sorwe sinken in thin herte.

This gentil duk down from his coursour sterte  
With herte pitous, whan he herd hem speke.  
Him thoughte that his herte wolde all to-breke,  
Whan he saw hem so pitous and so mate,  
That whilom weren of so gret estate.  
And in his armest he hem all up hente,  
And hem comforted in ful good entente,  
And swore his othir s he was trewe knight,  
He wolde don so feerthly his might  
Upon the tyrant Claton to wreke,  
That all the peple hadde pishulde speke,

How Creon was of Theseus yserved,  
As he that hath his deth ful wel deserved.

And right anon withouten more abode  
His banner he displaide, and forth he rode  
To Thebes ward, and all his host beside :  
No nere Athenes n'olde he go ne ride,  
Ne take his ese fully half a day,  
But onward on his way that night he lay :  
And sent anon Ipolita the queene,  
And Emelie hire yonge sister shene  
Unto the toun of Athenes for to dwell :  
And forth he rit ; ther n'is no more to tell.

The red statue of Mars with spere and targe  
So shined in his white banner large,  
That all the feldes ghteren up and down :  
And by his banner bonne is his penon  
Of gold ful riche, in which ther was ybete  
The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete.  
Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,  
And in his host of chevalrie the flour,  
Til that he came to Thebes, and alight  
Fayre in a fild, ther as he thought to fight.  
But shortly for to speken of this thing,  
With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,  
He fought, and slew him manly as a knight  
In plaine bataille, and put his folk to flight :  
And by assaut he wan the citee after,  
And rent adoun bothe the wall and sparre, and rafter ;  
And to the ladies he restored again  
The bodies of hir housbondes that were slain,  
To don the obseques, as was tho the gise.

But it were all to long for to devise  
The grete clamour, and the waimenting,  
Whiche that the ladies made at the brenning  
Of the bodies, and the gret honour,  
That Theseus the noble conquerour  
Doth to the ladies, whan they from him wente :  
But shortly for to telle is min entente.

Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,  
Hath Creon slaine, and wonnen Thebes thus,  
Still in the feld he toke all night his reste,  
And did with all the contree as him leste.  
To ransake in the tas of bodies dede,  
Hem for to stripe of harnels and of wede,  
The pillours dide hir besinesse and cure,  
After the bataille and discomfiture  
And so befell, that in the tas they found,  
Thurgh gret with many a grevous bloody wound,  
Two yonge knightes ligging by and by,  
Bothe in on armes, wrought ful richely :  
Of whiche two, Arcita lighte that on,  
And he that other lighte Palamon.  
Not fully quik, ne fully ded they were,  
But by hir cote-armure, and by hir gere,  
The heraudes knew hem wel in special,  
As tho that weren of the blod real  
Of Thebes, and of sustren two yborne.  
Out of the tas the pillours han hem torne,  
And han hem capied soft unto the tente  
Of Theseus, and he ful sone hem sente  
To Athenes, for to dwellen in prison  
Perpetuel, he n'olde no raumoun.  
And whan this worthy duk had thus ydon,  
He toke his host, and home he rit anon  
With laurer crowned as a conquerour ;  
And ther he liveth in joye and in honour  
Ferne of his lif ; what nedeth dwelles mo ?  
And in a tour, in anguish and in wo,  
Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite,  
For evermo, ther may no gold hem quite.

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,  
Till it felle ones in a morwe of May  
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene  
Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene,  
And fressher than the May with floures newe,  
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;  
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two)  
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,  
She was arisen, and all redy dight.  
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.  
The seson priketh every gentil herte,  
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterthe,  
And sayth, arise, and do thin observance.

This maketh Emelie han remembrance  
To don honour to May, and for to rise.  
Yclothed was she fresshe for to devise.  
Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse,  
Behind hire back, a yerde long I gesse.  
And in the gardin at the sonne uprist  
She walketh up and down wher as hire list.  
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,  
To make a sotel gerlond for hire hed,  
And as an angel hevenlich she song.  
The grete tour, that was so thikke and strong,  
Which of the castel was the chief dongeon,  
{Wher as these knights weren in prison,  
Of which I tolde you, and tellen shal)  
Was even joinant to the gardin wall,  
Ther as this Emelie had hire playing.

Bright was the sonne, and clere that morwening,  
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,  
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler  
Was risen, and romed in a chambre on high,  
In which he all the noble citee sigh,  
And eke the gardin, ful of branches grene,  
Ther as this fresshe Emelia the shene  
Was in hire walk, and romed up and down.

This sorweful prisoner, this Palamon  
Goth in his chambre roming to and fro,  
And to himselfe complaining of his wo:  
That he was borne, ful off he sayd, alas!

And so befell, by aventure or cas,  
That thurgh a window thikke of many a barre  
Of yren gret, and square as any sparre,  
He cast his eyen upon Emelia,  
And therewithal he blent and cried, a!

As though he stongen were unto the herte.

And with that crie Arcite anon up sterthe,  
And saide, cosin min, what eyeth thee,  
That art so pale and dedly for to see?  
Why cridest thou? who hath thee don offence?  
For goddes love, take all in patience  
Our prison, for it may non other be.  
Fortune hath yeven us this adversite.  
Som wikke aspect or disposition  
Of Saturne, by som constellation,  
Hath yeven us this, although we had it sworn,  
So stood the heven whan that we were born,  
We moste endure: this is the short and plain.

This Palamon answerde, and sayde again;  
Cosin, forsoth of this opinion  
Thou hast a vaine imagination.  
This prison caused me not for to crie.  
But I was hurt right now thurghout min eye  
Into min herte, that wol my bane be.  
The fayrnesse of a lady that I se  
Yond in the gardin roming to and fro,  
Is cause of all my crying and my wo.  
I n'ot whe'r she be woman or goddesse.  
But Venus is it, sothly, as I gesse.

And therewithal on knees adoun he fill,  
And sayde: Venus, if it be your will  
You in this gardin thus to transfigure,  
Before me sorweful wretched creature,  
Out of this prison helpe that we may scape.  
And if so be our destinee be shape  
By eterne word to dien in prison,  
Of our lignage have som compassion,  
That I so low ybrought by tyrannie.

And with that word Arcite gan espie  
Wher as this lady romed to and fro.  
And with that sight hire beautee hurt him so,  
That if that Palamon were wounded sore,  
Arcite is hurt as moche as he, or more.  
And with a sigh he sayde pitously:  
The fresshe beautee sleth me sodenly  
Of hire that rometh in the yonder place.  
And but I have hire mercie and hire grace,  
That I may seen hire at the leste way,  
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no more to say.

This Palamon, whan he these wordes herd,  
Disputiously he loked, and answerd:  
Whether sayest thou this in earnest or in play?  
Nay, quod Arcite, in earnest by my fay.  
God helpe me so, me lust full yvel play.

This Palamon gan kuit his browes twey.  
It were, quod he, to thee no gret honour  
For to be false, no for to be traytour  
To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother  
Ysworne ful depe, and eche of us to other,  
That never for to dien in the peine,  
Til that the deth departen shal us tweine,  
Neyther of us in love to hindre other,  
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;  
But that thou shuldest trewely forther me  
In every cas, as I shuld forther thee.  
This was thin oth, and min also certain;  
I wot it wel, thou darst it not withsain.  
Thus art thou of my conseil out of doute.  
And now thou woldest falsly ben aboute  
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,  
And ever shal, til that min herte sterve.

Now certes, false Arcite, thou shalt not so.  
I loved hire firste, and tolde thee my wo  
As to my conseil, and my brother sworne  
To forther me, as I have told before.  
For which thou art ybounden as a knight  
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,  
Or elles art thou false, I dare wel sain.

This Arcite full proudly spake again.  
Thou shalt, quod he, be rather false than I.  
And thou art false, I tell thee utterly.  
For *par amour* I loved hire first or thou.  
What wolt thou sayn? thou wisted nat right now  
Whether she were a woman or a goddesse.  
Thin is affection of holinesse,  
And min is love, as to a creature:  
For which I tolde thee min aventure  
As to my cosin, and my brother sworne.

I pose, that thou lovedest hire before:  
Wost thou not wel the olde clerikes sawe,  
That who shall give a lover any lawe?  
Love is a greter lawe by my pan,  
Then may be yeven of any erthly man:  
And therefore posstif lawe, and swiche decree  
Is broken all day for love in eche degree.  
A man moste nedes love maugre his hed.  
He may not fleen it, though he shuld be ded,  
All be she maid, or widewe, or elles wif.

And eke it is not likely all thy lif

To stonden in hire grace, no more shal I :  
 For wel thou wost thyselfen verally,  
 That thou and I be damned to prison  
 Perpetuel, us gaineth no raunson.

We strive, as did the houndes for the bone,  
 They fought all day, and yet hir part was none.  
 Ther came a kyte, while that they were so wrothe,  
 And bare away the bone betwix hem bothe.  
 And therfore at the kinges court, my brother,  
 Eche man for himself, ther is non other.  
 Love if thee lust; for I love and ay shal :  
 And sothly, leve brother, this is al.  
 Here in this prison mosten we endure,  
 And everich of us take his aventure.

Gret was the strif, and long betwix hem twey,  
 If that I hadde leiser for to sey :  
 But to th' effect. It happed on a day,  
 (To tell it you as shortly as I may)  
 A worthy duk that highte Perithous,  
 That felaw was to this duk Theseus  
 Sin thilke day that they were children life,  
 Was come to Athenes, his felaw to visite,  
 And for to play, as he was wont to do,  
 For in this world he loved no man so :  
 And he loved him as tendrely again.  
 So wel they loved, as olde bokes sain,  
 That whan that on was ded, sothly to telle,  
 His felaw wente and sought him doun in helle :  
 But of that storie list me not to write.

Duk Perithous loved wel Arcite,  
 And had him knowe at Thebes yere by yere :  
 And finally at request and praicre  
 Of Perithous, withouten any raunson  
 Duk Theseus him let out of prison,  
 Frely to gon, wher that him list over all,  
 In swiche a gise, as I you tellen shall.

This was the forword, plainly for to endite,  
 Betwixen Theseus and him Arcite :  
 That if so were, that Arcite were yfound  
 Ever in his lif, by day or night, o stound  
 In any contrce of this Theseus,  
 And he were caught, it was accorded thus,  
 That with a swerd he shulde lese his hed ;  
 Ther was non other remedie no rede.  
 But taketh his leve, and homeward he him spedde ;  
 Let him beware, his nekke leth to wedde.

How gret a sorwe suffereth now Arcite ?  
 The deth he feleth thugh his herte smite ;  
 He wepeth, waileth, crieth pitously ;  
 To sleen himself he waiteth prively.  
 He said ; Alas the day that I was borne !  
 Now is my prison worse than beforne :  
 Now is me shape eternally to dwelle  
 Not only in purgatorie, but in helle.  
 Alas ! that ever I knew Perithous.  
 For elles had I dwelt with Theseus  
 Yfetered in his prison evermo.

Than had I ben in blisse, and not in wo.  
 Only the sight of hire, whom that I serve,  
 Though that I never hire grace may deserve,  
 Would have sufficed right ynough for me.

O dere cosin Palamon, quod he,  
 Thin is the victorie of this aventure.  
 Ful blisful in prison maigest thou endure :  
 In prison ? certes nay, but in paradise.  
 Wel hath fortune yturned thee the disc,  
 That hast the sight of hire, and I th' absence.  
 For possible is, sin thou hast hire presence,  
 And art a knight, a worthy and an able,  
 That by som cas, sin fortune is changeable,

Thou maigest to thy desir som time atteine.  
 But I that am exiled, and barreine  
 Of alle grace, and in so gret despaire,  
 That ther n'is erthe, water, fire, ne aire,  
 Ne creature, that of hem maked is,  
 That may me hele, or don comfort in this,  
 Wel ought I sterve in wanhope and distresse.  
 Farewel my lif, my lust, and my gladnesse.

Alas, why plainen men so in commune  
 Of purveyance of God, or of fortune,  
 That yeveth hem ful oft in many a gise  
 Wel better than they can himself devise ?  
 Som man desireth for to have richesse,  
 That cause is of his murdre or gret siknesse.  
 And som man wold out of his prison fayn,  
 That in his house is of his meinie slain.  
 Infinite harmes ben in this matere.  
 We wote not what thing that we praien here.  
 We faren as he that dronke is as a mous.  
 A dronken man wot wel he hath an hous,  
 But he ne wot which is the right way thider,  
 And to a dronken man the way is slider.  
 And certes in this world so faren we.

We soken fast after felicite,  
 But we go wrong ful often trewely.  
 Thus we may sayen alle, and namely I,  
 That wende, and had a gret opinion,  
 That if I might escapen fro prison  
 Than had I ben in joye and parfitte hele,  
 Ther now I am exiled fro my wele.  
 Sin that I may not seen you, Emelie,  
 I n'am but ded ; ther n'is no remedie.  
 Upon that other side Palamon,  
 Whan that he wist Arcite was agon,  
 Swiche sorwe he maketh, that the grete tour  
 Resounded of his yelling and clamour.  
 The pure fetters on his shinnies grete  
 Were or his bitter salte teres wete.

Alas ! quod he, Arcite cosin min,  
 Of all our strif, God wot, the frute is thin.  
 Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large,  
 And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.  
 Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede,  
 Assemblen all the folk of our kinrede,  
 And make a werre so sharpe on this contree,  
 That by som aventure, or som tretree,  
 Thou maist have hire to lady and to wif,  
 For whom that I must nedes lese my lif.  
 For as by way of possibilitee,  
 Sith thou art at thy large of prison free,  
 And art a lord, gret is thin advantage,  
 More than is min, that sterve here in a cage.  
 For I may wepe and waile, while that I live,  
 With all the wo that prison may me yeve,  
 And eke with peine that love me yeveth also,  
 That doubleth all my tournament and my wo.

Therwith the fire of jalousie up sterte  
 Within his brest, and hent him by the herte  
 So woody, that he like was to behold  
 The box-tree, or the ashen ded and cold.  
 Than said he ; O cruel goddes, that governe  
 This world with binding of your word eterne,  
 And writen in the table of athamant  
 Your parlement and your eterne grant,  
 What is mankind more unto you yhold  
 Than is the shepe, that rouketh in the fold ?  
 For slain is man, right as another beest,  
 And dwelleth eke in prison, and arrest,  
 And hath siknesse, and gret adversite,  
 And oftentimes gilleles parde.

What governance is in this prescience,  
 That gilteles turmenteth innocence?  
 And yet enceseth this all my penance,  
 That man is bounden to his observance  
 For Goddes sake to leten of his will,  
 Ther as a beest may all his lust fulfill.  
 And whan a beest is ded, he hath no peine;  
 But man after his deth mote wepe and pleine,  
 Though in this world he have care and wo:  
 Withouten doute it maye stonden so.

The answer of this lete I to divines,  
 But wel I wote, that in this world gret pine is.  
 Alas! I see a serpent or a thefe,  
 That many a trewe man hath do meschefe,  
 Gon at his large, and wher him lust may turn.  
 But I moste ben in prison thurgh Saturn,  
 And eke thurgh Juno, jalous and eke wood,  
 That hath wel neye destrued all the blood  
 Of Thebes, with his waste walles wide.  
 And Venus sloeth me on that other side  
 For jalousie, and fere of him Arcite.

Now wol I stent of Palamon a lite,  
 And leten him in his prison still dwelle,  
 And of Arcite forth I wol you telle.

The somner passeth, and the nightes long  
 Encesen double wise the peines strong  
 Both of the lover, and of the prisorer.  
 I n'ot which hath the wofuller mistore.  
 For shortly for to say, this Palamon  
 Perpetuely is damned to prison,  
 In chaines and in fetters to be ded;  
 And Arcite is exiled on his hed  
 For evermore as out of that contree,  
 Ne never more he shal his lady see.

You lovers axe I now this question,  
 Who hath the werse, Arcite or Palamon?  
 That on may se his lady day by day,  
 But in prison moste he dwellen alway.  
 That other wher him lust may ride or go,  
 But sen his lady shal he never mo.  
 Now demeth as you liste, je that can,  
 For I wol tell you forth as I began.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,  
 Ful oft a day he swelt and said alas,  
 For sen his lady shal he never mo.  
 And shortly to concluden all his wo,  
 So mochel sorwe hadde never creature,  
 That is or shal be, while the world may dure.  
 His slepe, his mete, his drinke is him byrafft,  
 That leue he wex, and dric as is a shaft.  
 His eyen holwe, and grisly to behold,  
 His hewe falwe, and pale as ashen cold,  
 And solitary he was, and ever alone,  
 And wailing all the night, making his mone.  
 And if he herde song or instrument,  
 Than wold he wepe, he mighte not be stent.  
 So feble were his spirites, and so low,  
 And changed so, that no man coude know  
 His speche ne his vois, though men it herd.  
 And in his gere, for all the world he ferd  
 Nought only like the lovers maladie  
 Of Ereos, but rather ylike manie,  
 Engendred of humours melancolike,  
 Before his hed in his celle fantastike.  
 And shortly turned was all up so doun  
 Both habit and eke dispositioun  
 Of him, this woful lover, dan Arcite.  
 What shuld I all day of his wo endite?

Whan he endured had a yere or two  
 This cruel torment, and this peine and wo,

At Thebes, in his contree, as I said,  
 Upon a night in slepe as he him laid,  
 Him thought how that the winged god Mercury  
 Before him stood, and bad him to be mery.  
 His slepy yerde in hond he bare upright;  
 An hat he wered upon his heres bright.  
 Arraied was this god (as he toke kepe)  
 As he was whan that Argus toke his slepe;  
 And said him thus: To Athenes shalt thou wen'le  
 Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende.

And with that word Arcite awoke and stert.  
 Now trewely how sore that ever me smert,  
 Quod he, to Athenes right now wol I fare.  
 Ne for no drede of deth shal I not spare  
 To so my lady, that I love and serve;  
 In hire presence I rekke not to sterve.  
 And with that word he caught a gret mirrour,  
 And saw that changed was all his colour,  
 And saw his visage all in another kind.  
 And right anon it ran him in his mind,  
 That such his face was so disfigured  
 Of maladie the which he had endured,  
 He mighte wel, if that he bare him lowe,  
 Live in Athenes overmore unknowe,  
 And sen his lady wel nigh day by day.  
 And right anon he changed his aray,  
 And clad him as a poure labourer.  
 And all alone, save only a squier,  
 That knew his privitee and all his cas,  
 Which was disguised pourely as he was,  
 To Athenes is he gon the nexte way.  
 And to the court he went upon a day,  
 And at the gate he proffered his service,  
 To drugges and draw, what so men wold devise.  
 And shortly of this matere for to sayn,  
 He fell in office with a chamberlain,  
 The which that dwelling was with Emelie.  
 For he was wise, and coude some espie  
 Of every servant, which that served hire.  
 Wel coude he hewen wood, and water bere,  
 For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,  
 And therto he was strong and big of bones  
 To don that any might can him devise.

A yere or two he was in this service,  
 Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright;  
 And Philostrate he sayde that he hight.  
 But half so wel beloved a man as he,  
 Ne was ther never in court of his degre.  
 He was so gentil of conditioun,  
 That thurghout all the court was his renoun.  
 They sayden that it were a charite  
 That Theseus wold enhaunsen his degre,  
 And putten him in worshipful service,  
 Ther as he might his vertues exercise.  
 And thus within a while his name is spronge  
 Both of his dedes, and of his good tonge,  
 That Theseus hath taken him of ner  
 That of his chambre he made him a squier,  
 And gave him gold to mainteine his degre;  
 And eke men brought him out of his contree  
 Fro yere to yere ful prively his rent.  
 But honestly and sleighly he it spent,  
 That no man wondred how that he it hadde.  
 And thre yere in this wise his lif he ladde,  
 And bare him so in pees an eke in werre,  
 Ther n'as no man that Theseus hath derre.  
 And in this blisse let I now Arcite,  
 And speke I wol of Palamon a lite.

In derkenesse and horrible and strong prison  
 This seven yere hath sitten Palamon.



Forpined, what for love and for distresse.  
Who feleth double sorwe and hevynesse  
But Palamon? that love distrainteth so,  
That wood out of his wit he goeth for wo,  
And eke therto he is a prisonere  
Perpetuell, not only for a yere.

Who coude rime in English proprely  
His martirdom? forsooth it am not I,  
Therefore I passe as lightly as I may.  
It fell that in the seventh yere in May  
The thridde night, (as olde bokez sayn,  
That all this storie tellen more plain)  
Were it by aventure or destinee,  
(As, whan a thing is shapen, it shal be,)   
That sone after the midnight, Palamon  
By helping of a frend brake his prison,  
And fleeth the cite faste as he may go,  
For he had yeven drinke his gayler so  
Of a clarre, made of a certain wine,  
With Narcotikes and Opie of Thebes fine,  
That all the night though that men wold him shake,  
The gailer slept, he mighte not awake.  
And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he may.

The night was short, and faste by the day,  
That nedes cost he moste himselven hide.  
And to a grove faste ther beside  
With dredful foot than stalketh Palamon.  
For shortly this was his opinion,  
That in that grove he wold him hide all day,  
And in the night than wold he take his way  
To Thebes ward, his frendes for to preie  
On Theseus to helpen him werreie.  
And shortly, eyther he wold lese his lif,  
Or winnen Emelie unto his wif.  
This is the effect, and his entente plain.

Now wol I turnen to Arcite agein,  
That litel wist how neighe was his care,  
Til that fortune had brought him in the snare.  
The besy lark, the messenger of day,  
Salewith in hire song the morwe gray;  
And firy Phlebus riseth up so bright,  
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,  
And with his stremes drieth in the greves  
The silver drops, hanging on the leves,  
And Arcite, that is in the court real  
With Theseus the squier principal,  
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day.  
And for to don his observance to May,  
Remembring on the point of his desire,  
He on his courser, sterting as the fire,  
Is ridden to the felde him to play,  
Out of the court, were it a mile or twey,  
And to the grove of which that I you told,  
By aventure his way he gan to hold,  
To maken him a gerlond of the greves,  
Were it of woodbind or of hauthorn leves,  
And loud he song agen the sonne shene.

O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,  
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May,  
I hope that I some grene here getten may.  
And from his courser, with a lusty herte  
Into the grove ful hastily he sterte,  
And in a path he romed up and down,  
Ther as by aventure this Palamon  
Was in a bush, that no man might him se,  
For sore afere of his deth was he.  
Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite.  
God wot he wold have trowed it ful lite.  
But soth is said, gon sithen are many yeres,  
That feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres.

It is ful faire a man to bere him even,  
For al day meten men at unset steven.  
Ful litel wote Arcite of his felaw,  
That was so neigh to herken of his saw,  
For in the bush he sitteth now ful still.  
Whan that Arcite had romed all his lif,  
And songen all the roundel lustily,  
Into a studie he fell sodenly,  
As don these lovers in hir quainte geres,  
Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,  
Now up, now down, as boket in a well.  
Right as the Friday, sothly for to tell,  
Now shineth it, and now it raineth fast,  
Right so can gery Venus overcast  
The hertes of hire folk, right as hire day  
Is gेरfull, right so changeth she aray.  
Selde is the Friday all the weke ylike.

Whan Arcite had ysonge, he gan to sike,  
And set him down withouten any more:  
Alas! (quod he) the day that I was bore!  
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee  
Wilt thou werreien Thebes the citee?  
Alas! ybrought is to confusion  
The blood real of Cadme and Amphion:  
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man,  
That Thebes built, or firste the toun began,  
And of the citee firste was crowned king.  
Of his linage am I, and his ofspring  
By veray line, as of the stok real:  
And now I am so catif and so thral,  
That he that is my mortal enemy,  
I serve him as his squier pourely.  
And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,  
For I dare not beknome min owen name,  
But ther as I was wont to lighte Arcite,  
Now lighte I Philostrate, not worth a mite  
Alas! thou fell Mars, alas! thou Juno,  
Thus hath your ire our linage all fordo,  
Save only me, and wretched Palamon,  
That Theseus martireth in prison.  
And over all this, to slen me utterly,  
Love hath his firy dart so brenningly  
Ystiked thurgh my trewe careful hert,  
That shapen was my deth erst than my shert.  
Ye slen me with your eyen, Emelie;  
Ye ben the cause wherfore that I die.  
Of all the remenant of min other care  
Ne set I not the mountance of a tare,  
So that I could don ought to your plesance.

And with that word he fell down in a trance  
A longe time; and afterward up sterte  
This Palamon, that thought thurghout his herte  
He felt a colde sward sodenly glide:  
For ire he quoke, no lenger wolde he hide.  
And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,  
As he were wood, with face ded and pale,  
He sterte him up out of the bushes thikke,  
And sayde: False Arcite, false traitour wicke,  
Now art thou hent, that lovest my lady so,  
For whom that I have all this peme and wo,  
And art my blood, and to my conseil sworn,  
As I ful oft have told thee herebeforen,  
And hast bejaped here duk Theseus,  
And falsely changed hast thy name thus;  
I wol be ded, or elles thou shalt die.  
Thou shalt not love my lady Emelie,  
But I wol love hire only and no mo.  
For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.  
And though that I no wepen have in this place,  
But out of prison am astert by grace,

I drede nought, that eyther thou shalt die,  
Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelie.  
Chese which thou wolst, for thou shalt not asterte.

This Arcite tho, with ful dispitous herte,  
Whan he him knew, and had his tale herd,  
As fers as a leon, pulled out a swerd,  
And sayde thus ; By God that sitteth above,  
N'ere it that thou art sike, and wood for love,  
And eke that thou no wepen hast in this place,  
Thou shuldest never out of this grove pace,  
That thou ne shuldest dien of min hond.  
For I defie the suretee and the bond,  
Which that thou saist that I have made to thee.  
What ! veray fool, thinke wel that love is free,  
And I wol love hire maugre all thy might.  
But, for thou art a worthy gentil knight,  
And wilnest to darraine hire by bataille,  
Have here my trouth, to-morwe I will not faille,  
Withouten weting of any other wight,  
That here I wol be founden as a knight,  
And bringen harnais right ynough for thee ;  
And chese the beste, and leve the werste for me.  
And mete and drinke this night wol I bring  
Ynough for thee, and clothes for thy bedding.  
And if so be that thou my lady win,  
And sle me in this wode, ther I am in,  
Thou maist wel have thy lady as for me.

This Palamon answerd, I grant it thee.  
And thus they ben departed til a-morwe,  
When eche of hem hath laid his faith to borwe.

O Cupide, out of alle charitee !  
O regne, that wolt no felaw have with thee !  
Ful soth is sayde, that love ne lordship  
Wol nat, his thankes, have no felawship.  
Wel finden that Arcite and Palamon.

Arcite is ridden anon unto the toun,  
And on the morwe, or it were day light,  
Ful prively two harnais hath he dight,  
Both suffisant and mete to darreine  
The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine.  
And on his hors, alone as he was borne,  
He carieth all this harnais him beforne ;  
And in the grove, at time and place ysette,  
This Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.  
The changen gan the colour of hir face.  
Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace  
That stondeth at a gappe with a spere,  
Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,  
And hereth him come rushing in the greves,  
And breking bothe the boughes and the leves,  
And thinketh, here cometh my mortal enemy,  
Withhouten faille, he must be ded or I ;  
For eyther I mote slen him at the gappe ;  
Or he mote slen me, if that me misshappe :  
So ferden they, in changing of hir hewe,  
As fer as eyther of hem ever knewe.  
Ther n'as no good day, ne no saluing,  
But streit withouten wordes rehersing,  
Everich of hem halpe to armen other.  
As frendly, as he were his owen brother.  
And after that, with sharpe speres strong  
They foineden eche at other wonder long.  
Thou mightest wenen, that this Palamon  
In his fighting were as a wood leon,  
And as a cruel tigre was Arcite :  
As wilde bores gan they togeder smite,  
That frothen white as fume for ire wood.  
Up to the ancle foughte they in hir blood.  
And in this wise I let hem fighting dwelle,  
And forth I wol of Theseus you telle.

The destinee, ministre general,  
That executeth in the world oyer al  
The purveiance, that God hath sen beforne ;  
So strong it is, that though the world had sworne  
The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,  
Yet sometime it shall fallen on a day  
That fallett nat effe in a thousand yere.  
For certainly our appetites here,  
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,  
All is this ruled by the sight above.  
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,  
That for to hunten is so desirous,  
And namely at the grete hart in May,  
That in his bed ther daweth him no day,  
That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride  
With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside.  
For in his hunting hath he swiche delite,  
That it is all his joye and appetite  
To ben himself the grete hartes bane,  
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.

Clere was the day, as I have told or this,  
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,  
With his Ipolita, the fayre queene,  
And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,  
On hunting ben they ridden really.  
And to the grove, that stood ther faste by,  
In which ther was an hart as men him told,  
Duk Theseus the streite way hath hold.  
And to the launde he rideth him ful right,  
Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight,  
And over a brooke, and so forth on his wey.  
This duk wol have a cours at him or twey  
With houndes, swiche as him lust to commaunde.  
And when this duk was comen to the launde,  
Under the sonne he loked, and anon  
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,  
That foughten breme, as it were bolles two.  
The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro  
So hideously, that with the leste stroke  
It semed that it wolde telle an oke.  
But what they weren, nothing he ne wote.  
This duk his courser with his spornes snote,  
And at a stert he was betwix hem two,  
And pulled out a swerd and cried, ho !  
No more, up peine of lesing of your hed.  
By mighty Mars, he shal anon be ded,  
That smiteth any stroke, that I may sen.  
But tellethe me what mistere men ye ben,  
That ben so hardy for to fighten here  
Withouten any juge other officers,  
As though it were in listes really.

This Palamon answered hastily,  
And saide : Sire, what nedeth wordes mo ?  
We have the deth deserved bothe two.  
Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives,  
That ben accombred of our owen lives,  
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,  
Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge.  
And sle me first, for seinte charitee.  
But sle my felaw eke as wel as me.  
Or sle him first ; for, though thou know it lite  
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,  
That fro thy lond is banished on his bed,  
For which he hath deserved to be ded.  
For this is he that came unto thy gate  
And sayde, that he lighte Philostrate.  
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere,  
And thou hast maked him thy chief squire,  
And this is he, that loveth Emelie.

For sith the day is come that I shal die

I make plainly my confession,  
That I am thilke woful Palamon,  
That hath thy prison broken wilfully.  
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I  
That loveth so hot Emelie the bright,  
That I wold dien present in hire sight.  
Therefore I axe deth and my jewise.  
But sle my felaw in the same wise,  
For both we have deserved to be slain.

This worthy duk answerd anon again,  
And sayd, This is a short conclusion,  
Your owen mouth, by your confession  
Hath damned you, and I wol it reorde.  
It nedeth not to peine you with the corde.  
Ye shul be ded by mighty Mars the rede.

The quene anon for veray womanhede  
Gan for to wepe, and so did Emelie,  
And all the ladies in the compaignie.  
Gret pite was it, as it thought hem alle,  
That ever swiche a chance shulde befallie.  
For gentil men they were of gret estat,  
And nothing but for love was this debat.  
And sawe hir bloddy woundes wide and sore ;  
And alle criden bothe lesse and more,  
Have mercie, Lord, upon us wimmen alle.  
And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,  
And wold have kist his feet ther as he stood,  
Till at the last, asked was his mood ;  
(For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte)  
And though he first for ire quoke and sterte,  
He hath considered shortly in a clause  
The trespass of hem both, and eke the cause :  
And although that his ire hir gilt accused,  
Yet in his reson he hem both excused,  
As thus ; he thoughte wel that every man  
Wol helpe himself in love if that he can,  
And eke deliver himself out of prison.  
And eke his herte had compassion  
Of wimmen, for they wepten ever in on :  
And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,  
And soft unto himself he sayed : fie  
Upon a lord that wol have no mercie,  
But be a leon both in word and dede,  
To hem that ben in repentance and drede,  
As wel as to a proud dispitous man,  
That wol mainteinen that he first began.  
That lord hath litel of discretion,  
That in swiche cas can no division :  
But weigheth pride and humblesse after on.  
And shortly, whan his ire is thus agon,  
He gan to loken up with eyen light,  
And spake these same wordes all on hight.

The god of love, a! *benedicte*,  
How mighty and how grette a lord is he ?  
Again his might ther gunen non obstacles,  
He may be cleped a God for his miracles.  
For he can maken at his owen gise  
Of everich herte, as that him list devise.

Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,  
That quietly weren out of my prison,  
And might have lived in Thebes really,  
And weten I am hir mortal enemy,  
And that hir deth lith in my might also,  
And yet hath love, maugre hir eyen two,  
Ybrought hem hither bothe for to die.  
Now loketh, is not this an heigh folie ?  
Who maye ben a fool, but if he love ?  
Behold for Goddes sake that sitteth above,  
So how they blede ! be they not wel armed ?  
Thus hath hir lord, the god of love, hem paied

Hir wages, and hir fees for hir service.  
And yet they wenen for to be ful wise,  
That serven love, for ought that may befallie.  
And yet is this the beste game of alle,  
That she, for whom they have this jolite,  
Con hem therefore as mochel thank as me.  
She wot no more of alle this hote fare  
By God, than wot a cuckow or an hare.  
But all mote ben assaied hote or cold ;  
A man mote ben a fool other yonge or old ;  
I wot it by myself ful yore agon :  
For in my time a servant was I on.  
And therfore sith I know of loves peine,  
And wot how sore it can a man destreine,  
As he that oft hath ben caught in his las,  
I you foryeve all holly this trespass,  
At request of the quene that kneleth here,  
And eke of Emelie, my suster dere.  
And ye shul bothe anon unto me swere,  
That never mo ye shul my contree dere,  
Ne maken werre upon me night ne day,  
But ben my frendes in alle that ye may.  
I you foryeve this trespass every del.

And they him sware his axiag fayr and wel,  
And him of lordship and of mercie praid,  
And he hem granted grace, and thus he said :

To speke of real linage and richesse,  
Though that she were a quene or a princesse,  
Eche of you bothe is worthy douteles  
To wedden whan time is, but natheles  
I speke as for my suster Emelie,  
For whom ye have this strif and jalousie,  
Ye wot yourself, she may not wedden two  
At ones, though ye fighten evermo :  
But on of you, al be him loth or lefe,  
He mot gon pipen in an ivy lefe :  
This is to say, she may not have you bothe,  
Al be ye never so jalous, no so wrothe.  
And forthy I you put in this degree,  
That eche of you shall have his destinee,  
As him is shape, and herkneth in what wise ;  
Lo here your ende of that I shal devise.

My will is this for plat conclusion  
Withouten any replication,  
If that you liketh, take it for the beste,  
That everich of you shal gon wher him leste  
Freely withouten raunson or dangere ;  
And this day fifty wekes, ferre ne nere,  
Everich of you shal bring an hundred knyghtes,  
Armed for listes up at alle rightes  
Alle redy to darrein hire by bataille.  
And this belete I you withouten faille  
Upon my trouth, and as I am a knight,  
That whether of you bothe hath that might,  
This is to sayn, that whether he or thou  
May with his hundred, as I spake of now,  
Sle his contrary, or out of listes drive,  
Him shall I yeven Emelie to wive,  
To whom that fortune yeveth so fayr a grace.

The listes shal I maken in this place,  
And God so wisly on my soule rewe,  
As I shal even juge ben, and trewe.  
Ye shal non other ende with me maken  
That on of you ne shal be ded or taken.  
And if you thinketh this is wel ysaid,  
Saith your avis, and holdeth you apaid.  
This is your ende, and your conclusion.  
Who loketh lightly now but Palamon ?  
Who springeth up for joye but Arcite ?  
Who could it tell, or who could it endite,

hat is maked in the place  
 esus hath don so fayre a grace ?  
 on knees went every manere wight,  
 ked him with all hir hertes might,  
 ly these Thebanes, often sith.  
 as with good hope and with herte blith  
 n hir love, and homeward gan they ride  
 s, with his olde walles wide.  
 men woldo deme it negligence,  
 ste to tellen the dispence  
 us, that goth so besily  
 up the listes really,  
 he a noble theatre as it was,  
 d sayn, in all this world ther n'as.  
 site a mile was aboute,  
 f stone, and diche all withoute.  
 as the shape, in manere of a compas  
 grees, the light of sixty pas,  
 n a man was set on o degree  
 not his felaw for to see.  
 ther stood a gate of marbel white,  
 d right swiche another in th' opposito.  
 tly to concluden, swiche a place  
 er in erthe, in so litel a space,  
 e lond ther n'as no craftes man,  
 metrie, or arsmotrike can,  
 siour, ne kerver of images,  
 seus ne yat him mete and wages  
 tre for to maken and devise,  
 or to don his rite and sacrifice,  
 rd hath upon the gate above,  
 ip of Venus goddesses of love,  
 re an auter and an oratorie ;  
 tward in the minde and in memorie  
 he maked hath right swiche another,  
 te largely of gold a fother.  
 thward, in a touret on the wall,  
 stre white and red corall  
 rie riche for to see,  
 ip of Diane of chastitee,  
 esus don wrought in noble wise.  
 t had I foryeten to devise  
 le kerving, and the portreitures,  
 pe, the contenance of the figures  
 ren in these oratories three.  
 in the temple of Venus maist thou see  
 t on the wall, ful pitous to beholde,  
 ken slepes, and the sikkes colde,  
 red teres, and the waimentiuges,  
 strokes of the desiringes,  
 res servants in this lif enduren ;  
 es, that hir covenants assuren.  
 e and hope, desire, foolhardinesse,  
 and youthe, baudrie and richesse,  
 s and force, lesinges and flaterie,  
 e, besinesse, and jalousie,  
 red of yelwe goldes a gerlond,  
 ide a cuckow sitting on hire hond,  
 instruments, and caroles and dances,  
 d array, and all the circumstances  
 which that I reken and reken shall,  
 e weren peinted on the wall,  
 e than I can make of mention.  
 hly all the mount of Citheron,  
 enus hath hire principal dwelling,  
 ewed on the wall in purtreying,  
 ll the gardin, and the lustinesse,  
 was foryeten the portor idelnesse,  
 cissus the fayre of yore agon,  
 the folie of king Salomon,

Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules,  
 Th' enchantment of Medea and Circes,  
 Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage.  
 The riche Cresus caitit in servage.  
 Thus may ye seen, that wisdom ne richesse,  
 Beaute ne sleighte, strengthe ne hardinesse,  
 Ne may with Venus holden champartie,  
 For as hire liste the world may she gte.  
 Lo, all these folk so caught were in hire las  
 Til they for wo ful often said alas.  
 Sufficeth here ensamples on or two,  
 And yet I coude reken a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus glorious for to see  
 Was naked fleting in the large see,  
 And fro the navel down all covered was  
 With waves grene, and bright as any glas.  
 A citole in hire right hand hadde she,  
 And on hire hed, ful semely for to see,  
 A rose gerlond fresch, and wel smelling,  
 Above hire hed hire doves flockering.  
 Before hire stood hire sone Cupido,  
 Upon his shoulders winges had he two ;  
 And blind he was, as it is often sene ;  
 A bow he bare and arwes bright and kene.

Why shulde I not as wel eke tell you all  
 The purtreiture, that was upon the wall  
 Within the temple of mighty Mars the rede ?  
 All peinted was the wall in length and brede  
 Like to the estres of the grisly place,  
 That highte the gret temple of Mars in Trace,  
 In thilke colde and frosty region,  
 Ther as Mars hath his soveraine mansion.

First on the wall was peinted a forest,  
 In which ther wonneth neyther man ne best,  
 With knotty knarry barrein trees old  
 Of stubbes sharpe and lidous to behold ;  
 In which ther ran a rombe and a swough,  
 As though a storme shuld bresten every bough  
 And downward from an hill under a bent,  
 Ther stood the temple of Mars armipotent,  
 Wrought all of burned stele, of which th' entree  
 Was longe and streite, and gastly for to see.  
 And therout came a rage and swiche a rise,  
 That it made alle the gates for to rise.  
 The northern light in at the dore shone,  
 For window on the wall ne was ther none,  
 Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne.  
 The dore was all of athlammant eterne,  
 Yclenchod overthwart and endelong  
 With yren tough, and for to make it strong,  
 Every piler the temple to sustene  
 Was toune-gret, of yren bright and shene.

Ther saw I first the derke imagining  
 Of felonie, and alle the compassing ;  
 The cruel ire, red as any gleden,  
 The pikepurse, and eke the pale drede ;  
 The smiler with the knif under the cloke,  
 The shepen branning with the blake smoke ;  
 The treson of the mording in the bedde,  
 The open werre, with woundes all hebledde ;  
 Conteke with bloody knif, and sharp manace.  
 All full of chirkung was that sory place.  
 The sleer of himself yet saw I there,  
 His herte-blood bathed all his hero :  
 The naile ydriven in the shode on hight,  
 The colde deeth, with mouth gaping upright.  
 Amiddes of the temple sate mischance,  
 With discomfort and sory contenance.  
 Yet saw I woodnesse laughing in his rage,  
 Armed complaint, outheus, and fiers outrage ;

The carraïne in the bush, with throte ycorven,  
A thousand slain, and not of qualme ystorven;  
The tirant, with the prey by force yraft;  
The toun destroyed, ther was nothing laft.  
Yet saw I brent the shippes hoppesteres,  
The hunte ystrangled with the wilde beres:  
The sow fretting the child right in the cradel;  
The coke yscalled, for all his long ladel.  
Nought was foryete by th' infortune of Marte  
The carter overriden with his carte;  
Under the wheel ful low he lay adoun.

Ther were also of Martes division,  
Thi' armerer, and the bowyer, and the smith,  
That forgoth sharpe swerdes on his stith.  
And all above depeinted in a tour  
Saw I conquest, sitting in gret honour,  
With thilke sharpe swerd over his hed  
Yhanging by a subtil twined thred.  
Depeinted was the slaughter of Julius,  
Of gret Nero, and of Antonius:  
All be that thilke time they were unborne,  
Yet was hir deth depeinted therbeforene,  
By manacing of Mars, right by figure,  
So was it shewed in that putreiture  
As is depeinted in the cercles above,  
Who shal be slaine or elles ded for love.  
Sufficeth on ensample in stories olde,  
I may not reken hem alle, though I wolde.

The statue of Mars upon a carte stood  
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood,  
And over his hed ther shinen two figures  
Of sterres, that ben cleped in scriptures,  
That on Puella, that other Rubens.  
This god of armes was armed thus:  
A wolf ther stood beforen him at his fete  
With eyen red, and of a man he ete:  
With subtil pensil painted was this storie,  
In redouting of Mars and of his glorie.

Now to the temple of Diane the chaste  
As shortly as I can I wol me haste,  
To tellen you of the descripcioun,  
Depeinted by the walles up and doun,  
Of hunting and of shamefast chastitee.  
Ther saw I how woful Calistope,  
Whan that Diane agreved was with here,  
Was turned from a woman til a bere,  
And after was she made the lodesterre:  
Thus was it peinted, I can say no ferre;  
Hire sone is eke a sterre as men may see.  
Ther saw I Dane yturned til a tree,  
I mene not hire the goddesse Diane,  
But Peneus daughter, which that lighte Dane.  
Ther saw I Atteon an hart ymaked,  
For vengeance that he saw Diane all naked:  
I saw how that his houndes have him caught,  
And freten him, for that they knew him naught.  
Yet peinted was a litel forthermore,  
How Athalante hunted the wilde bore,  
And Meleagre, and many another mo,  
For which Diane wroughte hem care and wo.  
Ther saw I many another wonder storic,  
The which me liste not drawn to memorie.

This goddessse on an hart ful heyte sete,  
With smale houndes all aboute hire fete,  
And underne the hire feet she hadde a mone,  
Wexing it was, and shulde wanen sone.  
In gaudy grene hire statue clothed was,  
With bow in hond, and arwes in a cas.  
Hire eyen caste she ful low adoun,  
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.

A woman travailing was hire beforen,  
But for hire child so longe was unborne  
Ful pitously Lucina gan she call,  
And said: helpe, for thou mayst beste of all.  
Wel coude he peinten lify that it wrought,  
With many a florein he the hewes bought.

Now ben these listes made, and Theseus  
That at his grete cost arraied thus  
The temples, and the theatre everidel,  
Whan it was don, him liked wonder wel.  
But stint I wol of Theseus a lite,  
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approceth of hir returning,  
That everich shuld an hundred knightes bring,  
The bataille to darreine, as I you told;  
And til Athenes, hir covenant for to hold,  
Hath everich of hem brought an hundred knightes  
Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.  
And sikerly ther trowed many a man,  
That never, sithen that the world began,  
As for to speke of knighthood of hir hond,  
As fer as God hath maked see and lond,  
N'as, of so fewe, so noble a compaignie.  
For every wight that loved chevalrie,  
And wold, his thankes, han a passant name,  
Hath praied, that he might ben of that game,  
And wel was him, that therto chosen was.  
For if ther fell to-morwe swiche a cas,  
Ye knownen wel, that every lusty knight,  
That loveth *par amour*, and hath his might,  
Were it in Englelond, or elleswher,  
They wold, hir thankes, willen to be thei.  
To fight for a lady, a *! benedicite*,  
It were a lusty sighte for to se.

And right so ferden they with Palamon.  
With him ther wenten knightes many on.  
Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,  
And in a brest plate, and in a gipon;  
And som wol have a pair of plates large;  
And som wol have a Puce shield, or a targe;  
Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,  
And have an axe, and som a mace of stele.  
Ther n'is no newe guise, that it n'as old.  
Armed they weren, as I have you told,  
Everich after his opinion.

Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon  
Licurge himself, the grete king of Trace:  
Blake was his berd, and manly was his face.  
The cercles of his eyen in his hed  
They gloweden betwixen yelve and red,  
And like a griffon loked he about,  
With kemped heres on his browes stout;  
His limmes gret, his braunes hard and stronge,  
His shouldres brode, his armes round and longe  
And as the guise was in his contree,  
Ful high upon a char of gold stood he,  
With foure white bolles in the trais.  
Instede of cote-armure on his harnais,  
With nayles yelve, and bright as any gold,  
He hadde a beres skin, cole-blake for old.  
His longe here was kempt behind his bak,  
As any ravenes fether it shone for blake.  
A wreth of gold arm-gret, of huge weight,  
Upon his hed sate ful of stones bright,  
Of fine rubins and of diamants.  
About his char ther wenten white alauns,  
Twenty and mo, as gret as any stee,  
To huntun at the leon or the dere,  
And folwed him, with mosel fath ybound,  
Colored with gold, and torettes filed round.

An hundred lordes had he in his route  
Armed full wel, with hertes sterne and stoute.

With Arcita, in stories as men find,  
The gret Emetrius the king of Inde,  
Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,  
Covered with cloth of gold diapred wele,  
Came riding like the god of armes Mars.  
His cote-armure was of a cloth of Tars,  
Couched with perles, white, and round and grete.  
His sadel was of brent gold new ybete;  
A mantelet upon his shouldres hanging  
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling.  
His criske here like ringes was yronne,  
And that was yelwe, and glitered as the sonne.  
His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,  
His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,  
A fewe fraknes in his face yspreint,  
Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint,  
And as a leon he his looking caste.  
Of five and twenty yere his ago I caste.  
His berd was wel begonnen for to spring;  
His vois was as a trompe thundering.  
Upon his hed he wered of laurer grene  
A gerlond fresshe and lusty for to sene.  
Upon his hond he bare for his deduit  
An egles tawe, as any lily whit.  
An hundred lordes had he with him there,  
All armed save hir hedes in all hir gere,  
Ful richely in alle manere thinges.  
For trusteth wel, that erles, dukes, kinges  
Were gathered in this noble compaignie,  
For love, and for encesse of chevalrie.  
About this king ther ran on every part  
Ful many a tame leon and leopart.

And in this wise, these lordes all and some  
Ben on the Sonday to the citee come  
Abouten prime, and in the toun alight.

This Theseus, this duk, this worthy knight,  
Whan he had brought hem into his citee,  
And inned hem, everich at his degree,  
He festeth hem, and doth so gret labour  
To esen hem, and don hem all honour,  
That yet men wenen that no mannes wit  
Of non estat ne coud amenden it.  
The minstralcie, the service at the feste,  
The grete yeftes to the most and leste,  
The riche array of Theseus paleis,  
No who sate first ne last upon the deis,  
What ladies fayrest ben or best dancing,  
Or which of hem can carole best or sing,  
Ne who most felingly speketh of love;  
What haukes sitten on the perche above,  
What houndes ligen on the floor adoun,  
Of all this now make I no mentioun;  
But of the effect; that thinketh me the beste;  
Now cometh the point, and herkeneth if you leste.

The Sonday night, or day began to spring,  
Whan Palamon the larke herde sing,  
Although it n'ere not day by houres two,  
Yet sang the larke, and Palamon right tho  
With holy herte, and with an high corage  
He rose, to wenden on his pilgrimage  
Unto the blisful Citherea benigne,  
I mene Venus, honourable and digne.  
And in hire houre, he walketh forth a pas,  
Unto the listes, ther hire temple was,  
And doun he kneleth, and with humble chere  
And herte sore, he sayde as ye shul here.

Fayrest of fayre, o lady min Venus,  
Daughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcanus,

Thou glader of the mount of Citheron,  
For thilke love thou haddest to Adon  
Have pitee on my bitter teres smert,  
And take myn humble praiere at thin herte.

Alas! I ne have no langage to tell  
The effecte, ne the torment of min hell;  
Min herte may min harmes not bewrey;  
I am so confuse, that I cannot say.  
But mercy, lady bright, that knowest wele  
My thought, and seest what harmes that I fele,  
Consider all this, and rue upon my sore,  
As wisly as I shall for evermore,  
Emforth my might, thy trewe servant be,  
And holden werre alway with chastite:  
That make I min avow, so ye me helpe.  
I kepe nought of armes for to yelpe,  
Ne axe I nat to-morwe to have victorie,  
Ne renoun in this cas, ne vaine glorie  
Of pris of armes, blowen up and doun,  
But I wold have fully possessioun  
Of Emelie, and die in hire servise;  
Find thou the manere how, and in what wise.  
I rekke not, but it may better be,  
To have victorie of hem, or they of me,  
So that I have my lady in min armes.  
For though so be that Mars is god of armes,  
Your vertue is so grete in heaven above,  
That if you liste, I shal wel have my love.  
Thy temple wol I worship evermo,  
And on thin auter, wher I ride or go,  
I wol don sacrifice, and fires bete.  
And if ye wol not so, my lady swete,  
Than pray I you, to-morwe with a spere  
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere.  
Than rekke I not, whan I have lost my lif,  
Though that Arcita win hire to his wif.  
This is the effecte and ende of my praiere;  
Yeve me my love, thou blisful lady dere.

Whan the orison was don of Palamon,  
His sacrifice he did, and that anon,  
Ful pitously, with alle circumstances,  
All tell I not as now his observances.  
But at the last the statue of Venus shoke,  
And made a signe, whereby that he toke,  
That his praiere accepted was that day.  
For though the signe shewed a delay,  
Yet wist he wel that granted was his bone;  
And with glad herte he went him home ful sone.

The thridde houre inequal that Palamon  
Began to Venus temple for to gon,  
Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie,  
And to the temple of Diane gan hie.  
Hire maydens, that she thider with hire ladde,  
Ful redily with hem the fire they hadde,  
Th' encense, the clothes, and the remenant all,  
That to the sacrifice longen shall.

The hornes ful of mede, as was the gise,  
Ther lakked nought to don hire sacrifice.  
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes fayre,  
This Emelie with herte debonaire  
Hire body wesshe with water of a well.  
But how she did hire rite I dare not tell;  
But it be any thing in general;  
And yet it were a game to heren all;  
To him that meneth wel it n'ere no charge  
But it is good a man to ben at large.  
Hire bright here kembd was, untressed all.  
A coroune of a grene oke cerial  
Upon hire hed was set ful fayre and mete.  
Two fires on the auter gan she bete,

And did hire thinges, as men may behold  
In *State of Thebes*, and these boke old.

Whan kindled was the fire, with pitous chere  
Unto *Diane* she spake, as ye may here.

O chaste goddess of the wodes grene,  
To whom both heven and erthe and see is sene,  
Queene of the regne of *Pluto*, derke and lowe,  
Goddesse of maydens, that min herte hast knowe  
Ful many a yere, and wost what I desire,  
As kepe me fro thy vengeance and thin ire,  
That *Atteon* aboute cruelly :

Chaste goddess, wel votest thou that I  
Desire to ben a mayden all my lif,  
Ne never wol I be no love no wif.

I am (thou wost) yet of thy compaignie,  
A mayde, and love hunting and vencierie,  
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,  
And not to ben a wif, and be with childe.  
Nought wol I knowen compaignie of man.  
Now helpe me, lady, sith ye may and can,  
For tho three formes that thou hast in thee.  
And *Palamon*, that hath swiche love to me,  
And eke *Arcite*, that loveth me so sore,  
This grace I praie thee withouten more,  
As sende love and pees betwix hem two :

And fro me turne away hir hertes so,  
That all hir hote love, and hir desire,  
And all hir bry torment, and hir fire  
Be queinte, or torned in another place.  
And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,  
Or if my destinee be shapen so,  
That I shall nedes have on of hem two,  
As sende me him that most desireth me.

Behold, goddess of clene chastite,  
The bitter teres, that on my chekes fall.  
Sin thou art mayde, and keper of us all,  
My maydenhed thou kepe and wel conserve,  
And while I live, a mayde I wol thee serve.

The fires brenne upon the auter clere,  
While *Emelie* was thus in hire praier :  
But sodenly she saw a sighte queinte.  
For right anon on of the fires queinte,  
And quiked again, and after that anon  
That other fire was queinte, and all agon :  
And as it queinte, it made a whisteling.  
As don these brondes wet in hir brenning.  
And at the brondes ende outtran anon  
As it were bloddy dropes many on :  
For which so sore agast was *Emelie*,  
That she was wel neigh mad, and gan to crie.  
For she ne wiste what it signified ;  
But only for the fere thus she cried,  
And wept, that it was pitee for to here.

And therewithall *Diane* gan appere  
With bowe in hond, right as an hunteresse  
And sayde ; daughter, stint thin hevynesse.  
Among the goddes highe it is affirmed,  
And by eterne word written and confermed,  
Thou shalt be wedded unto on of tho,  
That han for thee so mochel care and wo :  
But unto which of hem I may not tell.  
Farewel, for here I may no longer dwell.  
The fires which that on min auter brenne,  
Shal thee declaren er that thou go henne,  
Thin aventure of love, as in this cas.

And with that word, the arwes in the cas  
Of the goddess clatteren fast and ring,  
And forth she went, and made a vanishing,  
For which this *Emelie* astonied was,  
And sayde ; what amounteth this, alas !

I putte me in thy protection,  
*Diane*, and in thy disposition.  
And home she goth anon the nexte way.  
This is the effecte, ther n'is no more to say.

The nexte houre of *Mars* folowing this  
*Arcite* unto the temple walked is  
Of fierce *Mars*, to don his sacrifice  
With all the rites of his payen wise.  
With pitous herte and high devotion,  
Right thus to *Mars* he sayde his orison.

O stronge god, that in the regnes cold  
Of *Trace* honoured art, and lord yhold,  
And hast in every regne and every lond  
Of armes all the bridel in thin hond,  
And hem fortunest as thee list devise,  
Accept of me my pitous sacrifice.

If so be that my youthe may deserve,  
And that my might be worthy for to serve  
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of tume,  
Than praie I thee to rewe upon my pine,  
For thilke peine, and thilke hote fire,  
In which thou whilom brendest for desire  
Whanne that thou usedest the beautee  
Of fayre yonge *Venus*, freshe and free,  
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille :  
Although thee ones on a time misfille,  
Whan *Vulcanus* had caught thee in his las,  
And fond the ligging by his wif, alas !  
For thilke sorwe that was tho in thin herte,  
Have reuthe as wel upon my peines smerte.

I am yonge and unkonning, as thou wost,  
And, as I trow, with love offended most,  
That ever was ony lives creature :  
For she, that doth me all this wo endure,  
Ne receth never, whether I sinke or flete.  
And wel I wot, or she me mercy hete,  
I moste with strengthe win hire in the place :  
And wel I wot, withouten helpe or grace  
Of thee, ne may my strengthe not availle :  
Than helpe me, lord, to-morwe in my bataille,  
For thilke fire that whilom brenned thee,  
As wel as that this fire now brenneth me ;  
And do, that I to-morwe may han victorie.  
Min be the travaille, and thin be the glorie.  
Thy sovaine temple wol I most honouren  
Of ony place, and alway most labouron  
In thy plesance and in thy craftes strong.  
And in thy temple I wol my baner hong,  
And all the armes of my compaignie,  
And evermore, until that day I die,  
Eterne fire I wol beforne thee finde,  
And eke to this arow I wol me binde.  
My berd, my here that hangeth long adoun,  
That never yet felt non offension  
Of rasour ne of shere, I wol thee yeve,  
And ben thy trewe servant while I live.  
Now, lord, have reuthe upon my sorwes sore,  
Yeve me the victorie, I axe thee no more.

The praier stint of *Arcite* the stronge,  
The ringes on the temple dore that hong,  
And eke the dores clattereden ful faste,  
Of which *Arcite* somwhat him agaste.  
The fires brent upon the auter bright,  
That it gan all the temple for to light ;  
A swete smell anon the ground up yaf,  
And *Arcite* anon his hond up haf,  
And more encense into the fire he cast,  
With other rites mo, and at the last  
The statue of *Mars* began his hauberke ring ;  
And with that soun he herd a murmuring

Ful low and dim, that sayde thus, Victorie.  
For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.

And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,  
Arcite anon unto his inne is fare,  
As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne.

And right anon swiche strif thier is begonne  
For thilke granting, in the heven above,  
Betwixen Venus the goddesse of love,  
And Mars the sterne god armipotent,  
That Jupiter was besy it to stent :  
Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,  
That knew so many of adventures olde,  
Fond in his olde experience and art,  
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.  
As sooth is sayd, elde hath gret advantage,  
In elde is bothe wisdom and usage :  
Men may the old out-renne, but not out-rede.

Saturne anon, to stenten strif and drede,  
Al be it that it is again his kind,  
Of all this strif he gan a remedy find.

My dere daughter Venus, quod Saturne,  
My cours, that hath so wide for to turne,  
Hath more power than wot any man.  
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,  
Min is the prison in the derke cote,  
Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte,  
The murmure, and the charles rebelling,  
The groynng, and the prive empoysoning.  
I do vengeance and pleine correction,  
Whiloe I dwell in the signe of the leon.

Min is the ruine of the highe halles,  
The falling of the toures and of the walles  
Upon the minour, or the carpenter :  
I slew Sampson in shaking the piler.  
Min ben also the maladies colde,  
The derke tresons, and the castes olde :  
My loking is the fader of pestilence.  
Now wepe no more, I shal do diligence,  
That Palamon, that is thin owen knight,  
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.  
Though Mars shal help his knight yet natheles.  
Betwixen you ther mot somtime be pees :  
All be ye not of o complexion,  
That causeth all day swiche division.  
I am thin ayel, redy at thy will ;  
Wepe now no more, I shal thy lust fulfill.

Now wol I stenten of the goddess above,  
Of Mars, and of Venus goddesse of love,  
And tellen you as plainly as I can  
The gret effect, for which that I began.

Gret was the feste in Athenes thilke day,  
And eke the lusty seson of that May  
Made every wight to ben in swiche plesance,  
That all that monday justen they and dance,  
And spenden it in Venus highe servise.  
But by the cause that they shulden rise  
Erlly a-morwe for to seen the fight,  
Unto hir reste wenten they at night.  
And on the morwe whan the day gan spring,  
Of hors and harnais noise and clattering  
Ther was in the hostelrys all aboute :  
And to the paleis rode ther many a route  
Of lordes, upon stedes and palfreis.

Ther mayst thou see devising of harnais  
So uncouth and so riche, and wrought so wele  
Of goldsmithy, of brouding, and of stele ;  
The sheldes brighte, testeres, and trappures ;  
Gold-heven helmes, hauberkes, cote-armures ;  
Lordes in parementes on hir courseres,  
Knightes of retenue, and eke squieres,

Nailing the speres, and helmes bokeling,  
Gniding of sheldes, with liners lacing ;  
Ther as nede is, they weren nothing idel .  
The fomy stedes on the golden bridel  
Gnawing, and fast the armureres also  
With file and hammer priking to and fro ;  
Yemen on foot, and communes many on  
With shorte staves, thicke as they may gon ;  
Pipes, trompes, nakeres, and clariounes,  
That in the bataille blowne bloody sounes ;  
The paleis ful of peple up and doun,  
Here three, ther ten, holding hir questioun,  
Devinng of these Theban knightes two.  
Som sayden thus, som sayde it shal be so ;  
Som helden with him with the blacke herd,  
Som with the balled, som with the thik herd ,  
Som saide he loked grim, and wolde fighte :  
He hath a sparth of twenty pound of wighte.

Thus was the halle ful of devining  
Long after that the sonne gan up spring.  
The gret Thescus that of his slepe is waked  
With minstralcie and noise that was naked,  
Held yet the chambre of his paleis riche,  
Til that the Theban knightes bothe yliche  
Honoured were, and to the paleis lette.

Duk Theseus is at a window sette,  
Araied right as he were a god in trone :  
The peple preseth thidderward ful sone  
Him for to seen, and don high reverence,  
And eke to herken his heste and his sentence.

An hernud on a scaffold made an o,  
Til that the noise of the peple was ydo :  
And whan he saw the peple of noise all still,  
Thus shewed he the mighty dukes will.

The lord hath of his high discretion  
Considered, that it were destruction  
To gentil blood, to fighten in the gise  
Of mortal bataille now in this emprise :  
Wherefore to shapen that they shul not die,  
He wol his firste purpos modifie.

No man therefore, up peine of losse of lif,  
No maner shot, ne pollax, ne short knif  
Into the listes send, or thidor bring.  
Ne short sward for to stike with point biting  
No man ne draw, ne bere it by his side.  
Ne no man shal unto his felaw ride  
But o cours, with a sharpe ygrounden spere :  
Foin if him list on foot, himself to were.  
And he that is at meschief, shal be take,  
And not slaine, but be brought unto the stake,  
That shal ben ordeined on eyther side,  
Thider he shal by force, and ther abide.  
And if so fall, the chevetaun be take  
On eyther side, or elles sleth his make,  
No longer shal the tourneyng ylast.  
God spede you ; goth forth and lay on fast.  
With longe sward and with mase fighteth your til  
Goth now your way ; this is the lordes will.

The vois of the peple touched to the heven,  
So loude crieden they with mery steven :  
God save swiche a lord that is so good,  
He wilneth no destruction of blood.

Up gon the trompes and the melodie,  
And to the listes rit the compaignie  
By ordnance, thurghout the cite large,  
Hanged with cloth of gold, and not with sarge.  
Ful like a lord this noble duk gan ride,  
And these two Thebans upon eyther side :  
And after rode the quene and Emelie,  
And after that another compaignie



Of on and other, after hir degree.

And thus they passen thurghout the citee,  
And to the listes comen they be time :  
It n'as not of the day yet fully prime.

When set was Theseus ful rich and hie,  
Ipolita the queene, and Emelie,  
And other ladies in degrees aboute,  
Unto the setes preseth all the route.  
And westward, thurgh the gates under Mart,  
Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,  
With baner red, is entred right anon ;  
And in the selve moment Palamon  
Is, under Venus, estward in the place,  
With baner white, and hardy chere and face.  
In all the world, to seken up and down,  
So even without variatioun.

Ther n'ere swiche compaignies never twey.  
For ther was non so wise that coude sey,  
That any hadde of other avantage  
Of worthinesse, ne of estat, ne age,  
So even were they chosen for to gesse.  
And in two reneges fayre they hem dresse.  
Whan that hir names red were everich on,  
That in hir nombre gile were ther non,  
Tho were the gates shette, and cried was loude ;  
Do now your devoir, yonge knyghtes proude.

The heraudes left hir priking up and down.  
Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun.  
Ther is no more to say, but est and west  
In gon the speres sadly in the rest ;  
In goth the sharpe spore into the side.  
Ther see men who can juste, and who can ride.  
Ther shiveren shaftes upon sheldes thicke ;  
He foleth thurgh the herte-sponge the pricke.  
Up springen speres twenty foot on highte ;  
Out gon the swerdes as the silver brighte.  
The helmes they to-hewen, and to-shrede ;  
Out brest the blod, with sterne stremes rede.  
With mighty maces the bones they to-breste.  
He thurgh the thickest of the throng gan threste.  
Ther stombien stedes strong, and down goth all.  
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball.  
He foineth on his foo with a tronchoun,  
And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun.  
He thurgh the body is hurt, and sith ytake  
Maugre his hed, and brought unto the stake,  
As forword was, right ther he must abide.  
Another lad is on that other side.

And somtime doth hem Theseus to rest,  
Hem to refresh, and drinken if hem lest.  
Ful oft a day han thilke Thebanes two  
Togeder met, and wrought eche other wo :  
Unhorsed hath eche other of hem twey.  
Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,  
Whan that hire whelpes is stole, whan it is lite,  
So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite  
For jalous herte upon this Palamon :  
Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell leon,  
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,  
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,  
As Palamon to sleen his foo Arcite.  
The jalous strokes on hir helmes bite ;  
Out renneeth blood on both hir sides rede.

Somtime an ende ther is of every dede.  
For er the sonne unto the reste went,  
The stronge king Emetrius gan hent  
This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,  
And made his sward depe in his flesh to bite.  
And by the force of twenty is he take  
Unyolden, and ydrawen to the stake.

And in the rescous of this Palamon  
The stronge king Licurge is borne adoun :  
And king Emetrius for all his strengthe  
Is borne out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe,  
So hitte him Palamon or he were take :  
But all for nought, he was brought to the stake .  
His hardy herte might him helpen naught,  
He moste abiden, whan that he was caught,  
By force, and eke by composition.

Who sorweth now but woful Palamon ?  
That moste no more gon again to fight.  
And whan that Theseus had seen that sight,  
Unto the folk that foughten thus eche on,  
He cried, ho ! no more, for it is don.  
I wol be trewe juge, and not partie.  
Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelie,  
That by his fortune hath hire fayre ywonne.

Anon ther is a noise of peple begonne  
For joye of this, so loud and high withall,  
It semed that the listes shulden fall.

What can now fayre Venus don above ?  
What saith she now ? what doth this queene of love  
But wepeth so, for wanting of hire will,  
Til that hire teres in the listes fill :  
She sayde : I am ashamed doutelees.

Saturnus sayde : Daughter, hold thy pees.  
Mars hath his will, his knight hath all his bone,  
And by min hed thou shalt ben esed sone.

The trompours with the loude minstrealie,  
The heraudes, that so loude yell and orie,  
Ben in hir joye for wele of Dan Arcite.  
But herkeneth me, and stenteth noise a lite,  
Whiche a miracle ther befell anon.

This fierce Arcite hath of his helme ydon,  
And on a courser for to shew his face  
He prikeith endeloug the large place,  
Loking upward upon this Emelie ;  
And she again him cast a frendlich eye,  
(For women, as to speken in commune,  
They folwen all the favour of fortune)  
And was all his in chere, as his in herte.  
Out of the ground a fury infernal sterte,  
From Pluto sent, at requeste of Saturne,  
For which his hors for fere gan to turne,  
And lepte aside, and foundred as he lepe :  
And er that Arcite may take any kepe,  
He piglt him on the pomel of his hed,  
That in the place he lay as he were ded,  
His brest to-brosten with his sadel bow.  
As blake he lay as any cole or crow,  
So was the blood yronnen in his face.

Anon he was yborne out of the place  
With herte sore, to Theseus prelis.  
Tho was he corven out of his harnois,  
And in a bed ybrought ful fayre and blive,  
For he was yet in memorie, and live,  
And alway crying after Emelie.

Duk Theseus, with all his compaignie,  
Is comen home to Athenes his citee,  
With alle blisse and gret solempnite.  
Al be it that this aventure was falle,  
He n'olde not discomforten hem alle.  
Men sayden eke, that Arcite shal not die,  
He shal ben heled of his maladie.  
And of another thing they were as fayn,  
That of hem alle was ther non yslain,  
Al were they sore yhurt, and namely on,  
That with a spere was thirled his brest bone.  
To other woundes, and to broken armes,  
Som hadden salves, and som hadden clarmes :

And fermacies of herbes, and eke save  
 They dronken, for they wold hir lives have.  
 For which this noble duk, as he wel can,  
 Comforteth and honoureth every man,  
 And made revel all the longe night,  
 'Into the strange lordes, as was right.  
 Ne ther n'as holden no discomfoting,  
 But as at justes or a tourneying;  
 For sothly ther n'as no discomfiture,  
 For falling n'is not but an aventure.  
 Ne to be lad by force unto a stake  
 Unyolden, and with twenty knyghtes take,  
 O person all alone, withouten mo,  
 And haried forth by armes, foot, and too,  
 And eke his stede driven forth with staves,  
 With footmen, bothe yemen and eke knaves,  
 It was arettyd him no vilanie:  
 Ther may no man clepen it cowardie.  
 For which anon duk Theseus let crie,  
 To stenten alle rancour and envie,  
 The gree as well of o side as of other,  
 And eyther side ylike, as others brother:  
 And yave hem giftes after hir degree,  
 And helde a feste fully dayes three:  
 And conveyed the kinges worthily  
 Out of his toun a journee largely.  
 And home went every man the righte way,  
 Ther n'as no more, but farewel, have good day.  
 Of this bataille I wol no more endite,  
 But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swellleth the brest of Arcite, and the sore  
 Encreseth at his herte more and more.  
 The clotered blood, for any leche-craft,  
 Corrupteth, and is in his bouke ylaft,  
 That neyther veine-blood, ne ventousing,  
 Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helping.  
 The vertue expulsiſ, or animal,  
 Fro thilke vertue cleped natural,  
 Ne may the venime volden, ne expell.  
 The pipes of his longes can to swell,  
 And every lacerte in his brest adoun  
 Is shent with venime and corruptioun.  
 Him gaineth neyther, for to get his lif,  
 Vomit upward, ne dounward laxatif;  
 All is to-brosten thilke region;  
 Nature hath now no domination.  
 And certainly ther nature wol not werche,  
 Farewel physike; go bere the man to cherche.  
 This is all and som, that Arcite moste die.  
 For which he sendeth after Emelie,  
 And Palamon, that was his cosin dere.  
 Than sayd he thus, as ye shuln after here.

Nought may the woful spirit in myn herte  
 Declare o point of all my sorwes smerte  
 To you, my lady, that I love most;  
 But I bequethe the service of my gost  
 'To you aboven every creature,  
 Sin that my lif ne may no lenger dure.

Alas the wo! alas the peines stronge,  
 That I for you have suffered, and so longe!  
 Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!  
 Alas departing of our compaignie!  
 Alas min hertes quene! alas my wif!  
 Min hertes lady, ender of my lif!  
 What is this world? what axen men to have?  
 Now with his love, now in his colde grave  
 Alone withouten any compaignie.  
 Farewel my swete, farewel min Emelie,  
 And softe take me in your armes tway,  
 For love of God, and herkeneth what I sey.

I have here with my cosin Palamon  
 Had strif and rancour many a day agon  
 For love of you, and for my jalousie.  
 And Jupiter so wis my soule gie,  
 To speken of a servant proprely,  
 With alle circumstances trewely,  
 That is to sayn, trouth, honour, and knighthede  
 Wisdom, humblesse, estat, and high kinrede.  
 Fredom, and all that longeth to that art,  
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,  
 As in this world right now ne know I non,  
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,  
 That serveth you, and wol don all his lif.  
 And if that ever ye shal ben a wif,  
 Foryeten not Palamon, the gentil man.

And with that word his speche faille began.  
 For from his feet up to his brest was come  
 The cold of deth, that had him overnome.  
 And yet moreover in his armes two  
 The vital strength is lost, and all ago.  
 Only the intellect, withouten more,  
 That dwelled in his herte sike and sore,  
 Gan failen, whan the herte felte deth;  
 Dusked his eyen two, and failled his breth.  
 But on his lady yet cast he his eye;  
 His laste word was; Mercy, Emelie!  
 His spirit changed hous, and wente ther,  
 As I came never I cannot tellen wher.  
 Therefore I stent, I am no divinistre;  
 Of soules find I not in this registre.  
 Ne me lust not th' opinions to telle  
 Of hem, though that they written wher they dwelle.  
 Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gie.  
 Now wol I speken forth of Emelie.

Shright Emelie, and houlethe Palamon,  
 And Theseus his sister toke anon  
 Swouning, and bare hire from the corps away.  
 What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,  
 To tellen how she wep both even and morwe?  
 For in swiche cas wimmen have swiche sorwe,  
 Whan that hir housbonds ben fro hem ago,  
 That for the more part they sorwen so,  
 Or elles fallen in swiche maladie,  
 That atte laste certainly they die.

Infinite ben the sorwes and the teres  
 Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres,  
 In all the toun for deth of this Theban:  
 For him ther wepeth bothe childe and man.  
 So gret a weping was ther non certain,  
 Whan Hector was ybrought, all fresh yslein  
 To Troy, alas! the pitee that was there,  
 Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.  
 Why woldest thou be ded? these women crie,  
 And haddest gold ynough, and Emelie.

No man might gladen this duk Theseus,  
 Saving his olde fader Egeus,  
 That knew this worldes transmutatioun,  
 As he had seen it chaungen up and doun,  
 Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse;  
 And shewed him ensample and likenesse.

Right as ther died never man (quod he)  
 That he ne lived in erthe in som degree,  
 Right so ther lived never man (he seyde)  
 In all this world, that sometime he ne deyde.  
 This world n'is but a thurghfare ful of wo,  
 And we ben pilgrimes, passing to and fro:  
 Deth is an end of every worldes sore.

And over all this yet said he mochel more  
 To this effect, ful wisely to enhort  
 The peple, that they shuld hem recomfort.

Duk Theseus with all his besy cure  
 He casteth now, wher that the sepulture  
 Of good Arcite may best ymaked be,  
 And eke most honourable in his degree.  
 And at the last he toke conclusion,  
 That ther as first Arcite and Palamon  
 Hadden for love the bataille hem betwene,  
 That in that selve grove, sote and grene,  
 Ther as he hadde his amorous desires,  
 His complaint, and for love his hote fires,  
 He wolde make a fire, in which the office  
 Of funeral he might all accomprise;  
 And lete anon commande to hack and hewe  
 The okes old, and lay hem on a rew  
 In culpons, wel araied for to brenne.  
 His officers with swift feet they reme  
 And ride anon at his commandement.  
 And after this, this Theseus hath sent  
 After a bere, and it all overspradde  
 With cloth of gold, the richest that he hadde;  
 And of the same sut he cladde Arcite.  
 Upon his hondes were his gloves white,  
 Eke on his hed a croune of laurer grene,  
 And in his hond a sword ful bright and kene.  
 He laid him bare the visage on the bere,  
 Therwith he wept that pitee was to here.  
 And for the peple shulde seen him alle,  
 Whan it was day he brought him to the hall;  
 That roreth of the crying and the soun.  
 Tho came this woful Theban Palamon  
 With flotery berd, and rugged assly heres,  
 In clothes blake, ydropped all with teres,  
 And (passing over of weping Emelie)  
 The reufullest of all the compaignie.

And in as much as the service shuld be  
 The more noble and riche in his degree,  
 Duk Theseus let forth three stedes bring,  
 That trapped were in stele all glittering,  
 And covered with the armes of Dau Arcite.  
 And eke upon these stedes gret and white  
 Ther saten folk, of which on bare his shield,  
 Another his spere up in his hondes held;  
 The thridde bare with him his bow Turkeis,  
 Of brent gold was the cas and the harnais:  
 And riden forth a pas with sorweful chere  
 Toward the grove, as ye shul after here.

The noblest of the Grekes that ther were  
 Upon hir shuldres carrieden the bere,  
 With slake pas, and eyen red and wete,  
 Thurghout the citee, by the maister strete,  
 That sprad was all with black, and wonder he  
 Right of the same is all the strete ywrie.  
 Upon the right hand went olde Egous,  
 And on that other side duk Theseus,  
 With vessels in hir hond of gold ful fine,  
 All ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wine;  
 Eke Palamon, with ful gret compaignie:  
 And after that came woful Emelie,  
 With fire in hond, as was that time the gise.  
 To don the office of funeral service.

High labour, and ful gret apparailing  
 Was at the service of that fire making,  
 That with his grene top the heven raught,  
 And twenty fadom of brede the armes straight:  
 This is to sain, the boughes were so brode.  
 Of stre first ther was laied many a lode.

But how the fire was maked up on highte  
 And eke the names how the trees lighte,  
 As oke, fir, birch, aspe, alder, holm, poplere,  
 Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chesten, lind, laurere,

Maple, thorn, beche, hasel, ew, whiptre,  
 How they were feld, shal not be told for me;  
 Ne how the goddes rannen up and doun  
 Disherited of hir habitatioun,  
 In which they woneden in rest and pees,  
 Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadriades;  
 Ne how the bestes, and the briddes alle  
 Fleden for fere, whan the wood gan falle,  
 Ne how the ground agast was of the light,  
 That was not wont to see the sounne bright;  
 Ne how the fire was couched first with stre,  
 And than with drie stickes cloven a-thre,  
 And than with grene wood and spicerie,  
 And than with cloth of gold and with perrie,  
 And gerlonds hanging with ful many a flour,  
 The mirre, th'encense also with swete odour;  
 Ne how Arcite lay among all this,  
 Ne what richeshe about his body is;  
 Ne how that Emelie, as was the gise,  
 Put in the fire of funeral service;  
 Ne how she swouned whan she made the fire,  
 Ne what she spake, ne what was hir desire;  
 Ne what jewelles men in the fire caste,  
 Whan that the fire was gret and brente faste;  
 Ne how som cast hir shield, and som hir spere,  
 And of hir vestimentes, which they were,  
 And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,  
 Into the fire, that brent as it were wood;  
 Ne how the Grekes with a huge route  
 Three times riden all the fire aboute  
 Upon the left hond, with a loud shouting,  
 And thries with hir speres clatering;  
 And thries how the ladies gan to crie;  
 Ne how that led was homeward Emelie;  
 Ne how Arcite is brent to ashen cold;  
 Ne how theliche wake was yhold  
 All thilke night, ne how the Grekes play.  
 The wake-plays ne kepe I not to say:  
 Who wrestled best naked, with oile enoint,  
 Ne who that bare him best in no disjount.  
 I wold not tellen eke how they all gon  
 Home til Athenes whan the play is don;  
 But shortly to the point now wol I wende,  
 And maken of my longe tale an ende.

By processe and by lengthe of certain yeres  
 All stenten is the mourning and the teres  
 Of Grekes, by on general assent.  
 Than semeth me ther was a parlement  
 At Athenes, upon certain points and cas:  
 Amonges the which points yspoken was  
 To have with certain contrées alliance,  
 And have of Thebanes fully obeisance.  
 For which this noble Theseus anon  
 Let senden after gentil Palamon,  
 Unwist of him, what was the cause and why:  
 But in his blacke clothes sorwefully  
 He came at his commandement on lue;  
 Tho sente Theseus for Emelie.

Whan they were set, and husht was at the place,  
 And Theseus abiden hath a space,  
 Or any word came from his wise brest  
 His eyen set he ther as was his lest,  
 And with a sad visage he siked still,  
 And after that right thus he sayd his will.  
 The firste mover of the cause above  
 Whan he firste made the fayre chaine of love,  
 Gret was th'effect, and high was his entent;  
 Wel wist he why, and what therof he ment:  
 For with that fayre chaine of love he bond  
 The fire, the air, the watre, and the lond

In certain bondes, that they may not flee :  
 That same prince and mover eke (quod he)  
 Hath stablishit, in this wretched world adoun,  
 Certain of dayes and duration  
 To all that are engendred in this place,  
 Over the which day they ne mow not pace,  
 Al mow they yet dayes wel abrege.  
 Ther nedeth non autoritee allege,\*  
 For it is preved by experience,  
 But that me lust declaren my sentence.  
 Than may men by this ordre wel discernen,  
 That thilke mover stable is and eterne.  
 Wel may men knowen, but it be a fool,  
 That every part deriveth from his hool.  
 For nature hath not taken his beginning  
 Of no partie ne candel of a thing,  
 But of a thing that parfit is and stable,  
 Descending so, til it be corruptible.  
 And therefore of his wise purveyance  
 He hath so wel beset his ordinance,  
 That spesces of thinges and progressions  
 Shullen enduren by successions,  
 And not eterne, withouten any lie :  
 This maigest thou understand and seen at eye.  
 Lo the oke, that hath so long a norishing  
 Fro the time that it ginneth first to spring,  
 And hath so long a lif, as ye may see,  
 Yet at the laste wasted is the tree.  
 Considereth eke, how that the harde stone  
 Under our feet, on which we trede and gon,  
 It wasteth, as it lieth by the way.  
 The brode river somtime wexeth drey.  
 The grete tounes see we wane and wende.  
 Than may ye see that all thing hath an ende.  
 Of man and woman see we wel also,  
 That nedes in on of the termes two,  
 That is to sayn, in youthe or elles age,  
 He mote be ded, the king as shall a page ;  
 Som in his bed, som in the depe see,  
 Som in the large feld, as ye may see :  
 Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilke way :  
 Than may I sayn that alle thing mote dey.  
 What maketh this but Jupiter the king ?  
 The which is prince, and cause of alle thing,  
 Converting alle unto his propre wille,  
 From which it is derived, soth to telle.  
 And here-againes no creature on live  
 Of no degree availleth for to strive.  
 Than is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,  
 To maken vertue of necessite,  
 And take it wel, that we may not eschewe,  
 And namely that to us all is dewe.  
 And who so grutcheth ought, he doth folie,  
 And rebel is to him that all may gie.  
 And certainly a man hath most honour  
 To dien in his excellence and flour,  
 Whan he is siker of his goode name.  
 Than hath he don his frend, ne him, no shame .

And glader ought his frend ben of his deth,  
 Whan with honour is yolden up his beth,  
 Than whan his name appalled is for age ;  
 For all forgetten is his vassallage.  
 Than is it best, as for a worthy fame,  
 To dien whan a man is best of name.  
 The contrary of all this is wilfulness.  
 Why grutchen we ? why have we hevinesse,  
 That good Arcite, of chivalry the flour,  
 Departed is, with dutee and honour,  
 Out of this foule prison of this lif ?  
 Why grutchen here his cosin and his wif  
 Of his welfare, that loven him so wel ?  
 Can he hem thank ? nay, God wot, never a del,  
 That both his soule, and eke himself offend,  
 And yet they mow hir lustes not amend.

What may I conclude of this longe serie,  
 But after sorwe I rede us to be merie,  
 And thanken Jupiter of all his grace.  
 And er that we departen from this place,  
 I rede that we make of sorwes two  
 O parfit joye lasting evermo :  
 And loketh now wher most sorwe is herein,  
 Ther wol I firste amenden and begin.

Sister, (quod he) this is my full assent,  
 With all th'avis here of my parlement,  
 That gentil Palamon, your owen knight,  
 That serveth you with will, and herte, and migh  
 And ever hath don, sin ye first him knew,  
 That ye shall of your grace upon him rew,  
 And taken him for husband and for lord :  
 Lene me your hand, for this is our accord.

Let see now of your womanly pitee.  
 He is a kinges brothers sone pardee,  
 And though he were a poure bachelere,  
 Sin he hath served you so many a yere,  
 And had for you so gret adversite,  
 It mooste ben considered, leveth me.  
 For gentil mercy oweth to passen right.

Than sayd he thus to Palamon the knight ;  
 I trow ther nedeth litel sermoning  
 To maken you assenten to this thing.  
 Cometh ner, and take your lady by the hond.

Between hem was makid anon the bond,  
 That highte matrimoine or mariage,  
 By all the conseil of the baronage.  
 And thus with alle blisse and melodie  
 Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie.  
 And God that all this wide world hath wrought,  
 Send him his love, that hath it dere ybought.  
 For now is Palamon in alle welo,  
 Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hele,  
 And Emelie him loveth so tendrely,  
 And he hire serveth al so gentilly,  
 That never was ther no word hem betwene  
 Of jalousie, ne of non other tene.

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie ;  
 And God save all this fayre compaignie.

## THE MILLERES TALE.

## THE MILLERES PROLOGUE.

WHAN that the Knight had thus his tale told,  
In all the compaignie n'as ther yong ne old,  
That he ne said it was a noble storie,  
And worthy to be drawn to memorie ;  
And namely the gentiles everich on.  
Our Hoste lough and swore, So mote I gon,  
This goth aright ; unboked is the male ;  
Let see now who shal tell another tale :  
For trewely this game is wel begonne.  
Now telleth ye, sire Monk, if that ye conne,  
Somwhat, to quiten with the knightes tale.

The Miller that for-dronken was all pale.  
So that unethes upon his hors he sat,  
He n'old avalen neither hood ne hat,  
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,  
But in Pilates vois he gan to crie,  
And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones,  
I can a noble tale for the nones,  
With which I wol now quite the knightes tale.

Our Hoste saw that he was dronken of ale,  
And sayd ; abide, Robin, my leve brother,  
Som better man shall tell us first another :  
Abide, and let us werken thriftily.

By Goddes soule (quod he) that wol not I,  
For I wol speke, or elles go my way.

Our Hoste answerd ; Tell on a devil way ;  
Thou art a fool ; thy wit is overcome.

Now herkeneth, quod the Miller, all and some :  
But first I make a protestacioun,  
That I am dronke, I know it by my soun :  
And therefore if that I missepe or say,  
Wite it the ale of Southwerk, I you pray :  
For I wol tell a legend and a lif  
Both of a carpenter and of his wif,  
How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe.

The Reve answerd and saide, Stint thy clappe.  
Let be thy lewed dronken harlotrie.  
It is a sinne, and eke a gret folie  
To apeiren any man, or him defame,  
And eke to bringen wives in swiche a name.  
Thou mayst ynough of other thinges sain.

This dronken Miller spake ful sone again,  
And sayde ; Leve brother Osewold,  
Who hath no wif, he is no cokewold.  
But I say not therefore that thou art on ;  
Ther ben ful goode wives many on.  
Why art thou augry with my tale now ?  
I have a wif parde as wel as thou,  
Yet n'olde I, for the oxen in my plough,  
Taken upon me more than ynough  
As demen of myself that I am on ;  
I wol beleven wel that I am non.  
An husband shuld not ben inquisitif  
Of Goddes privite, ne of his wif.  
So he may finden Goddes foison there,  
Of the remezant nedeth not to enquire.

What shuld I more say, but this Millere  
He n'olde his wordes for no man forbere,

But told his cherles tale in his manere,  
Me thinketh, that I shal reherse it here.  
And therefore every gentil wight I pray,  
For Goddes love as deme not that I say  
Of evil entent, but that I mote reherse  
Hir tales alle, al be they better or werse,  
Or elles falsen som of my matere.  
And therefore who so list it not to here,  
Turne over the leef, and chese another tale,  
For he shal find ynow bothe gret and smale,  
Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,  
And eke moralite, and holinesse.  
Blameth not me, if that ye chese amis.  
The Miller is a cherl, ye know wel this,  
So was the Reve, (and many other mo)  
And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.  
Aviseth you now, and put me out of blame  
And eke men shuld not make earnest of game.

## THE MILLERES TALE.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Oxenforde  
A riche gnof, that gestes helde to borde,  
And of his craft he was a carpenter.  
With him ther was dwelling a poure scoler,  
Had lerned art, but all his fantasie  
Was turned for to lerne astrologie,  
And coude a certain of conclusions  
To demen by interrogacions,  
If that men asked him in certain houres,  
Whan that menshulde have drougt or ellesshoures  
Or if men asked him what shulde falle  
Of every thing, I may not reken alle.

This clerk was cleped hendy Nicholas ;  
Of derne love he coude and of solas ;  
And therto he was slie and ful prive,  
And like a maiden meke for to se.  
A chambre had he in that hostellerie  
Alone, withouten any compaignie,  
Ful fetisly ydight with herbes sote,  
And he himself was swete as is the rote  
Of licoris, or any setewale.

His almageste, and bokes gret and smale,  
His astrelabre, longing for his art,  
His augrim stones, layen faire apart  
On shelves couched at his beddes hed,  
His presse ycovered with a falding red.  
And all above ther lay a gay sautrie,  
On which he made on nightes melodie,  
So swetely, that all the chambre rong :  
And *Angelus ad virginem* he song.  
And after that he song the kinges note ;  
Ful often blessed was his mery throte.  
And thus this swete clerk his time spent  
After his frendes finding and his rent.

This carpenter had wedded new a wif,  
Which that he loved more than his lif :  
Of eightene yere she was I gesse of age.  
Jalous he was, and held hire narwe in cage,

For she was wild and yonge, and he was old,  
 And demed himself belike a cokewold.  
 He knew not Caton, for his wit was rude,  
 That bade a man shulde wedde his similitude.  
 Men shulden wedden after hir estate,  
 For youthe and elde is often at debate.  
 But sitthen he was fallen in the snare,  
 He most endure (as other folk) his care.

Fayre was this yonge wif, and therewithal  
 As any wesel hire body gent and smal.  
 A seint she wered, barred all of silk,  
 A barne-cloth eke as whito as morwe milk  
 Upon hire lendes, ful of many a gore.  
 White was hire smok, and brouded all before  
 And eke behind on hire colere aboute  
 Of cole-black silk, within and eke withoute.  
 The tapes of hire white volupere  
 Were of the same suit of hire colere ;  
 Hire fillet brode of silk, and set ful hie :  
 And sikerly she had a likerous eye.  
 Ful smal ypullid were hire browes two,  
 And they were bent, and black as any slo.  
 She was wel more blisful on to see  
 Than is the newe perjenete tree ;  
 And softer than the wolle is of a wether.

And by hire girdel heng a purse of lether,  
 Tasseled with silk, and perled with latoun.  
 In all this world to seken up and doun  
 Ther n'is no man so wise, that coude thenche  
 So gay a popelot, or swiche a venche.  
 Ful brighter was the shining of hire hewe,  
 Than in the tour the noble yforged newe.  
 But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne,  
 As any swalow sitting on a berne  
 Thereto she coude skip, and make a game,  
 As any kid or calf following his dame.  
 Hire mouth was swote as braket or the meth,  
 Or hord of apples, laid in hay or heth.  
 Winsing she was, as is a joly colt,  
 Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.  
 A broche she bare upon hire low colere,  
 As brode as is the bosse of a bokelere.  
 Hire shoon were laced on hire legges hie ;  
 She was a primerole, a piggesnie,  
 For any lord to ligen in his bedde,  
 Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.

Now sire, and eft sire, so befell the cas,  
 That on a day this hendy Nicholas  
 Fel with this yonge wif to rage and pleye,  
 While that hire husband was at Oseney,  
 As clerkes ben ful subtil and ful quaint  
 And prively he caught hire by the quaint,  
 And sayde : Ywis, but if I have my will,  
 For derne love of thee, lemman, I spill.  
 And helde hire faste by the hanche bones,  
 And sayde ; Lemman, love me wel at ones,  
 Or I wol dien, al so God me save

And she sprong as a colt doth in the trave :  
 And with hire hed she writhed faste away,  
 And sayde : I wol not kisse thee by thy way.  
 Why let be, (quod she) let be, Nicholas,  
 Or I wol erie out harow and alas.  
 Do way your hondes for your curtesie.

This Nicholas gan mercy for to erie,  
 And spake so faire, and profered him so fast,  
 That she hire love him granted at the last,  
 And swore hire oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,  
 That she wold ben at his commandement,  
 Whan that she may hire leiser wel espie.  
 Myr. husband is so ful of jalousie,

That but ye waiten wel, and be prive,  
 I vot right wel I n'am but ded, quod she.  
 Ye mosten be ful derne as in this cas.

Nay, therof care you not, quod Nicholas :  
 A clerk had litherly beset his while,  
 But if he coude a carpenter begile.  
 And thus they were accorded and ysworne  
 To waite a time, as I have said before.  
 Whan Nicholas had don thus every del,  
 And thacked hire about the lendes wel,  
 He kissed hire swete, and taketh his sautrie,  
 And plaith fast, and maketh melodie.

Than fell it thus, that to the parish cherche  
 (Of Cristes owen werkes for to werche)  
 This good wif went upon a holy day :  
 Hire forehed shone as bright as any day,  
 So was it washen, whan she lete hire werk.

Now was ther of that chirche a parish clerk,  
 The which that was ycleped Absolon.  
 Crulle was his here, and as the gold it shon,  
 And strouted as a fanne large and brode ;  
 Ful streight and even lay his joly shode.  
 His rode was red, his eyen grey as goos,  
 With Poules windowes corven on his shoos.  
 In hosen red he went ful fetisly.  
 Yclad he was ful smal and properly.  
 All in a kirtel of a light waget ;  
 Ful faire and thicke ben the pointes set.  
 And therupon he had a gay surplise,  
 As white as is the blosme upon the rise.

A mery child he was, so God me save ;  
 Wel coude he leten blod, and clippe, and shave,  
 And make a chartre of lond, and a quittance.  
 In twenty manere coude he trip and dance,  
 (After the scole of Oxenforde tho)  
 And with his legges casten to and fro ;  
 And playen songs on a smal ribble ;  
 Therto he song somtime a loud quinkle.  
 And as wel coude he play on a giterne.  
 In all the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne,  
 That he ne visited with his solas,  
 Ther as that any gaillard tapstere was.  
 But soth to say he was somdel squamous  
 Of farting, and of speche dangerous.

This Absolon, that joly was and gay,  
 Goth with a censer on the holy day,  
 Censing the wives of the parish faste ;  
 And many a lovely loke he on hem caste,  
 And namely on this carpenteres wif :  
 To loke on hire him thought a mery lif.  
 She was so propre, and swete, and likerous.  
 I dare wel sain, if she had ben a mous,  
 And he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon.

This parish clerk, this joly Absolon,  
 Hath in his herte swiche a love-longing,  
 That of no wif toke he non offering ;  
 For curtesie, he sayd, he n'olde non.

The moone at night ful clere and brighte shon  
 And Absolon his giterne hath ytake,  
 For paramours he thoughte for to wake.  
 And forth he goth, jolif and amorous,  
 Til he came to the carpenteres bous,  
 A litel after the cockes had ycrow,  
 And dressed him up by a shot window,  
 That was upon the carpenteres wal.  
 He singoth in his vois gentil and smal ;  
 Now, dere lady,—if thy wille be,  
 I pray you that ye—wol rowe on me ;  
 Ful wel accordant to his giterning.

This carpenter awoke, and herd him sing,

And spake unto his wif, and said anon,  
 What, Alison, heres thou not Absolon,  
 That chanteth thus under our boures wal?  
 And she answerd hire husband therewithal;  
 Yes, God wot, John, I here him every del.

This passeth forth; what wol ye bet than wol?  
 Fro day to day this joly Absolon  
 So loveth hire, that him is wo-begon.  
 He waketh all the night, and all the day,  
 He kembeth his lockes brode, and made him gay.  
 He woeth hire by menes and brocage,  
 And swore he wolde ben hire owen page.  
 He singeth brokking as a nightingale.  
 He sent hire pinnes, methes, and spiced ale,  
 And wafres piping hot out of the glode;  
 And for she was of toun, he profered mede.  
 For som folk wol he women for richesse,  
 And som for strokes, and som with gentillesse.

Somtime to shew his lightnesse and maistrise  
 He plaieth Herode on a scaffold hie  
 But what availleth him as in this cas?  
 So loveth she this hendy Nicholas,  
 That Absolon may blow the buckes horne:  
 He ne had for his labour but a scorne.  
 And thus she maketh Absolon hire ape,  
 And all his earnest tourneth to a jape.  
 Ful soth is this proverbe, it is no lie;  
 Men say right thus alway; the neighe slie  
 Maketh oft time the fer leef to be lothe.  
 For though that Absolon be wood or wrothe,  
 Because that he fer was from hire sight,  
 This neighe Absolon stood in his light.

Now bere thee wel, thou hendy Nicholas,  
 For Absolon may waile and sing alas.

And so befell that on a Saturday,  
 This carpenter was gon to Osenay,  
 And hendy Nicholas and Alison  
 Accorded ben to this conclusion,  
 That Nicholas shal shapen him a wile  
 This sely jealous husband to begile;  
 And if so were the game went aright,  
 She shuld slepe in his armes alle night,  
 For this was hire desire and his also.  
 And right anon, withouten wordes mo,  
 This Nicholas no lenger wolde tarie,  
 But doth ful soft unto his chambre carie  
 Both mate and drinke for a day or twey.  
 And to hire husbond bad hire for to sey,  
 If that he axed after Nicholas,  
 She shulde say, she n'iste not wher he was;  
 Of all the day she saw him not with eye.  
 She trowed he was in som maladie,  
 For for no erie hire maiden coud him calle  
 He n'ulde answer, for nothing that might falle.

Thus passeth forth all thilke Saturday,  
 That Nicholas still in his chambre lay,  
 And ate, and slept, and dide what him list  
 Til Sunday, that the sonne goth to rest.

This sely carpenter hath gret mervaille  
 Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,  
 And said; I am adrad by Seint Thomas  
 It stendeth not aright with Nicholas:  
 God shilde that he died sodely.  
 This world is now ful tikel sikely.  
 I saw to-day a corps yborne to cherche,  
 That now on Monday last I saw him werche

Go up (quod he unto his knave) anon,  
 Clepe at his dore, or knocke with a ston:  
 Loke how it is, and tell me boldly.

This knave goth him up ful sturdoly,

And at the chambre dore while that he stood,  
 He criod and knocked as that he were wood:  
 What how? what do ye, maister Nicholas?  
 How may ye slepen all the longe day?  
 But all for nought, he herde not a word.  
 An hole he fond ful low upon the bord,  
 Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe,  
 And at that hole he looked in ful depe,  
 And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ever gaping upright,  
 As he had kyked on the newe mone.

Adoun he goth, and telleth his maister some,  
 In what array he saw this ilke man.

This carpenter to blissen him began,  
 And said; Now helpe us Seinte Fridoswide.  
 A man wote litel what shal him betide.  
 This man is fallen with his astronomie  
 In som woodnesse or in som agonie.  
 I thought ay wel how that it shulde be.  
 Men shulde not knowe of Goddes privetee.  
 Ya blessed be alway a lewed man,  
 That nought but only his beleve can.  
 So ferd another clerk with astronomie;  
 He walked in the feldees for to prie  
 Upon the sterres, what ther shuld befall,  
 Til he was in a marlepit; falle.  
 He saw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas  
 Me reweth sore of hendy Nicholas:  
 He shal be rated of his studying,  
 If that I may, by Jesus heven king.

Get me a staf, that I may underspore  
 While that thou, Robin, hevest of the dore:  
 He shal out of his studying, as I gesse.  
 And to the chambre dore he gan him dresse.  
 His knave was a strong carl for the mones,  
 And by the haspe he haf it of at ones;  
 Into the flore the dore fell anon.

This Nicholas sat ay as stille as ston,  
 And ever he gaped upward into the eire.

This carpenter wend he were in despoire,  
 And hent him by the shuldres mightily,  
 And shoke him hard, and criod spytously;  
 What, Nicholas? what how man? loke adoun:  
 Awake, and thinke on Cristes passioun.  
 I crouche thee from elves, and from wighetes.  
 Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes,  
 On foure halves of the hous aboute,  
 And on the threswold of the dore withoute.  
 Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,  
 Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,  
 Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noster;  
 Wher wonest thou Seint Peters suster?

And at the last this hendy Nicholas  
 Gan for to siken sore, and said; Alas!  
 Shal all the world be lost eftsones now?

This carpenter answered; What saiest thou?  
 What? thinke on God, as we do, men that swinke.

This Nicholas answered; Fetch me a drinke;  
 And after wol I speke in privetee  
 Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:  
 I wol tell it non other man certain.

This carpenter goth doun, and cometh again,  
 And brought of mighty ale a large quart;  
 And whan that ech of hem had drunken his part,  
 This Nicholas his dore faste shette,  
 And doun the carpenter by him he sette,  
 And saide; John, min hoste lefe and dere,  
 Thou shalt upon thy trouthe swere me here,  
 That to no wight thou shalt my conseil wrey:  
 For it is Cristes conseil that I say,

And if thou tell it man, thou art forlore :  
For this vengeance thou shalt have therfore,  
That if thou wreye me, thou shalt be wood.

Nay, Crist forbode it for his holy blood,  
Quod tho this sely man ; I am no labbe,  
No though I say it, I nam not lefe to gabbe.  
Say what thou wolt, I shal it never telle  
To child ne wif, by him that harwed helle.

Now, John, (quod Nicholas) I wol not lie,  
I have yfounded in min astrologie,  
As I have loked in the moone bright,  
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,  
shal fall a rain, and that so wild and wood  
That half so gret was never Noes flood.

His world (he said) is lesse than in an houre  
shal al be dreit, so hidous is the shoure :  
Thus shal mankind drenche, and lese hir lif.

This carpenter answerd ; Alas my wif !  
And shal she drenche ? alas min Alisoun !  
I or sorwe of this he fell almost adoun,  
And said ; Is ther no remedy in this cas ?

Why yes, for God, quod hendy Nicholas ;  
If thou wolt werken after lore and rde ;  
Thou maist not werken after thin owen hede.  
For thou saith Salomon, that was ful trewe ;  
Werke all by conseil, and thou shalt not rewe.  
And if thou werken wolt by good conseil,  
I undertake, withouten mast or seyl,  
Yet shal I saven hire, and thee and me.  
Hast thou not herd how saved was Noe,  
Whan that our Lord had warnid him beforne,  
That al the world with water shuld be lorne ?

Yes, (quod this carpenter) ful yore ago.

Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also  
The sorwe of Noe with his fellowship,  
Or that he might get his wif to ship ?  
Him had be lever I dare wel undertake,  
At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,  
That she had had a ship hireself alone.  
And therfore wost thou what is best to done ?  
This axeth hast, and of an hastif thing  
Men may not preche and maken taryng.  
Anon go get us fast into this in  
A kneding trough or elles a kemelyn,  
For eche of us ; but loke that they ben large,  
In which we mowen swimme as in a barge :  
And have therin vitaille suffisant  
But for a day ; fie on the remenant ;  
The water shall aslake and gon away  
Abouten prime upon the nexte day.  
But Robin may not wete of this, thy knave,  
Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not save :  
Axe not why : for though thou axe me,  
I wol not tellen Goddes privetee.

Sufficeth thee, but if thy wittes madde,  
To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde.  
Thy wif shal I wel saven out of doute.  
Go now thy way, and spede thee hereabout.

But whan thou hast for hire, and thee, and me,  
Ygeten us these kneding tubbes thre,  
Than shalt thou hang hem in the roof ful hie,  
That no man of our purveyance espie :  
And whan thou hast don thus as I have said,  
And hast our vitaille faire in hern ymaid,  
And eke an axe to smite the cord a-two  
Whan that the water cometh, that we may go,  
And breke an hole on high upon the gable  
Unto the gardin ward, over the stable,  
That we may frely passen forth our way,  
Whan that the grette shoure is gon away.

Than shal thou swim as mery, I undertake,  
As doth the white doke after hire drake :  
Than wol I clepe, How Alisoun, how John,  
Be mery : for the flood wol passe anon.  
And thou wolt sain, Haile maister Nicholay,  
Good morwe, I see thee wel, for it is day.  
And than shall we be lordes all our lif  
Of all the world, as Noe and his wif.  
But of o thing I warne thee ful right,  
Be wel avised on that ilke night,  
That we ben entred into shippes bord,  
That non of us ne speke not o word,  
Ne clepe ne crie, but be in his priere,  
For it is Goddes owen heste dere.

Thy wif and thou moste hangen for a-twinn,  
For that betwixen you shal be no siune,  
No more in loking than ther shal in dede.  
This ordinance is said ; go, God thee spede.  
To-morwe at night, whan men ben all aslepe,  
Into our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,  
And sitten ther, abiding Goddes grace.  
Go now thy way, I have no lenger space  
To make of this no lenger sermoning :  
Men sain thus : send the wise, and say nothing :  
Thou art so wise, it nedeth thee nought teche.  
Go, save our lives, and that I thee beseeche.

This sely carpenter goth forth his way,  
Ful oft he said alas, and wala wa,  
And to his wif he told his privetee,  
And she was ware, and knew it bet than he  
What all this quente cast was for to sey.  
But natheles she ferde as she wold dey,  
And said ; Alas ! go forth thy way anon.  
Helpe us to scape, or we be dede eche on.  
I am thy trewe veray wedded wif ;  
Go, dere sponse, and helpe to save our lif.

Lo, what a gret thing is affection,  
Men may die of imagination,  
So depe may impression be take.  
This sely carpenter beginneth quake :  
Him thinketh veraily that he may see  
Noes flood comen walwing as the see  
To drenchen Alisoun, his hony dere.  
He wepeth, waileth, maketh sory chere ;  
He siketh, with ful many a sory sough.  
He goth, and geteth him a kneding trough,  
And after a tubbe, and a kemelyn,  
And prively he sent hem to his in :  
And heng hem in the roof in privetee.  
His owen hond than made he ladders three,  
To climben by the renges and the stalkes  
Unto the tubbes honging in the balkes ;  
And vitailled bothe kemelyn, trough and tubbe,  
With bred and chese, and good ale in a jubbe,  
Sufficing right ynow as for a day.

But er that he had made all this array,  
He sent his knave, and eke his wenche also  
Upon his nede to London for to go.  
And on the Monday, whan it drew to night,  
He shette his dore, withouten candel light,  
And dressed all thing as it shulde bee.  
And shortly up they clomben alle three.  
They sitten stille wel a furlong way.  
Now, *Pater noster*, clum, said Nicholay,  
And clum, quod John, and clum, said Alisoun :  
This carpenter said his devotion,  
And still he sit, and biddeth his priere,  
Awaiting on the rain, if he it here.  
The dede slepe, for very besinesse,  
Fell on this carpenter, right as I gesse,



Abouten curfew-time, or litel more.  
 For travaille of his gost he groneth sore,  
 And eft he routeth, for his hed mislay.  
 Doun of the ladder stalketh Nicholay,  
 And Alison ful soft adoun hire spedde.  
 Withouten wordes mo they went to bedde,  
 Ther as the carpenter was wont to lie;  
 Ther was the revel, and the melodie.  
 And thus lith Alison, and Nicholas,  
 In besinesse of mirth and in solas,  
 Til that the bell of *laudes* gan to ring,  
 And freres in the chancel gon to sing.

This parish clerk, this amorous Absolon,  
 That is for love alway so wo-begon,  
 Upon the Monday was at Osenay  
 With compaignie, him to disport and play;  
 And asked upon cas a cloisterer  
 Ful prively after John the carpenter;  
 And he drew him apart out of the churche.  
 He said, I n'ot; I saw him not here wirche  
 Sith Saturday; I trow that he be went  
 For timbre, ther our abbot hath him sent.  
 For he is wont for timbre for to go,  
 And dwellen at the Grange a day or two:  
 Or elles he is at his hous certain.  
 Wher that he be, I cannot sothly sain.

This Absolon ful joly was and light,  
 And thoughte, now is time to wake al night,  
 For sikerly, I saw him nat stiring  
 About his dore, sin day began to spring.  
 So mote I thrive, I shal at cokkes crow  
 Ful prively go knocke at his window,  
 That stant ful low upon his boures wall:  
 To Alison wol I now tellen all  
 My love-longing; for yet I shal not misse,  
 That at the leste way I shal hire kisse.  
 Some maner comfort shal I have parfay,  
 My mouth hath itched all this longe day:  
 That is a signe of kissing at the leste.  
 All night me mette eke, I was at a feste.  
 Therefore I wol go slepe an houre or twey,  
 And all the night than wol I wake and play.

Whan that the firste cock hath crowe, anon  
 Up rist this joly lover Absolon,  
 And him arayeth gay, at point devise.  
 But first he cheweth grein and licorise,  
 To smellen sote, or he had spoke with here.  
 Under his tonge a trewe love he bere,  
 For therby wend he to ben gracios.  
 He cometh to the carpenteres hous,  
 And still he stant under the shot window;  
 Unto his brest it raught, it was so low;  
 And soft he cougheth with a semisoun.

What do ye honeycombe, swete Alison?  
 My faire burd, my swete sinamome,  
 Awaketh, lemman min, and speketh to me.  
 Ful litel thinken ye upon my wo,  
 That for your love I swete ther as I go.  
 No wonder is though that I swelte and swete.  
 I mourne as doth a lamb after the tete.  
 Ywis, lemman, I have swiche love-longing,  
 That like a turtel trewe is my mourning.  
 I may not ete no more than a maid.

Go fro the window, jacke fool, she said:  
 As helpe me God, it wol not be, compame,  
 I love another, or elles I were to blame,  
 Wel bet than thee by Jesu, Absolon.  
 Go forth thy way, or I wol cast a ston;  
 And let me slepe; a twenty divel way.

Alas! (quod Absolon) and wala wa!

That trewe love was ever so yvel besette:  
 Than kisse me, sin that it may be no bette,  
 For Jesus love, and for the love of me.

Wilt thou than go thy way therwith? quod she.  
 Ya certes, lemman, quod this Absolon.

Than make thee redy, (quod she) I come anon.

This Absolon doun set him on his knees,  
 And saide; I am a lord at all degrees:  
 For after this I hope ther cometh more;  
 Lemman, thy grace, and, swete burd, thyn ore.

The window she undoth, and that in haste.  
 Have don, (quod she) come of, and spede thee  
 faste,

Lest that our neighebores thee espie

This Absolon gan wipe his mouth ful drie.  
 Derke was the night, as pitch or as the cole,  
 And at the window she put out hire hole,  
 And Absolon him felle ne bet ne wers,  
 But with his mouth he kist hire naked ers  
 Ful savorly, er he was ware of this.

Abak he sterte, and thought it was amis,  
 For wel he wist a woman hath no berd.  
 He felt a thing all rowe, and long yherd,  
 And saide; fy, alas! what have I do?

Te he, quod she, and clapt the window to;  
 And Absolon goth forth a sorry pas.

A berd, a berd, said hendy Nicholas;  
 By goddes *corpus*, this goth faire and wel.

This sely Absolon herd every del,  
 And on his lippe he gan for anger bite;  
 And to himself he said, I shal thee quite.  
 Who rubbeth now, who froteth now his lippes  
 With dust, with sond, with straw, with cloth, with  
 chippes,

But Absolon? that saith full oft, alas!  
 My soule betake I unto Sathanas,  
 But me were lever than all this toun (quod he)  
 Of this despit awroken for to be.  
 Alas! alas! that I ne had yblent.

His hote love is cold, and all yqueint.  
 For fro that time that he had kist hire ers,  
 Of paramours ne raught he not a kers,  
 For he was heled of his maladie;  
 Ful often paramours he gan defie,  
 And wepe as doth a child that is ybete.  
 A softe pas he went him over the strete  
 Until a smith, men callen dan Gerveis,  
 That in his forge smithed plow-harneys;  
 He sharpeth share and cultre besly.  
 This Absolon knocketh all esily,  
 And said; Undo, Gerveis, and that anon.

What, who art thou? It am I Absolon.  
 What? Absolon, what? Cristes swete tre,  
 Why rise ye so rath? *ey beneduite*,  
 What eileth you? some gay girle, God it wote,  
 Hath brought you thus upon the viretote:  
 By Seint Neote, ye wote wel what I mene.

This Absolon ne raughte not a bene  
 Of all his play; no word again he yaf.  
 He hadde more tawe on his distaf  
 Than Gerveis knew, and saide; Frend so dere,  
 That hote culter in the cheminee here  
 As lenne it me, I have therwith to don:  
 I wol it bring again to thee ful sone.

Gerveis answered; Certes, were it gold,  
 Or in a poke nobles all untold,  
 Thou shuldest it have, as I am trewe smith.  
 Ey, Cristes foot, what wol ye don therwith?  
 Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may;  
 I shal wel tellen thee another day:

And caught the culter by the colde stele.  
 Ful soft out at the dore he gan to stele,  
 And went unto the carpenteres wall.  
 He coughed first, and knocked therewithall  
 Upon the window, right as he did er.

This Alison answered; Who is ther  
 That knocketh so? I warrant him a thefe.

Nay, nay, (quod he) God wot, my swete lefe,  
 I am thin Absolon, thy dereling.  
 Of gold (quod he) I have thee brought a ring,  
 My mother yave it me, so God me save,  
 Ful fine it is, and therto wel ygrave:  
 This wol I even thee, if thou me kisse.

This Nicholas was risen for to pisse,  
 And thought he wolde amenden all the jape,  
 He shulde kisse his ers er that he scape:  
 And up the window did he hastily,  
 And out his ers he putteth prively  
 Over the buttock, to the hanche bon.  
 And therewith spake this clerk, this Absolon,  
 Speke swete bird, I n'ot not wher thou art.

This Nicholas anon let fleen a fart,  
 As gret as it had ben a thonder dint,  
 That with the stroke he was wel nie yblint:  
 And he was redy with his yren hote,  
 And Nicholas amid the ers he smote.

Off goth the skunne an hondbrede al aboute.  
 The hote culter brenned so his toute,  
 That for the smet he wened for to die;  
 As he were wood, for wo he gan to crie,  
 Help, water, water, help for Goddes herte.

This carpenter out of his slomber sterte,  
 And herd on crie water, as he were wood,  
 And thought, alas, now cometh Noes flood.  
 He set him up withouten wordes mo,

And with his axe he smote the cord atwo;  
 And doun goth all; he fond neyther to selle  
 Ne breed ne ale, til he came to the selle,  
 Upon the flore, and ther aswoun he lay.

Up sterten Alison and Nicholay,  
 And crieden, out and harow! in the strete.  
 The neigheboures bothe smale and grette  
 In rannen, for to gauren on this man,  
 That yet aswoun lay, bothe pale and wan:  
 For with the fall he brosten hath his arm.  
 But stonden he must unto his owen harm,  
 For whan he spake, he was anon bore doun  
 With hendy Nicholas and Alsoun.

They tolden every man that he was wood;  
 He was agaste so of Noes flood  
 Thurgh fantasie, that of his vanitee  
 He had ybought him kneding tubbes thre,  
 And had hem honged in the roof above;  
 And that he praied hem for Goddes love  
 To sitten in the roof *par compaigne*.

The folk gan laughen at his fantasie.  
 Into the roof they kyken, and they gape,  
 And turned all his harm into a jape.  
 For what so that this carpenter answerd,  
 It was for nought, no man his reson herd.  
 With othes gret he was so sworne adoun,  
 That he was holden wood in all the toun.  
 For everich clerk anon right held with other;  
 They said, the man was wood, my leve brother  
 And every wight gan laughen at this strif.

Thus swived was the carpenteres wif,  
 For all his keping, and his jalousie;  
 And Absolon hath kist hire nether eye;  
 And Nicholas is scalded in the toute.  
 This tale is don, and God save all the route.

## THE REVES TALE.

### THE REVES PROLOGUE.

WHAN folk han laughed at this nice eas  
 Of Absolon and hendy Nicholas,  
 Diverse folk diversely they saide,  
 But for the more part they lought and plaide;  
 Ne at this tale I saw no man hum greve,  
 But it were only Osewold the Reve.  
 Because he was of carpenteres craft,  
 A litel ire is in his herte ylaft;  
 He gan to grutch and blamen it a lite.  
 So the ik, quod he, ful wel coude I him quite  
 With blering of a proude milleres eye,  
 If that me list to speke of ribaudrie.  
 But ik am olde; me list not play for age;  
 Gras time is don, my foddre is now forage.  
 This white top writeth min olde yeres;  
 Min herte is also moulde as min heres;  
 But if I fare as doth an open-ers;  
 That ilke fruit is ever lenger the wers,  
 Till it be roten in mullok, or in stre.  
 We olde men, I drede, so faren we,  
 Til we be roten, can we not be ripe;  
 We hoppe alway, while that the world wol pipe;

For in our will ther stiketh ever a nayl,  
 To have an hore hed and a grene tayl,  
 As hath a leke; for though our might be gon,  
 Our will desireth folly ever in on:  
 For whan we may not don, than wol we speken,  
 Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

Foure gledes han we, which I shal devise,  
 Avaunting, lying, anger, and covetise.  
 These foure sparkes longen unto elde.  
 Our olde limes mow wel ben unwelde,  
 But wil we shal not fallen, that is sothe.  
 And yet have I alway a coltes tothe,  
 As many a yere as it is passed hennu,  
 Sin that my tappe of lif began to renne.  
 For sikerly, whan I was borne, anon  
 Deth drow the tappe of lif, and let it gon;  
 And ever sith hath so the tappe yronne,  
 Til that almost all empty is the tonne.  
 The streme of lif now droppeth on the chimbe.  
 The sely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe  
 Of wretchednesse, that passed is ful yore:  
 With olde folk, save dotage, is no more.

Whan that our Hoste had herd this sermon  
 ing,  
 He gan to speke as lordly as a king,

And sayde ; What amounteth all this wit ?  
What ? shall we speke all day of holy writ ?  
The devel made a Reve for to preche,  
Or of a souter a shipman, or a leche.

Say forth thy tale, and tary not the time :  
Lo Depceford, and it is half way prime :  
Lo Greenwich, ther many a shrew is inne.  
It were al time thy tale to beginne.

Now, sires, quod this Osewold the Reve,  
I pray you alle, that ye not you greve,  
Though I answere, and somdel set his howwe,  
For leful is with force force off to showwe.

This dronken Miller hath ytold us here,  
How that begiled was a carpentere,  
Paraventure in scorne, for I am on :  
And by your leve, I shal him quite anon.  
Right in his cherles termes wol I speke.  
I pray to God his necke mote to-breke.  
He can wel in min eye seen a stalk,  
But in his owen he cannot seen a balk.

### THE REVES TALE.

At Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrigge,  
Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge,  
Upon the whiche brook ther stont a melle  
And this is veray sothe, that I you telle.  
A miller was ther dwelling many a day,  
As any peacock he was proude and gay :  
Pipen he coude, and fishe, and nettes bete,  
And turnen cuppes, and wrastlen wel, and shete.  
Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,  
And of a swerd ful trenchant was the blade.  
A joly popper bare he in his pouche ;  
Ther n'as no man for peril dorst him touche.  
A Shefeld thwilt bare he in his hose.  
Round was his face, and camuse was his nose.  
As pilled as an ape was his skull.  
He was a market-beter at the full.  
Ther dorste no wight hond upon him legge,  
That he ne swore he shuld anon abegge.

A thefe he was forsoth, of corn and mele,  
And that a slie, and usant for to stele.  
His name was hoten deinous Simekin.  
A wif he hadde, comen of noble kin :  
The person of the toun hire father was.  
With hire he yaf ful many a panne of bras,  
For that Simekin shuld in his blood allie.  
She was yfostered in a nonnerie :  
For Simekin wolde no wif, as he sayde,  
But she were wel ynourished, and a mayde,  
To saven his estat of yemanrie :  
And she was proud, and pert as is a pie.  
A ful faire sight was it upon hem two.  
On holy dayes beforne hire wold he go  
With his tipet ybounde about his hed ;  
And she came after in a gite of red,  
And Simekin hadde hosen of the same.  
Ther dorste no wight clepen hire but dame :  
Was non so hardy, that went by the way,  
That with hire dorste rage or ones play,  
But if he wold be slain of Simekin  
With pavade, or with knif, or bodekin.  
(For jealous folk ben perilous evermo :  
Algate they wold hir wives wenen so.)  
And eke for she was somdel smoterlich,  
She was as digne as water in a dich,

And al so ful of hoker, and of bismare.  
Hire thoughte that a ladie shuld hire spare,  
What for hire kinrede, and hire norterie,  
That she had lerned in the nonnerie.

A daughter hadden they betwix hem twe  
Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,  
Saving a child that was of half yere age,  
In cradle it lay, and was a propre page.  
This wenche thicke and wol ygrowen was,  
With camuse nose, and even grey as glas ;  
With buttokes brode, and brestes round and hie ;  
But right faire was hire here, I wol nat lie.

The person of the toun, for she was faire,  
In purpos was to maken hire his haire  
Both of his catel, and of his mesuage,  
And strange he made it of hire mariage.  
His purpos was for to bestowe hire his  
Into sou worthy blood of ancestrie.  
For holy chirches good mote ben despended  
On holy chirches blood that is descended.  
Therefore he wolde his holy-blood honour,  
Though that he holy chirche shuld devoure.

Gret soken hath thus miller out of doute  
With whete and malt, of all the land aboute ;  
And namely ther was a gret college  
Men clepe the Soler hall at Cantebrege,  
Ther was hir whete and eke hir malt yground.  
And on a day it happed in a stound,  
Sike lay the manciple on a maladie,  
Men wenden wisly that he shulde die.  
For which this miller stale both mele and corn  
An hundred times more than befor.  
For therbeorn he stale but curiously,  
But now he was a thefe outrageously.  
For which the wardein chidde and made fare,  
But therof set the miller not a tare ;  
He craked bost, and swore it n'as not so.

Than were ther yonge poure scoleres two,  
That dwelten in the halle of which I say ;  
Testif they were, and lusty for to play ;  
And only for hir mirth and revelrie  
Upon the wardein bosly they crie,  
To yeve hem leve but a litel stound,  
To gon to mille, and seen hir corn yground :  
And hardily they dorsten lay hir necke,  
The miller shuld not stele hem half a pecke  
Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reve.

And at the last the wardein yave hem leave :  
John highte that on, and Alein highte that other,  
Of o toun were they born, that lighte Strother,  
Fer in the North, I can not tellen where.

This Alein maketh redy all his gere,  
And on a hors the sak he cast anon :  
Forth goth Alein the clerk, and also John,  
With good swerd and with bokeler by hir side.  
John knew the way, him neded not no guide,  
And at the mille the sak adoun he laith.

Alein spake first ; All haile, Simond, in faith,  
How fares thy faire daughter, and thy wif ?

Alein, welcome (quod Simekin) by my lif,  
And John also : how now, what do ye here ?  
By God, Simond, (quod John) nedes has no pere.  
Him behoves serve himself that has na swain,  
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sain.  
Our manciple I hope he wol be ded,  
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his hed :  
And therefore is I come, and eke Alein,  
To grind our corn and cary it hame agein :  
I pray you spede us henen that ye may.  
It shal be don (quod Simekin) by my fay.

What wol ye don while that it is in hand ?  
By God, right by the hopper wol I stand,  
(Quod John) and seen how that the corn gas in.  
Yet saw I never by my fader kin,  
How that the hopper waggis til and fra.

Alein answered ; John, and wolt thou swa ?  
Than wol I be benethe by my crown,  
And see how that the mele falles adoun  
In til the trogh, that shal be my disport :  
For, John, in faith I may ben of your sort ;  
I is as ill a miller as is ye.

This miller smiled at hir nicetee,  
And thought, all this n'is don but for a wile.  
They wenen that no man may hem begile,  
But by my thrift yet shal I blere hir eie,  
For all the sleighte in hir philosophie.  
The more queinte knakkes that they make,  
The more wol I steele whan that I take.  
In stede of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren.  
The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men,  
As whilom to the wolt thus spake the mare :  
Of all hir art ne count I not a tare.

Out at the dore he goth ful prively,  
Whan that he saw his time, softly.  
He loketh up and doun, til he hath found  
The clerkes hors, ther as he stood ybound  
Behind the mille, under a levesell :  
And to the hors he goth him faire and well,  
And stripeth of the bridel right anon.

And whan the hors was laus, he gan to gon  
Toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,  
And forth, with wehee, thurgh thick and thinne  
This miller goth again, no word he said,  
But doth his note, and with these clerkes plaid,  
Till that hir corn was faire and wel yground.  
And whan the mele is sacked and ybound,  
This John goth out, and fnt his hors away,  
And gan to crie, harow and wala wa !  
Our hors is lost : Alein, for Goddes banes,  
Step on thy feet ; come of, man, al at anes :  
Alas ! our wardein has his palfrey lorn.

This Alein al forgot both mele and corn ;  
Al was out of his mind his husbandrie :  
What, whilke way is he gon ? he gan to crie.

The wif came leping inward at a renne,  
She said ; Alas ! youre hors goth to the fenne  
With wilde mares, as fast as he may go.  
Unthank come on his hand that bond him so,  
And he that better shuld have knit the rein.

Alas ! (quod John) Alein, for Christes peyn  
Lay doun thy sward, and I shal min alswa.  
I is ful wight, God wate, as is a ra.  
By Goddes saule he shal not scape us bathe.  
Why ne had thou put the capel in the lathe ?  
Ill haile, Alein, by God thou is a fonne.

These sely clerkes han ful fast yronne  
Toward the fen, bothe Alein and eke John :  
And whan the miller saw that they were gon,  
He half a bushel of hir flour hath take,  
And bad his wif go kneede it in a cake.  
He said ; I trow, the clerkes were aferde.  
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berde,  
For all his art. Ye, let hem gon hir way.  
Lo wher they gon. Ye, let the children play :  
They get him not so lightly by my crown.

These sely clerkes rennen up and doun  
With kepe, kepe ; stand, stand ; jossa, warderere.  
Ga whistle thou, and I shal kepe him here.  
But shortly, til that it was veray night  
They coude not, though they did all hir might,

Hir capel catch, he ran alway so fast :  
Til in a diche they caught him at the last.

Wery and wet, as bestes in the rain,  
Cometh sely John, and with him cometh Alein.  
Alas (quod John) the day that I was borne !  
Now are we driven til bething and til scorne.  
Our corn is stolne, men wol us founnes calle,  
Both the wardein, and eke our felawes alle,  
And namely the miller, wala wa !

Thus plaineth John, as he goth by the way  
Toward the mille, and bayard in his bond.  
The miller sitting by the fire he fond,  
For it was night, and forther might they nought,  
But for the love of God they him besought  
Of herberwe and of ese, as for hir peny.

The miller saide agen, if ther be any,  
Swiche as it is, yet shull ye have your part.  
Myn hous is streit, but ye have lerned art ;  
Ye can by arguments maken a place  
A mile brode, of twenty foot of space.  
Let see now if this place may suffice,  
Or make it roume with speche, as is your gise.  
Now, Simound, (said this John) by Saint Cuthbere  
Ay is thou mery, and that is faire answerd.  
I have herd say, man sal take of twa thinges,  
Slike as he findes, or slike as he brings.  
But specially I pray thee, hoste dere,  
Gar us have mete and drinke, and make us chere,  
And we sal paien trewely at the full :  
With empty hand, men may na haukes till.  
Lo here our silver redy for to spend.

This miller to the toun his daughter send  
For ale and bred, and rosted hem a goos,  
And bond hir hors, he shuld no more go loos :  
And in his owen chambre hem made a bedde,  
With shetes and with chalons faire yspredde,  
Nat from his owen bed ten foot or twelve :  
His daughter had a bed all by hireselve,  
Right in the same chambre by and by :  
It mighte be no bet, and cause why,  
Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.  
They soupen, and they spoken of solace,  
And drinken ever strong ale at the best.  
Abouten midnight wente they to rest.

Wel hath this miller vernished his hed,  
Ful pale he was, for-dronken, and nought red.  
He yoxeth, and he spoketh thurgh the nose,  
As he were on the quakke, or on the pose.  
To bed he goth, and with him goth his wif ;  
As any jay she light was and jolif,  
So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.  
The cradel at hire beddes feet was sette,  
To rocken, and to yeve the child to souke.  
And whan that dronken was all in the crouke  
To bedde wente the daughter right anon,  
To bedde goth Alein, and also John.  
Ther n'as no more ; nedeth hem no dwale.  
This miller hath so wisely bibbed ale,  
That as an hors he snoroth in his slepe,  
Ne of his tail behind he toke no kepe.  
His wif bare him a burdon a ful strong ;  
Men might hir routing heren a furlong.  
The wenche routhoth eke *par compaignie*.

Alein the clerk that herd this melodie,  
He poketh John, and sayde : Slepest thou ?  
Herdest thou ever slike a song er now ?  
Lo whilke a complin is ymell hem alle.  
A wilde fire upon hir bodies falle,  
Wha herkned ever slike a ferly thing ?  
Ye, they shall have the flour of yvel ending.

This lange night ther tides me no reste.  
But yet na force, all shal be for the beste.  
For, John, (sayd he) as ever mote I thive,  
If that I may, yon wenche wol I swive.  
Som esement has lave yshapen us.  
For, John, ther is a lawe that saith thus,  
That if a man in o point be agreved,  
That in another he shal be releved.  
Our corn is stolne, sothly it is na nay,  
And we han had an yvel fit to-day.  
And sin I shal have nan amendement  
Again my losse, I wol have an esement :  
By Goddes saule, it shal nan other be.

This John answered ; Alein, avise thee :  
The miller is a perilous man, he sayde.  
And if that he out of his slepe abraide,  
He mighte don us bathe a vilanie.  
Alein answered ; I count him nat a fle.  
And up he rist, and by the wenche he crept.  
This wenche lay upright, and faste slept,  
Til he so nigh was, er she might espie,  
That it had ben to late for to crie :  
And shortly for to say, they were at on.  
Now play, Alein, for I wol speke of John.

This John lith still a furlong way or two,  
And to himself he maketh routh and wo.  
Alas ! (quod he) this is a wicked jape ;  
Now may I say, that I is but an ape.  
Yet has my felaw somwhat for his harme ;  
He has the millers daughter in his arme :  
He auntred him, and bath his nedes spedde,  
And I lie as a draf-sak in my bedde ;  
And whan this jape is tald another day,  
I shal be halden a daffe or a cokenay :  
I wol arise, and auntre it by my fay :  
Unhardy is unsely, thus men say.

And up he rose, and softly he went  
Unto the cradel, and in his hand it hent,  
And bare it soft unto his beddes fete.  
Sone after this the wif hire routing lete,  
And gan awake, and went hire out to pisse,  
And came again, and gan the cradel misse,  
And groped here and ther, but she foud non.  
Alas ! (quod she) I had almost misgon.  
I had almost gon to the clerkes bedde  
Ey *benedicite*, than had I foule yspedde.  
And forth she goth, til she the cradel fond.  
She gropeth alway forther with hire hond,  
And fond the bed, and thoughte nat but good,  
Because that the cradel by it stood,  
And n'iste wher she was, for it was derk,  
But faire and wel she crept in by the clerk,  
And lith ful still, and wold han caught a slepe.  
Within a while thus John the clerk up lepe,  
And on this goode wif he laieth on sore ;  
So mery a fit ne had she nat ful yore.  
He pruketh hard and depe, as he were mad.

This joly lif han these two clerkes lad,  
Til that the thriddle cok began to sing.  
Alein wex werie in the morwening,  
For he had swonken all the longe night,  
And sayd ; Farewel, Malkin, my swete wight.  
The day is come, I may no longer bide,  
But evermo, wher so I go or ride,  
I is thin awen clerk, so have I hele.  
Now, dere lemman, quod she, go farewele :  
But or thou go, o thing I wol thee tell.  
Whan that thou wendest homeward by the mell,  
Right at the entree of the dore behind  
Thou shalt a cake of half a bushel find,

That was ymaked of thin owen mele,  
Which that I halpe my fader for to stele.  
And goode lemman, God thee save and kepe.  
And with that word she gan almost to wepe.

Alein uprist and thought, er that it daw  
I wol go crepen in by my felaw :  
And fond the cradel at his hand anon.  
By God, thought he, all wrang I have misgon :  
My lied is tottie of my swink to-night,  
That maketh me that I go nat aright.  
I wet wel by the cradel I have misgo ;  
Here lith the miller and his wif also.  
And forth he goth a twenty divel way  
Unto the bed, ther as the miller lay.  
He wend have cropen by his felaw John,  
And by the miller in he crept anon,  
And caught him by the nekke, and gan him shale  
And sayd ; Thou John, thou swinshed awake  
For Cristes saule, and here a noble game :  
For by that lord that called is Seint Jame,  
As I have thries as in this short night  
Swived the millers daughter bolt-upright,  
While thou hast as a coward ben agast.

Ye, false harlot, quod the miller, hast ?  
A false traitour, false clerk, (quod he)  
Thou shalt be ded by Goddes dignitee,  
Who dorste be so bold to disparage  
My daughter, that is come of swiche linage.  
And by the throte-bolle he caught Alein,  
And he him hent despitously again,  
And on the nose he smote him with his fist ;  
Doun ran the bloody strene upon his breast :  
And in the flore with nose and mouth to-broke  
They walwe, as don two pigges in a poke.  
And up they gon, and doun again anon,  
Til that the miller sporned at a ston,  
And doun he fell backward upon his wif,  
That wiste nothing of this nice strif :  
For she was fall aslepe a litel wight  
With John the clerk, that waked had all night :  
And with the fall out of hire slepe she braide.  
Helpe, holy crois of Bromeholme, (she sayde)  
*In manus tuas*, Lord, to thee I call.  
Awake, Simond, the fend is on me fall ;  
Myn herte is broken ; helpe ; I n'am but ded ;  
Ther lith on up my wombe and up myn hed.  
Helpe, Simkin, for the false clerkes fight.  
This John stert up as fast as ever he might,  
And graspeth by the walles to and fro  
To find a staf, and she stert up also,  
And knew the estres bet than did this John,  
And by the wall she toke a staf anon :  
And saw a litel shemering of a light,  
For at an hole in shone the mone bright,  
And by that light she saw hem bothe two,  
But sikerly she n'iste who was who,  
But as she saw a white thing in hire eye.  
And whan she gan this white thing espie,  
She wend the clerk had wered a volupere ;  
And with the staf she drow ay nere and nere,  
And wend han hit this Alein at full,  
And smote the miller on the pilled skull,  
That doun he goth, and cried, harow ! I die.  
These clerkes bete him wel, and let him lie,  
And grethen hem, and take hir hors anon,  
And eke hir mele, and on hir way they gon :  
And at the mille dore eke they toke hir cake  
Of half a bushel flour, ful wel ybake.  
Thus is the proude miller wel ybete,  
And hath ylost the grinding of the whete,

And paid for the souper every del  
Of Alein and of John, that bete him wel ;  
His wif is swived, and his daughter als ;  
Lo, swiche it is a miller to be fals.  
And therfore this proverb is sayd ful soth,

Him thar not winnen wel that evil doth -  
A gilour shal himself begiled be :  
And God that siteth hie in magestee  
Save all this compaignie, gret and smale.  
Thus have I quit the miller in my tale.

## THE COKES TALE.

### THE COKES PROLOGUE

THE Coke of London, while the Reve spake,  
For joye (him thought) he clawed him on the bak :  
A ha (quod he) for Cristes passion,  
This miller had a sharpe conclusion,  
Upon this argument of herbergeage.  
Wel sayde Salomon in his langage,  
Ne bring not every man into thin hous,  
For herberwing by night is perilous.  
Wel ought a man avised for to be  
Whom that he brought into his privetee.  
I pray to God so yeve me sorwe and care,  
If ever, sithen I highte Hodge of Ware,  
Herd I a miller bet ysette a-werk ;  
He had a jape of malice in the derk.

But God forbode that we stinten here,  
And therfore if ye vouchen sauf to here  
A tale of me that am a poure man,  
I wol you tell as wel as ever I can  
A litel jape that fell in our citee.

Our Hoste answerd and sayde ; I grant it thee :  
Now tell on, Roger, and loke that it be good,  
For many a pastee hast thou letten blood,  
And many a Jacke of Dover last thou sold,  
That hath been twies hot and twies cold.  
Of many a pilgrim hast thou Cristes curse,  
For of thy perselee yet fare they the werse,  
That they han eten in thy stoble goos :  
For in thy shop goth many a fle loos.  
Now tell on, gentil Roger by thy name,  
But yet I pray thee be not wroth for game ;  
A man may say ful soth in game and play.

Thou sayst ful soth, quod Roger, by my fay ;  
But soth play *quade spel*, as the Fleming saith :  
And therfore, Herry Bailly, by thy faith,  
Be thou not wroth, or we departen here,  
Though that my tale be of an hostelerec.  
But natheles, I wol not telle it yet,  
But er we part, ywis thou shalt be quit.  
And therwithal he lough and made chere,  
And sayd his tale, as ye shul after here.

### THE COKES TALE.

A PRENTIS whilom dwelt in our citee,  
And of a craft of vitailiers was he :  
Gaillard he was, as goldfinch in the shawe,  
Broume as a berry, a propre short felawe :  
With lokkes blake, kemberd ful fetysly.  
Dancen he coude so wel and jolily,

That he was cleped Perkin Revelour.  
He was as ful of love and paramour,  
As is the hive ful of hony swete ;  
Wel was the wenche with him mighte mete.  
At every bridale would he sing and hoppe ;  
He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe.  
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe,  
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lope,  
And til that he had all the sight ysein,  
And dancet wel, he wold not come agein ;  
And gadred him a meinie of his sort,  
To hoppe and sing, and maken swiche disport :  
And ther they setten steven for to mete  
To plaien at the dis in swiche a strete.  
For in the toun ne was ther no prentis,  
That fairer coude caste a pair of dis  
Than Perkin coude, and therto he was fre  
Of his dispenche, in place of privetee.  
That fond his maister wel in his chaffare,  
For often time he fond his box ful bare.

For sothly, a prentis, a revelour,  
That hanteth dis, riot and paramour,  
His maister shal it in his shoppe abie,  
Al have he no part of the minstralcie.  
For theft and riot they ben convertible,  
Al can they play on giterne or ribible.  
Revel and trouth, as in a low degree,  
They ben ful wroth all day, as men may see.

This joly prentis with his maister abode,  
Til he was neigh out of his prentishode,  
Al were he snibbed bothe erly and late,  
And somtime lad with revel to Newgate.  
But at the last his maister him bethought  
Upon a day, whan he his paper sought,  
Of a proverbe, that saith this same word ;  
Wel bet is roten appel out of hord,  
Than that it rote alle the remenant :  
So fareth it by a riotous servant ;  
It is wel lasse harm to let him pace,  
Than he shende alle the servants in the place.  
Therefore his maister yaf him a quitance,  
And bad him go, with sorwe and with meschance  
And thus this joly prentis had his leve :  
Now let him riot all the night or leve.

And for ther n'is no thefe without a louke,  
That helpeth him to wasten and to souke  
Of that he briben can, or borwe may,  
Anon he sent his bed and his array  
Unto a comper of his owen sort,  
That loved dis, and riot, and disport ;  
And had a wif, that he'd for contenance  
A shoppe, and swived for hire sustenance.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

## THE MAN OF LAWES PROLOGUE.

OUR Hoste saw wel, that the brighte sounne  
The ark of his artificial day had ronne  
The fourthe part, and half an houre and more ;  
And though he were not depe expert in lord,  
He wiste it was the eighte and twenty day  
Of April, that is messenger to May ;  
And saw wel that the shadow of every tree  
Was as in lengthe of the same quantitee  
That was the body erect, that caused it ;  
And therefore by the shadow he toke his wit,  
That Phebus, which that shone so clere and bright,  
Degrees was five and fourty clombe on hight ;  
And for that day, as in that latitude,  
It was ten of the klok, he gan conclude ;  
And sodenly he plight his hors aboute.

Lordings, quod he, I warne you all this route,  
The fourthe partie of this day is gon.  
Now for the love of God and of Saint John  
Leseth no time, as ferforth as ye may.  
Lordings, the time it wasteth night and day,  
And steleth from us, what prively sleping,  
And what thurgh negligence in our wakiug,  
As doth the streme, that turneth never again,  
Descending from the montagne into a plain.  
Wel can Senek and many a philosopre  
Bewailen time, more than gold in coffre.  
For losse of catel may recovered be,  
But losse of time shendeth us, quod he.  
It wol not come again withouten drede,  
No more than wol Malkins maidenhede,  
Whan she hath lost it in hire wantonnesse.  
Let us not moulten thus in idlenesse.

Sire man of Lawe, quod he, so have ye blis,  
Tell us a tale anon, as forword is.  
Ye ben submitted thurgh your free assent  
To stonde in this cas at my judgement.  
Acquiteth you now, and holdeth your behest ;  
Than have ye don your devoir at the lest.

Hoste, quod he, *de par dieux j'eo assente*,  
To breken forword is not min entente.  
Behest is dette, and I wold hold it fayn  
All my behest, I can no better sayn.  
For swiche lawe as man yeveth another wight,  
He shuld himselven usen it by right.  
Thus wol our text : but natheles certain  
I can right now no thrifty tale sain,  
But Chaucer (though he can but lewedly  
On metres and on riming craftily)  
Hath sayd hem, in swiche English as he cau,  
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man.  
And if he have not sayd hem, leve brother,  
In o book, he hath sayd hem in another.  
For he hath told of lovers up and doun,  
Mo than Ovide made of mentoun  
In his *Epistolis*, that ben ful olde.  
What shuld I tellen hem, sin they ben tolde ?  
In youthe he made of Ceys and Aleyon,  
And sithen hath he spoke of everich on

Thise noble wives, and thise lovers eke.  
Who so that wol his large volume seke  
Clepeth the seintes legende of Cupide :  
Ther may he se the large woundes wide  
Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe ;  
The swerd of Dido for the false Enee ;  
The tree of Phillis for hire Demophon ;  
The plaint of Deianire, and Hermion,  
Of Adriane, and Ysiphilee ;  
The barrene ile standing in the see ;  
The dreint Leandre for his fayre Hero ;  
The teres of Helene, and che the wo  
Of Briseide, and of Ladmoria ;  
The crueltee of thee, quene Medea,  
Thy litel children hanging by the hals,  
For thy Jason, that was of love so fals.  
O Hiperemestra, Penelope, Aleeste,  
Your withoute he commendeth with the bestie.

But certainly no word ne writeth he  
Of thilke wicke ensample of Canace,  
That loved hire owen brother sinfully ;  
(Of all swiche cursed stories I say fy)  
Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,  
How that the cursed king Antiochus  
Beraft his daughter of hire maidenhede,  
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,  
Whan he hire threw upon the pavement.  
And therefore he of ful avisement  
N'old never write in non of his sermons  
Of swiche unkinde abhominations ;  
Ne I wol non reherse, if that I may.  
But of my tale how shal I don this day ?  
Me were loth to be likened douteles  
To Muses, that men clepe Pierides,  
(*Metamorphoseos* wote what I mene)  
But natheles I recche not a bene,  
Though I come after him with hawebake,  
I speke in prose, and let him rimes make.  
And with that word, he with a sobre chere  
Began his tale, and sayde, as ye shull here.

## THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O SCATHFUL harm, condition of poverté,  
With thirst, with cold, with hunger so confounded,  
To asken helpe thee shameth in thin herte,  
If thou non ask, so sore art thou ywounded,  
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.  
Maugre thin hed thou must for indigence  
Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy dispence.

Thou blamest Crist, and sayst ful bitterly,  
He misdeparteth richesse temporal ;  
Thy neighelour thou witest sinfully,  
And sayst, thou hast a litel, and he hath all :  
Parfay (sayst thou) somtime he reken shall,  
Whan that his thy shal brennen in the glede,  
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.

Herken what is the sentence of the wise,  
Bet is to dien than have indigence.  
Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise,  
If thou be poure, farewel thy reverence.  
Yet of the wise man take this sentence,  
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke,  
Beware therefore or thou come to that pricke.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,  
And all thy frendes fien fro thee, alas!  
O riche marchants, ful of wele ben ye,  
O noble, o prudent folk, as in this cas,  
Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,  
But with sis cunk, that renneth for your chance;  
At Cristenmasse mery may ye dance.

Ye seken lond and see for your winniges,  
As wise folk ye known all th'estat  
Of regnes, ye ben fathers of tidinges,  
And tales, both of pees and of debat:  
I were right now of tales desolat,  
N'ore that a marchant, gon in many a yere,  
Me taught a tale, which that ye shull here.

IN SURRIE whilom dwelt a compaignie  
Of chapmen rich, and therto sad and trewe,  
That wide where senten hir spicerie,  
Clothes of gold, and satins richo of hewe.  
Hir chaffare was so thrifly and so newe,  
That every wight hath deintee to chaffare  
With hem, and eke to sellen hem hir ware.

Now fell it, that the maisters of that sort  
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende,  
Were it for chapmanhood or for disport,  
Non other message wold they thider sende,  
But comen hemself to Rome, this is the ende:  
And in swiche place as thought hem advantage  
For hir entente, they taken hir herbergeage.

Sojourned han these marchants in that toun  
A certain time, as fell to hir plesance:  
And so befell, that the excellent renoun  
Of the emperoures doughter dame Custance  
Reported was, with every circumstance,  
Unto these Surrien marchants, in swiche wise  
Fro day to day, as I shal you devise.

This was the comun vois of every man:  
Our emperour of Rome, God him se,  
A doughter hath, that sin the world began,  
To reken as wel hire goodnesse as beaute,  
N'as never swiche another as is she:  
I pray to God in honour hire sustene,  
And wold she were of all Europe the quene.

In hire is high beaute withouten pride,  
Youth, withouten grenehed or folie:  
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide;  
Humblesse hath slaen in hire tyrannie:  
She is mirrour of alle courtesie,  
Hire herte is veray chambre of holinesse,  
Hire hond minstre of freedom for almesse.

And al this vois was soth, as God is trewe,  
But now to purpos let us turne agein.  
These marchants han don fraught hir shippes newe,  
And when they han this blisful maiden sein,  
Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,  
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,  
And liven in wele, I can say you no more.

Now fell it, that these marchants stood in grace  
Of him that was the Soudan of Surrie:  
For when they came from any strange place  
He wold of his benigne curtesie  
Make hem good chere, and besily espie  
Tidings of sundry regnes, for to lere  
The wonders that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges other thinges specially  
These marchants han him told of dame Custance  
So gret noblesse, in earnest seriously,  
That this Soudan hath caught so gret plesance  
To han hire figure in his remembrance,  
That all his lust, and all his besy cure  
Was for to love hire, while his lif may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book,  
Which that men clepe the heven, ywritten was  
With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,  
That he for love shuld han his deth, alas!  
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,  
Is writen, God wot, who so coud it rede,  
The deth of every man withouten drede.

In sterres many a winter therbeforen  
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,  
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;  
The strif of Thebes; and of Hercules,  
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates  
The deth; but mennes wittes ben so dull,  
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

This Soudan for his prive counsel sent,  
And shortly of this matere for to pace,  
He hath to hem declared his entent,  
And sayd hem certain, but he might have grace  
To han Custance, within a litel space,  
He n'as but ded, and charged hem in hire  
To shapen for his lif som remedie.

Diverse men, diverse thinges saiden;  
They argumentes casten up and down;  
Many a subtil reson forth they laiden;  
They spoken of magike, and abusion;  
But finally, as in conclusion,  
They cannot seen in that non advantage,  
Ne in non other way, save mariage.

Than saw they theerin swiche difficultee  
By way of reson, for to speke all plain,  
Because ther was swiche diversitee  
Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,  
They trowen that no cristen prince wold fayn  
Wedden his child under our lawe swete,  
That us was yeven by Mahound our prophete.

And he answered: Rather than I lese  
Custance, I wol be cristened douteles:  
I mote ben hires, I may non other chese,  
I pray you hold your arguments in pees,  
Saveth my lif, and beth not recheles  
To gotten hire that hath my lif in cure,  
For in this wo I may not long endure.

What nedeth greter dilatation?  
I say, by tretise and ambassatrie,  
And by the popes mediation,  
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,  
That in destruction of Maumetrie,  
And in encrease of Cristes lawe dere,  
They ben accorded so as ye may here;



How that the Soudan and his baronage,  
And all his lieges shuld yoristened be,  
And he shal han Custance in mariage,  
And certain gold, I no't what quantitee,  
And hereto finden suffisant suretee.  
The same accord is sworne on eyther side ;  
Now, fair Custance, almighty God thee gide.

Now wolden som men waiten, as I gesse,  
That I shuld tellen all the purveiance,  
The which that the emperour of his noblesse  
Hath shapen for his doughter dame Custance.  
Wel may men know that so gret ordnanee  
May no man tellen in a litel clause,  
As was arraied for so high a cause.

Bishopes ben shapen with hire for to wende,  
Lordes, ladies, and knightes of renoun,  
And other folk ynow, this is the end.  
And notified is thurghout al the toun,  
That every wight with gret devotioun  
Shuld prayen Crist, that he this mariage  
Receive in gree, and spede this viage.

The day is comen of hire departing,  
I say the woful day fatal is come,  
That ther may be no longer taryng,  
But forward they hem dresen all and some.  
Custance, that was with sorwe all overcome,  
Ful pale arist, and dresseth hire to wende,  
For wel she seth ther n'is non other ende.

Alas ! what wonder is it though she wept ?  
That shal be sent to strange nation  
Fro frendes, that so tendrely hire kept,  
And to be bounde under subjection  
Of on, she knoweth not his condition.  
Housbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,  
That known wives, I dare say no more.

Fader, (she said) thy wrocthed child Custance,  
Thy yonge doughter, fostered up so soft,  
And ye, my moder, my sovaine plesance  
Over all thing, (out taken Crist on loft)  
Custance your child hire recommendeth oft  
Unto your grace ; for I shal to Surrie,  
Ne shal I never seen you more with eye.

Alas ! unto the Barbare nation  
I muste gon, sin that it is your will :  
But Crist, that starfe for our redemption,  
So yeve me grace his hestes to fulfill,  
I wretched woman no force though I spill ;  
Women an borne to thraldom and penance,  
And to ben under mannes governance.

I trow at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall,  
Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,  
Ne at Rome for the barn thurgh Hanniball,  
That Romans hath venqueshed times three,  
N'as herd swiche tendre wepmg for pitee,  
As in the chambre was for hire parting,  
But forth she mote, wheder she wepe or sing.

O firste moving cruel firmament,  
With thy diurnal swegh that croudest ay,  
And hurtlest all from Est til Occident,  
That naturally wold hold another way ;  
Thy crouding set the heven in swiche array  
At the beginning of this fierce viage,  
That cruel Mars hath slain this marriage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,  
Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas !  
Out of his angle into the derkeest hous.  
O Mars, o Atyzar, as in this cas ;  
O feble Mone, unhappy ben thy pas,  
Thou knittest thee ther thou art not received,  
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.

Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas !  
Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun ?  
Is no time bet than other in swiche cas ?  
Of viage is ther non electioun,  
Namely to folk of high condition,  
Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe ?  
Alas ! we ben to lewed, or to slow.

To ship is brought this woful faire maid  
Solempnely, with every circumstance :  
Now Jesu Crist be with you all, she said.  
Ther n'is no more, but farewel fair Custance.  
She peineth hire to make good countenance,  
And forth I let hire sayle in this manere,  
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

The mother of the Soudan, well of vices,  
Espied hath hire sones pleine entente,  
How he wol lete his olde sacrifices :  
And right anon she for her conseil sente,  
And they ben comen, to know what she mente,  
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,  
She set hire down, and sayd as ye shul here.

Lordes, (she sayd) ye known everich on,  
How that my sone in point is for to lete  
The holy lawes of our Alkaron,  
Yeven by Goddes messager Mahomete :  
But on avow to grete God I hete,  
The lif shal rather out of my body stertere,  
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.

What shuld us tiden of this newe lawe  
But thraldom to our bodies and penance,  
And afterward in helle to ben drawe,  
For we reneied Mahound our creance ?  
But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,  
As I shal say, assenting to my lore ?  
And I shal make us sauf for evermore.

They sworn, and assented every man  
To live with hire and die, and by hire stond :  
And everich on, in the best wise he can,  
To strengthen hire shal all his frendes fond.  
And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond,  
Which ye shull heren that I shal devise,  
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.

We shul first feme us cristendom to take ;  
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite :  
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make,  
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite.  
For tho his wif be cristened never so white,  
She shal have nede to wash away the rede,  
Though she a font of water with hire lede.

O Soudannesse, rote of inquitee,  
Virago thou Semyramee the second,  
O serpent under femininitee,  
Like to the serpent depe in helle ybound :  
O feined woman, all that may confound  
Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice,  
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.

O Sathan envious, sin thilke day  
That thou were chased from our heritage,  
Wel knowest thou to woman the olde way.  
Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,  
Thou wolt fordon this cristen mariage :  
Thin instrument so (wala wa the while !)  
Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.

This Soudannesse, whom I thus blame and warrie,  
Let prively hire conseil gon hir way :  
What shuld I in this tale longer tarie ?  
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,  
And sayd him, that she wold reneie hire lay,  
And cristendom of prestes hondes fong,  
Repenting hire she hethen was so long ;

Beseching him to don hire that honour,  
That she might han the cristen folk to fest :  
To plesen hem I wol do my labour.  
The Soudan saith, I wol don at your best,  
And kneling, thanked hire of that request ;  
So glad he was, he n'iste not what to say,  
She kist hire sone, and home she goth hire way.

Arrived ben these cristen folk to londe  
In Surrie, with a gret solempne route,  
And hastily this Soudan sent his sonde,  
First to his mother, and all the regne aboute,  
And sayd, his wif was comen out of doute,  
And praide hem for to rideen again the quene,  
The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the presse, and riche was th'array  
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.  
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay  
Received hire with all so glad a chere,  
As any mother might hire daughter dere :  
And to the nexte citee ther beside  
A softe pas solempnely they ride.

Nought trow I, the triumph of Julins,  
Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a bost,  
Was realler, or more curious,  
Than was th'assembled of this blisful host :  
Butte this scorpion, this wicked gost,  
The Soudannesse, for all hire flattering  
Cast under this ful mortally to sting.

The Soudan cometh himself sone after this  
So really, that wonder is to tell :  
And welcometh hire with alle joye and blis.  
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell.  
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.  
Whan time came, men thought it for the best  
That revel stint, and men go to hir rest.

The time come is, this olde Soudannesse  
Ordeined hath the feste of which I tolde,  
And to the feste cristen folk hem dresse  
In general, ya bothe yonge and olde.  
Ther may men fest and realtee beholde,  
And deintees mo than I can you devise,  
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.

O soden wo, that ever art successour  
To worldly blis, spreint is with bitternesse  
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour :  
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.  
Herken this conseil for thy sikernes :  
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde  
The unware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

For shortly for to tellen at a word,  
The Soudan and the cristen everich on  
Ben all to-hewe, and stiked at the bord,  
But it were only dame Custance alone.  
This olde Soudannesse, this cursed crone,  
Hath with hire frenles don this cursed dede,  
For she luncself wold all the contree lde.

Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,  
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,  
That he n'as all to-hewe, er he asterted :  
And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,  
And in a ship all stereles (God wot)  
They han hire set, and lidden hire lerne sayle  
Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

A certain tresor that she thither ladde,  
And soth to sayn, vitaille gret plente,  
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,  
And forth she sayleth in the salte see :  
O my Custance, ful of benignitee,  
O emperoures yonge daughter dere,  
He that is lord of fortune be thy sterc.

She blesseth hire, and with ful pitous vois  
Unto the crois of Crist thus sayde she,  
O clere, o weleful auter, holy crois,  
Red of the lambes blood ful of pitee,  
That wesh the world fro the old iniquitee,  
Me fro the fende, and fro his clawes kepe,  
That day that I shal drenchen in the depe.

Victorious tree protection of trewe,  
That only worthy were for to bere  
The king of heaven, with his woundes newe,  
The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere ;  
Flemer of fendes, out of him and here  
On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,  
Me kepe, and yeve me might my lif to amenden.

Yeres and dayes flect this creature  
Thurghout the see of Grece, unto the strait  
Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure :  
On many a sory mele now may she baite,  
After hire deth ful often may she waite,  
Or that the wilde waves wol hire drive  
Unto the place ther as she shal arrive.

Men mighten asken, why she was not slain ?  
Eke at the feste who might hire body save ?  
And I answer to that demand again,  
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,  
Ther every wight, save he, master or knave,  
Was with the leon frette, or he asterte ?  
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte.

God list to shew his wonderful miracle  
In hire, for we shuld seen his mighty werkes :  
Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,  
By certain menes oft, as known clerkes,  
Doth thing for certain ende, that ful derke is  
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance  
Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.

Now sith she was not at the feste yslawe,  
Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the see ?  
Who kepte Jonas in the fishes mawe,  
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee ?  
Wel may men know, it was no wight but he  
That kept the peple Ebraike fro drenching,  
With drye feet thurghout the see passing.

Who bade the foure spirits of tempest,  
That power han to anyen lond and see,  
Both north and south, and also west and est,  
Anyen neyther see, ne lond, ne tree ?  
Sothly the commander of that was he  
That fro the tempest ay this woman kepte,  
As wel whan she awoke as whan she slepte.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have ?  
Thre yere and more, how lasteth hire, vitaille ?  
Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave  
Or in desert ? no wight but Crist *sans faille*.  
Five thousand folk it was as gret marvaille  
With loves five and fishes two to fede :  
God sent his foyson at hire grette nede.

She driveth forth into our Ocean  
Thurhout our wide see, til at the last  
Under an hold, that nempnen I ne can,  
Fer in Northumberlond, the wave hire cast,  
And in the sand hire ship stoked so fast,  
That theennes wolde it not in all a tide :  
The wille of Crist was that she shulde abide.

The constable of the castle doun is fare  
To seen this wrecke, and al the ship he sought,  
And fond this wery woman ful of care ;  
He fond also the tresour that she brought :  
In hire langage mercy she besought,  
The lif out of hire body for to twinne,  
Hire to deliver of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire speche,  
But algate therly was she understonde.  
The constable, whan him list no lenger seche,  
This woful woman brought he to the londe.  
She kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes sonde ;  
But what she was, she wolde no man seye  
For foule ne faire, though that she shulde deye.

She said, she was so mased in the see,  
That she forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.  
The constable hath of hir so gret pitec  
And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh :  
She was so diligent withouten slouth  
To serve and plesen everich in that place,  
That all hire love, that loken in hire face.

The constable and dame Hermegild his wif  
Were payenes, and that contree every wher ;  
But Hermegild loved Custance as hire lif ;  
And Custance hath so long sojourned ther  
In orisons, with many a bitter tere,  
Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace  
Dame Hermegild, constableness of that place.

In all that lond no cristen dorste route ;  
All cristen folk ben fled fro that contree  
Thurgh payenes, that conquereden all aboute  
The plages of the North by lond and see.  
To Wales fled the cristiantee  
Of olde Bretons, dwelling in this ile ;  
Ther was hir refuge for the mene while.

But yet n'ere cristen Bretons so exiled,  
That ther n'ere som which in hir privtee  
Honoured Crist, and hethen folk begiled ;  
And neigh the castle swiche ther dwelten three :  
That on of hem was blind, and might not see,  
But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,  
With which men mowen see whan they ben blinde.

Bright was the sonne, as in that sommers day,  
For which the constable and his wif also  
And Custance, han ytake the righte way  
Toward the see, a furlong way or two,  
To plaien, and to romen to and fro ;  
And in hir walk this blinde man they mette,  
Croked and olde, with eyen fast yshette.

In the name of Crist (cried this blinde Breton)  
Dame Hermegild, yeve me my sight again.  
This lady wexe afaire of that soun,  
Lest that hire husbond, shortly for to sain,  
Wold hire for Jesu Cristes love have slau,  
Til Custance made hire bold, and bad hire werche  
The will of Crist, as doughter of holy cherche.

The constable wexe abashed of that sight,  
And sayde ; What amounteth all this fare ?  
Custance answerd ; Sire, it is Cristes might,  
That helpeth folk out of the fendes snare ;  
And so ferforth she gan our lay declare,  
That she the constable, er that it were eve,  
Converted, and on Crist made him beleve.

This constable was not lord of the place  
Of which I speke, ther as he Custance fond,  
But kept it strongly many a winter space,  
Under Alla, king of Northumberlond,  
That was ful wise, and worthy of his hond  
Agaïne the Scottes, as men may wel here ;  
But tourne I wol agaïne to my matere.

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to begile,  
Saw of Custance all hire perfectioun,  
And cast anon how he might quite hire while,  
And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that toun,  
Love hire so hote of foule affectioun,  
That veraily him thought that he shuld spille,  
But he of hire might ones han his wille.

He woeth hire, but it availleth nought,  
She wolde do no sinne by no wey :  
And for despit, he compassed his thought  
To maken hire on shameful deth to dey.  
He waiteth whan the constable is away,  
And prively upon a night he crepte  
In Hermegildes chambre while she slepte.

Wery, forwaked in hire orisons,  
Slepeth Custance, and Hermegilde also.  
This knight, thurgh Sathanas temptations,  
All softly is to the bed ygo,  
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,  
And layd the bloody knif by dame Custance,  
And went his way, ther God yeve him mischance.

Sone after cometh this constable home again,  
And eke Alla, that lung was of that lond,  
And saw his wife despitously ysland,  
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond ;  
And in the bed the bloody knif he fond  
By dame Custance, alas ! what might she say ?  
For veray wo hire wit was all away.

To king Alla was told all this mischance,  
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wise,  
That in a shup was fonden this Custance,  
As here before ye han herd me devise :  
The kinges herte of pitec gan agrise,  
Whan he saw so benigne a creature  
Falle in disese and in misaventure.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,  
So stant this innocent beforen the king :  
This false knight, that hath this treson wrought,  
Bereth hire in hond that she hath don this thing :  
But natheles ther was gret murmuring  
Among the peple, and sayn they cannot gesse  
That she had don so gret a wickednesse.

For they han seen hire ever so vertuous,  
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif :  
Of this bare witnessse everich in that hous,  
Save he that Hermegild slow with his knif :  
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif  
Of this witness, and thought he wold enquire  
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.

Alas ! Custance, thou hast no champion,  
Ne fighten canst thou not, so wala wa !  
But he that starf for our redemption,  
And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,  
So be thy stronge champion this day :  
For but if Crist on thee miracle kithes,  
Withouten gilt thou shalt be slaine as swithe.

She set hire down on knees, and thus she sayde ;  
Immortal God, that savedest Susanne  
Fro false blame, and thou merciful mayde,  
Mary I mene, doughter to seint Anne,  
Beforen whos child angels singen Osaune,  
If I be gilteles of this felonie,  
My socour be, or elles shal I die.

Have ye not seen somtime a pale face  
(Among a prees) of him that hath ben lad  
Toward his deth, wher as he geteth no grace.  
And swiche a colour in his face hath had,  
Men mighten know him that was so bestad,  
Amonges all the faces in that route,  
So stant Custance, and loketh hire aboute.

O quenes living in prosperitee,  
Duchesses, and ye ladies everich on,  
Haveth som routhe on hire adversitee ;  
An emperours doughter stant alone ;  
She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone ;  
O blood real, that stondest in this drede,  
Fer ben thy frendes in thy grete nede.

This Alla king hath swiche compassioun,  
As gentil herte is fulfilled of pitee,  
That fro his eyen ran the water down.  
Now hastily do fecche a book, quod he ;  
And if this knight wol sweren, how that she  
This woman slow, yet wol we us avise,  
Whom that we wol that shal ben our justice.

A Breton book, written with Evangiles,  
Was fet, and on this book he swore anon  
She giltf was, and in the mene whiles  
An hond him smote upon the nekke bone,  
That thou he fell at ones as a stone :  
And both his eyen brost out of his face  
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was herd, in general audience,  
That sayd ; Thou hast desclandred gilteles  
The doughter of holy chirche in high presence ;  
Thus hast thou don, and yet hold I my pees.  
Of this mervaille agast was all the prees,  
As mased folk they stonden everich on  
For drede of wreche, save Custance alone.

Gret was the drede and eke the repentance  
Of hem that hadden wronge suspicion  
Upon this sely innocent Custance ;  
And for this miracle, in conclusion,  
And by Custances mediation,  
The king, and many another in that place,  
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace.

This false knight was slain for his untrouthe  
By judgement of Alla hastily ;  
And yet Custance had of his deth gret routhe ;  
And after this Jesus of his mercy  
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely  
This holy woman, that is so bright and shene,  
And thus hath Crist ymade Custance a quene.

But who was woful (if I shal not lie)  
Of this wedding but Donegild and no mo.  
The kinges mother, ful of tyrannie ?  
Hire thoughte hire cursed herte brast atwo ;  
She wolde not that hire sone had do so ;  
Hire thoughte a despit, that he shulde take  
So strange a creature unto his make.

Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre  
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.  
What shulde I tellen of the realtee  
Of this marriage, or which cours goth beforen,  
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn ?  
The fruit of every tale is for to say ;  
They ete and drinke, and dance, and sing, and play.

They gon to bed, as it was skill and right,  
For though that wives ben ful holy thinges,  
They mosten take in patience a night  
Swiche maner necessaries, as ben plesinges  
To folk that han ywedded him with ringes,  
And lay a lite hir holinesse aside  
As for the time, it may no bet betide.

On hire he gat a knave childe anon,  
And to a bishop, and his constable eke  
He toke his wit to kepe, whan he is gon  
To Scotland ward, his fomen for to seke.  
Now faire Custance, that is so humble and meke,  
So long is gon with childe til that still  
She halt hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.

The time is come, a knave child she bere ;  
Mauricius at the fontstone they him calle.  
This constable doth forth come a messenger,  
And wrote unto his king that cleped was Alle,  
How that this blisful tiding is befallie,  
And other tidings spedful for to say.  
He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

This messenger, to don his avantage,  
Unto the kinges mother rideth swithe,  
And salueth hire ful faire in his langage.  
Madame, quod he, ye may be glad and blithe,  
And thanken God an hundred thousand sithe ;  
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,  
To joye and blisse of all this regne aboute.

Lo here the lettre seled of this thing,  
That I most bere in all the hast I may ;  
If ye wol ought unto your sone the king,  
I am your servant bothe night and day.  
Donegild answerd, As now at this time nay ;  
But here I wol all night thou take thy rest,  
To-morwe wol I say thee what me lest.

This messenger drank sadly ale and wine,  
And stolen were his letres prively  
Out of his box, while he slept as a swine ;  
And contrefeted was ful subtilly  
Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully,  
Unto the king directe of this matere  
Fro his constable, as yo shal after here.

This lettre spake, the queene delivered was  
Of so horrible a fendliche creature,  
That in the castle non so hardy was  
That any while dorste therein endure :  
The mother was an elfe by aventure  
Ycome, by charmes or by sorcerie,  
And everich man hateth hire compaignie.

Wo was this king when he this lettre had sein,  
But to no wight he told his sorwes sore,  
But of his owen hand he wrote again ;  
Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore  
To me, that am now lerned in this lore :  
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy plesance,  
My lust I put all in thy ordinance.

Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,  
And eke my wif, unto nun home coming :  
Crist when him list may senden me an heire,  
More agreable than this to my liking.  
This lettre he seled, prively weping,  
Which to the messenger was taken sone,  
And forth he goth, ther is no more to done.

O messenger, fulfilled of droukenesse,  
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faltren ay,  
And thou bewreiest alle secresnesse ;  
Thy mind is lorne, thou janglest as a jay ;  
Thy face is tourned in a new array ;  
Ther droukenesse regneth in any route,  
Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.

O Donegild, I ne have non English digne  
Unto thy malice, and thy tirannie :  
And therefore to the fende I thee resigne,  
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.  
Fy mannish, fy ; o may by God I lie ;  
Fy fendliche spirit, for I dare wel telle,  
Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.

This messenger cometh fro the king again,  
And at the kinges modres court he light,  
And she was of this messenger ful fayn,  
And plesed him in all that ever she might.  
He dranke, and wel his girdel underpight ;  
He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gise  
All night, until the sonne gan arise.

Eft were his letres stolen everich on,  
And contrefeted letres in this wise  
The king commanded his constable anon  
Up peine of hanging and of high jewise,  
That he ne shulde soffren in no wise  
Custance within his regne for to abide  
Three daies, and a quarter of a tide ;

But in the same shup as he hire fond,  
Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere  
He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,  
And charge hire, that she never eft come there.  
O my Custance, wel may thy ghost have fere,  
And sleeping in thy dreame ben in penance,  
Whan Donegild cast all this ordinance.

This messenger on morwe when he awoke,  
Unto the castel halt the nexte way ;  
And to the constable he the lettre toke ;  
And when that he this pitous lettre sey,  
Ful oft he sayd alas, and wala wa ;  
Lord Crist, quod he, how may this world endure ?  
So ful of sinne is many a creature.

O mighty God, if that it be thy will,  
Sin thou art rightful juge, how may it be  
That thou wolst soffren innocence to spill,  
And wicked folk regne in prosperitee ?  
A good Custance, alas ! so wo is me,  
That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey  
On shames deth, ther is non other wey.

Wepen both yong and old in al that place,  
Whan that the king this cursed lettre sent :  
And Custance with a dedly pale face  
The fourthe day toward the ship she went :  
But natheles she taketh in good entent  
The will of Crist, and kneling on the strond  
She sayde, Lord, ay welcome be thy sond.

He that me kepte fro the false blame,  
While I was in the lond amonges you,  
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame  
In the salt see, although I se not how :  
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now,  
In him trust I, and in his mother dere,  
That is to me my sail and eke my stere.

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,  
And kneling pitously to him she said,  
Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm -  
With that hire couverchief of hire hed she braid,  
And over his litel eyen she it laid,  
And in hire arme she lullet it ful fast,  
And into the heven hire eyen up she cast.

Mother, quod she, and mayden bright Marie,  
Soth is, that thurgh womannes eggement  
Mankind was lorne, and dammed ay to die,  
For which thy child was on a crois yent :  
Thy blisful eyen saw all his turment,  
Than is ther no comparison betwene  
Thy wo, and any wo man may sustene.

Thou saw thy child yslain before thin eyen,  
And yet now liveth my litel child parfay :  
Now, lady bright, to whom all woful crien,  
Thou glory of womanhod, thou faire may,  
Thou haven of refute, bright sterr of day,  
Rew on my child, that of thy gentillesse  
Rewest on every rewful in distresse.

O litel child, alas ! what is thy gilt,  
That never wroughtest sinne as yet parde !  
Why wol thin harde father have thee spilt ?  
O mercy, dere constable, (quod she)  
As let my litel child dwell here with thee :  
And if thou darst not saven him fro blame,  
So kisse him ones in his fadres name.

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,  
And saide : Farewel, housbond routeles !  
And up she rist, and walketh doun the strond  
Toward the ship, hire foloweth all the prees :  
And ever she prieth hire child to hold his pees,  
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent  
She blesseth hire, and into the ship she went.

Vitaillid was the ship, it is no drede,  
 Habundantly for hire a ful long space :  
 And other necessaries that shuld nedde  
 She had ynow, herid be Goddes grace :  
 For wind and wether, almighty God purchace,  
 And bring hire home, I can no better say,  
 But in the see she driveth forth hire way.

Alla the king cometh home sone after this  
 Unto his castel, of the which I told,  
 And asketh wher his wif and his child is ;  
 The constable gan about his herte cold,  
 And plainly all the matere he him told  
 As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,  
 And shewed the king his sele and his letter ;

And sayde ; Lord, as ye commanded me  
 Up peine of deth, so have I don certain.  
 This messenger turmented was, til he  
 Moste beknowe, and tellen plat and plain,  
 Fro night to night in what place he had lain .  
 And thus by wit and subtil enquerung  
 Imagined was by whom this harm gan spring.

The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,  
 And all the venime of this cursed dede ;  
 But in what wise, certainly I n'ot.  
 The effect is this, that Alla out of drede  
 His moder slew, that moun men plainly rede,  
 For that she traitour was to hire ligeance :  
 Thus endeth this old Donegild with meschance.

The sorwe that this Alla night and day  
 Maketh for his wif and for his child also,  
 Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.  
 But now wol I agen to Custance go,  
 That fleteth in the see in peine and wo  
 Five yere and more, as liked Cristes sonde,  
 Or that hire ship approached to the londe.

Under an hethen castel at the last,  
 (Of which the name in my text I not find)  
 Custance and eke hire child the see up cast.  
 Almighty God, that saved all mankind,  
 Have on Custance and on hire child som mind,  
 That fallen is in hethen hond eftsonne  
 In point to spill, as I shal tell you sone.

Doun fro the castel cometh ther many a wight  
 To gauren on this ship, and on Custance :  
 But shortly fro the castel on a night,  
 The lordes steward (God yeve him meschance)  
 A theef, that had reneyed our creance,  
 Came into the ship alone, and said, he wolde  
 Hire lemman be, whether she wolde or n'olde.

Wo was this wretched woman tho begon,  
 Hire childe cried, and she cried pitously :  
 But blisful Mary halpe hire right anon,  
 For with hire stroghing wel and mightily  
 The theef fell over bord al sodenly,  
 And in the see he drenched for vengeance,  
 And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept Custance.

O foule lust of luxurie, lo thin ende.  
 Nat only that thou faintest mannes mind,  
 But veraily thou wolt his body shende.  
 Th'ende of thy werk, or of thy lustes blind,  
 Is complaining : how many may men find,  
 That not for werk somtime, but for th'entent  
 To don this sinne, ben other slain or shent.

How may this weke woman han the strength  
 Hire to defend again this renegate ?  
 O Goliath, unmesurable of length,  
 How mighte David maken thee so mate ?  
 So yonge, and of armure so desolate,  
 How dorst he luke upon thy dredful face ?  
 Wel may men seen it was but Goddes grace.

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse  
 To sleen him Holofernes in his tent,  
 And to deliver out of wretchednesse  
 The peple of God ? I say for this entent,  
 That right as God spirit of vigour sent  
 To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,  
 So sent he might and vigour to Custance.

Forth goth hire ship thurghout the narwe mouth  
 Of Jubaltare and Septe, driving alway,  
 Somtime West, and somtime North and South,  
 And sometime Est, ful many a wery day :  
 Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay)  
 Hath shapen thurgh hire endeles goodnesse  
 To make an end of all hire hevinesse.

Now let us stint of Custance but a throw,  
 And speke we of the Romane emperour,  
 That out of Surrie hath by letres knowe  
 The slaughter of cristen folk, and dishonour  
 Don to his daughter by a false traitour,  
 I mene the cursed wicked Soudannesse.  
 That at the fest let sleen both more and lesse.

For which this emperour hath sent anon  
 His senatour, with real ordinance,  
 And other lordes, God wote, many on,  
 On Surriens to taken high vengeance :  
 They brennen, sleen, and bring hem to meschance  
 Ful many a day : but shortly this is th'enda,  
 Hemward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie  
 To Rome ward sayling ful really,  
 And met the ship driving, as saith the storie,  
 In which Custance sitteth ful pitously :  
 Nothing he knew he what she was, ne why  
 She was in swiche array, ne she wil sey  
 Of hire estat, though that she shulde dey.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif  
 He yaf hire, and hire yonge sone also :  
 And with the senatour she lad hire hf.  
 Thus can our lady bringen out of wo  
 Woful Custance, and many another mo :  
 And longe time dwelled she in that place,  
 In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace.

The senatoures wif her aunte was,  
 But for all that she knew hire never the more :  
 I wol no longer tarien in this cas,  
 But to king Alla, which I spake of yore,  
 That for his wif wepeth and siketh sore,  
 I wol returne, and let I wol Custance  
 Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that had his moder slain,  
 Upon a day fell in swiche repentance,  
 That if I shortly tellen shal and plain,  
 To Rome he cometh to receive his penance,  
 And putte him in the popes ordinance  
 In high and low, and Jesu Crist besought,  
 Foryeve his wicked werkes that he had wrought

The fame anon thurghout the toun is born,  
How Alla king shal come on pilgrimage,  
For herbergeours that wenten him beforin,  
For which the senatour, as was usage,  
Rode him againe, and many of his lunge,  
As wel to shewen his high magnificence,  
As to don any king a reverence.

Gret chere doth this noble senatour  
To king Alla, and he to him also;  
Everich of hem doth other gret honour;  
And so befell, that in a day or two  
This senatour is to king Alla go  
To fest, and shortly, if I shal not lie,  
Custances sone went in his compaignie.

Som men wold sain at requeste of Custance  
This senatour hath lad this child to feste:  
I may not tellen every circumstance,  
Be as he may, ther was he at the leste:  
But soth is this, that at his mothers heste  
Before Alla, during the metes space,  
The child stood, lokyn in the langes face.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,  
And to the senatour he said anon,  
Whos is that faire child that stondeþ yonder?  
I no't, quod he, by God and by Seint John;  
A moder he hath, but fader hath he non,  
That I of wote: but shortly in a stound  
He told Alla how that this child was found.

But God wot, quod this senatour also,  
So vertuous a liver in all my lif  
Ne saw I never, as she, ne herd of mo  
Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe or wif:  
I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever a knif  
Thurghout hire brest, than ben a woman wikke,  
Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke.

Now was this child as like unto Custance  
As possible is a creature to be:  
This Alla hath the face in remembrance  
Of dame Custance, and theron mused he,  
f that the childes moder were aught she  
that is his wif, and prively he sighte,  
and sped him fro the table that he mighte.

Parfay, thought he, fantome is in min hed,  
ought to deme of skilful judgement,  
hat in the salte see my wif is ded.  
nd afterward he made his argument;  
that wot I, if that Crist have hiden sent  
y wif by see, as wel as he hire lent  
y contree, fro thennes that she went?

And after noon home with the senatour  
st Alla, for to see this wonder chance.  
is senatour doth Alla gret honour,  
id hastily he sent after Custance:  
t trusteth wel, hire luste not to dance.  
hat that she wiste wherfore was that sonde,  
nothe upon hire feet she mighte stonde.

Whan Alla saw his wif, faire he hire grette,  
d wept, that it was routhe for to see,  
at the firste look he on hire sette  
knew wel veraily that it was she:  
l she for sorwe, as domb stant as a tree:  
was hire herte shette in hire distresse,  
an she remembered his unkindenesse.

Twies she swouneth in his owen sight,  
He wepeth and him excuseth pitously:  
Now God, quod he, and all his halwes bright  
So wisly on my soule as have mercy,  
That of youre harme as gilteles am I,  
As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,  
Elles the fend me fetche out of this place.

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peine,  
Or that hir woful hertes mighten cese,  
Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,  
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encrese.  
I pray you all my labour to relese,  
I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,  
I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist,  
That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,  
I trow an hundred times han they list,  
And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,  
That save the joye that lasteth evermo,  
Ther is non like, that any creature  
Hath seen or shal, while that the world may dure

Tho praied she hire husbond mekely  
In releef of hire longe pitous pine,  
That he wold pray hire fader specially,  
That of his magestee he wold encline  
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine:  
She praied him eke, he shulde by no way  
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.

Som men wold sayn, how that the child Maurice  
Doth this message until this emperour:  
But as I gesse, Alla was not so nice,  
To him that is so soverane of honour,  
As he that is of cisten folk the flour,  
Send any child, but it is bet to deme  
He went himself, and so it may wel seme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly  
To come to dinner, as he him besoughte:  
And wel rede I, he lokid besily  
Upon this child, and on his daughter thought.  
Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought  
Arraied for this feste in every wise,  
As ferforth as his conning may suffice.

The morwe came, and Alla gan him dresse,  
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete:  
And forth they ride in joye and in gladnesse,  
And whan she saw hire fader in the strete,  
She light adoun and falleth him to fete.  
Fader, quod she, your yonge child Custance  
Is now ful cleue out of your remembrance.

I am your daughter, your Custance, quod she,  
That whilom ye han sent into Surrie;  
It am I, fader, that in the salte see  
Was put alone, and dampned for to die.  
Now, goode fader, I you mercy crie,  
Send me no more into non hetlinesse,  
But thanketh my lord here of his kindenesse.

Who can the pitous joye tellen all  
Betwix hem thre, sin they ben thus ymette?  
But of my tale make an ende I shal,  
The day goth fast, I wol no longer lette.  
Thise glade folk to dinner ben ysette,  
In joy and blisse at mete I let hem dwell,  
A thousand fold wel more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was sithen emperour  
Made by the pope, and lived cristenly,  
To Cristes chirche did he gret honour :  
But I let all his storie passen by,  
Of Custance is my tale specially,  
In the olde Romane gestes men may find  
Maurices lif, I here it not in mind

This king Alla, whan he his tyme sey,  
With his Custance, his holy wif so swete,  
To Englund ben they come the righte wey,  
Ther as they live in joye and in quiete.  
But litel while it lasteth I you hete,  
Joye of this world for tyme wol not abide,  
Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.

Who lived ever in swiche delite o day,  
That him ne meved other conscience,  
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray,  
Envie, or pride, or passion, or offence ?  
I ne say but for this end this sentence,  
That litel while in joye or in plesance  
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For deth, that taketh of hie and low his ronte,  
Whan passed was a yere, even as I gesse,  
Out of this world this king Alla he hente,  
For whom Custance hath ful gret hevynesse.  
Now let us praien God his soule blesse :  
And dame Custance, finally to say,  
Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.

To Rome is come this holy creature,  
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and sound :  
Now is she scaped all hire aventure :  
And whan that she hire fader hath yfound,  
Doun on hire knees falleth she to ground,  
Weping for tendernes in herte blithe  
She herieth God an hundred thousand sithe.

In vertue and in holy almes dede  
They live alle, and never asonder wende ;  
Till deth departeth hem, this lif they lede :  
And fareth now wel, my tale is at an ende.  
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may sende  
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,  
And kepe us alle that ben in this place.

## THE WIF OF BATHES TALE.

### THE WIF OF BATHES PROLOGUE.

EXPERIENCE, though non auctoritee  
Were in this world, is right ynough for me  
To speke of wo that is in mariage :  
For, lordings, sin I twelf yere was of age,  
(Thanked be God that is eterne on live)  
Husbondes at chirche dore have I had five,  
(If I so often might han wedded be)  
And all were worthy men in hir degree.  
But me was told, not longe tyme agon is,  
That sithen Crist ne went never but ous  
To wedding, in the Cane of Galilee,  
That by that ilke ensample taught he me,  
That I ne shulde wedded be but ones.  
Lo, herke eke, which a sharpe word for the nones,  
Beside a welle Jesu, God and man,  
Spake in reprehe of the Samaritan :  
Thou hast yhadde five husbonds, sayde he ;  
And thilke man, that now hath wedded thee,  
Is not thyn husband : thus said he certain ;  
What that he ment therby, I can not sain.  
But that I aske, why that the fifthe man  
Was non husband to the Samaritan ?  
How many might she have in mariage ?  
Yet herd I never tellen in min age  
Upon this noumbre diffintoun ;  
Men may devine, and glosen up and doun.

But wel I wot, expresse withouten lie  
God bad us for to wex and multiplie ;  
That gentil text can I wel understand.  
Eke wel I wot, he sayd, that min husband  
Shuld leve fader and moder, and take to me ;  
But of no noumbre mention made he,  
Of bigamie or of octogamie ;  
Why shuld men than speke of it vilanie ?

Lo here the wise King Dan Salomon,  
I trow he hadde wives mo than on,  
(As wolde God it leful were to me  
To be refreshed half so oft as he)  
Which a gift of God had he for alle his wives ?  
No man hath swiche, that in this world on live is.  
God wot, this noble king, as to my witte,  
The firste night had many a mery fitte  
With eche of hem, so wel was him on live.  
Blessed be God that I have wedded five,  
Welcome the sixthe whan that ever he shall.  
For sith I wol not kepe me chaste in all,  
Whan min husband is fro the world ygon,  
Som cristen man shal wedden me anon.  
For than the apostle saith, that I am fre  
To wedde, a' goddes half, wher it liketh me.  
He saith, that to be wedded is no sinne ;  
Better is to be wedded than to briune.

What reketh me though folk say vilanie  
Of shrewed Lamech, and his bigamie ?  
I wot wel Abraham was an holy man,  
And Jacob eke, as fer as ever I can,  
And eche of hem had wives mo than two,  
And many another holy man also.  
Wher can ye seen in any maner age  
That highe God defended mariage  
By expresse word ? I pray you telleth me,  
Or wher commanded he virginitee ?

I wot as wel as ye, it is no drede,  
The apostle, whan he spake of maidenhede,  
He said, that precept therof had he non :  
Men may consaille a woman to ben on,  
But consailing is no commandement ;  
He put it in our owen judgement.  
For hadde God commanded maidenhede,  
Than had he dampned wedding out of drede ;  
And certes, if ther were no sode yswowe,  
Virginitee than wherof shuld it growe ?



Poule dorste not commenden at the lest  
 A thing, of which his maister jaf non hest  
 The durt is settc up for vugintee,  
 Catch who so may, who kenneth best let see  
 But this word is not take of every wight,  
 But thier as God wol yeve it of his might  
 I wot wel that the apostle was a mud,  
 But natheles, though thit he wrote and said,  
 He wold that every wight were swiche as he,  
 All n'is but conseil to vugintee  
 And for to ben a wif he jaf me leve,  
 Of indulgence, so n'is it non reprieve  
 To wedden me, if that my make die,  
 Withoute exception of bigamie;  
 All were it good no woman for to touche,  
 (He ment as in his bed or in his couche)  
 For peril is both fire and tow to assemblc,  
 Ye know what this ensample may resemble

This is all and som, he held vugintee  
 More parfit than wedding in fieletee  
 (Fieletee clepe I, but if that he and she  
 Wold lede his lives all in chastitee)  
 I gaunt it wel, I have of non envie,  
 Who maidenhed p'fere to bigamie,  
 It liketh hem to be cleue in body and gost  
 Of min estat I wol not maken host

For wel ye know, a lord in his household  
 No hath nat every vessel all of gold  
 Som ben of tee, and don his lord service  
 God clepeth folk to him in sondry wise,  
 And everich hath of God a propre gift,  
 Som this, som that, as that him liketh shift  
 Vugintee is gret perfection,  
 And continence eke with devotion  
 But Crist, that of perfection is welles,  
 No bade not every wight he shulde go selle  
 All that he had, and yeve it to the poure,  
 And in swiche wise folow him and his loie:  
 He spake to hem that wold live parfitly,  
 And, lordings, (by your leve) that am nat I;  
 I wol bestow the flour of all myn age  
 In til' actes and the fruit of marriage.

Tell me also, to what conclusion  
 Were mem'bres made of generation,  
 And of so parfit wise a wight wrought?  
 Trusteth me wel, they were nat made for nought.  
 Glose who so wol, and say bothe up and doun,  
 That they were made for purgatioun  
 Of urine, and of other thinges smale,  
 And eke to know a femle from a male.  
 And for non other cruse? say ye no?  
 The expercience wot wel it is not so  
 So that the clerkes be not with me wroth,  
 I say this, that they maken ben for both,  
 This is to sayn, for office, and for ese  
 Of engendrure, ther we not God displese.  
 Why shuld men elles in his bookes sette,  
 That man shal yelden to his wif hire dette?  
 Now wherwith shuld he make his pyement,  
 If he ne used his sely instrument?  
 Than were they made upon a creature  
 To purge urine, and eke for engendure

But I say not that every wight is hold,  
 That hath swiche harness as I to you told,  
 To gon and usen hem in engendrure,  
 Than shuld men take of chastitee no cure  
 Just was a maide, and shapen as a man  
 And many a sent, sith that this world began,  
 Yet lived they ever in purfit chastitee,  
 n'ill envie with no vugintee.

Let hem with bried of pure whete be fed,  
 And let us wives eten barly bried  
 And yet with barly bried, Mark tellen can,  
 Our Lord Jesu refreshed many a man  
 In swiche estat as God hath cleped us,  
 I wol persevere, I n'am not precious,  
 In wifhode wol I use min instrument  
 As fiely as my maker hath it sent  
 If I be dangerous God yeve me sorwe,  
 Min husbond shal it have both even and morwe,  
 Whan that him list come forth and pay his dette.  
 An husbond wol I have, I wol not lette,  
 Which shal be both my dettoun and my thail,  
 And have his tribuloun withall  
 Upon his flesh, while that I am his wif  
 I have the power during all my lif  
 Upon his propre body, and nat he,  
 Right thus the apostle told it unto me,  
 And bad our husbonds for to love us wel,  
 All this sentence me liketh every del

Up stert the pardonere, and that anon,  
 Now, dame, quod he, by God and by Seint John,  
 Ye ben a noble prechour in this cas  
 I was about to wed a wif, alas!  
 What? shuld I bie it on my flesh so dere?  
 Yet had I levei wed no wif to-yeve

Abide, quod she, my tale is not begonne  
 Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tonne  
 Er that I go, shal savour worse than ale  
 And whan that I have told thee forth my tale  
 Of tribuloun in mariage,  
 Of which I am expert in all min age,  
 (This is to sayn, myself hath ben the whirpe)  
 Than maigest thou chesen wheder thou wolt suppe  
 Of thilke tonne, that I shal aboche  
 Beware of it, er thou to neigh approche  
 For I shal tell ensamples mo than ten  
 Who so that n'ill beware by other men  
 By him shal other men corrected be:  
 These same wordes writeth Ptholomee,  
 Rede in his Almageste, and take it there.

Dame, I wold pray you, if your will it were,  
 Sayde this pardonere, as ye began,  
 Tell forth your tale, and spareth for no man,  
 And techeth us yonge men of your p'acture.  
 Gladly, quod she, sin that it may you like.  
 But that I pray to all this compaignie,  
 If that I speke after my fantasie,  
 As taketh not a greefe of that I say,  
 For min entente is not but for to play.

Now, sies, than wol I tell you forth my tale  
 As ever mote I drinken win or ale  
 I shal say soth, the husbondes that I had  
 As thre of hem were good, and two were bad  
 The thre were goode men and riche and olde.  
 Unethes mighten they the statute holde,  
 In which that they were bounden unto me.  
 Ye wot wel what I mene of this parde  
 As God me helpe, I hugh whan that I thinke,  
 How pitously a night I made hem swinke,  
 But by my fay, I tolde of it no store:  
 They had me yeven hir lond and hir tresore,  
 Me neded not do longer digence  
 To win hir love, or don hem reverence.  
 They loved me so wel by God above,  
 That I ne tolde no demtee of hir love  
 A wise womn wol bestie hire ever in on  
 To geten hir love, ther as she hath non  
 But sith I had hem holly in min hond,  
 And that they hadde yeven me all hir lond,

was made to come out of the crowd and to take his place within hearing of the Host during his narration. Agreeably to this notion, when the Host calls upon Chaucer, ver. 13623, he says,

Approche nere and loke up merly  
Now were you, Sires, and let this man have place

It was necessary that the Host should be "judge and reporteur" of the tales (ver 816) who was to hear them all distinctly. The others might hear as much as they could or as they chose of them. It would have required the lungs of a Stentor, to speak audibly to a company of thirty people trotting on together in a road of the fourteenth Century.

Ver 10965 to slepen by the *morwee*] This must be understood generally for the *day time*, as it was then afternoon. It has been observed in the Discourse &c. § xiii that, in this episode of the Coke, no notice is taken of his having told a tale before.

Ver 16991 wol ye just at the fin?] Some MSS read—*van*. The sense of both words is the same. The thing meant is the *Quintaine* which is called a *fan*, or *van* from its turning round like a weather cock. See Du Cange in *v* VANA. Menestrier sur les *tournois* is quoted by M. nage *Dit L'ymol* in *v* QUINTAINE, and Kennets *Paroch* *As tig*.

Ver 10993 vin of rpe] This is the reading of MSS HA D L and Ed C<sup>1</sup> l and I believe the true one. The explanation in the Gloss of this and the preceding passage from Mr Speght is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Wine of ape* I understand to mean the same as *vin de singe* in the old *Kalendar des Bergiers* Sign 111 b. The author is treating of Physognomy and in his description of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumstances, the different effects of wine upon them. The Cholerick he says, *a vin de Lyon, cest a dire, quant a bien deu veult tanser noyer et baltre*—The Sanguine, *a vin de Singe quant a plus beau tant est plus joyeux*—In the same manner the Phlegmatic is said to have *vin de mouton* and the Melancholick *vin de porceau*.

I find the same four animals applied to illustrate the effects of wine in a little Rabbinical tradition which I shall transcribe here from Fabric Cod Pseudepi V T. vol 1 p 275. *Vinias plantantis Noacho Satanam se junxit isse memorant, qui, dum Noa viles plantaret, mactaverit apud illas ovem, leonem simiam et suem. Quod principio potus vini homo sit insatius ovis vinum sumptum official ex homine leonem, largius haustum muliet eum in saltantem simiam ad ebrietatem infususur transformet illum in pollutam et prostratam suem*. See also *Gesta Romanorum*, c 179 where a story of the same purport is quoted from Josephus in *libro de casu rei um naturalium*.

Ver 10999 a faire chivachee] A *fin expedition*. See the note on ver 85. The common Editt read—*chevissance*.

Ver 17112 Take any brid] This passage is too little one which has occurred before in the Squiers tale, ver 10925. The thought is plainly taken from Boethius L in Met. 2. See also *Rom de la R* ver 14717—34.

Ver 17124 Let take a cat] This is imitated from the *Rom de la R* ver 14825.

Ver 17130 Lo, here hath kind] So MSS Ask 1 2. The common Editt read, *lust* and *as nat ure*. See the next line but one, and ver 10922, 4.

Ver 17132 A she wolf] This is also from the *Rom de la R* ver 8142.

Tout ainsi comme fut la louve,  
Que sa folie tant empire,  
Qu'elle prent de tous lous le pire.

Ver 17173 or any thefe] Any is from conjecture only, instead of *a*, the reading of all the MSS that I have consulted. The reading of Ed Ur is—or *eltes* a thief—who ther from authority or conjecture I cannot tell, but even as a conjecture I should have adopted it in preference to my own, if I had taken notice of it in time.

Ver 17278 My some thy tonge] In the *Rom de la R* ver 7319 this precept is quoted from *I volmece*.

Au commencer de l'Almogeste

See the note on ver 5764

Ver 17381 The firste vertue] This precept is also quoted in the *Rom de la R* ver 7415 from Cato. It is extant I 1 Dist 3.

Virtutum primum esse potius compescere linguam

Ver 17408 be non auctor newe] This seems to be from *Cité I 1 Dist 12*.

Rumores fuge, ne incipias novus auctor haberi

It looks as if Chaucer read,

Rumores fuge ne incipias novus auctor haberi

Ver 17316 Four of the clock] See the Discourse &c. § xli.

Ver 17321 Therwith the mones exaltation, In mene Libra always g in ascend] This is a very obscure passage. Some of the MSS read—I mene Libra. According to the reading which I have followed, *exaltation* is not to be considered as a technical term, but is signifying simply rising and the sense will be that the monis rising, in the middle of Libra, was continually as end up &c.

If *exaltation* be taken in its technical meaning as explained in the note on ver 6294 it will be impossible to make any sense of either of the readings for the *exaltation of the moon* was not in Libra but in Taurus. *Kalendar des Bergiers* Sign 111t Mr Speght I suppose, being aware of this altered Libra into Taurus, but he did not consider, that the Sun which has just been said to be descending was at that time in Taurus and that consequently Taurus must also have been descending.

Libra therefore should by no means be paired with B ing in that part of the Zodiac which is nearly opposite to Taurus, the place of the Sun it is very properly represented as ascending above the horizon toward the time of the Sun's setting. If any alteration were to be admitted, I should be for reading—

Therwith Saturnes exaltation,  
I mene Libra, always g in ascende—

The exaltation of Saturn was in Libra. *Kalendar des Bergiers* Sign K 1.

Ver 17335 I cannot geste, rom, ram, ruf] This is plainly a contemptuous manner of describing *alliterative poetry*, and the Person's prefatory declaration that "he is a Southern man," would lead one to imagine, that compositions in that style were, at this time, chiefly confined to the Northern provinces. It was observed long ago by William of Malmesbury in *Pontif Angl* that the language of the North of England was so harsh and unpolished, as to be scarce intelligible to a Southern man. *Quod propter viciniam barbararum gentium, et propter remotiorem viciniam quondam Anglorum modo Normannorum contigit, qui majus ad Austrum quam ad Aquilonem diversati noscuntur*. I rom the same causes we may presume that it was often long before the improvements in the poetical art which from time to time were made in the South, could find their way into the North, so that there the hobbling alliterative verse might still be in the highest request, even after Chaucer had established the use of the *Ille no metre* in this part of the island. Dr Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Cheshire man on the battle of Flodden in 1513, and he has remarked "that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms." Dray on *Metre of P P*. This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally inhabitants of the Northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom underwent much fewer and slower alterations, than it did in the neighbourhood of the capital.

To geste here is to relate *gestis*. In ver. 13961 he has called it to *telle in geste*. Both passages seem to imply that *Gestes* were chiefly written in alliterative verse, but the latter passage more strongly than this. After the Host has told Chaucer, that he "shall no longer *me*," he goes on—

"Let see wher thou canst tellen ought in *geste*,  
Or telken in *prose* somewhat at the leste."

*Geste* there seems to be put for a species of composition which was neither *Rime* nor *Prose*; and what it could be, except *alliterative metre*, I cannot guess. At the same time I must own, that I know no other passage which authorizes the interpretation of *Geste* in this confined sense. In the H. of P. ii. 114. Chaucer speaks of himself as making—

"bokes, songes, dities,  
In *rime*, or elles in *cadence*."

where *cadence*, I think, must mean a species of poetical composition distinct from riming verses. The name might be properly enough applied to the metre used in the *Ornulum* (see the Essay, &c. n. 52.) but no work of Chaucer in any such metre, without rime, has come within my observation.

Ver. 17578 had the wordes] This is a French phrase. It is applied to the speaker of the Commons in *R. L. Parl.* 51 E. III. n. 57. Mons. Thomas de Hungerford, Chivalier, *qui avoit les paroles pur les Communes d'Angleterre en cest Parliament*, &c.

P. 146. col. 1. l. 69. *forlete sinne* or that *sinne forlete* hem] The same thought occurs, by way of precept, at the end of the Doctor's tale, ver. 12220.

*Forsaketh sinne* or *sinne* you *forsake*.

P. 154. col. 1. l. 19. sayth Mayowes] I cannot tell where. Perhaps there may be some such passage in the Rabbinical histories of Moses, which the learned Gualmin published in the last century (Paris, 1629, 8vo.) and which, among other traditions, contain that alluded to by S. Jude, Ep. ver. 9.

P. 154. col. 1. l. 54. in the *thurrok*] The Editt. have changed this word, in this place, into *tumber*, though, in another place, p. 152. col. 2. l. 51. they have left it, and Mr. Spaght explains it to mean *a heap*. It is a Saxon word, which the Glossaries render *cymba*, *cauphoia*; originally perhaps *campulus*, as it was sometimes written Du Cange, in v. CATULUS. It seems to have signified any sort of *hected vessel*, and from thence, what we call, the *hold* of a ship. The following explanation of it from an old book, entitled "*Our Ladies mirror*" (Lond. 1530. fol. 57. b.) will fully justify Chaucer's use of it in both places, in the first literally, and in the second metaphorically. "Ye shall understande that there ys a place in the bottoome of a shyppe, wher yn gathered all the fylthe that cometh into the shyppe—and it is called in some contre of ti ys *londe a thurroke*. Other calle yt an *hamron*, and some calle yt the *bulke* of the shyppe." I know not what to make of *hamron*.

P. 155. col. 2. l. 14. outrageous array of clotheing] What follows should be read and fully by any Antiquary, who may mean to write de *Re Vestitu* of the English nation in the sixth Century.

P. 164. col. 1. l. 2. so high doctrine I lete to divines] See before, ver. 1746–71. and below, p. 171. col. 1. l. 54. "The exposition of thi—I betake to the masters of Theologie." The secular clergy, in the time of Chaucer, being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I suppose, to represent the Person as a deep divine, though a very pious, worthy Priest. The Friar, whose brethren had the larger share of the learning which was then in fashion.

with great contempt of the Pa-

lar and Person

acter, ver. 402. we are told,

nam, a clerk."

whether in these passages  
elf, forgetting or neglect-  
ter.

hem alle &c.] What fol-  
variations, in all com-

plate MSS. (I believe) of the Canterbury Tales, and in both Carion's Editions, which were undoubtedly printed from MSS. there was no pretence to leave it out in this Edition, however difficult it may be to give any satisfactory account of it.

I must first take notice, that this passage in MS. Ask. 1. is introduced by these words—

*Here taketh the maker his leve.*

and is concluded by these—

*Here endeth the Personnes Tale.*

In MS. Ask. 2. there is a similar introduction and conclusion in Latin; at the beginning,—*Hic capit auctor licentiam*—and at the end,—*Explicit narratio Rectoris, et ultima inter narrationes hujus libri de quibus composuit Chaucer, copius animum propicietur Deus. Amen.*

These two MSS. therefore may be considered as agreeing in substance with those MSS. mentioned in the Discourse, &c. §. xlii. in which this passage makes part of the Person's Tale. One of them is described by Hearne, in his letter to Bagford, App. to R. G. p. 661, 2.

In Editt. Ca. 2. as quoted by Ames, p. 56. it is clearly separated from the Person's Tale, and entitled,

*The Prayer.*

In the MSS. in which it is also separated from the Person's tale, I do not remember to have seen it distinguished by any title, either of *Prayer* or *Revocation*; or *Retraction*, as it is called in the Preface to Ed. Urry. If we believe what is said in p. 172. col. 2. l. 22. Chaucer had written a distinct piece entitled his *Retractions*, in which he had revoked his blameable compositions.

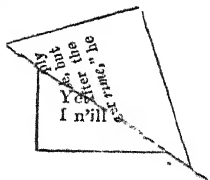
The just inference from these variations in the MSS. is perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on; that different Copyists have given this passage the title that pleased them best, and have attributed it to the Person or to Chaucer, as the matter seemed to them to be most suitable to the one or the other.

Mr. Hearne, whose greatest weakness was not his incredulity, has declared his suspicion, "that the Revocation, meaning this whole passage, is not genuine, but that it was made by the Monks." App. to R. G. p. 603. I cannot go quite so far. I think, if the Monks had set about making a Revocation for Chaucer to be annexed to the Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The same objection lies to the supposal that it was made by himself.

The most probable hypothesis which has occurred to me, for the solution of these difficulties, is to suppose, that the beginning of this passage, except the words, *or reden it* in col. 2. l. 9. and the end make together the genuine conclusion of the Person's tale, and that the middle part which I have inclosed between hooks is an interpolation.

It must be allowed, I think, as I have observed before in the Discourse, &c. §. xlii. that the appellation of "*hete* tretis" suits better with the Person's tale taken singly, than with the whole work. The doubt expressed in col. 2. l. 12. "if there be any thing that displethet &c." is very agreeable to the manner in which the Person speaks in his *Pril que*, ver. 1746f. See the note on p. 169. col. 1. l. 28. The mention of "*verray penance, confession and satisfaction*" in p. 172. col. 2. l. 39, seems to refer pointedly to the subject of the speaker's preceding discourse; and the title given to Christ in p. 172. col. 2. l. 42, "*Preste of all Prestes*" seems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a Priest.

So much for those parts which may be supposed to have originally belonged to the Person. With respect to the middle part, I think it not improbable, that Chaucer might be persuaded by the Religious who attended him in his last illness, to revoke, or retract, certain of his works; or at least that they might give out, that he had made such Retractions as they thought proper. In either case, it is possible that the same zeal might think it expedient to join the substance of these Retractions to the Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poison; and might accordingly procure the present interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to the Person's tale, taking care at the same time, by the insertion of the words "*or reden it*" in col. 2. l. 9. to



convert that Epilogue from an address of the Personne to his hearers into an address of Chaucer to his readers.

But, leaving these very uncertain speculations, I will say a few words upon those *enditings of worldly vanities*, which are here supposed to have satten heavy on our author's conscience.

P. 172. col. 2. l. 23. the boke of Troilus] It has been said in the Essay, &c. n. 62. that the Troilus is borrowed from the Filostrato of Boccace. This is evident not only from the Fable and Characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English which are literally translated from the Italian. At the same time there are several long passages, and even episodes, in the Troilus, of which there are no traces in the Filostrato. Of these therefore it may be doubted, whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them either from some completer copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translator *out of Latin*, B. ii. l. 14. and in two passages he quotes his author by the name of *Lollius*, B. i. 394—421, and B. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the Filostrato, but the former, in which the 102d Sonnet of Petrarch is introduced, is not. What he says of having translated *out of Latin* need not make any difficulty, as the Italian language was commonly called *Latino volgare* (see the quotation from the Thesaurus, Discourse, &c. n. 9.) and Lydgate (Prol. to Boccace) expressly tells us, that Chaucer translated—"a boke which called is *Trophe*,

In Lombard tonge, as men may rede and see."

How Boccace should have acquired the name of *Lollius*, and the Filostrato the title of *Trophe*, are points which I confess myself unable to explain.

[Ibid. l. 24. the boke of Fame] Chaucer mentions this among his works in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 417. He wrote it while he was Comptroller of the Custom of wools, &c. (see B. ii. ver. 144—8.) and consequently after the year 1374. See App. to Pref. C.

[Ibid. l. 24. the boke of five and twenty Ladies] This is the reading of all the MSS. If it be genuine, it affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's works was not drawn up by himself; as there is no ground for believing that the *Legende of Good Women* ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of *five and twenty Ladies*. See the note on ver. 4481. It is possible however that xxv may have been put by mistake for xix.

[Ibid. l. 25. the boke of the Duchesse] See the note on ver. 4467. One might have imagined that this poem, written upon a particular occasion, was in all probability an original composition; but upon comparing the portrait of a beautiful woman, which M. de la Ravalere (Poes. du R. de N. Glos. v. BELLE) has cited from MS. du Roi, N° 7612. with Chaucer's description of his heroine (ver. 817, *et seq.*) I find

that several lines in the latter are literally translated from the former. I should not therefore be surprised, if, upon a further examination of that MS. it should appear, that our author, according to his usual practice, had borrowed a considerable part of his work from some French poet.

[Ibid. l. 25. the boke of Seint Valentines day &c.] In the Edit. *the Assemblies of Fowles*. Chaucer himself in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 419. calls it *the Parlement of Fowles*. See the note on ver. 1920. and App. to Pref. C. note 6.

[Ibid. l. 27. the tales of Canterbury &c.] If we suppose, that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his Canterbury Tales, it must appear rather extraordinary, that he should mention those tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other works. It would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue.

[Ibid. l. 28. the boke of the Leon] This book is also ascribed to Chaucer by Lydgate, Prol. to Boccace, but no MS. of it has hitherto been discovered. It may possibly have been a translation of *Le dit du Lion*, a poem of Guillaume de Machaut, composed in the year 1342. Acad. des Ins. t. xx. p. 373. 408. Some lines from this poem, as I apprehend, are quoted in the Glossary to *Poes. du Roi de N. v. ARROUSERS*, BACHELER.

Whether we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptionable works to have been drawn up by himself, or by any other person, it is unaccountable that his translation of the *Roman de la Rose* should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition, as is most probable, he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness, in sentiment as well as diction, than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5370. of the original (ver. 5810. Ed. Urr.) and beginning again at ver. 11253. ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have a strong proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his MS. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl. and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304. incl. should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later Editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered, if they had consulted the French original.

A Bachelor, who dances with Franchise, is said to resemble

"The Lorde sonne of Wyndesore."

It. R. ver. 1250.

This seems to be a compliment to the young Princes in general, rather than to any particular son of Edward III. who is certainly meant by the *Lord of Windsor*. In the French it is simply—*Il sembloit estre l'un des Rois*.



## THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

v. 1—104

MANY menne sain that in sweveninges,  
There n'is but fables and lesinges :  
But menne may some sweven seene,  
Which hardely that false ne been,  
But afterward ben apparaunt :  
This may I drawe to warraunt  
An authour that hight Macrobes,  
That halte not dreames false ne lees,  
But undoth us the avisoun,  
That whilom mette king Cipion.

And who so sayth, or weneth it be  
A jape, or else nicete  
To wene that dreames after fall,  
Let who so liste a foole me call.  
For this trow I, and say for me,  
That dreames signifiunce be  
Of good and harme to many wightes,  
That dreamen in hir sleep a nightes  
Full many thinges covertly,  
That fallen after all openly.

Within my twentie yeere of age,  
When that love taketh his courage  
Of younge folke, I wente soone  
To bed, as I was wont to doone :  
And fast I slept, and in sleeping,  
Me mette such a swevening,  
That liked me wondrous wele,  
But in that sweven is never a dele  
That it n'is afterward befall,  
Right as this dreame wold tell us all.

Now this dreame wold I rime aright,  
To make your heartes gay and light :  
For love it prayeth, and also  
Commaundeth me that it be so.

And if there any aske me,  
Whether that it be he or she,  
How this booke which is here  
Shall hatte, that I rede you here :  
It is the Romaunt of the Rose,  
In which all the art of love I close.

The matter faire is of to make,  
God graunt me in gree that she it take  
For whom that it begounen is,  
And that is she, that hath ywis  
So mokel prise, and thereto she  
So worthie is beloved to be,  
That she wel ought of prise and right,  
Be cleped Rose of everie wight.  
That it was May me thoughte tho,  
It is five yere or more ago,  
That it was May, thus dreamed me,  
In time of love and jolitee,

That all thing ginneth waxen gay :  
For there is neither buske nor hay  
In May, that it n'ill shrouded bene,  
And it with newe loves wrene :  
These woodes eke recoveren grene,  
That drie in winter ben to sene,  
And the erth waxeth proud withall,  
For swote dewes that on it fall,  
And the poore estate forget,  
In which that winter had it set :  
And than become the ground so proude,  
That it wol have a newe shroude,  
And maketh so queint his robe and faire,  
That it had hewes an hundred paire,  
Of grasse and floures, of Inde and Pers,  
And many hewes full divers :  
That is the robe I mean ywis,  
Through which the ground to praisen is.

The birdes, that han left hir song,  
While they han suffed cold full strong,  
In wethers grille, and derke to sight,  
Ben in May for the Sunne bright,  
So glad, that they shew in singing,  
That in hir heart is such liking,  
That they mote singen and ben light :  
Than doth the nightingale her might,  
To maken noyse, and singen blithe :  
Than is blisfull many a sithe,  
The chelaundre, and the poppingaye,  
Than younge folke entenden aye,  
For to ben gay and amorous,  
The time is then so savourous.

Harde is his heart that loveth nought  
In May, whan all this mirth is wrought,  
Whan he may on these braunches here  
The smalle birdes singen clere  
Hir blisfull swete song piteous,  
And in this season delituous :  
When love affirmeth all thing,  
Me thought one night, in my sleeping,  
Right in my bed full readyly,  
That it was by the morrow early,  
And up I rose, and gan me cloth,  
Anone I wysse mine hondes both,  
A silver needle forth I drow,  
Out of an aguilier queint ynow,  
And gan this needle threed anone,  
For out of towne me list to gone,  
The sound of birdes for to heare  
That on the buskes singen clere,  
In the swete season that lefe is,  
With a thred basting my slevis,

Alone I went in my playing,  
 The smal foules song hearkening,  
 That payned hem full many a paure,  
 To sing on bowes blossomed faire :  
 Jolife and gay, full of gladnesse,  
 Toward a river gan I me dresse,  
 That I heard renne faste by,  
 For fairer playeng none saw I  
 Than playen me by the rivere :  
 For from an hill that stood there nere,  
 Come downe the stream full stiffe and bolli,  
 Clere was the water, and as cold  
 As any well is, sooth to saine,  
 And somedele lasse it was than Saine.  
 But it was straiter, weleaway,  
 And never saw I ere that day,  
 The water that so wele liked me,  
 And wonder glad was I to so  
 That lusty place, and that river :  
 And with that water that ran so clere,  
 My face I wysshe, tho saw I wele,  
 The bottome y paved everidele  
 With gravel, full of stones shene,  
 The meadowes softe, sote, and grene.  
 Beet right upon the water side,  
 Full clere was than the morowe tide,  
 And full attempre out of drede,  
 Tho gan I walken thorow the mode,  
 Downward aye in my playing,  
 The rivers side cousting.

And when I had a while ygone,  
 I saw a garden right anone,  
 Full long and broad, and everidele  
 Enclosed was, and walled wele,  
 With hie walles enbatailed,  
 Portrayed without, and well entayled  
 With many riche portraitures,  
 And both the images and peintures,  
 Can I beholde besely,  
 And I wold tell you readyly,  
 Of thilke images the semblaunce,  
 As farre as I have remembrance.

Amidde saw I Ilate stonde,  
 That for her wrath and yre and onde,  
 Seemed to be a moveresse,  
 An angry wight, a chideresse,  
 And ful of gile, and fell courage,  
 By semblaunt was that ilke image,  
 And she was nothing wele araide,  
 But like a wode woman afraide,  
 Yfrowned foule was her visage,  
 And grinning for dispitous rage,  
 Her nose snorted up for tene,  
 Full hidous was she for to sene,  
 Full foule and rustie was she this,  
 Her head ywriten was ywis  
 Full grimly with a great towaile.

An image of another entayle,  
 Alifte halte was her fast by,  
 Her name above her head saw I,  
 And she was called FRYONY.

Another image, that VILLANY  
 Ycleped was, saw I and fonde  
 Upon the wall on her right honde.  
 Villany was like somedele  
 That other image, and trusteth wele  
 She seemed a wicked creature,  
 By countenance in portreiture,  
 She seemed be full despitous,  
 And eke full proude and outrageous.

Well coude he paint I undertake,  
 That such an image coude make :  
 Full foule and chorych seemed she,  
 And eke villainous for to be,  
 And little coude of norture,  
 To worship any creature.

And next was painted COVETISE,  
 That eggeth folke in many a gise,  
 To take and yve right nought againis  
 And great treasures up to laine.

And that is she, that for usure  
 Leneth to many a creature  
 The lasse for the more winning,  
 So covetous is her brenning,  
 And that is she for pennies fele,  
 That teacheth for to robbe and stele  
 These theeves, and these smale harlotez,  
 And that is routhe, for by hir throtes,  
 Full many one longeth at the last :  
 She maketh folke compasse and cast  
 To taken other folkes thing,  
 Through robberie, or misecoveting.  
 And that is she that maketh treachouris,  
 And she maketh false pleadours,  
 That with hir termes and hir domes,  
 Done maidens, children, and eke gromys,  
 Her heritage to forgo :  
 Full crooked were her hondes two,  
 For covetise is ever woode,  
 To gripen other folkes goode.

Covetise, for her winning,  
 Full lefe hath other mennes thing.

Another image set saw I,  
 Nexte Covetise fast by,  
 And she was cleped AVARICE,  
 Full foule in painting was that vice,  
 Full sad and caitife was she eke,  
 And also grene as any leke,  
 So evil hewed was her colour,  
 Her seemed to have lived in langour,  
 She was like thing for hunger dead,  
 That lad her life only by bread  
 Kneden with eisell strong and egre,  
 And thereto she was leane and megre,  
 And she was clad full porely,  
 All in an olde torne courtpy,  
 As she were all with dogges torne,  
 And both behind and eke before  
 Clouted was she beggerly.

A mantle longe her faste by,  
 Upon a benche weake and small,  
 A burnette cote hong there withall,  
 Furred with no minevere,  
 But with a furre rough of heere,  
 Of lambe skinner heavy and blake,  
 It was so old I undertake.  
 For Avarice to cloath her wele,  
 Ne hasteth her never a dele,  
 For certainly it were her loth  
 To wearen of that ilke cloth,  
 And if it were foreweared, she  
 Woulde have full great nicete  
 Of clothing, or she bought her newe,  
 All were it bad of woll and hewe.

This Avarice held in her hand,  
 A purse that honge by a band,  
 And that she hid and bond so strong,  
 Men must abide wonder long,  
 Out of the purse or ther come aught,  
 For that ne commeth in her thought,

It was not certaine her entent,  
That fro that purse a peny went.  
And by that image nigh ynough,  
Was peynted Envy, that never lough,  
Nor never well in her heart ferde  
But if she either saw or herde  
Some great mischaunce, or great disease,  
Nothing ne may so much her please  
As mischeife and misaventure,  
Or when she seeth discomfiture  
Upon any worthy man fall,  
Than liketh her right well withall.  
She is full glad in hir courage,  
If she see any great linage  
Be brought to naught in shamefull wise :  
And if a man in honour rise,  
Or by his wit, or by his prowesse,  
Of that hath she great heavinessc,  
For trusteth well she goeth nie wood,  
When any chaunce happeth good.

Envy is of such cruelte,  
That fayth ne trouth holdeth she,  
To friend ne fellow, bad or good.  
Ne she hath kinne none of her blood  
That she n'is full hir enemie,  
She nolde, I dare saine hardely  
Her owne father fared wele,  
And sore abieth she everie dele  
Her malice, and her male talent :  
For she is in so great turment  
And hate such, when folke doth good,  
That nye she melteth for pure wood,  
Her hert kerveth and so breaketh  
That God the people well awaketh.

Envy ywis shall never let,  
Some blame upon the folke to set.  
I trowe that if Envy ywis,  
Knew the beste man that is,  
On this side or beyond the see,  
Yet somewhat lacken him would she :  
And if he were so hende and wise,  
That she ne might all abate his prise,  
Yet would she blame his worthinesse,  
Or by her wordes make it lesse.  
I sawe Envy in that painting,  
Had a wonderfull looking,  
For she ne looked but awrie,  
Or overwhart, all baggingly.  
And she had a foule usage,  
She might looke in no visage  
Of man ne woman, forth right plaine,  
But shette her one eye for disdaine,  
So for envie brenned shee  
When she might any man see  
That faire, or worthy were, or wise,  
Or else stood in folkes prise.

Sorow was painted next Envy  
Upon that wall of masonry :  
But well was seene in her colour  
That she had lived in langour :  
Her seemed to have the jaundice,  
Not halfe so pale was Avarice,  
Ne nothing like of leannesse,  
For sorowe, thought, and great distresse,  
That she had suffred daie and night,  
Made her yellow, and nothing bright :  
Full sad, pale, and megre also,  
Was never wight yet half so wo  
As that her seemed for to be,  
Nor so fulfilled with yre as she,

I trow that no wight might her please  
Nor doe that thing that might her ease,  
Nor she ne would her sorow slake,  
Nor comfort none unto her take,  
So depe was her wo begonne,  
And eke her heart in anger ronne,  
A sorowfull thing wel seemed she :  
Nor she had nothing slowe be  
For to-scratchen all her face  
And for to-rent in many place  
Her clothes, and for to teare her swire,  
As she that was fulfilled of yre,  
And all to-torne lay eke her heere  
About her shoulders, here and there,  
As she that had it all to-rent  
For anger and for male talent.

And eke I tell you certainly  
How that she wept full tenderly :  
In worlde n'is wight so hard of heart  
That had scene her sorowes smart  
That nolde have had of her pite,  
So wo begone a thing was she.  
She all to-daslit her selfe for wo  
And smote togider her hands two,  
To sorrow was she full ententif,  
That wofull retchelesse catife  
Her rougt little of playing,  
Or of clipping or kissing ;  
For who so sorrowfull is in heart  
Him luste not to play ne start,  
Nor for to dauncen, ne to sing,  
Ne may his heart in temper bring  
To make joy on even or morrow,  
For joy is contrarie unto sorrow.

Elde was painted after this,  
That shorter was a foot ywis  
Than she was wont in her yonghede,  
Unneth her selfe she might fede,  
So feeble and eke so old was she  
That faded was all her beaute.  
Full salow was waxen her colour,  
Her head for hore was white as flour,  
Ywis great qualme ne were it none,  
Ne sinne, although her life were gone.  
All woxen was her body unwelde  
And drie and dwined all for elde,  
A foule forwelked thing was she  
That whilom round and soft had be,  
Her heeres shoken fast withall  
As from her hedde they would fall :  
Her face frounced and forpined,  
And both her hondes lorne forwined :  
So old she was that she ne went  
A foot, but it were by potent.  
The time that passeth night and daye,  
And restlesse travayleth aye,  
And stealeth from us so privily,  
That to us seemeth sikerly  
That it in one point dwelleth ever,  
And certes it ne resteth never,  
But goeth so fast, and passeth aye,  
That there n'is man that thinke maye  
What time that now present is,  
Asketh at these clerkes this,  
For menne thinke it readly  
Three times been passed by  
The time that may not sojourn  
But goth, and may never retourne,  
As water that down runneth aye  
But never droppe retourne may :



There may nothing as time endure,  
 Metall, nor earthly creature,  
 For all thing it fette and shall,  
 The time eke that chaungeth all,  
 And all doth waxe, and festered be,  
 And all thing destroyeth he.  
 The time that eldeth our auncestours  
 And eldeth kinges and emperours,  
 And that us all shall overcomen  
 Er that death us shall have nomen,  
 The time that bath all in welde  
 To elden folke, had made her elde  
 So inly, that to my weting  
 She might helpe her selfe nothing,  
 But tourned ayen unto childhole;  
 She had nothing her selfe to lede  
 Ne wit ne pithe in her hold  
 More than a childre of two yere old.

But nathelesse I trow that she  
 Was faire sometime, and fresh to se,  
 When she was in her rightfull age:  
 But she was past all that passage  
 And was a doted thing becomen:  
 A furred cappe on had she nomen;  
 Well had she clad her selfe and warme,  
 For cold might els doen her harme,  
 These olde folke have alway cold,  
 Hir kind is such, when they been old.

Another thing was down there writ,  
 That seemed like an ipocrite,  
 And it was cleped Pope holy,  
 That ilke is she, that privity  
 Ne spared never a wicked deed,  
 When men of her taku none heed,  
 And maketh her outward precious,  
 With pale visage and piteous,  
 And seemeth a simple creature,  
 But ther n'is no misadventure,  
 That she ne thinketh in her courage:  
 Ful like to her was thilke image,  
 That maketh was like her semblaunce,  
 She was ful simple of countenaunce.  
 And she was clothed and eke shod,  
 As she were for the love of God  
 Y-olden to religion,  
 Such seemed her devotion.

A psalter held she fast in hond,  
 And busily she gan to fond  
 To make many a faint prayere,  
 To God, and to his saintes dere:  
 Ne she was gay, fresh, ne jolife,  
 But seemed to be full entente  
 To goode workes, and to faire,  
 And thereto she had on an haire.

Ne certes she was fatte nothing  
 But seemed werie for fasting,  
 Of colour pale and dead was she,  
 From her the gates aie warned be  
 Of Paradise, that blisfull place,  
 For such folke maken leane hir grace:  
 As Christ sayth in his Evangile,  
 To get hem prise in towne a while,  
 And for a litle glorie vaine,  
 They lesen God and eke his raigne.

And alderlast of everichone,  
 Was painted Poverre all alone,  
 That not a peny had in hold,  
 Although she her clothes sold,  
 And though she shuld an honged be,  
 For naked as a worme was she,

And if the weather stormie were,  
 For cold she shuld have died there.

She ne had on but a straite old sacke,  
 And many a cloute on it there stakke,  
 This was her cote, and her mantele,  
 No more was there never a dele  
 To cloath her with; I undertake,  
 Great lesur hadde she to quake:  
 And she was put, that I of talke,  
 Ferre fro these other, up in an halke,  
 There lurked and there coured she,  
 For poore thing, where so it be,  
 Is shamefast, and despised aie:  
 Accused may well be that daie,  
 That poore man conceived is,  
 For God wote all to sold ywis  
 Is any poore man well yfed,  
 Or well arrayed or yeled,  
 Or well beloved, in such wise,  
 In honour that he may arise.

All these thinges well avised,  
 As I have you er this devised,  
 With gold and azure over all,  
 Depainted were upon the wall.  
 Square was the wall, and high somdele  
 Enclosed, and ybarred wele,  
 In stead of hedge, was that gardin,  
 Come never shepherde therein:  
 Into that gardin, well ywrought,  
 Who so that me could have brought,  
 By ladders or else by degree,  
 It would well have liked mee,  
 For such solace, such joy, and pleie  
 I trow that never man ne sie,  
 As was in that place delicious:  
 The gardin was not daungerous,  
 To herborow birdes many one,  
 So rich a yere was never none  
 Of birdes song, and braunches grene,  
 Therein were birdes mo I wene,  
 Than been in all the realme of Fraunce:  
 Full blisfull was the accordaunce,  
 Of swete pitous song they made,  
 For all this world it ought glade.

And I my selfe so merry ferde,  
 Whan I her blisfull songes herde,  
 That for an hundred pound would I,  
 If that the passage openly  
 Had be unto me free  
 That I couthe entren for to see  
 Thassemble (God keepe it fro care)  
 Of birdes, whiche therein ware,  
 That songen through hir merry throtes,  
 Daunces of love, and merry notes.

When I thus heard the foules sing,  
 I fell fast in a waymenting,  
 By which art, or by what engin,  
 I might come into that gardin,  
 But way I couthe finde none,  
 Into that gardin for to gone,  
 Ne nought wist I if that there were  
 Either hole or place where,  
 By which I might have entre,  
 Ne there was none to teache me,  
 For I was all alone ywis,  
 For woe and anguishe of this,  
 Till at last bethought I me,  
 That by no way ne might it be,  
 That there nas ladder ne way to passe  
 Or hole, into so faire a place.

Tho gan I go a full great paas,  
 Environ, even in compas,  
 The closing of the square wall,  
 Till that I found a wicket small  
 So shette, that I ne might in gone,  
 And other entre was there none  
 Upon this doore I gan to smite  
 That was so fetis, and so lite,  
 For other waye coud I not seke.  
 Full longe I shofe, and knocked eke,  
 And stode full long all herkening  
 If that I heard any wight comming :  
 Till that the doore of thilke entre  
 A maiden curteis opened me :  
 Her haire was as yellowe of hewe  
 As any bason scoured newe,  
 Her fleshe tender as is a chicke  
 With bente browes, smooth and sliche,  
 And by measure large were  
 The opening of her eyen clere :  
 Her nose of good proportion,  
 Her eyen graie, as is a faucon,  
 With sweete breath and well favoured,  
 Her face white and well coloured,  
 With little mouth, and round to sec ;  
 A clove chinne eke had she ;  
 Her necke was of good fashion  
 In length and greatnesse by reason,  
 Without bleine, scabbe, or roine ;  
 Fro Jerusalem unto Burgoine  
 Ther n'is a fairer necke ywis  
 To fele how smooth and soft it is.  
 Her throte also white of hewe,  
 As snowe on braunche snowed newe.  
 Of bodie full well wrought was she,  
 Men neden not in no coudre  
 A fairer bodie for to seke :  
 And of fine orfrais had she eke  
 A chapelet, so semely on,  
 Ne wered never maide upon ;  
 And faire above that chapelet  
 A rose garlonde had she set ;  
 She had a gaie mirrour  
 And with a riche gold tressour,  
 Her head was tressed quaintly  
 Her sleeves sewed fetously.  
 And for to keepe her hondes faire  
 Of gloves white she had a paire :  
 And she had on a coate of grene  
 Of cloth of Gaunt, withouten wene :  
 Well seemed by her appaiaile  
 She was not wont to great travaille.  
 For whan shee kempt was fetously  
 And well arated and richly,  
 Than had she done all her iournee,  
 For merrye and well begon was she.  
 She led a lustie life in May,  
 She had no thought, by night ne day  
 Of nothing, but if it were onely.  
 To graithie her well and uncouthly.  
 Whan that this dore had opened me  
 This maiden, seemely for to see,  
 I thonked her as I best might,  
 And asked her how that she hight :  
 And what she was, I asked eke,  
 And she to me was nought unmeke  
 Ne of her answerde dangerous,  
 But faire answerde, and sayed thus :  
 " Lo sir, my name is Idlenesse  
 So clepe men me, more and lesse :

Full mightie and full rich am I,  
 And that of one thinge namely,  
 For I entende to nothing  
 But to my joye, and my pleying,  
 And for to kembe and tresse me :  
 Acquainted am I and prive  
 With Mirthe, lord of this gardine,  
 That fro the londe of Alexandrine  
 Made the trees hither be fet,  
 That in this gardin been yset :  
 And when the trees woxen on hight,  
 This wall that stant here in thy sight,  
 Did Mirthe enclosen all about,  
 And these images all without  
 He did hem both entayle and paint,  
 That neither been jolife ne queint,  
 But they been full of sorowe and wo,  
 As thou hast seene a while ago.  
  
 " AND oft time him to solace  
 Sir Mirthe commeth into this place,  
 And eke with him commeth his meinie,  
 That liven in lust and jolitie :  
 And now is Mirthe therein, to here  
 The birdes how they singen clere,  
 The mavis and the nightingale,  
 And other jolly birdes smale :  
 And thus he walketh to solace  
 Him and his folke, for sweeter place  
 To playen in, he may not finde,  
 Although he sought one in tyl Inde.  
 The alther fairest folke to see  
 That in this worlde may found bee  
 Hath Mirthe with him in his rout,  
 That followen him alwaies about."  
 When Idlenesse had told all this,  
 And I had herkened well ywis,  
 Then saied I to dame Idlenesse,  
 " Now also wisely God me blesse,  
 Sith Mirthe, that is so faire and fre,  
 Is in this yerd with his meinie,  
 Fro thilke assemble, if I may,  
 Shall no man verne me to day,  
 That I this night ne mote it see,  
 For well wene I there with him bee  
 A faire and jolie companie  
 Fulfilled of all courtesie : "  
 And forth with out wordes mo  
 In at the wicket went I tho,  
 That Idlenesse had opened mee,  
 Into that garden faire to see.  
 And whan I was in ywis,  
 Mine herte was full glad of this.  
 For well wened I full sikerly  
 Have been in Paradise earthly,  
 So faire it was, that trusteth well,  
 It seemed a place espirituel.  
 For certes at my devise,  
 There is no place in Paradise,  
 So good in for to dwell or be,  
 As in that garden thoughte me.  
 For there was many a bird singing,  
 Throughout the yerde all thringing,  
 In many places were nightingales,  
 Alpes, finches, and wodwales,  
 That in hir swete song delighted  
 In thilke places as they habiten.  
 There mighte men see many flockes  
 Of turtles and laverokes,  
 Chelaundres fele saw I there,

That very nigh forsongen were.  
 And thrustles, terns, and mavise,  
 That songen for to win hem prise,  
 And eke to surmount in hir song  
 That other birdes hem among  
 By note made faire service :  
 These birdes, that I you devise,  
 They song her song as faire and well,  
 As angels doon espirituell,  
 And trusteth me, when I hem herde,  
 Full lustie and well I ferde :  
 For never yet such melodie  
 Was heard of man that mighte die.  
 Such swete song was hem among,  
 That me thought it no birdes song,  
 But it was wonder like to bee  
 Song of meremaides of the see,  
 That for hir singen is so clere :  
 Though we meremaides clepe hem here  
 In English, as is our usance,  
 Men clepe hem seculins in Fraunce.

ENTENTIVE weren for to sing  
 These birdes, that not unkonning  
 Were of hir craft, and a prentise,  
 But of songe subtil and wise :  
 And certes, when I heard hir song,  
 And sawe the grene place among,  
 In heart I wext so wonder gay,  
 That I was never, ere that day,  
 So jolife, nor so well bigo,  
 Ne merry in heart, as I was tho :  
 And than wist I, and saw full well,  
 That Idleness me served well,  
 That me put in such jolite,  
 Her frend well ought I for to be,  
 Sith she the dore of that garden  
 Had opened, and me let in.  
 From henceforth, how that I wrought  
 I shall you tell,—as me thought :  
 First whereof Mirthe served there,  
 And eke what folke there with him were,  
 Without fable I wold diserve,  
 And that garden eke as blive ;  
 I wold you tellen after this  
 The faire fashion all ywis,  
 That well wrought was for the nones ;  
 I may not tell you all atones,  
 But as I may and can, I shall  
 By order tellen you it all.

Full faire service, and eke full swete  
 These birdes maden as they sete :  
 Laies of love, ful well souning  
 They songen in hir jargonning,  
 Some high, and some eke lowe songe  
 Upon the braunches greene yspronge :  
 The sweetness of hir melodie  
 Made all mine heart in revelrie,  
 And whan that I heard I trowe  
 These birdes singing on a rowe,  
 Then might I not withholde mee  
 That I ne went in for to see  
 Sir Mirthe, for my desiring  
 Was him to seeene over all thing,  
 His countenance and his manere ;  
 That sighte was to me full dere.

Tho went I forth on my right hond  
 Downe by a litel path I fond  
 Of mintes full, and fennell greene,

As faste by withouten wene  
 Sir Mirthe I found, and right anone  
 Unto sir Mirthe gan I gone,  
 There as ne was him to solace,  
 And with him in that lustie place,  
 So faire folke and so fresh had he,  
 That when I saw, I wondred me  
 Fro whence suche folke might come,  
 So faire they weren all and some :  
 For they weren like, as to my sight,  
 To angels, that ben feathered bright.  
 These folke, of which I tell you so,  
 Upon a karole wenten tho :  
 A ladie karoled hem, that hight  
 GLADNESS, blissfull, and light,  
 Well could she sing and lustely  
 None halfe so well and seemely :  
 And couthe make in song such refraining.  
 It sate her wonder well to sing.  
 Her voice full clere was and full swete.  
 She was not rude ne unmete,  
 But couthe ynough for such doing  
 As longth unto karolling :  
 For she was wont in every place  
 To singen first, folke to solace,  
 For singing most she gave her to,  
 No craft had she so lefe to do.

Tho mightest thou karoles seene,  
 And folke daunce and merry beene,  
 And made many a faire tournyng  
 Upon the greene grasse springing.  
 There mightest thou see these fytours,  
 Minstrales, and eke jogelours,  
 That well to singe did hir paine :  
 Some song songes of Lorraine,  
 For in Lorraine hir notes be  
 Full sweeter than in this cowntre.  
 There was many a timbestere,  
 And sailours, that I dare well swere  
 Couthe hir craft full perfily :  
 The timbres up full subtilly  
 They cast, and hent full oft  
 Upon a finger faire and soft,  
 That they failed never mo.  
 Full fetis damoseles two,  
 Right yong, and full of semelyhede  
 In kirtles, and none other wede,  
 And faire tressed every tresse  
 Had Mirthe doen for his noblesse  
 Amid the carole for to daunce,  
 But hereof lieth no remembrance,  
 How that they daunced quaintly :  
 That one would come all prively  
 Ayen that other, and when they were  
 Together almost, they threw yfere  
 Hir monthes so, that through hir play  
 It seemed as they kist alway :  
 To dauncen well couthe they the gise.  
 What should I more to you devise ?  
 Ne bode I never thence go,  
 Whiles that I saw hem daunce so.  
 Upon the caroll wonder fast,  
 I gan beholde, till at last  
 A ladie gan me for to espie,  
 And she was cleped COURTESIE,  
 The worshipfull, the debonaire,  
 I pray to God ever fall her faire :  
 Full courtesly she called me,  
 "What doe ye there, beau sire !" (quod she)

"Come, and if it like you  
To daunce, daunce with us now : "  
And I without tarrying  
Went into the carolling,  
I was abashed never a dele,  
But it to me liked right wele,  
That Courtesie me cleped so,  
And bade me on the daunce go.  
For if I had durst, certaine  
I would have carolled right faine  
As man that was to daunce right blithe :  
Than gan I looken off sithe  
The shape, the bodies, and the cheeres,  
The countenance and the maneres  
Of all the folke that daunced there,  
And I shall tellen what they were.

Full faire was MIRTH, full long and high,  
A fairer man I never sigh :  
As round as apple was his face,  
Full roddie and white in every place :  
Fetis he was and well besey,  
With meetly mouth and eyen gray,  
His nose by measure wrought full right,  
Crispe was his haire, and eke full bright :  
His shoulderes of a large brede,  
And smallish in the girdlestede :  
He seemed like a purtreiture,  
So noble he was of his stature,  
So faire, so jolly, and so fetise,  
With limmes wrought at point devise  
Deliver, smert, and of great might :  
Ne saw thou never man so light.  
Of berd unneth had he nothing,  
For it was in the firste spring,  
Full yong he was, and merry of thought  
And in samette, with birdes wrought,  
And with gold beaten full fetously,  
His bodie was clad full richely :  
Wrought was his robe in straunge gise,  
And all to slittered for quaintise  
In many a place, low and hie,  
And shode he was with great maistrie,  
With shoone decoped, and with lace,  
By druerie, and by solace,  
His lefe a rosen chapelet  
Had made, and on his head it set.

And wete ye who was his lefe,  
Dame GLADNESSE there was him so lefe,  
That singeth so well with glad courage,  
That from she was twelve yeare of age,  
She of her love graunt him made :  
Sir Mirthe her by the finger hade  
Dauncing, and she him also,  
Great love was atwixt hem two :  
Both were they faire and bright of hew,  
She semed like a rose new  
Of colours, and her flesh so tender,  
That with a brere small and tender,  
Men might it cleve, I dare well say :  
Her forehead frounceles all play,  
Bent were her browes two,  
Her eyen gray, and glad also,  
That laughden aye in her semblaunt,  
First or the mouth by covenant.  
I wot not what of her nose I shall discrive,  
So faire hath no woman alive :  
Her haire was yellow, and clere shining,  
I wote no lady so liking.

Of ofraies fresh was her garland,  
I whiche seeme have a thousand

Saw never ywis no garland yet,  
So well wrought of silke as it.  
And in an over gilt samite  
Clad she was, by great delite,  
Of whiche her lefe a robe werde,  
The merrier she in her heart ferde.

And next her went, on her other side,  
THE GOD OF LOVE, that can divide  
Love, and as him liketh it be,  
But he can chorles daunten, he,  
And many folkes pride fallen,  
And he can well these lordes thrallen,  
And ladies put at low degree  
When he may hem too proude see.

This god of love of his fashion  
Was like no knave, ne quistron :  
His beauteie greatly was to prise,  
But of his robe to devise  
I drede encombred for to be,  
For not yclad in silke was he,  
But all in floures and flourettes,  
I painted all with amorettes,  
And with losengis and secolons,  
With birdes, liberdes, and lions,  
And other beastes wrought full wele ;  
His garment was every dele  
Ipurtraied and ywrought with flours,  
By divers medeling of colours :  
Floures ther were of many gise  
Yset by compasse in a sise,  
There lacked no floure to my dome,  
Ne not so much as floure of brome,  
Ne violet, ne eke pervinke,  
Ne floure none, that men can on thinke :  
And many a rose lefe full long  
Was entermelled there emong :  
And also on his head was set  
Of roses redde a chapelet.

But nightingales a full great rout  
That flien over his head about,  
The leaves felden as they flien,  
And he was all with birdes wrien,  
With popinjay, with nightingale,  
With chelaundre, and with wodewale,  
With finch, with larke, and with archangel,  
He seemed as he were an angell,  
That down were comen fro Heaven clere.

Love had with him a bachelere,  
That he made alwayes with him be,  
Swere Looking cleped was he :  
This batcheler stode beholding  
The daunce, and in his honde holding  
Turke bowes too, full well devised had hee,  
That one of hem was of a tree  
That beareth a fruit of savour wicke,  
Full crooked was that foule sticke,  
And knottie here and there also,  
And blacke as berrie, or any slo.

That other bow was of a plant  
Without wemme, I dare warrant,  
Full even and by proportion,  
Trectes and long, of full good fashion,  
And it was painted well and thwiten,  
And over all diaped and written  
With ladies and with bacheleres,  
Full lightsome and glad of cheres :  
These bowes two held Sweet Looking,  
That seemed like no gadling :  
And ten brode arrowes held he there,  
Of which five in his honde were,

But they were shaven well and dight,  
 Nocked and feathered aright :  
 And all they were with golde begon,  
 And stronge pointed everichon,  
 And sharpe for to kerven wele,  
 But yron was there none ne stele :  
 For all was golde, men might see,  
 Out-take the feathers and the tree.

THE swiftest of these arrowes five  
 Out of a bowe for to drive,  
 And beste feathered for to fle,  
 And fairest eke, was cleped Beantie :  
 That other arrow that hurteth leese,  
 Was cleped (as I trow) Simplesse :  
 The thirde cleped was Fraunchise,  
 That feathered was in noble wise  
 With valour and with courtesie :  
 The fourth was clepen Companie,  
 That heave for to shooten is,  
 But who so shooteth right ywis,  
 May therewith doen great harme and wo :  
 The fift of these, and last also,  
 Faire Semblaunt men that arrow call,  
 The luste groovous of hem all,  
 Yet can it make a full great wound,  
 But he may hope his sores sound  
 That hurt is with that arrowe ywis,  
 His wo the bette bestowed is :  
 For he may sooner have gladnesse,  
 His langour ought to be the lesse.

FIVE arrowes were of other gise,  
 That been full foule to devise :  
 For shaft and end, sooth for to tell,  
 Were al so blacke as fiend in Hell.  
 The first of hem is called Pride,  
 That other arrow next him beside,  
 It was cleped Villaine,  
 That arrow was with felonie  
 Envenimed, and with spitous blame :  
 The third of hem was cleped Shame.  
 The fourth, Wanhope cleped is,  
 The fift, the Newe Thought ywis.  
 These arrowes that I speake of here,  
 Were all five on one manure,  
 And all were they resemblable ;  
 To hem was well fitting and able,  
 The foule crooked bowe hidous,  
 That knotie was, and all roinous ;  
 That bowe seemed well to shete  
 The arrowes five, that been unmete  
 And contrary to that other five :  
 But though I tell not as blive  
 Of hir power, ne of hir might,  
 Hereafter shall I tolken right  
 The sooth, and eke signifiante,  
 As ferre as I have remembrance :  
 All shall be saied I undertake,  
 Ere of this booke an end I make.  
 Now come I to my tale againe :  
 But alderfirst, I wyl you saine  
 The fashion and the countenaunces  
 Of all the folke that on the daunce is.  
 The god of love jolife and light,  
 Led on his honde a ladie bright,  
 Of high prise, and of great degre,  
 This ladie called was BEAUTE,  
 And an arrow, of which I told,  
 Full well thewed was she hold :

Ne she was derke ne browne, but bright,  
 And cleare as the moone light :  
 Againe whom all the starres semen  
 But small candles, as we demen :  
 Her flesh was tender as dewe of floure,  
 Her cheare was simple as bird in boure,  
 As white as lilly or rose in rise :  
 Her face gentill and tretise :  
 Fetis she was, and small to see,  
 No wintred browes had shee,  
 Ne popped haire, for it needed nought  
 To winder her, or to paint her ought :  
 Her tresses yellow, and long straighen,  
 Unto her heeles downe they raughten :  
 Her nose, her mouth, and eye and cheke  
 Well wrought, and all the remnaunt eke.  
 A full gret savour and a swote ;  
 Me thoughte in mine herte rote,  
 As helpe me God, when I remember,  
 Of the fashion of every member,  
 In world is none so faire a wight :  
 For yong she was, and hewed bright  
 Soe pleasant, and fetis with all,  
 Gent, and in her middle small.

Beside Beaute yede RICHESSE,  
 An high ladie of great noblesse,  
 And great of price in every place :  
 But who so durst to her trespace  
 Or till her folke, in werke or dede,  
 He were full hardie out of drede :  
 For both she helpe and hinder may,  
 And that is not of yesterday  
 That riche folke have full great might  
 To helpe, and eke to greve a wight.

The best and greatest of valour  
 Didden Richesse full great honour,  
 And busie weren her to serve,  
 For that they would her love deserve ;  
 They cleped her ladie, gret and small,  
 This wide world her dredeth all :  
 This world is all in her daungere,  
 Her court hath many a losengere,  
 And many a traitour envious,  
 That ben full busie and curious  
 For to dispraise, and to blame  
 That best deserven love and name,  
 To forne the folke hem to begilen,  
 These losengeours hem preise and smilen.

And thus the world with word annoienten.  
 But afterward they prill and pointen  
 The folke, right to the bare bone,  
 Behinde hir backe when they ben gone,  
 And foule abaten folkes prise.  
 Full many a worthy man and wise  
 Han hindred, and ydon to die  
 These losengeours with hir flatterie,  
 And maketh folke full straunge be,  
 There as hem ought ben prive :  
 Well evill mote they thrive and thee,  
 And evill arived mote they bee  
 These losengeours full of envie.  
 No good man loveth hir companie.

Richesse a robe of purple on had,  
 Ne trow not that I lie or mad :  
 For in this world is none it liche,  
 Ne by a thousand deale so riche,  
 Ne none so faire, for it full wele,  
 With orfreis laied was every dele,  
 And purtraid in the ribanings  
 Of dukes stories, and of kings,

And with a bend of gold tassiled,  
 And knopes fine of gold amiled :  
 About her necke of gentle entayle  
 Was shet the riche chevesaile,  
 In which there was full great plente  
 Of stoness clere, and faire to se.  
 Richesse a girdle had upon,  
 The bokell of it was of ston,  
 Of vertue great, and mokell of might :  
 For who so bare the stone so bright,  
 Of venim durst him nothing doubt  
 While he the stone had him about :  
 That stone was greatly for to love,  
 And till a riche mannes behove  
 Worth all the gold in Rome and Frise :  
 The mourdant wrought in noble gise  
 Was of a stone full precious,  
 That was so fine and vertuous,  
 That whole a man it couthe make  
 Of palsie, and of tothe ake,  
 And yet the stone had such a grace,  
 That he was seker in every place  
 All thilke day not blind to beene,  
 That fasting might that stone seene :  
 The barres were of gold full fine,  
 Upon a tissue of sattine  
 Full heave, great, and nothing light,  
 In everiche was a besaunt wight.

Upon the tresses of richesse  
 Was set a circle of noblesse  
 Of brende golde, that full light shone,  
 So faire trow I was never none :  
 But he were cunning for the nones,  
 That could devise all the stoness  
 That in that circle shewen clere,  
 It is a wonder thing to here :  
 For no man could preise or gesse  
 Of hem the value or richesse :  
 Rubies there were, saphirs, ragounces,  
 And emeraudes, more than two unces.  
 But all before full subtilly  
 A fine carbuncle set saw I,  
 The stone so cleare was and so bright,  
 That all so soone as it was night,  
 Menne might seene to go for uede  
 A mile or two, in length and brede.  
 Such light ysprang out of the stone,  
 That Richesse wonder bright yshone  
 Bothe her hedde, and all her face,  
 And eke about her all the place.

Dame Richesse on her hond gan lede  
 A yong man full of semelyhede,  
 That she best loved of any thing,  
 His lust was much in housholding :  
 In clothing was he full fetise,  
 And loved well to have hors of prise,  
 He wend to have reprovred be  
 Of theft or murder, if that he  
 Had in his stable an hacknay,  
 And therefore he desired aye  
 To been acquainted with Richesse,  
 For all his purpose, as I gesse,  
 Was for to maken great dispence,  
 Withouten warning or defence :  
 And Richesse might it well sustaine,  
 And her dispences wele maintaine,  
 And him alway such plentie send  
 Of gold and silver for to spend  
 Withouten lacking or daungere,  
 As it were poured in a garnere.

And after on the daunce went  
 LARGESSE, that set all her entout  
 For to ben honorable and free,  
 Of Alexanders kinne was shee :  
 Her moste joie was ywis,  
 When that she yafe, and saied, have this.  
 Not Avarice the foule caitife  
 Was halfe to gripe so ententife  
 As Largesse is, to yeve and spend,  
 And God alway ynowe her send,  
 So that the more she yave away,  
 The more ywis she had alway.  
 Great loos hath Largesse, and great prise,  
 For both wise folke and unwise  
 Were wholly to her bandon brought,  
 So well with yettes hath she wrought.  
 And if she had an enemy,  
 I trowe that she couthe craftely  
 Make him full soone her friend to be,  
 So large of yettes, and wise was she,  
 Therefore she stood in love and grace  
 Of rich and poore in every place.

A full great foole he is ywis,  
 That both rich and poore, and niggard is.  
 A lord may have no manner vice,  
 That greeveth more than avarice.  
 For niggard never with strength of hand  
 May win him great lordship or land :  
 For friendes all too few hath he  
 To doen his will performed be :  
 And who so wolle have friendes here,  
 He may not hold his treasure dere.  
 For by ensample tell I this,  
 Right as an adamant ywis  
 Can drawn to him subtilly  
 The yron that is laied thereby,  
 So draweth folkes hearts ywis  
 Silver and gold that yeven is.

Largesse had on a robe fresh  
 Of riche purple sarlinish :  
 Well formed was her face and clere,  
 And opened had she her colere,  
 For she right there had in present  
 Unto a lady made present  
 Of a gold broche, full well wrought,  
 And certes it mis-sate her nought :  
 For through her smooke wrought with silke,  
 The flesh was seene as white as milke :  
 Largesse, that worthy was and wise,  
 Held by the hond a knight of prise,  
 Was sibbe to Arthour of Breteigne,  
 And that was he that bare the enseigne  
 Of worship, and the gosfaucoun :  
 And yet he is of such renoun,  
 That menne of him say faire things  
 Before barons, earles, and kings.

This knight was common all newly  
 Fro tourneying faste by,  
 There had he done great chivalrie  
 Through his vertue and his maistrice,  
 And for the love of his lemman  
 He cast downe many a doughty man.  
 And next him daunced dame Fraunchise,  
 Arrayed in full noble gise :  
 She nas not broune ne dunne of hew,  
 But white as snow yfallen new :  
 Her nose was wrought at point devise,  
 For it was gentill and tretise,  
 With eyen glad, and browes bent,  
 Her haire downe to her heles went,

And she was simple as dove on tree,  
Full debonaire of hert was shee.

She durste neither say ne do,  
But that, that her longeth to :  
And if a man were in distresse,  
And for her love in heavynesse,  
Her herte would have full great pitee  
She was so amiable and free :  
For were a maunc for her bestad,  
She woulde ben right sore adrad,  
That she did overgreat outrage,  
But she him hope his harme t'aswage,  
Her thought it all a villany,  
And she had on a suckeny,  
That not of hempe herdes was,  
So faire was none in all Arras,  
Lord, it was riddled fetisly,  
There nas not a point truly  
That it nas in his right assise,  
Full well clothed was Fraunchise,  
For there n'is no cloth sitteth bette  
On damosell, than doth rokette :  
A woman well more fetise is  
In rokette, than in cote ywis,  
The white rokette riddlede faire,  
Betokeneth, that full debonaire  
And swete was she that it bere.

By her daunced a bachelere,  
I cannot tellen what he light,  
But faire he was, and of good height,  
All had he ben, I say no more,  
The lordes sonne of Windesore.

And next that daunced COURTESIÉ,  
That preised was of low and hie,  
For neither proud ne foole was sho :  
She for to daunce called me,  
I praeie God give her good grace,  
For when I came first into the place,  
She nas not nice, ne outrageous,  
But wise and ware, and vertuous,  
Of faire speech, and faire answer,  
Was never wight missaid of her :  
She bare no rancour to no wight,  
Clere browne she was, and therto bright  
Of face and body avenaunt  
I wote no lady so pleasaunt  
She weren worthy for to bene  
An emperesse or crowned quene.

And by her went a knight dauncing  
That worthy was and well speaking,  
And full well coude he done honour :  
The knight was faire and stiffe in stour,  
And in armure a seemely man,  
And well beloved of his lemmman.

Faire Idleness then saw I,  
That alway was me faste by,  
Of her have I withouten faile  
Told you the shape and appaillaie :  
For (as I said) Lo, that was she  
That did to me so great bounte.  
She the gate of that gardin  
Undid, and let me passen in,  
And after daunced as I gesse.

And she fulfilled of lustinesse,  
That n'as not yet twelve yeare of age,  
With herte wild, and thought volage.  
Nice she was, but she ne ment  
None harme ne sleight in her entent,  
But only lust and jolite.  
For yonge folke, well weten ye,

Have little thought but on hir play.  
Her lemmman was beside alway,  
In such a gise, that he her kist  
At all times that him list,  
That all the daunce might it see,  
They make no force of privetee :  
For who so spake of hem evill or wete,  
They were ashamed never adele,  
But men might seene hem kisse there,  
As it two yonge doves were,  
For yonge was thilke bachelere,  
Of beauty wot I non his pere,  
And he was right of such an age,  
As youth his lefe, and such courage.  
The lusty folke that daunced there,  
And also other that with hem were  
That weren all of hir meinee  
Full hende folke, wise, and free,  
And folke of faire port truly,  
There were all comenly.

Whan I had seene the countenaunces  
Of hem that ladden thus these daunces,  
Than had I will to go and see  
The garden that so liked mee,  
And loken on these faire laureres,  
On pine trees, cedres, and ormeres,  
The daunces than al ended were,  
For many of hem that daunced there,  
Were with her loves went away  
Under the trees to have her play.

A LORD, they lived lustely,  
A great foole were he sikerly,  
That n'old his thankes such life lede :  
For this dare I saine out of drede,  
That who so mighte so well fare,  
For better life durst him not care,  
For there n'is so good paradise,  
As to have a love at his devise :  
Out of that place went I tho,  
And in that garden gan I go,  
Playing along full merely.  
The god of love full hastily  
Unto him SWEET-LOOKING clept,  
No lenger would he that she kept  
His bowe of gold, that shone so bright.  
He had him bent anon right,  
And he full soone set an end,  
And at a braide he gan it bend,  
And toke him of his arrowes five,  
Full sharpe and ready for to drive.

Now God that sitteth in majeste  
Fro deadly woundes he keepe me,  
If so be that he had me shete,  
For if I with his arrow mete,  
It had me greewed sore ywis,  
But I, that nothing wist of this,  
Went up and downe full many a way,  
And he me followed fast alway,  
But no where would I reste me,  
Till I had in all the garden be.

THE garden was by measuring  
Right even and square in compassing,  
It as long was as it was large,  
Of fruit had every tree his charge,  
But it were any hidous tree  
Of whiche there were two or thre.  
There were, and that wote I full wele,  
Of pomgranettes a full great dele,

That is a fruit full well to like,  
Namely to folke when they ben sike :  
And trees there were great foison,  
That baren nuts in hir season,  
Such as menne nutmegges call,  
That swote of savour been withall,  
And almandres great plentee,  
Figges, and many a date tree  
There weren, if menne had nede,  
Through the gardin in length and brede.

There was eke waxing many a spice,  
As clowe, gilofre, and licorice,  
Gingere, and grein de Paris,  
Canell, and setewale of pris,  
And many a spice delitable,  
To eaten when men rise fro table.

And many homely trees there were,  
That peaches, coines, and apples bere,  
Medlers, plummies, peeres, chesteinis,  
Cherise, of whiche many one faine is,  
Notes, aleis, and bolas,  
That for to seeene it was solas,  
With many high laurer and pine,  
Was renged elene all that gardine,  
With cipres, and with oliveris,  
Of which that nigh no plenty here is.

There were elmes great and strong,  
Maples, ashe, oke, aspens, planes long,  
Fine ewe, popler, and lindes faire,  
And other trees full many a paire.

What should I tell you more of it ?  
There were so many trees yet,  
That I should all encombred bee,  
Ere I had reckoned every tree.

These trees were set that I devise,  
One from another in assise  
Five fadome or sixe, I trowe so,  
But they were high and great also :  
And for to keepe out well the Sunne,  
The croppes were so thicke yrunne,  
And every braunch in other knitte,  
And full of greene leaves sitte,  
That Sunne might there none descend,  
Least the tender grasses shend.  
There might menne does and roes ysee,  
And of squirrels full great plentee,  
From bough to bough alway leping,  
Connies there were also playing,  
That comen out of hir clappers  
Of sundry colours and maners,  
And maden many a tourneyng  
Upon the freshe grasse springing.

In places saw I welles there,  
In whiche there no frogges were,  
And faire in shaddow was every well ;  
But I ne can the number tell  
Of stremis small, that by devise  
Mirthe had done come through condise,  
Of which the water in renning  
Gan make a noise full liking.

About the brinkes of these welles,  
And by the streames over all els  
Sprang up the grasse, as thicke yset  
And softe as any velvet.  
On which men might his lemman ley,  
As on a featherbed to pley,  
For the earth was full soft and swete :  
Through moisture of the well wete  
Sprong up the sote grene gras,  
As faire, as thicke, as mister was.

But much amended it the place,  
That thearth was of such a grace  
That it of floures hath plente,  
That both in summer and winter be.

There sprang the violet all new,  
And freshe pervinke rich of hew,  
And floures yellow, white, and rede,  
Such plenty grew there never in mede :  
Full gay was all the ground and queint,  
And poudred, as men had it peint,  
With many a fresh and sundry flour,  
That casten up full good savour.

I woll nat long hold you in fable  
Of all this garden delectable,  
I mote my tongue stinten nede,  
For I ne may withouten drede  
Naught tellen you the beauteie all,  
Ne halfe the bountie therewithall.

I went on right honde and on left  
About the place, it was not left  
Till I had all the garden beene  
In the esters that men might seeene.

And thus while I went in my playe,  
The god of love me followed aye.  
Right as an hunter can abide  
The beast, till he seeth his tide  
To shooten at goodnesse to the deere,  
Whan that him needeth go no neere.

And so befell, I rested mee  
Besides a well under a tree,  
Which tree in Fraunce men call a pine,  
But sith the time of king Pepine  
Ne grew there tree in mannes sight  
So faire, ne so well woxe in hight,  
In all that yard so high was none.  
And springing in a marble stone  
Had nature set, the sooth to tell,  
Under that pine tree a well,  
And on the border all without  
Was written on the stone about  
Letters small, that saiden thus,  
*Here starfe the faire Narcissus.*

Narcissus was a bachelere,  
That Love had caught in his daungere,  
And in his nette gan him so straine,  
And did him so to weepe and plaine,  
That need him must his life forgo :  
For a faire lady, that hight Echo,  
Him loved over any creature,  
And gan for him such paine endure,  
That on a time she him tolde,  
That if he her loven nolde,  
That her behoved needes die,  
There lay none other remedie.

But nathelesse, for his beaute  
So fierce and dangerous was he,  
That he nolde graunten her asking,  
For weeping, ne for faire praying.

And when she heard him werne her so,  
She had in herte so grete wo,  
And tooke it in so grete despite,  
That she without more respite  
Was dead anon : but ere she deide,  
Ful pitously to God she preide,  
That proude hearted Narcissus,  
That was in love so dangerous,  
Might on a day ben hampered so  
For love, that ben so hote for wo,  
That never he might to joy attaine ;  
Then should he fele in very vaine



What sorrow true lovers maken,  
That ben so villainously forsaken.

This prayer was but reasonable,  
Therefore God held it firme and stable :  
For Narcissus shortly to tell,  
By aventure came to that well  
To rest him in the shaddowing  
A day, when he came from hunting.

This Narcissus had suffred paines  
For renning all day in the plaines,  
And was for thirst in great distresse  
Of herte, and of his wearinesse,  
That had his brenth almost benomen.  
Whan he was to that well yemen,  
That shaddowed was with braunches grene,  
He thought of thilke water shene  
To drinke and fresh him wele withall,  
And downe on knees he gan to fall,  
And forth his necke and head outstraught  
To drinke of that well a daught :  
And in the water anon was sene  
His nose, his mouth, his eyen shene,  
And he thercof was all abashed,  
His owne shaddow had him betraashed,  
For well wend he the forme see  
Of a childe of great beautee,  
Well couth Love him wreke tho  
Of daungere and of pride also  
That Narcissus sometime him bere,  
He quite him well his guerdon there,  
For he mused so in the well,  
That shortly the sooth to tell,  
He loved his owne shaddow so,  
That at last he starfe for wo :  
For when he saw that he his will  
Might in no manner way fulfill,  
And that he was so faste caught  
That he him couthe comfort naught,  
He lost his wit right in that place  
And died withyn a litle space,  
And thus his warison he tooke  
For the lady that he forsoke.

Ladies I praye ensample taketh,  
Ye that ayenst your love mistaketh :  
For if of hir death be you to wite,  
God can full well your wile quite.

When that this latter of which I tell,  
Had taught me that it was the well  
Of Narcissus in his beaute,  
I gan anon withdrawe me,  
When it full in my remembrance,  
That him betide such mischaunce :  
But at the laste than thought I,  
That scatheless, full sikerly,  
I might unto the well go,  
Whereof shull I abashen so.  
Unto the well then went I mee,  
And downe I louted for to see  
The clere water in the stone,  
And eke the gravell, which that shone  
Downe in the bottoime, as silver fine :  
For of the well, this is the fine,  
In world is none so clere of hew,  
The water is ever fresh and new  
That welmeth up with waves bright  
The mountenaunce of two finger hight :  
About it is grasse springing,  
For moist so thicke and well liking,

That it ne may in winter die,  
No more than may the see be drie.

Downe at the bottoime set saw I  
Two christal stones craftely  
In thilke fresh and faire well :  
But o thing soothly dare I tell,  
That ye wold hold a great mervalle  
Whan it is told withouten faile :  
For whan the Sunne clere in sight  
Cast in that well his beames bright,  
And that the heat descended is,  
Than taketh the christall stone ywis,  
Againe the Sunne an hundred hewis,  
Blew, yellow, and red, that fresh and new is :  
Yet hath the mervallous christall  
Such strength, that the place over all,  
Both foule and tree, and leaves greene,  
And all the yerd in it is seene :  
And for to done you to understand,  
To make ensample wold I fond :  
Right as a mirrour openly  
Sheweth all thing that stondeth thereby,  
As well the colour as the figure,  
Withouten any coverture :  
Right so the christall stone shining,  
Withouten any deceiving,  
The entrees of the yerd accuseth  
To him that in the water museth :  
For ever in which halfe ye bee,  
Ye may well halfe the garden see :  
And if he turne, he may right wele  
Seene the remenaunt every dele :  
For there is none so litle thing  
So hid ne closed with shyting,  
That it ne is seene, as though it were  
Painted in the chrystall there.  
This is the mirrour perillus,  
In which the proude Narcissus  
Sey all his faire face bright,  
That made him sith to lie upright :  
For who so looke in that mirrour,  
There may nothing ben his succour  
That he ne shall there see something  
That shall him lede into laughing :  
Full many a worthy man hath it  
Yblent, for folke of greatest wit  
Ben soone caught here and waited,  
Withouten respite ben they baited :  
Here commeth to folke of new rage,  
Here chaungeth many wight courage,  
Here lithe no rede ne wit thereto,  
For Venus sonne, dan Cupido,  
Hath sowen there of love the sede,  
That helpe ne lithe there none, ne reda  
So cerceleth it the well about :  
His giunes hath he set without  
Right for to catch in his panthers  
These damosels and bachelers,  
Love will none other birde catch,  
Though he set either nette or lath :  
And for the seed that here was sowen,  
This well is cleped, as well is known,  
The Well of Love, of very right,  
Of which there hath full many wight  
Spoken in bookes diversly :  
But they shull never so verily  
Description of the well here,  
Ne eke the sooth of this matere,

As ye shull, when I have undo  
The craft that her belongeth to.

ALWAY me liked for to dwell,  
To seene the christall in the well,  
That shewed me full openly  
A thousand thinges faste by,  
But I may say in sorry houre  
Stode I to looken or to poure :  
For sithen I sore siked,  
That mirrour hath me now entriked :  
But had I first knowen in my wit  
The vertue and strengthes of it,  
I n'old not have mused there,  
Me had bette ben eleswhere,  
For in the snare I fell anone,  
That had bitreshed many one.

In thilke mirrour saw I tho,  
Among a thousand thinges mo,  
A roser charged full of rosis,  
That with an hedge about enclosis,  
Tho had I suche luste and envie,  
That for Paris ne for Pavier,  
N'old I have left to gone and see,  
There greatest heape of roses bee.  
Whan I was with that rage hent,  
That caught hath many a man and shent,  
Toward the roser gan I go,  
And whan I was not ferie thereforo,  
The savour of the roses swote  
Me smote right to the heart rote,  
As I had all enbaumed be :  
And if I ne had endouted me  
To have ben hated or assailed,  
My thanks wold I not have failed  
To pull a rose of all that rout  
To beare in mine honde about,  
And smellen to it where I went,  
But ever I drede me to repent,  
And least it greved or forthought  
The lord that thilke gardin wrought.  
Of roses there were great wone,  
So faire were never in Rone :  
Of knoppes close, some saw I there,  
And some well better woxen were.  
And some there been of other moison,  
That drowe nigh to hir season,  
And sped hem faste for to spread,  
I love well such roses red :  
For brode roses, and open also,  
Ben passed in a day or two,  
But knoppes will fresh bee  
Two dayes at least, or els threc.  
The knoppes greatly liked mee,  
For fairer may there no man see :  
Who so might have one of all,  
It ought him been full lefe withall :  
Might I garlonde of hem getten,  
For no richesse I would it letten.

Amongs the knoppes I chese one  
So faire, that of the remnaunt none  
Ne preise I halfe so well as it,  
Whan I avise in my wit,  
For it so well was enlumined  
With colour red, as well fined  
As nature couth it make faire,  
And it hath leaves well foure paire,  
That Kinde hath set through his knowing  
About the red roses springing,

The stalke was as rishe right,  
And thereon stood the knoppe upright,  
That it ne bowed upon no side,  
The swote smell sprung so wide,  
That it died all the place about.  
Whan I had smelled the savour swote,  
No will had I fro thence yet go,  
But somedele nere it went I tho  
To take it, but mine hond for drede  
Ne durst I to the rose bede,  
For thistles sharpe of many manners,  
Nettles, thornes, and hooked briers,  
For muche they distourbled me,  
For sore I drad to harmed be.

THE god of love, with bowe bent,  
That all day set had his talent  
To pursue and to spien mee,  
Was standing by a figge tree,  
And when he sawe how that I  
Had chosen so ententifely  
The bothum more unto my pey,  
Than any other that I sey :  
He tooke an arrow full sharply whet,  
And in his bowe when it was set,  
He streight up to his eare drough  
The strong bowe, that was so tough,  
And shot at me so wonder smert,  
That through mine eye unto mine hert  
The takell smote, and deepe it went :  
And therewithall such cold me hent,  
That under clothes warme and soft,  
Sithen that day I have chivered oft.

When I was hurte thus in stound,  
I fell down plat unto the ground,  
Mine herte failed and fainted aye,  
And long time in swoone I lay :  
But when I came out of swooning,  
And had my wit, and my feeling,  
I was all mate, and wend full wele  
Of blood, have lorne a full great deole,  
But certes the arrow that in me stood,  
Of me ne drew no drop of blood,  
For why I found my wounds all drey.

Than tooke I with mine hondes twey  
The arrow, and full fast it out plight,  
And in the pulling sore I sight,  
So at the last the shaft of trece  
I drough out, with the feathers three,  
But yet the hooked head ywis,  
The whiche Beauty called is,  
Gan so deepe in mine herte pace,  
That I it might not arace,  
But in mine herte still it stood,  
All bled I not a drop of blood :  
I was both anguishous and trouble,  
For the perill that I saw double,  
I nist what to say or do,  
Ne get a leach my wounds to,  
For neither through grasse ne rote,  
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote.  
But to the bothum evermo  
Mine herte drew, for all my wo,  
My thought was in none other thing,  
For had it been in my keeping,  
It would have brought my life againe,  
For certes evenly, I dare well saine,  
The sight only, and the savour,  
Alegged much of my langour.

Than gan I for to drawe mee  
Toward the bothum faire to see,  
And Love had gette him in his throwe  
Another arrowe into his bowe,  
And for to shote gan him dresse,  
The arrowes name was Simplese,  
And when that love gan nigh me nere,  
He drowe it up withouten were,  
And shot at me with all his might,  
So that this arrow anon right  
Throughout eigh as it was found,  
Into mine herte hath made a wound.  
Than I anon did all my craft  
For to drawen out the shaft,  
And therewithall I sighed off,  
But in mine herte the head was left,  
Which aye increased my desire ;  
Unto the bothum drow I nere,  
And evermo that me was wo  
The more desire had I to go  
Unto the roser, where that grew  
The fresh bothum so bright of hew,  
Better me were to have letten be,  
But it behoved nede me  
To doen right as mine herte bad :  
For ever the body must be lad  
After the herte, in vele and wo,  
Or force together they must go.  
But never this archer would fine  
To shote at me with all his pine,  
And for to make me to him mete.

The third arrow he gan to shete,  
Whan best his time he might espie,  
The which was named Courtesie,  
Into mine herte he did avale,  
A swoune I fell, both dead and pale,  
Long time I lay, and stirred nought,  
Till I abraied out of my thought.  
And faste than I avised mee  
To drawe out the shaft of tree,  
But ever the head was left behind  
For ought I couthe pull or wind,  
So sore it sticket when I was hit,  
That by no craft I might it flit,  
But anguious and full of thought,  
I felt such wo, my wound aye wrought,  
That summoned me alway to go  
Toward the rose, that pleased me so,  
But I no durst in no manere  
Because the archer was so nere.

For evermore gladly as I rede,  
Brent child of fire hath much drede.  
And certes yet for all my pein,  
Though that I sigh, yet arrowes rein,  
And ground quarellis sharpe of stele,  
Ne for no paine that I might fele,  
Yet might I not my selfe withhold  
The faire roser to behold,  
For Love me yave such hardement  
For to fulfill his commaundement,  
Upon my feet I rose up than  
Feeble, as a forwounded man :  
And forth to gone my might I set,  
And for the archer nold I let,  
Toward the roser fast I drowe  
But thornes sharpe, mo than ynowe  
There were, and also thistles thicke,  
And breres brimme for to pricke,  
That I no might get grace  
The rough thornes for to pace

To seene the roses fresh of hew,  
I must abide, though it me rew,  
The hedge about so thicke was,  
That closed the roses in compas.

But o thing liked me right vele,  
I was so nigh, I might fele  
Of the bothum the swote odour,  
And also see the fresh colour,  
And that right greatly liked mee,  
That I so nere might it see,  
Such joy anon thereof had I,  
That I forgot my malady,  
To seene I had such delite,  
Of sorrow and anger I was all quite,  
And of my wounds that I had thore,  
For nothing liken me might more,  
Than dwellen by the roser aye,  
And thence never to passe awaye :  
But whan a while I had be thare,  
The god of love, which all to share  
Mine heart with his arrowes kene,  
Casteth him to yeve me woundes grene,  
He shot at me full hastily  
An arrow named Company,  
The whiche takell is full able  
To make these ladies merciaible,  
Than I anone gan chaungen hew  
For grevaunce of my wounde new,  
That I againe fell in swooning,  
And sighed sore in complaining.

Sore I complained that my sore  
On me gan greven more and more,  
I had none hope of allegiaunce,  
So nigh I drow to desperaunce,  
I rought of death, ne of life,  
Whether that love would me drife,  
If me a martir would he make,  
I might his power not forsake :  
And while for anger thus I woke,  
The god of love an arrow toke,  
Full sharpe it was and pugnaunt,  
And it was called Faire Semblaunt,  
The which in no wise would consent,  
That any lover him repent  
To serve his love with herte and all,  
For any perill that may befall.  
But though this arrow was clene ground,  
As any rasour that is found,  
To cut and kerve at the point,  
The god of love it had annoint  
With a precious oyntment,  
Somedele to yeve allegement,  
Upon the woundes that he hade  
Through the body in my heart made,  
To helpe hir sores, and to cure,  
And that they may the bette endure :  
But yet this arrow, without more,  
Made in mine heart a large sore,  
That in full greute paine I abode,  
But aye the ointment went abroad  
Throughout my woundes large and wiue,  
It sprede about in every side :  
Through whose vertue and whose might,  
Mine herte joyfull was and light.  
I had ben dead and all to shent  
But for the precious ointment :  
The shaft I drow out of the arrow,  
Roking for wo right wonder narrow,  
But the head, which made me smart,  
Left behinde in mine heart

With other fower, I dare well say,  
That never will be take away,  
But the ointment halpe me wele,  
And yet such sorrow did I fele,  
That all day I chaunged hew,  
Of my woundes fresh and new,  
As men might see in my visage,  
The arrowes were so full of rage,  
So variaunt of diversitee,  
That men in everiche might see  
Both great annoy and eke sweetnesse,  
And joy meint with bitternesse :  
Now were they ensie, now were they wood,  
In hem I felt both harme and good,  
Now sore without alleggement,  
Now softing with the ointement,  
It softened here, and priked there,  
Thus ease and anger together were.

THE god of love deliverly  
Come lepande to me hastily,  
And saied to me in great jape,  
“ Yeld thee, for thou may not escape,  
May no defence availle thee here :  
Therefore I rede make no daungere.  
If thou wold yeld thee hastily,  
Thou shalt rather have mercy :  
He is a foole in sikernesse,  
That with daunger or stoutnesse  
Rebelleth there that he should please,  
In such folly is little ease.  
Be meeske, where thou must needs bave,  
To strive ayen is not thy prow :  
Come at ones, and have ido,  
For I woll that it be so,  
Then yeld thee here debonairly.”  
And I answered full humbly,  
“ Gladly sir, at your bidding,  
I woll me yeld in all thing :  
To your service I woll me take,  
For God defend that I should make  
Ayen your bidding resistance.  
I woll not doen so great offence,  
For if I did, it were no skill,  
Ye may do with me what ye will,  
Save or spill, and also slo,  
Fro you in no wise may I go,  
My life, my death, is in your hond,  
I may not last out of your bond,  
Plaine at your list I yeld me,  
Hoping in heart, that sometime ye  
Comfort and ese shall me send :  
Or els shortly, this is the end,  
Withouten health I mote aye dure,  
But if ye take me to your cure :  
Comfort or health, how should I have,  
Sith ye me hurt, but ye me save ?  
The health of love mote be found,  
Whereas they token first hir wound :  
And if ye list of me to make  
Your prisoner, I woll it take  
Of heart and willfully at groe,  
Holy and plaine I yeld mee  
Without feining or feintise,  
To be governed by your emprise :  
Of you I heare so much prise,  
I woll been whole at your devise  
For to fulfill your liking  
And repent for nothing,  
Hoping to have yet in some tide

Mercy, of that I abide :”

And with that covenant yeld I mee,  
Anon downe kneeling upon my knee,  
Profering for to kisse his fete,  
But for nothing he wold me lete.  
And said, “ I love thee both and praise,  
Sens that thine answer doth me ese :  
For thou answered so curtesly,  
For now I wote well utterly,  
That thou art gentle by thy spech :  
For though a man ferre would seech,  
He shuld not finden in certaine,  
No such answere of no villaine :  
For such a worde ne might nought  
Issue out of a villaines thought.  
Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche,  
For thy helping woll I eche,  
And eke encrease that I may :  
But first I woll that thou obey  
Fully for thine avauntage  
Anone to doe me here homage :  
And sithe kisse thou shalt my mouth,  
Which to no villaine was never coult  
For to approach it, ne for to touch,  
For saufe of cherles I ne vouch  
That they shall never neigh it nere ;  
For curteis, and of faire manere,  
Well taught, and full of gentlenesse  
He must be, that shall me kisse,  
And also of full high franchise,  
That shall attain to that emprise.

“ And first of o thing warne I thee,  
That paine and great adversitee  
He mote endure, and eke travaile  
That shall me serve, without faile,  
But there againe thee to comfort,  
And with thy service to disport,  
Thou maiest full glad and joyfull bee  
So good a maister to have as mee,  
And lord of so high renounne,  
I beare of Love the gonfounne,  
Of curtesie the banere,  
For I am of the selfe manere,  
Gentle, courteous, meeko and free,  
That who ever ententive bee  
Me to honour, dote, and serve,  
And also that he him observe  
Fro trespassse and fro villanie,  
And him governe in courtesie,  
With will and entention ;  
For when he first in my prison  
Is caught, then must he utterly,  
Fro thenceforth full busily,  
Cast him gentle for to be,  
If he desire helpe of me.”

Anon without more delay,  
Withouten daunger or affray,  
I become his man anone,  
And gave him thanks many a one,  
And kneled doune with hondes joint,  
And made it in my port full quaint :  
The joy went to my herte rote,  
Whan I had kissed his mouth so swote,  
I had such mirth and such liking,  
It cured me of languishing.  
He asked of me than hostages,  
“ I have,” he sayd, “ taken fele homages  
Of one and other, where I have bene,  
Distreined oft, withouten wene,  
These felons full of falsite,

Have many sithes beguiled me,  
And through hir falsheid hir lust atchieved,  
Whereof I repent and am agreeved,  
And I hem get in my daungere,  
Hir falsheid shall they bie full dere,  
But for I love thee, I say thee plaine,  
I woll of thee be more certaine,  
For thee sore I woll now binde,  
That thou away ne shalt not winde,  
For to denien thy covenauant,  
Or done that is not avenaunt,  
That thou were false, it were great ruth,  
Sith thou seemest so ful of truth."

"Sir, if thee list to understand,  
I marvaile thee asking this demaund,  
For why or wherefore should ye,  
Hostages or borowes aske of me,  
Or any other sikernesse,  
Sith ye wote in sothfastnesse,  
That ye me have surprised so,  
And hold mine heart, taken me fro,  
That it wold doe for me nothing,  
But if it be at your bidding,  
Mine herte is yours, and mine right nought  
As it behoveth, in dede and thought,  
Ready in all to worke your will,  
Whether so tourne to good or ill,  
So sure it lusteth you to plesse,  
No man thereof may you disese,  
Ye have thercon set such justise,  
That it is werrid in many wise,  
And if ye doubt it n'old obaie,  
Ye may thereof do make a kaie,  
And hold it with you for hostage."

"Now certes this is none outrage,"  
(Quoth Love) "and fully I accord,  
For of the bodie he is full lord  
That hath the heart in his treasure,  
Outrage it were to asken more."

THAN of his aumener he drough,  
A little key fetise inough,  
Which was of gold polished clere  
And sayed to me, "With this keye here,  
Thine herte to me now woll I shet,  
For all my jowel loke and knet,  
I binde under this little kay,  
That no wight may cure away."

This key is full of great poete,  
With which anone he touched me,  
Under the side full softly,  
That he mine herte sodainely,  
Without annoy had speered,  
That yet right nought it hath me deered.  
When he had done his will all out,  
And I had put him out of doubt,  
"Sir" I sayd, "I have right great will,  
Your lust and pleasure to fulfill,  
Looke ye my service take at gree,  
By thilke fayth ye owe to me,  
I say nought for recoraundise,  
For I nought doubt of your service."

"But the servaunt travaileth in vaine,  
That for to serven doth his paine  
Unto that lord, which in no wise,  
Conne him no thanke for his service."

LOVE sayed, "Dismaie thee nought,  
Sith thou for succour hast me sought,  
In thanke thy service woll I take,  
And high of degree woll thee make,

If wickednesse ne hinder thee,  
But (as I hope) it shall nought bee,  
To worship no wight by aventure,  
May come, but he paine endure."

"Abide and suffer thy distresse,  
That hurteth now, it shall be lesse,  
I wote my selfe what may thee save,  
What medicine thou wouldest have,  
And if thy truth to me thou keepe,  
I shall unto thine helping eke,  
To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,  
Where so they be old or grene,  
Thou shalt be holpen at wordes few,  
For certainly thou shalt well shew,  
Where that thou servest with good will,  
For to accomplishen and fulfill  
My commaundements day and night,  
Which I to lovers yeve of right."

"Ah sir, for Goddes love" (sayd I)  
"Er ye passe hence ententifly,  
Your commaundements to me say,  
And I shall keepe hem if I may,  
For hem to kepen is all my thought :  
And if so be I wote hem nought,  
Than may I unwittingly,  
Wherefore I pray you entierly,  
With all mine herte, me to lere,  
That I trespase in no manere."

The god of love then charged me  
Anon, as ye shall here and see,  
Word by word, by right emprise,  
So as the Romaunt shall devise."

The maister leseth his time to lere,  
When the disciple woll not here,  
It is but vaine on him to swinke,  
That on his learning woll not thinke,  
Who so lust love, let him entend,  
For now the Romance beginneth to amené.

Now is good to heare in fay  
If any be that can it say,  
And point it as the reason is  
Set for other gate ywis,  
It shall nat woll in all thing,  
Be brought to good understanding,  
For a reader that pointeth ill,  
A good sentence may oft spill :  
The booke is good at the ending,  
Made of newe and lustie thing :  
For who so woll the ending here,  
The craft of love he shall now lere,  
If that he woll so long abide,  
Till I this Romaunce maie unhide,  
And undoe the signifaunce  
Of this dreame into Romaunce,  
The soothlastnesse that now is hid,  
Without coverture shall be kid,  
When I undoon have this dreaming,  
Wherein no worde is of leasing."

"VILLANIE at the beginning,  
I woll," sayd Love, "over all thing  
Thou leave, if thou wolt ne be  
False, and trespase ayenst me :  
I curse and blame generally  
All hem that loven villany,  
For villanie maketh villeine  
And by his dedes a chorle is seine."

"These villaunces arne without pitie,  
Friendship, love, and all bountie,  
I will receive unto my servise

Hem that been villaines of emprise.

"But understand in thine entent,  
That this is not mine entendment,  
To clepe no wight in no ages  
Onely gentle for his linages :  
But who so is vertuous,  
And in his port not outrageous,  
When such one thou seest thee beforen,  
Though he be not gentle borne,  
Than maiest well seine this in sooth,  
That he is gentle, because he doth  
As longeth to a gentleman :  
Of hem none other deme I can,  
For certainly withouten drede,  
A chorle is demed by his deede,  
Of hye or lowe, as ye may see,  
Or of what kinred that he bee.  
Ne say nought for none evill will,  
Thing that is to holden still,  
It is no worship to mis-saie,  
Thou mayest ensample take of Kaie,  
That was sometime for mis-sayeng,  
Hated both of old and yeng :  
As ferre as Gawain the worthie,  
Was praysed for his courtesie,  
Kaie was hated, for he was fell,  
Of word disputous and cruell ;  
Wherefore be wise and acquicintable,  
Goodly of word, and reasonable :  
Both to lesse and eke to mare,  
And when thou comest there men are,  
Looke that thou have in custome ay,  
First to salve hem if thou may :  
And if it fall, that of hem somme  
Salve the first, be not domme,  
But quite him courtesly anone  
Without abiding, ere they gone.

"For nothing eke thy tongue applie  
To speake words of ribauldrie,  
To villaine spech in no degree  
Let never thy lippe unbouden bee :  
For I nought hold him in good faith  
Curteis, that foule wordes saith :  
And all women serve and preise,  
And to thy power hir honour reise :  
And if that any mis-sayere  
Despise women, that thou maist here,  
Blame him, and bid him hold him still,  
And set thy might and all thy will  
Women and ladies for to please,  
And to doe thing that may hem ease,  
That they ever speake good of thee,  
For so thou maiest best praised bee.  
"Looke fro pride thou keepe thee wele,  
For thou maiest both perceive and feele,  
That pride is both folly and sin,  
And he that pride hath him within,  
Ne may his herte in no wise,  
Meken ne souplen to service :  
For pride is found in everie part,  
Contrarie unto Loves art :  
And he that loveth truly,  
Should him conteneie jollily,  
Without pride in sundrie wise,  
And him disguisen in queintise,  
For queint array, without drede,  
Is nothing proude, who taketh hede,  
For fresh array, as men may see,  
Without pride may ofte bee.  
"Maintaine thy selfe after thy rent,

Of robe and eke of garment,  
For many sithle faire clothing  
A man amendeth in much thing.

"And looke alway that they be shape,  
(What garment that thou shalt make)  
Of him that can best do,  
With all that pertaineth thereto,  
Pointes and sleeves be well sittand,  
Right and streight on the hand,  
Of shone and bootes, new and faire,  
Looke at the least you have a pane,  
And that they sit so fetously,  
That these rude may utterly  
Marvaile, sith that they sit so plaine,  
How they come on or off againe.  
Weare streight gloves with aumere  
Of silke : and alway with good chere  
Thou yeve, if thou have richesse,  
And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.  
Alway be merry, if thou may,  
But waste not thy good alway ;  
Have hatte of fleures fresh as May,  
Chapelet of roses of Whitsunday,  
For such arraie ne costneth but lite.  
Thine hondes wash, thy teeth make white,  
And let no filth upon thee bee,  
Thy nyles blacke, if thou maiest see,  
Voide it alwaie deliverly,  
And kembe thine head right jollily :  
Farre not thy visage in no wise,  
For that of love is nat th'emprise,  
For love doth haten, as I finde,  
A beutie that commeth not of Kinde :  
Alway in herte I read thee,  
Glad and merry for to be,  
And be as joyfull as thou can,  
Love hath no joy of sorrowfull man,  
That evill is full of curtesie,  
That knoweth in his maladie,  
For ever of love the sicknesse  
Is meint with sweete and bitternesse :  
The sore of love is marvailous,  
For now the lover is joyous,  
Now can he plaine, now can he grone,  
Now can he singen, now maken mone,  
To day he plaineth for heavnesse,  
To morrow he plaineth for joly nesse :  
The life of love is full contrarie,  
Which stoundemelo can oft varie ;  
But if thou canst mirthes make,  
That men in gre wolle gladly take,  
Doe it goodly I command thee,  
For men should, wheresoever they be,  
Doe thing that hem fitting is,  
For thereof commeth good loos and pris.  
Whereof that thou be vertuous,  
Ne be nat straunge ne dangerous :  
For if that thou good rider be,  
Pricke gladly that men may see ;  
In armes also if thou conne,  
Pursue till thou a name hast wonne :  
And if thy voice be faire and clere,  
Thou shalt maken no great daungere.  
Whan to sing they goodly pray,  
It is thy worship for to obay :  
Also to jou it longeth aye,  
To harpe and citterne, daunce and playe,  
For if he can well foot and daunce,  
It may him greatly doe avaunce,  
Emong eke for thy lady sake,

Songes and complaints that thou make,  
For that meven in her hart,  
When they readen of thy smart.  
Looke that no man for scarce thee hold,  
For that may greeve thee manifold :  
Reason woll that a lover be  
In his yettes more large and free  
Than chorles that been not of loving,  
For who thereof can any thing,  
He shall be lefe aie for to yeve,  
In londes lore who so woll leve,  
For he that through a sodain sight,  
Or for a kissing anon right,  
Yave hole his heart, in will and thought,  
And to himselfe kepeth right nought,  
After this swift, it is good reason,  
He yeve his good in abandon.

"Now wol I shortly here relerse,  
Of that I have sayd in verse,  
All the sentence by and by,  
In wordes fewe compendiously,  
That thou the better mayest on hem thinke,  
Whether so it be thou wake or winke,  
For the wordes little greeve,  
A man to keepe, when it is brieve.

"Who so with Love woll gone or ride  
He mote be courteous, and voide of pride,  
Merry and full of jollite,  
And of largesse a losed be.

"First I joyne thee here in penaunce  
That ever without repentaunce,  
Thou set thy thought in thy loving  
To last without repenting,  
And thinke upon thy mirthes sweet  
That shall follow after whan ye meet.

"And for thou true to love shalt be,  
I will and commande thee,  
That in one place thou set all hole  
Thine herte, without hallen dole,  
For trecherie and sikernesse,  
For I loved never doublenesse :  
To many his herte that woll depart,  
Everich shall have but little part,  
But of him drede I me right nought,  
That in one place setteth his thought :  
Therefore in o place it set,  
And let it never thence flet :  
For if thou yevest it in leneing,  
I holde it but wretched thing :  
Therefore yeve it whole and quite,  
And thou shalt have the more merite.  
If it be lent than after soone,  
The boundie and the thanks is doone,  
But in love, free yeven thing  
Requireth a great quendingon.

"Yeve it in yeff all quite fully,  
And make thy gift debonairly :  
For men that yeff holde more dere  
That yeven is with gladsome chere

"That gifte nought to praysen is  
That man yeveth maugre his :  
Whan thou hast yeven thine heart (as I  
Have sayd) thee here openly,  
Than adventures shull thee fall,  
Which hard and heave been withall :  
For oft when thou bethinkst thee  
Of thy loving, where so thou be,  
Fro folke thou must depart in hie,  
That none perceive thy maladie,

But hide thine harme thou must alone,  
And go forth sole, and make thy mone :  
Thou shalt no while be in o state,  
But whilom cold and whilom hate,  
Now redde as rose, uow yellow and fade,  
Such sorow I trow thou never hade :  
Cotidien, ne quartaine,  
It is not so full of peine,  
For often times it shall fall,  
In love among thy paines all,  
That thou thy selfe all holy,  
Foryetten shalt so utterly,  
That many times thou shalt bee,  
Still as an image of tree,  
Domme as a stone, without stirring  
Of foote or honde, without speaking.

"Than soone after all thy paine,  
To memorie shalt thou come againe,  
A man abashed wonder sore,  
And after sighen more and more :  
For wite thou wele withouten wene,  
In such a state full off have bene,  
That have the evill of love assaide,  
Wher-through thou art so dismaide.

"AFTER a thought shall take thee so,  
That thy love is too ferre the fro :  
Thou shalt say, 'God, what may this be,  
That I ne may my ladie see ?  
Mine heart alone is to her goe,  
And I abide all sole in woe,  
Departed fro mine owne thought,  
And with mine eien se right nought.

"Alas mine eyen sene I ne may,  
My carefull herte to convey,  
Mine hertes guide, but they be,  
I praise nothing what ever they se :  
Shull they abide than, nay,  
But gone and visiten without delay  
That mine heart desireth so  
For certainly, but if they go.

"A foole my selfe I may well hold,  
When I ne se what mine hart wold,  
Wherefore I woll gone her to sene,  
Or eased shall I never bene,  
But I have some tokening."

"Then goest thou forth without dwelling,  
But oft thou faylest of thy desire,  
Er thou mayest come her any nere,  
And wastest in vaine thy passage :  
Than fallest thou in a new rage,  
For want of sight thou ginnest mourne,  
And homeward pensive thou dost retourne .  
In great mischiefe than shalt thou bee,  
For than againe shall come to thee  
Sighes and plaintes with new wo,  
That no iteling pricketh so :  
Who vote it nought, he may goe lere,  
Of hem that buyen love so dere.

"Nothing thine heart appeasen may,  
That oft thou wolt gone and assay,  
If thou maigest seene by adventure  
Thy lives joy, thine heartes cure,  
So that by grace, if thou might  
Attaine of her to have a sight,  
Than shalt thou done none other deed,  
But with that sight thine eyen feed :  
That faire fresh whan thou mayest see,  
Thine herte shall so ravished bee,  
That never thou wouldest thy thanks leta

Ne remove, for to see that swete :  
 The more thou seest in soothfastnesse,  
 The more thou covetest of that sweetnesse :  
 The more thine herte brenneth in fire,  
 The more thine herte is in desire.  
 For who considereth everie dele,  
 It may be likened wonder wele,  
 The paine of love unto a fere,  
 For evermore thou neighnest nere,  
 Thought, or who so that it be,  
 For verie sooth I tell it thee,  
 The hotter over shalt thou brenne,  
 As experience shall thee kenne,  
 Where so comest in any cost,  
 Who is next fire he brenneth most :  
 And yet forsooth for all thine heat,  
 Though thou for love swelte and sweat,  
 Ne for no thing thou felen may,  
 Thou shalt not willen to passe away,  
 And though thou goe, yet must thou node,  
 Thinke all day on her faire hede,  
 Whome thou beheld with so good will,  
 And hold thy selfe beguiled ill,  
 That thou ne hadst ne hardiment,  
 To shew her ought of thine entent ;  
 Thine herte full sore thou wolt dispise,  
 And eke reprove of cowardise,  
 That thou so dull in every thing,  
 Were domme for drede, without speaking.

“Thou shalt eke thinke thou didst folly,  
 That thou were her so faste by,  
 And durst not aunter thee to say  
 Some thing er thou came away,  
 For thou hadest no more wonne,  
 To speake of her whan thou begonne :  
 But yet if she would for thy sake,  
 In armes goodly thee have take,  
 It should have be more worth to thee,  
 Than of treasour great plentiee.

“Thus shalt thou mourne and eke complain,  
 And yet encheson to gone again,  
 Unto thy walke, or to thy place,  
 Where thou beheld her fleshy face,  
 And never for false suspencion,  
 Thou wouldest finde occasion,  
 For to gone unto her house,  
 So art thou than desirouse,  
 A sight of her for to have,  
 If thou thine honour mightest save,  
 Or any errand mightest make  
 Thider, for thy loves sake :  
 Full faine thou wouldest, but for dreede  
 Thou goest not, least that men take heede,  
 Wherefore I read in thy going,  
 And also in thine againe comming,  
 Thou be well ware that men ne wit,  
 Feine thee other cause than it,  
 To goe that way, or faste bie,  
 To heale well is no follie :  
 And if so be it happe thee,  
 That thou thy love there mayst see,  
 In siker wise thou her salewe,  
 Wherewith thy colour wolt transmewe,  
 And eke thy bloud shall all to quake,  
 Thy hewe eke chaungen for her sake,  
 But word and wit, with chere full pale  
 Shull want for to tell thy tale,  
 And if thou mayest so ferre forth winne,  
 That thou reason durst beginne,  
 And wouldest saine three things or mo,

Thou shalt full searely saine the two,  
 Though thou bethinke thee never so welc,  
 Thou shalt foryete yet some dele.

“But if thou deale with trechery,  
 For false lovers mowe all foully  
 Sain what hem lust withouten dred,  
 They be so double in hir falsheid,  
 For they in herte can thinke o thing  
 And saine another, in hir speaking,  
 And when thy speech is ended all,  
 Right thus to thee it shall befall :  
 If any word than come to minde,  
 That thou to say hast left behinde,  
 Than thou shalt brenne in great martire,  
 For thou shalt brenne as any fire,  
 This is the strife and eke the affnie,  
 And the battaile that lasteth aie :  
 This bargaine end may never take,  
 But if that she thy peace wolt make.

“And whan the night is comen anon,  
 A thousand angres shall come upon,  
 To bed as fast thou wolt thee dight,  
 There thou shalt have but small delight,  
 For whan thou wenest for to sleepe,  
 So full of peine shalt thou creepe,  
 Stert in thy bed about full wide,  
 And turne full oft on everie side :  
 Now downward groffe, and now upright,  
 And wallow in woe the longe night,  
 Thine armes shalt thou sprede abrede,  
 As man in warre were forwerde.  
 Than shalt the come a remembrance  
 Of her shape and her semblance,  
 Whereto none other may be pere,  
 And wete thou well without were,  
 That thee shall see sometime that night,  
 That thou hast her, that is so bright,  
 Naked betwene thine armes there,  
 All soothfastnesse as though it were ;  
 Thou shalt make castles than in Spaine,  
 And dreame of joy, all but in vaine,  
 And thee delighen of right nought,  
 While thou so slumbrest in that thought,  
 That is so sweete and delitable,  
 The which in sooth n'is but a fable,  
 For it ne shall no while last ;  
 Than shalt thou sigh and weepe fast,  
 And say ‘Deere God, what thing is this,  
 My dreame is turned all amis,  
 Which was full sweet and apparant :  
 But now I wake it is all shent,  
 Now yede this merry thought away,  
 Twentie times upon a day  
 I would this thought would come againe,  
 For it alleggeth well my paine,  
 It maketh me full of joyfull thought,  
 It sleeth me that it lasteth nought.  
 Ah Lord, why nill ye me succour ?  
 The joy I trow that I langour,  
 The death I would me shoulde slo,  
 While I lye in her armes two,  
 Mine harme is hard withouten wene,  
 My great uncase full oft I mene.

“But woulde Love do so I might  
 Have fully joy of her so bright,  
 My paine were quit me richely,  
 Alas too great a thing aske I :  
 It is but folly, and wrong wening,



To aske so outrageous a thing,  
 And who so asketh follyly,  
 He mote be warned hastily,  
 And I ne wote what I may say,  
 I am so ferre out of the way,  
 For I would have full great liking,  
 And full great joy of kesse thing,  
 For would she of her gentlenessse,  
 Withouten more, me ones kesse,  
 It were to me a great guerdon,  
 Release of all my passion :  
 But it is hard to come therto,  
 All is but folly that I do,  
 So high I have mine herte set,  
 Where I may no comfort get,  
 I wote not where I say well or nought,  
 But this I wote well in my thought,  
 That it were bett : of her alone  
 For to stint my woe and mone :  
 A looke on her I cast goodly,  
 That for to have all utterly,  
 Of another all hole the play.  
 Ah Lord, where I shall bid the day  
 That ever she shall my ladie be,  
 He is full cured, that may her see.  
 Ah God, when shall the dawning spring,  
 To lighen thus as an angrie thing,  
 I have no joy thus here to lye,  
 When that my love is not me bye :  
 A man to lye hath great discease,  
 Which may not sleepe no rest in case,  
 I would it dawed, and were now day,  
 And that the night were went away,  
 For were it day, I would up rise,  
 Ah slowe Sunne, shew thine enpryse,  
 Speede thee to spread thy beames bright,  
 And chase the darknessse of the night,  
 To put away the stoundes strong,  
 Which in me lasten all too long.  
 " The night shalt thou continue so,  
 Without rest, in paine and wo,  
 If ever thou knew of love distresse,  
 Thou shalt no learne in that sicknesse,  
 And thus enduring shalt thou lye,  
 And rise on morow up earlye,  
 Out of thy bed, and harnais thee  
 Er ever dawning thou maigest see :  
 All privily thou shalt thou gone,  
 What whider it be, thy selfe alone,  
 For raine, or haille, for snow, for sleete,  
 Thider she dwelleth that is so swete,  
 The which may fall aslepe bee,  
 And thinketh but little upon thee.  
 Than shalt thou goe, full foule aferle,  
 Lookes if the gate be unsperde,  
 And waite without in woe and paine,  
 Full evill a cold in mund and raine :  
 Than shalt thou goe the dore before,  
 If thou mayest finde any shore,  
 Or hole, or reft, what ever it were,  
 Than shalt thou stoupe, and lay to care  
 If they within a sleepe be,  
 I meane all save thy ladie free,  
 Whom waking if thou mayest espie,  
 Goe put thy selfe in jeopardie,  
 To aske grace, and thee bimene,  
 That she may wete without wene,  
 That thou all night no rest hast had,  
 So sore for her thou were bestad.  
 " Women well ought pitie to take

Of hem that sorowen for hir sake.  
 And looke for love of that relike,  
 That thou thinke none other like,  
 For whan thou hast so great annoy,  
 Shall kisse thee er thou goe away,  
 And hold that in full great deintee,  
 And for that no man shall thee see  
 Before the house, ne in the way,  
 Looke thou be gon againe er day.  
 Suche comming, and suche going,  
 Such heavinessse, and such walking,  
 Maketh lovers withouten wene,  
 Under hir clothes pale and lene,  
 For Love leaveth colour ne clearnesse,  
 Who loveth trew hath no fatnesse,  
 Thou shalt well by thy selfe see  
 That thou must needs assaied bee :  
 For men that shape hem other way  
 Falsely hir ladies to betray,  
 It is no wonder though they be fatte,  
 With false othes her loves they gatte,  
 For oft I see such losengeours  
 Fatter than abbots or priours.  
 " Yet with o thing I thee charge,  
 That is to say, that thou be large  
 Unto the maid, that her doth serve,  
 So best her thanke thou shalt deserve.  
 Yeve her giftes, and get her grace,  
 For so thou may thanke purchase,  
 That she thee worthy hold and free,  
 Thy ladie, and all that may thee see.  
 Also her servaunts worship aie,  
 And please as muche as thou maie,  
 Great good through hem may come to thee,  
 Because with her they been priver :  
 They shall her tell how they thee fand  
 Courteous and wise, and well doand,  
 And she shall preise well thee more.  
 Looke out of lond thou be not fore,  
 And if such cause thou have, that thee  
 Behoveth to gone out of countree,  
 Leave hole thine herte in hostage,  
 Till thou againe make thy passage,  
 Thinke long to see the swete thing  
 That hath thine heart in her keeping.  
 " Now have I told thee, in what wise  
 A lover shall doe me servise,  
 Do it than, if thou wolte have  
 The mede that thou after crave."

WHEN Love all this had boden me,  
 I said him : " Sir, how may it be  
 That lovers may in such manere,  
 Endure the paine ye have sayd here ?  
 I marvaile me wonder fast,  
 How any man may live or last  
 In suche paine, and such brenning,  
 In sorrow and thought, and such sighing,  
 Aie unreleased woe to make,  
 Whether so it be they sleepe or wake,  
 In such annoy continually,  
 As helpe me God this marvaile I  
 How man, but he were made of steele,  
 Might live a moneth, such pains to feele."

THE God of love then sayd me,  
 " Friend, by the faith I owe to thee,  
 May no man have good, but he it buy :  
 A man loveth more tenderly  
 The thing that he hath bought most dere.

For wete thou well without were,  
 In thanke that thing is taken more,  
 For which a man hath suffred sore :  
 Certes no woe ne may attaine,  
 Unto the sore of loves paine,  
 None evill thereto ne may amount,  
 No more than a man count  
 The drops that of the water bee :  
 For drie as well the grete see  
 Thou mightest, as the harmes tell  
 Of hem that with Love dwell  
 In service, for paine hem sleeth,  
 And that echc would flee the death  
 And trowe they should never escape,  
 Nere that hope couth hem make,  
 Glad as man in prison sete,  
 And may not getten for to ete  
 But barly bread, and water pure,  
 And lyeth in vermin and in ordure,  
 With all this yet can he live,  
 Good hope such comfort hath him yeve,  
 Which maketh wene that he shall be  
 Delivered and come to libertie,  
 In fortune is full trust,  
 Though he lye in straw or dust,  
 In hope is all his sustaining :  
 And so faire lovers in her wening,  
 Which love hath set in his prison  
 Good hope is her salvation :  
 Good hope (how sore that they smart)  
 Yeveth hem both will and hart  
 To profer her body to martire,  
 For hope so sore doth hem desire  
 To suffer each harme that men devise,  
 For joy that afterward shall arise.

“ Hope in desire catch victorie,  
 In hope of love is all the glorie,  
 For hope is all that love may yeve,  
 Nere hope, there should no longer live.  
 Blessed be hope, which with desire,  
 Avaunceth lovers in such manere.  
 Good hope is curteis for to please,  
 To keepe lovers from all disease.  
 Hope keepeth his lond, and woll abide,  
 For any perill that may betide,  
 For hope to lovers, as most chiefe,  
 Doth hem endure all mischiefe,  
 Hope is hir helpe whan mistere is.  
 And I shall yeve thee eke ywis,  
 Three other thinges, that great sollace  
 Doth to hem that be in my lace.

“ The firste good that may be found,  
 To hem that in my lace be bound,  
 s swete thought, for to record  
 Thing wherewith thou canst accord  
 Best in thine herte, where she be,  
 Thinking in absence is good to thee.  
 Whan any lover doth complaine,  
 And liveth in distresse and in paine  
 Than swete thought shall come as blive,  
 Away his anger for to drive,  
 It maketh lovers to have remembrance  
 Of comfort, and of high pleasure,  
 That hope hath light him for to winne,  
 For thought anone than shall beginne,  
 As farre God wote as he can finde,  
 To make a mirrour of his minde,  
 For to behold he woll not let,  
 Her person he shall afore him set.

Her laughing eyen persaunt and clere,  
 Her shape, her form, her goodly chere,  
 Her mouth that is so gracious,  
 So swete, and eke so savourous,  
 Of all her festers he shall take heed,  
 His eyen with all her hummes feed.

“ Thus swete thinking shall aswage  
 The paine of lovers, and hir rage,  
 Thy joy shall double without gesse  
 Whan thou thinkest on her secnelinesse,  
 Or of her laughing, or of her chere  
 That to thee made thy lady dere,  
 This comfort woll I that thou take,  
 And if the next thou wilt forsake  
 Which is not lesse saverous,  
 Thou shouldest not ben too daungerous.

“ The second shall be swete speche,  
 That hath to many one be leche,  
 To bring hem out of woe and were,  
 And helpe many a bachelere,  
 And many a ladie sent succour,  
 That have loved paramour,  
 Through speaking, whan they might heare,  
 Of hir lovers to hem so deare :  
 To me it voideth all hir smart,  
 The which is closed in hir hart.  
 In heart it maketh hem glad and light,  
 Speech, whan they mowe have sight.  
 And therefore now it cometh to mind,  
 In olde dawes as I find,  
 That clerkes writen that her knew,  
 There was a ladie fresh of hew,  
 Which of her love made a song,  
 On him for to remember among,  
 In which she sayd, ‘ Whan that I heare  
 Speken of him that is so deare,  
 To me it voideth all smart,  
 Ywis he sitteth so nere mine hart,  
 To speake of him at eve or morrow,  
 It cureth me of all my sorrow,  
 To me is none so high pleasure  
 As of his person dilaunce :  
 She wist full well that sweet speaking  
 Comforteth in full muche thing,  
 Her love she had full well assaide,  
 Of him she was full well apaide,  
 To speake of him her joy was set.  
 Therefore I read thee that thou get  
 A fellow that can well counsele,  
 And keepe thy counsaile, and welhele  
 To whom goe shew wholly thine hart  
 Both wele and woe, joy and smart :  
 To get comfort to him thou go,  
 And prively between you two,  
 Ye shall speake of that goodly thing,  
 That hath thine heart in her keeping,  
 Of her beaute and her semblance,  
 And of her goodly countenance,  
 Of all thy state, thou shalt him say,  
 And aske him counsaile how thou may,  
 Do any thing that may her please,  
 For it to thee shall doe great ease,  
 That he may wete thou trust him so,  
 Both of thy wele and of thy wo.  
 And if his heart to love be sette,  
 His companie is much the better,  
 For reason woll he shew to thee  
 All utterly his privite,  
 And what she is he loveth so

To thee plainly he shall undo,  
Without drede of any shame,  
Both tell her renome and her name.  
Thun shall he farther farre and nere,  
And namely to thy ladie dece  
In siker wise, ye every othir,  
Shall helpen as his owne brother,  
In trouthe without doublesse,  
And keepen close in sikernes :  
For it is noble thing in fay,  
To have a man thou darste say  
Thy privie counsaile everie dele,  
For that wold comfort thee right wele,  
And thou shalt hold thee well apaide,  
When such a friend thou hast assaide.

"The thirde good of great comfort  
That yeveth to lovers most disport,  
Commeth of sight and beholding,  
That cleped is swete looking,  
The whiche may thee none ease Jo,  
Whan thou art ferre thy ladie fro,  
Wherefore thou prese alway to be  
In place, where thou mayest her see :  
For it is thing most amerous  
Most delectable and savorous,  
For to asswage a mannes sorrow  
To seen his ladie by the morrow,  
For it is a full noble thing  
Whan thine eyen have meeting,  
With that relike precious,  
Whereof they be so desirous.  
But all day after sooth it is,  
They have no drede to faren amis,  
They dreden neither wunde ne raine,  
Ne none other manner paine :  
For when thine eyen were thus in blisse,  
Yet of her courtesie ywisse  
Alone they cannot have hir joy,  
But to the herte they convey  
Part of hir blisse, to him thou send,  
Of all this harme to make an end.

"The eye is a good messenger,  
Which can to the heart in such manner  
Tidinges sende, that hath sene  
To voude him of his paines cleue :  
Whereof the heart rejoyseth so  
That a great partie of his wo  
Is voided, and put away to flight.  
Right as the darknesse of the night  
Is chased with clerenesse of the moone,  
Right so is all his wo full soone  
Devoided cleane, whan that the sight  
Beholden may that fresh wight  
That the herte desireth so,  
That all his darknesse is ago,  
For than the herte is all at ease,  
Whan they seen that may hem please.

"Now have I declared thee all out,  
Of that thou were in dread and dout,  
For I have told thee faithfully,  
What thee may curen utterly,  
And all lovers that wold be  
Faythfull, and full of stabilite,  
Good hope alway keepe by thy side,  
And sweet thought make eke abide,  
Sweet looking and sweet speche,  
Of all thine harmes they shall be leche,  
Of everie thou shalt have great pleasaunce,  
If thou canst bide in sufferance,

And serve well without feintise,  
Thou shalt be quite of thine emprise  
With more guerdoun, if that thou live,  
But all this time this I thee yeve."

THE god of love, whan all the day  
Had taught me, as ye have heard say,  
And enformed compendously,  
He vanished away all sodainly,  
And I alone left all sole,  
So full of complaint and of dole,  
For I saw no man there me by.  
My woundes me greeved wondrously,  
Me for to curen nothing I knewe,  
Save the bothum bright of hewe,  
Whereon was sette hooly my thought,  
Of other comfort knew I nought,  
But it were through the God of Love,  
I knew nat else to my behove  
That might me ease or comfort gette,  
But if he would him entermette.

The roser was withouten dout  
Closed with an hedge without,  
As ye tofome have heard me saine,  
And fast I besied, and would faine  
Have passed the haie, if I might  
Have gotten in by any sleight  
Unto the bothum so faire to see,  
But ever I dradde blamed to bee,  
If men would have suspicion  
That I would of entention  
Have stole the roses that there were,  
Therefore to enter I was in fere.  
But at the last, as I bethought  
Whether I should passe or nought,  
I sawe come with a glad chere  
To me, a lusty bachelere,  
Of good stature and of good height,  
And BIALACOIL forsooth he height :  
Sonne he was to Curtesie,  
And he me graunted full gladly,  
The passage of the utter hay,  
And sayd : "Sir, how that you may  
Passe, if your will bee  
The freshe roser for to see :  
And ye the swete savour fele,  
Your warrans may right wele,  
So thou thee keepe fro folly,  
Shall no man doe thee villany,  
If I may helpe you in ought,  
I shali not faine, dredeth nought,  
For I am bound to your servise,  
Fully devoid of feintise."  
Than unto Bialacoil sayd I,  
"I thanke you sir full hartely,  
And your behest take at gree,  
That ye so goodly profer mee,  
To you it commeth of great fraunchise,  
That ye me profer your servise."

Than after full deliverly,  
Through the breres anon went I,  
Whereof encombred was the haie,  
I was well pleased, the soth to saie,  
To se the bothum faire and swote,  
So freshe sprong out of the rote.

AND Bialacoil me served wele,  
Whan I so nigh me might fele  
Of the bothum the sweet odour,  
And so lusty hewed of colour :

But than a chorle, foule him betide,  
Beside the roses gan him hide,  
To keepe the roses of that rosere,  
Of whom the name was DAUNGERE:  
This chorle was hid there in the graves,  
Covered with grasse and with leues,  
To spie and take whom that he fond  
Unto that roser put an hond.

He was not sole, for there was mo,  
For with him were other two  
Of wicked manners, and evill fame,  
That one was cleped by his name,  
Wicked Tongue, God yeve him sorrow,  
For neither at eve ne at morrow,  
He can of no man good speake,  
On many a just man doth he wreake.

There was a woman that eke hight  
SHAME, that who can reckon right,  
Trespasse was her fathers name,  
Her mother Reason, and thus was Shame  
Brought of these ilke two:  
And yet had Trespasse never ado  
With Reason, ne never leic her by,  
He was hidous and so ugly,  
I meane this that Trespasse hight,  
But Reason conceiveth of a sight,  
Shame of that I spake afore.

And whan that Shame was thus borne,  
It was ordained, that Chastite,  
Should of the roser lade be:  
Which of the bothums more and las,  
With sundrie folkes assailed was,  
That she ne wiste what to do,  
For Venus her assaileth so,  
That night and day for her she stall  
Bothums and roses over all.  
To Reason than prayeth Chastite,  
Whom Venus hath flemed over the see,  
That she her daughter would her lene,  
To keepe the roser fresh and grene.

Anon Reason to Chastite  
Is fully assented that it be,  
And graunted her at her request,  
That Shame, because she is honest,  
Shall keeper of the roser be:  
And thus to keepe it, there were three,  
That none should hardy be ne bold,  
(Were he young or were he old)  
Againe her will away to bere  
Bothums ne roses, that there were.  
I had well sped, had I nat been  
Awaited with these three, and seen:  
For Bialacoil, that was so faire,  
So gracious and debonaire,  
Quitte him to me full courteously,  
And me to please badde that I,  
Should drawe to the bothum nere,  
Prese in to touche the rosere  
Which bare the roses, he yave me leve,  
This graunt ne might but little greve:  
And for he saw it liked me,  
Right nigh the bothum pulled he  
A leafe all grene, and yave me that  
The which full nigh the bothum sat.  
I made of that leafe full quaint,  
And whan I felt was acquient  
With Bialacoil, and so prive,  
I wende all my will had be.  
Than wext I hardy for to tell  
To Bialacoil how me befell,

Of love, that tooke and wounded me,  
And sayd: "Sir, so mote I thee,  
I may no joy have in no wise,  
Upon no side, but it arise,  
For sithe (if I shall not faine)  
In herte I have had so great paine,  
So great annoy, and such affiaie,  
That I ne wotte what I shall saie,  
I drede your wrothe to deserve,  
Lever me were, that knives kerve  
My bodie should in peces small,  
Than in any wise it should fall,  
That ye wrothed should been with me."

"Say boldly thy will" (quod he)  
"I will be wroth if that I may,  
For nought that thou shalt to me say."

THAN sayd I, "Sir, not you displese,  
To known of my great uncease,  
In which only love hath me brought,  
For paines great, disease and thought,  
Fro day to day it doth me drie,  
Supposeth not, sir, that I lie,  
In me five woundes did he make,  
The sore of which shall never slake,  
But ye the bothum graunt me,  
Which is most passaunt of beaute,  
My life, my death, and my martire,  
And treasour that I most desire."

Than Bialacoil affraied all  
Sayd "Sir, it may not fall,  
That ye desire it may not arise,  
What would ye shend me in this wise:  
A mokell foole than I were,  
If I suffred you away to beare  
The fresh bothum, so faire of sight,  
For it were neither skill ne right,  
Of the roser ye broke the rinde,  
Or take the rose aorne his kinde;  
Ye are not courteous to aske it,  
Let it still on the roser sit,  
And let it grow till it amended be,  
And perfectly come to beaute,  
I nolde not that it pulled were,  
Fro the roser that it bere,  
To me it is so lefe and dere,"  
With that anon start out Daungere,  
Out of the place where he was hidde,  
His malice in his chere was kide:  
Full great he was and blacke of heve,  
Sturdy, and hidous, who so him knewe,  
Like sharpe urchons his haire was grow,  
His eyes red sparkling as the fire glow,  
His nose frounced full kyked stood,  
He come criand as he were wood,  
And sayd, "Bialacoil, tell me why  
Thou bringest hider so boldly  
Him that so nigh the rosere,  
Thou worchest in a wrong manere,  
He thinketh to dishonour thee,  
Thou art well worthy to have maugre,  
To let him of the rosere witte,  
Who serveth a felon is evill quitte.  
"Thou wouldest have done great bountee,  
And he with shame would quite thee,  
Fly hence, fellow, I rede thee go,  
It wanteth little he woll thee slo,  
For Bialacoil ne knew thee nought,  
Whan thee to serve he set his thought,  
For thou wolt shame him if thou might,

Both againe reson and right,  
I wold no more in thee affle,  
That comest so slightly for t'espice :  
For it proveth wonder welc,  
Thy sleight and treason everie dele."

I durst no more make there abode,  
For the chorde he was so wode,  
So gan he threat and taceue,  
And through the hute he did me chace,  
For feare of him I trembled and quoke,  
So chorlishly his head he shoke,  
And sayd, if eft he might me take,  
I should not from his hands scape.  
Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,  
And I all soole dis-consolate,  
Was left alone in paine and thought,  
Fro shame to death I was nigh brought.  
Than thought I on my high folly,  
How that my bodie utterly,  
Was yere to paine and to martire,  
And thereto had I so great ire,  
That I ne durst the haies passe,  
There was no hope, there was no grace,  
I trow never man wist of paine,  
But he were laced in Lov's chaine,  
No no man, and sooth it is,  
But if he love, what anger is.

Love holdeth his best to me right welc,  
Whan paine (he sayd) I should fole,  
No herte may thinke, no tongue saine,  
A quarter of my woe and paine,  
I might not with the angur last,  
Mine heart in point was for to brast,  
Whan I thought on the rose, that so,  
Was through Daunger cast me fro,  
A long while stode I in that state,  
Till that me sawe so madde and mate,  
The ladic of the high ward,  
Which from her tower looked thidward.

Reason, men clepe that lady,  
Which from her tower deliverly,  
Come downe to me without more.  
But she was neither young, ne hore,  
Ne high ne low, ne fat ne leane,  
But best, as it were in a meane :  
Her eyen two were clere and light  
As any canille that brenneth bright,  
And on her head she had a croune,  
Her seemed well an high persoun :  
For round environ her crounet  
Was full of riche stones frot.  
Her goodly semblaunt by devise,  
I trow was made in Paradise,  
For nature had never such a grace,  
To forge a worke of such c'pance :  
For certain, but if the letter lye,  
God him selfe, that is so hye,  
Made her after his image,  
And yafe her sith such advantage,  
That she hath might and seignoury  
To keepe men from all folly,  
Who so wold trowe her lore,  
Ne may offenden nevermore.

And while I stode this darke and pale,  
Reason began to me her tale,  
She said : " Allhaile my swete frend,  
Folly and childhod wold thee shend,  
Which thee love put in great affray,  
Thou hast bought dore time of May,  
That made thine herte merrie to be "

In evill time thou wentest to see  
The gardin, whereof Idleness  
Bare the key and was maistresse  
Whan thou yedest in the daunce  
With her, and had acquaintance :  
Her acquaintance is perillous,  
First soft, and after noyous,  
She hath thee trashed without wene,  
The god of love had thee not sene,  
Ne had Idleness thee convoid  
In the verge where Mirth him pleid,  
If Folly have surprised thee,  
Do so that it recovered be,  
And be well ware to take no more  
Counsaille, that greeveth after sore :  
He is wise, that wold himselfe chastise.

" And though a young man in any wise  
Trespasse among, and do folly,  
Let him nat tarie, but hastily  
Let him amend what so be mis,  
And eke I counsaile thee ywis,  
The god of love hooly foryet,  
That hath thee in such paine set,  
And thee in herte tormenteth so,  
I cannot seen how thou maist go  
Other waies thee to garisoun,  
For Daunger, that is so feloun,  
Felly purposeth thee to werrey,  
Which is full cruell the sooth to sey.

" And yet of Daunger cometh no blanie,  
In reward of my daughter Shame,  
Which hath the roses in her ward,  
As she that may be no musard,  
And Wicked Tongue is with these two,  
That suffreth no man thider go,  
For er a thing be do he shall,  
Where that he cometh over all,  
In fortie places, if it be sought,  
Saie thing that never was done ne wrought,  
So much treason is in his male,  
Of falsenesse for to faine a tale :  
Thou dealest with angrie folke ywis,  
Wherefore to thee better is,  
From these folk away to fare,  
For they wold make thee live in care ;  
This is the evill that love they call,  
Wherein there is but folly all,  
For love is folly everie dele ;  
Who loveth, in no wise may do wele,  
Ne set his thought on no good werke,  
His schoole he leseth, if he be a clerke,  
Or other craft eke, if that he be,  
He shall not thrive therein, for he  
In love shall have more passoun,  
Than monke, hermite, or chanoun :  
This paine is hard out of mesure,  
The joy may eke no while endure,  
And in the possession,  
Is much tribulation,  
The joye it is so short lasting,  
And but in hap is the getting ;  
For I see there many in travaile,  
That at last foule faile,  
I was nothing thy counsaile,  
Whan thou were made the homager  
Of god of love too lastely :  
Where was no wisdom but foli,  
Thine herte was jolly, but not sage,  
Whan thou were brought in such a rage,

To yelde thee so readyly,  
And to Love of his great mai-trie.

"I rede thee Love away to drive,  
That maketh the recche not of thy live,  
The folly more fro day to day  
Shall growe, but thou it put away;  
Take with thy teeth the bridle fast,  
To daunt thy herte, and eke the cast  
If that thou mayest, to get the defence  
For to redresse thy first offence.  
Who so his herte alway wolle love,  
Shall finde among that shall him greve."

Whan I heard her thus me chastise,  
I answerd in full angrie wise,  
I prayed her cesse of her speach,  
Either to chastise me or teach,  
To bidde me my thought refrain,  
Which Love hath caught in his dement:  
"What wene ye Love wolle consent,  
(That me assaileth with howe bent)  
To draw mine herte out of his hond,  
Which is so quickly in his lond?  
That ye counsaile, may never bee,  
For whan he first arrested mee,  
He took mine herte so sore him till,  
That it is nothing at my will,  
He taught it so him for to obey.  
That he it sparred with a key.  
I pray you let me be all still,  
For ye may well, if that ye will,  
Your wordes wast in idlenessse,  
For utterly withouten gesse,  
All that ye saie is but in vaine,  
Me were lever die in the paine,  
Than Love to me ward should arette,  
Falsched or treason on me sette,  
I wolle me get pris or blame,  
And love true to save my name,  
Who that me chastiseth, I him hate."

With that word, Reason went her gate,  
Whan she saw for no scormoning  
She might me fro my folly bring.  
Than dismayed I left all soole,  
Forwearie, forwarded as a foole,  
For I ne knew ne cherisaunce.  
Than fell into my remembrance,  
How Love bad me to purvey  
A fellow, to whome I might sey  
My counsaile and my privity,  
For that shuld much availle me.

With that bethought I me, that I  
Had a fellowe faste by,  
True and siker, courteous, and hend,  
And he called was by name a frend,  
A truer fellowe was no where none,  
In hast to him I went anone,  
And to him all my woe I told,  
Fro him right nought I wold withhold,  
I told him all without were,  
And made my complaint on Daungere,  
How for to see he was hidous,  
And to me ward contrarious,  
The whiche through his cruelte,  
Was in point to have meimed me,  
With Bialacoil whan he me sey  
Within the gardin walke and pley,  
Fro me he made him for to goe,  
And I be left alone in woe:  
I darst no longer with him speake,

For Daunger sayd he would be wreake,  
Whan that he sawe how I went,  
The freshe bothum for to hent,  
If I were hardie to come nere,  
Betwene the haie and the rosere.

This frend whan he wist of my thought,  
He discomforted me right nought,  
But said, "Fellow, be nat so madde,  
Ne so abashed nor bestadde,  
My selfe I know full well Daungere,  
And how he is fierce of chere,  
At prime temps, Love to manace,  
Full oft I have beene in his case;  
A felon first though that he be,  
After thou shalt him souple see;  
Of long passed I knew him wele,  
Ungodly first though men him fele,  
He wolle meeke after in his bering  
Been, for service and obeissing:  
I shall thee tell what thou shalt do:  
Meekely I rede thou go him to,  
Of herte pray him specially  
Of thy trespass to have mercy,  
And hote him well here to please,  
That thou shalt never more him displease:  
Who can best serve of flattery,  
Shall please Daunger utterly."

My friend hath saied to me so wele,  
That he me eased hath somedeale,  
And eke allegged of my tourment,  
For through him had I hardement  
Againe to Daunger for to go,  
To preve if I might meeke him so.

To Daunger came I all ashamed,  
The which aforne me had blamed,  
Desiring for to pease my woe,  
But over hedge durst I not go,  
For he forbode me the passage:  
I found him cruell in his rage,  
And in his hond a great boundoun.  
To him I kneeled low adoun,  
Full meeke of port, and simple of chere,  
And saied, "Sir, I am comen here  
Onely to aske of you mercy,  
It greeveth me full greatly  
That ever my life I wrathed you,  
But for to amend I am come now,  
With all my right, both loud and still,  
To doen right at your owne will,  
For Love made me for to do  
That I have trespassed hiderto,  
Fro whom I ne may withdraw mine herte,  
Yet shall I never for joy ne smart  
(What so befall good or ill)  
Offende more againe your will,  
Lever I have endure disease,  
Than do that should you displease.

"I you require, and pray that ye  
Of me have mercy and pite,  
To stint your ire that greveth so  
That I wolle sweare for evermo  
To be redressed at your liking  
If I trespass in any thing  
Save that (I pray thee) graunt  
A thing, that may nat warne  
That I may love all onely,  
None other thing of you ask

I shall doon all ywis,  
If of your grace ye graunt me this,  
And ye may not letten mee,  
For well wote ye that love is free :  
And I shall loven such that I will,  
Whoever like it well or ill :  
And yet ne would I not for all Fraunce  
Doe thing to do you displeaunce."

Than Daunger fell in his entent  
For to foryeve his male talent,  
But all his wrathe yet at last  
He hath released, I praide so fast :  
"Shortly" (he saied) "thy request  
Is not too mokell dishonest,  
Ne I woll not werne it thee,  
For yet nothing engreueveth mee :  
For though thou love thus evermore,  
To me is neither soft ne sore :  
Love where that thee list, what reccheth me,  
So ferre fro my roses be :  
Trust not on me for none assaie,  
In any time to passe the haie."

Thus hath he graunted my prayere,  
Than went I forth withouten were  
Unto my frend, and told him all,  
Which was right joyfull of my tale,  
(He saied) "Now gooth well thine affaire,  
He shall to thee be debonaire,  
Though he aforne was dispitous,  
He shall hereafter be gracious :  
If he were touched on some good veine,  
He should yet rewen on thy peine,  
Suffer I rede, and no boast make,  
Til thou at goodness must him take."

By suffraunce, and by wordes soft,  
A man may overcome oft  
Him that aforne he had in drede,  
In bookes soothly as I rede.  
Thus hath my friend with great comfort  
Avanceed me with high disport,  
Which would me good, as much as I :  
And than anon full sodainely  
I tooke my leave, and streight I went  
Unto the haie, for great talent  
I had to seene the fresh bothum,  
Wherein lay my salvation,  
And Daunger toke keepe, if that I  
Keepe him covenaut truly ;  
So sore I dread his maneing,  
I durst not breake his bidding,  
For least that I were of him shent,  
I brake not his commandement,  
For to purchase his good will,  
It was for to come there til,  
His mercy was too ferre behind  
I kept, for I ne might it find.  
I complained and sighed sore,  
And languished evermore,  
For I durst nat overgo,  
Unto the rose I loved so,  
Throughout my deeming utterly,  
That he had knowledge certainly :  
Than Love me ladde in such a wise,  
That in me there was no feintise,  
Falshood, ne no trecherie :  
And yet he full of villanie,  
Of disdaune, and crueltie,  
On me ne would have pitie  
His cruell will for to refraine,  
Tho I wept alway, and me complaine.

And while I was in this turment,  
Were come of grace, by God sent,  
Fraunchise, and with her Pity,  
Fulfilde the bothum of bounty :  
They go to Daunger anon right  
To ferther me with all hir might,  
And helpe in worde and in deed,  
For well they saw that it was need.  
First of her grace dame Fraunchise  
Hath taken of this emprise :  
She saied, "Daunger great wrong ye do  
To worche this man so much wo,  
Or pinen him so angrily,  
It is to you great villany :  
I cannot see why ne how  
That he hath trespassed againe you,  
Save that he loveth, wherefore ye shold  
The more in charitie of him hold :  
The force of love maketh him do this,  
Who would him blame he did amis.  
He leveth more than he may do,  
His paine is hard, ye may see lo :  
And love in no wise would consent  
That ye have power to repent,  
For though that quicke ye would him slo,  
Fro love his herte may nat go.

"Now swete sir, it is your ease  
Him for to anger or disease.  
Alas, what may it you avaanee  
To doen to him so great greavaunce ?  
What worship is it againe him take,  
Or on your man a werre make,  
Sith he so lowly every wise  
Is ready, as ye lust leveise ?  
If Love have caught him in his laas,  
You for to beye in every caas,  
And been your subject at your will,  
Should ye therefore willen him ill ?  
Ye shuld him spare more all out,  
Than him that is both proud and stout :  
Courtesie would that ye succoure  
Hem that been meeke under your cure :  
His herte is hard that woll not meeke,  
Whan men of meekenesse him beseke."

"This is certaine," saied Pitie,  
"We see oft that humilite,  
Both ire, and also felonie  
Venquisheth, and also malanchollie,  
To stonde forth in such duresse  
This cruelte and wickednesse :  
Wherefore I pray you, sir Daungere  
For to maintaine no lenger here  
Such cruell warre againe your man,  
As wholly yours as ever he can,  
Nor that ye wordchen no more wo  
Upon this cattife that languisheth so,  
Which woll no more to you trespae,  
But put him wholly in your grace :  
His offence ne was but lite,  
The god of love it was to wite,  
That he your thrall so greatly is,  
And if ye harme him ye doen amis,  
For he hath had full hard pennaunce,  
Sith that ye reft him thaquintaunce,  
Of Bialacoil, his most joie,  
Which all his paines might accoie :  
He was before annoyed sore,  
But than ye doubled him well more,  
For he of blisse hath been full bare,

Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare :  
 Love hath to him great distresse,  
 He hath no need of more duresse :  
 Voideth from him your ire I rede,  
 Ye may not winnen in this dede,  
 Maketh Bialacoil repaire againe,  
 And haveth pitie upon his paine,  
 For Fraunchise wolle, and I Pite,  
 That mercifull to him ye be,  
 And sith that she and I accorde,  
 Have upon him misericorde,  
 For I you pray, and eke moneste,  
 Nought to refusen our requeste :  
 For he is hard and fell of thought,  
 That for us two wolle doe right nought."

Daunger ne might no more endure,  
 He meeked him unto measure.  
 "I wolle in no wise," saith Daungere,  
 "Denie that ye have asked here :  
 It were too great uncourtesie,  
 I wolle he have the companie  
 Of Bialacoil, as ye devise,  
 I wolle him let in no wise."

To Bialacoil than went in hie,  
 Fraunchise, and saied full curtesie :  
 "Ye have too long be dignous  
 Unto this lover, and daungerous  
 Fro him to withdraw your presence,  
 Which hath do to him great offence,  
 That ye not would upon him see,  
 Wherefore a sorrowfull man is hee :  
 Shape ye to pay him, and to please,  
 Of my love if ye wolle have ease,  
 Fulfill his will, sith that ye know  
 Daunger is daunted and brought low  
 Through helpe of me and of Pite  
 You dare no more aferde be."

"I shall do right as ye will"  
 Saith Bialacoil, "for it is skill,  
 Sith Daunger wolle that it so be :"  
 Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me.

BIALACOIL at the beginning  
 Salued me in his coming,  
 No straungenesse was in him seene,  
 No more than he had wrathed been,  
 As faire semblaunt than shewed he me,  
 And goodly, as aforne did he,  
 And by the honde without dout,  
 Within the haic right all about,  
 He lad me with right good chere,  
 All environ the vergere,  
 That Daungere had me chased fro :  
 Nor have I leave over all to go,  
 Now am I raised at my devise  
 Fro Hell unto Paradise.  
 Thus Bialacoil of gentlenessse  
 With all his paine and businesse,  
 Hath shewed me onely of grace  
 The efters of the swote place.

I saw the rose when I was nigh,  
 Was greater woxen, and more high,  
 Freshe, roddy, and faire of hew,  
 Of colour ever illiche new :  
 And whan I had it long seene,  
 I saw that through the leaves greene,  
 The rose spread to spannishing,  
 To seene it was a goodly thing,  
 But it ne was so sprede on brede,  
 That men within might know the sede,

For it covert was and close  
 Both with the leaves and with the rose,  
 The stalke was even and grene upright,  
 It was thereon a goodly sight,  
 And well the better without wene  
 For the seede was not sene,  
 Full faire it sprad, the god of blesse,  
 For such another, as I gesse,  
 Aforne ne was, ne more vermeile,  
 I was abawed for marveile,  
 For ever the fairer that it was,  
 The more I am bounden in Loves laas.  
 Long I abode there sooth to say,  
 Till Bialacoil I gan to pray,  
 Whan that I saw him in no wise  
 To me warnen his servise,  
 That he me would graunt a thing,  
 Which to remember is well fitting :  
 This is to saine, that of his grace  
 He would me yeve leisure and space  
 To me that was so desirous  
 To have a kissing precious  
 Of the goodly fresh rose,  
 That so sweetly smelleth in my nose,  
 "For if it you displeased nought,  
 I wolle gladly, as I have sought,  
 Have a kiss thereof freely  
 Of your yeff, for certainly  
 I wolle none have but by your leve,  
 So loth me were you for to greve."

He saied, "Frend, so God me sped,  
 Of Chastite I have such drede,  
 Thou shouldest not warnen be for me,  
 But I dare not for Chastite :  
 Againe her dare I not misdo,  
 For alway biddeth she me so  
 To yeve no lover leave to kisse,  
 For who therto may winnen ywisse,  
 He of the surplus of the prais  
 May live in hope to get some day,  
 For who so kissing may attaine,  
 Of loves paine hath (sooth to saine)  
 The best and moste avenaunt,  
 And earnest of the remenaunt."

Or his answer I sighed sore,  
 I durst assay him tho no more,  
 I had such drede to greve him aye ;  
 A man shuld not too much assaye  
 To chafe his friend out of measure,  
 Nor put his life in aventure ;  
 For no man at the first stroke  
 Ne may not fell downe an oke,  
 Nor of the reisin have the wine,  
 Till grapes be ripe and well afine,  
 Be sore empressed, I you ensure,  
 And drawn out of the pressure :  
 But I forpeined wonder strong,  
 Though that I abode right long  
 And after the kisse, in paine and wo,  
 Sith I to kisse desired so :  
 Till that renning on my distresse,  
 There come Venus the goddesse  
 (Which aye vorrieth Chastite)  
 Came of her grace to succour me,  
 Whose might is know ferre and wide,  
 For she is mother of Cupide,  
 The god of Love, blinde as stone,  
 That helpeth lovers many one.



THIS lady brought in her right hond  
 Of brening fire a blasing brond,  
 Whereof the flame and hote fire  
 Hath many a lady in desire  
 Of love brought, and sore lette,  
 And in her service her herte is sette.  
 This lady was of good entayle,  
 Right wonderfull of appaile,  
 By her attire so bright and shene,  
 Men might perceive well and sene,  
 She was not of religioun :  
 Nor I nill make mentiou  
 Nor of robe, nor of treasour,  
 Of broche, neither of her rich attour,  
 Ne of her girdle about her side,  
 For that I nill not long abide,  
 But knoweth well, that certainly  
 She was arraied richely ;  
 Devoid of pride certaine she was,  
 To Bialacoil she went apaas,  
 And to him shortly in a clause  
 She said : " Sir, what is the cause  
 Ye ben of port so daungerous  
 Unto this lover, and dainous,  
 To graunt him nothing but a kisse ?  
 To warne it him ye done amisse,  
 Sith well ye wot, how that hee  
 Is Loves servaunt, as ye may see,  
 And hath beaute, wherthrough he is  
 Worthy of love to have the blis :  
 How he is seemely behold and see,  
 How he is faire, how he is free,  
 How he is swote and debonaire,  
 Of age young, lusty, and faire,  
 There is no lady so hautaine,  
 Duchesse, countesse, ne chastelaine,  
 That I nolde hold her ungodly,  
 For to refuse him utterly.

" His breath is also good and swete,  
 And eke his lips roddy and mete,  
 Onely to plaine, and to kisse,  
 Graunt him a kisse of gentleness.

" His teeth arn also white and clene,  
 Me thinketh wrong withouten wene,  
 If ye now warne him, trusteth me,  
 To graunt that a kisse have he,  
 The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste,  
 And the more time shull ye waste."

Whan the flame of the very brond  
 That Venus brought in her right hond,  
 Had Bialacoil with his herte smete,  
 Anone he bad me withouten lete,  
 Graunt to me the rose kisse,  
 Than of my paine I gan to lisse,  
 And to the rose anon went I,  
 And kissed it full faithfully :  
 There need no man aske if I was blith,  
 Whan the savour soft and lith  
 Stroke to mine herte without more,  
 And me allegged of my sore,  
 So was I full of joy and blisse,  
 It is faire such a flour to kisse,  
 It was so swote and saverous,  
 I might not be so anguished,  
 That I mote glad and jolly be,  
 Whan that I remembre me,  
 Yet ever among sootily to saine,  
 I suffer noie and muche paine.

THE sec may never be so still,

That with a little wind at will  
 Overwhelme and tourne also,  
 As it were wood in wawes go,  
 After the calme the trouble soone  
 Mote follow, and chaunge as the Moone.

Right so fareth Love, that selde in one  
 Holdeth his anker, for right anone  
 Whan they in ease wene best to live,  
 They ben with tempest all fordrive :  
 Who serveth Love, can tell of wo,  
 The stoundmele joy mote overgo,  
 Now he hurteth, and now he cureth,  
 For selde in o point Love endureth.

Now is it right me to proceed,  
 How Shame gan meddle and take heed,  
 Through whom fell angers I have hade,  
 And how the strong wall was made,  
 And the castle of brede and length,  
 That god of love wan with his strength :  
 All this romance will I set,  
 And for no thing ne will I let,  
 So that it liking to her be,  
 That is the flour of beaute,  
 For she may best my labour quite,  
 That I for her love shall endite.

Wicked Tongue, that the covine  
 Of every lover can devine  
 Worst, and addeth more somdele  
 (For wicked tongue saith never wele)  
 To me ward bare he right great hate,  
 Espying me early and late,  
 Till he hath seene the great chere  
 Of Bialacoil and me yfere :  
 He might not his tongue withstonde  
 Worse to reporte than he fonde,  
 He was so full of cursed rage ;  
 It sat him wele of his linage,  
 For him an irous woman bare ;  
 His tongue was filed sharpe and square,  
 Poignant and right kerving,  
 And wonder bitter in speaking ;  
 For whan that he me gan espy,  
 He swore (affirming sikerly)  
 Betweene Bialacoil and me  
 Was evill acquaintaunce and prive :  
 He spake thereof so foliie,  
 That he awakd Jelousie,  
 Which all afraied in his rising,  
 Whan that he heard jangling,  
 He ran anon as he were wood  
 To Bialacoil there that he stood,  
 Which had lever in this caas  
 Have ben at Reines or Amias,  
 For fote hote in his fellonie,  
 To him thus said Jelousie :  
 " Why hast thou ben so negligent,  
 To kepen, whan I was absent,  
 This verger here left in thy ward ?  
 To me thou haddest no regard,  
 To trust (to thy confusion)  
 Him thus, to whom suspicion  
 I have right great, for it is nede,  
 It is well shewed by the dede.  
 Great fault in thee now have I found,  
 By God anon thou shalt be bound,  
 And faste locken in a toure,  
 Without refuite or succoure.

" For Shame too long hath be thee fro,  
 Oversoone she was ago,

Whan thou hast lost both drede and fere,  
It seemed well she was not here,  
She was busie in no wise,  
To keepe thee and chastise,  
And for to helpen Chastite  
To keepe the roser, as thinketh me,  
For then this boy knave so boldly,  
Ne should not have be hardy  
In this verge had such game,  
Which now me turneth to great shame."

BIALACOIL mist what to say,  
Full faine he would have fled away,  
For feare have hid, nere that he  
All suddainly tooke him with me :  
And whan I saw he had so,  
This Jelousie take us two,  
I was astonied, and knew no rede,  
But fled away for very drede.

Then Shame came forth full simply,  
She wende have tres-paced full greatly,  
Humble of her port, and made it simple,  
Wearing a vaille in stede of wimple,  
As nonnes done in hir abbey :  
Because her herte was in affray,  
She gan to speake withun a throw  
To Jelousie, right wonder low.

First of his grace she besought,  
And said : " Sir, ne leveth nought  
Wicked Tongue, that false espie,  
Which is so glad to faine and lie,  
He hath you made, through flattering,  
On Bialacoil a false leasing :  
His falsenesse is not now anew,  
It is too long that he him knew :  
This is not the first daie,  
For Wicked Tongue hath custome aie,  
Younge folkes to bewric,  
And false lesings on hem lie.

" Yet neverthelesse I see among,  
That the soigne it is so long  
Of Bialacoil, hertes to lure,  
In Loves service for to endure,  
Drawing suche folke him to,  
That he had nothing with to do,  
But in soothnesse I trowe nought,  
That Bialacoil had ever in thought  
To do trespase or villanie,  
But for his mother Curtesie  
Hath taught him ever to be  
Good of acquaintance and prive,  
For he loveth none heavinesse,  
But mirth and play, and all gladnesse ;  
He hateth all trechous,  
Solcine folke and envious :  
For ye weten how that he  
Woll ever glad and joyfull be  
Honestly with folke to play :  
I have be negligent in good fay  
To chastise him, therefore now I  
Of herte I crie you here mercy,  
That I have ben so recheles  
To tamen him withouten lees,  
Of my folly I me repent,  
Now woll I hole set mine entent  
To keepe both low and still  
Bialacoil to do your will."

" Shame, Shame " (said Jelousy)  
" To be bistrashed great drede have I.  
" Lecherie hath clomb so his

That almost bleared is mine eye,  
No wonder is, if that drede have I,  
Over all reigneth Lechery,  
Whose might groweth night and day,  
Both in cloyster and in abbay,  
Chastitie is werried over all,  
Therefore I woll with siker wall  
Close both roses and roseres,  
I have too long in this manere  
Left hem unclosed wilfully :

Wherefore I am right inwardly  
Sorrowfull, and repent me,  
But now they shall no longer be  
Unclosed, and yet I drede sore,  
I shall repent ferthermore,  
For the game gooth all amis,  
Counsaille I must new ywis,  
I have too long trusted thee,  
But now it shall no longer bee :  
For he may best in every cost  
Deceive that men trusten most :  
I see well that I am nigh shent,  
But if I set my full entent  
Remedy to purvay :

Wherefore close I shall the way  
From hem that wolle the rose espie,  
And come to wait no villanie,  
For in good faith and in trowth  
I woll not let for no slouth  
To live the more in sikernesse,  
Do make anon a fortesse.  
Than close the roses of good savour ;  
In middes shall I make a tour  
To put Bialacoil in prison,  
For ever I drede me of treason ;  
I trow I shall him keepe so,  
That he shall have no might to go  
About to make compaignie  
To hem that thinke of villanie,  
Ne to no such as hath ben here  
Aforene, and found in him good chero,  
Which han assailed him to shend,  
And with hir trowandise to blend,  
A foole is eth to beguile,  
But may I live a little while,  
He shall forthinke his faire semblaunt "

And with that word came Drede avaunt,  
Which was abashed, and in great fere,  
Whan he wist Jelousie was there.  
He was for drede in such affray,  
That not a worde durst he say,  
But quaking stood full still alone  
(Till Jelousie his way was gone)  
Save Shame, that him not forsoke,  
Both Drede and she full sore quoke,  
That at last Drede abraide,  
And to his cousin Shame saide.

" Shame " (he said) " in soothfastnesse,  
To me it is great heavinesse,  
That the noise so ferre is go,  
And the slaunder of us two :  
But sithe that it is befall,  
We may it not againe call,  
When once sprung is a fame :  
For many a yeare withouten blame  
We have ben, and many a day,  
For many an April and many a May  
We han passed, not a-hamed,  
Till Jelousie hath us blamed  
Of mistrust and suspicion

Causelesse, without encheson :  
Go we to Daunger hastily,  
And let us shew him openly,  
That he hath not aright wrought,  
Whan that he set not his thought  
To keepe better the purprise ;  
In his doing he is not wise.  
He hath to us do great wrong,  
That hath suffred now so long  
Bialacoil to have his will  
All his lustes to fulfill :  
He must amend it utterly,  
Or els shall he villanously  
Exiled be out of this lond :  
For he the warre may not withstond  
Of Jelousie, nor the grece,  
Sith Bialacoil is at mischeefe."

To Daunger, Shame and Drede anon  
The right way ben gon :  
The chorle they founde hem aforne  
Ligging under an hawthorne.  
Under his head no pillow was,  
But in the stede a trusse of gras :  
He slombred, and a nappe he toke,  
Till Shame pitously him shoke,  
And great manace on him gan make.

"Why sleepest thou when thou should wake"  
(Quod Shame) "thou dost us villanie,  
Who trusteth thee, he doth follic,  
To keepe roses or bothums  
When they be faire in hir seasons :  
Thou art woxe too familiere  
Where thou should be straunge of chere,  
Stout of thy port, ready to greve :  
Thou doest great folly for to leve  
Bialacoil here in to call  
The yonger man to shenden us all :  
Though that thou sleepe, we may here,  
Of Jelousie great noise here,  
Art thou now late, rise up and hye,  
And stop soone and deliverye  
All the gaps of the hay ;  
Do no favour I thee pray :  
It falleth nothing to thy name,  
To make fair semblant, were thou mayst blame

"Ir Bialacoil be sweet and free,  
Dogged and fell thou shuldest bee,  
Froward and outragious ywis,  
A chorle chaungegeth that curteis is :  
This have I heard oft in saying,  
That man may for no daunting  
Make a sparhaule of a bosarde :  
All men hold thee for mu-arde,  
That debonaire have founden thee,  
It sitteth thee nought curteis to bee,  
To do men pleasaunce or servise,  
In thee it is recreaundise :  
Let thy werkis ferre and nere  
Be like thy name, which is Daungere."

Then all abashed in shewing,  
Anon spake Drede, right thus saying,  
And said, "Daunger, I drede me,  
That thou ne wolt besie be  
To keepe that thou hast to keepe,  
When thou shuldest wake, thou art asleepe :  
Thou shalt be greaved certainly,  
If thee aspie Jelousy,

Or if he finde thee in blame.  
He hath to day assailed Shame,  
And chased away with great manace  
Bialacoil out of this place,  
And sweareth shortly that he shall  
Enclose him in a sturdy wall ;  
And all is for thy wickednesse,  
For that thee failleth straungenesse ;  
Thine herte I trow be failed all ;  
Thou shalt repent in speciall,  
If Jelousie the soothe knew,  
Thou shalt forthinke, and sore rew."

With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake,  
Frowning his eyen gan to make,  
And hidous chere, as man in rage,  
For ire he brent in his visage :  
Whan that he heard him blamed so,  
He said, "Out of my witte I go,  
To be discomfite I have great wrong,  
Certes, I have now lived too long,  
Sith I may not this closer keepe,  
All quicke I would be dolven deepe,  
If any man shall more repaire  
Into this garden for foule or faire,  
Mine herte for ire gotle afere,  
That I let any entre here,  
I have doe folly now I see,  
But now it shall amended be,  
Who setteth foot here any more,  
Truly he shall repent it sore,  
For no man more into this place  
Of me to enter shall have grace,  
Lever I had with swerdes twaine,  
Throughout mine herte, in every vaine  
Perced to be, with many a wound,  
Than slouth should in me be found :  
From henceforth by night or day,  
I shall defend it if I may  
Withouten any exception  
Of eache manner condition,  
And if I it any man graunt,  
Holdeth me for recreaunt."

THEN Daunger on his feet gan stond,  
And hent a burdon in his hond,  
Wroth in his ire ne left he nought,  
But through the verger he hath sought,  
If he might find hole or trace,  
Where through that me mote forth by pace,  
Or any gappe, he did it close,  
That no man might touch a rose  
Of the roser all about,  
He shetteth every man without.

Thus day by day Daunger is wers,  
More wonderfull and more divers,  
And feller eke than ever he was,  
For him full oft I sing alas,  
For I ne may nought through his ire  
Recover that I most desire :  
Mine herte alas woll brest atwo,  
For Bialacoil I wrathed so :  
For certainly in every member  
I quake, when I me remember  
Of the bothum, which I would  
Full oft a day seene and behold,  
And when I thinke upon the kisse,  
And how muche joy and blisse,  
I had through the savour swete,  
For want of it I grone and grete :  
Me thinketh I fele yet in my nose

The swete savour of the rose,  
 And now I wote that I mote go  
 So ferre the fresh floures fro,  
 To me full welcome were the death,  
 Absence thereof (alas) me sleeth,  
 For whylome with this rose, alas,  
 I touched nose, mouth, and face,  
 But now the death I must abide ;  
 But Love consent another tide,  
 That ones I touch may and kisse,  
 I trow my paine shall never lisse ;  
 Thereon is all my covetise,  
 Which brent my heart in many wise.  
 Now shall repaire againe sighing,  
 Long watch on nights, and no sleeping,  
 Thought in wishing, turment, and wo,  
 With many a turning to and fro,  
 That halfe my paine I cannot tell,  
 For I am fallen into Hell,  
 From paradise and wealth, the more  
 My turment greveth more and more,  
 Annoyeth now the bitterness,  
 That I toforne have felt sweetnesste,  
 And Wicked Tongue, through his falskede,  
 Causeth all my wo and drede,  
 On me he lieth a pitous charge,  
 Because his tongue was too large.

Now it is time shortly that I  
 Tell you something of Jelousie,  
 That was in great suspicion :  
 About him left he no mason,  
 That stone could lay, ne querroure,  
 He hired hem to make a tour :  
 And first the roses for to keepe,  
 About hem made he a ditch deepe,  
 Right wonder large, and also brode,  
 Upon the whiche also stode  
 Of squared stone a sturdy wall,  
 Which on a cragge was founded all,  
 And right great thicknesse eke it bare,  
 About it was founded square  
 An hundred fadome on every side,  
 It was all liche long and wide,  
 Least any time it were assailed,  
 Full well about it was battailed,  
 And round environ eke were set  
 Full many a rich and faire tournet,  
 At every corner of this wall  
 Was set a tour full principall,  
 And everiche had without fable  
 A porteuillise defensible  
 To keepe off enemies, and to greve,  
 That there hir force would preve.

And eke amidde this purprise  
 Was made a tour of great maistrise,  
 A fairer saugh no man with sight,  
 Large and wide, and of great might,  
 They dradde none assaut,  
 Of ginne, gonne, nor skaffaut,  
 The temprure of the mortere  
 Was made of liquor wonder dere,  
 Of quicke lime persaut and egre,  
 The which was tempered with vinegre.

The stone was hard of adamaunt,  
 Whereof they made the foundemaunt,  
 The toure was round made in compas,  
 In all this world no richer was,  
 Ne better ordained therewithall,  
 About the tour was made a wall,  
 So that betwixt that and the tour,

Roses were set of sweet savour,  
 With many roses that they here,  
 And eke within the castle were  
 Springolds, gonnies, bowes, and archers,  
 And eke about at corners  
 Men seine over the wall stond  
 Great engines, who were nere hond,  
 And in the kernels here and there,  
 Of arblasters great plentie were.  
 None armour might hir stroke withstond,  
 It were folly to prease to hond ;  
 Without the diche were listes made,  
 With wall battailed large and brade,  
 For men and horse should not attaine  
 Too nigh the diche over the plaine.  
 Thus Jelousie hath environ  
 Sette about his garnison  
 With walles round, and diche deepe,  
 Onely the roser for to keepe,  
 And Daunger early and late  
 The keyes kept of the utter gate,  
 The which opened toward the east,  
 And he had with him at least  
 Thirtie servants echone by name.

That other gate kept Shame,  
 Which opened, as it was couth,  
 Toward the parte of the south,  
 Sergeaunts assigned were her to  
 Full many, her will for to do.  
 Than Drede had in her baillie  
 The keeping of the constablerie,  
 Toward the north I understand,  
 That opened upon the left hond,  
 The which for nothing may be sure,  
 But if she doe busie cure  
 Early on morrow and also late,  
 Strongly to shette and barre the gate :  
 Of every thing that she may see,  
 Drede is aferde, where so she bee,  
 For with a puffle of little wind,  
 Drede is astonied in her mind,  
 Therefore for stealing of the rose,  
 I rede her nat the yate unclose,  
 A foules flight would make her flee,  
 And eke a shaddow if she it see.

THAN Wicked Tongue full of envie,  
 With souldiours of Normandie,  
 As he that causeth all debate,  
 Was keeper of the fourth gate,  
 And also to the tother three,  
 He went full ofte for to see.  
 When his lotte was to walke a night,  
 His instrumentes would he dight,  
 For to blowe and make sounne,  
 Other than he hath enchesounne,  
 And walken oft upon the wall,  
 Corners and wickettes over all,  
 Full narrow searchen and espie ;  
 Though he nought fond, yet would he lie  
 Discordaunt ever fro armonie,  
 And dissoned from melodie,  
 Controve he would, and foule faile,  
 With hornepipes of Cornewaile.  
 In floytes made he discordeaunce,  
 And in his musicke with mischaunce,  
 He would seine with notes newe,  
 That he fond no woman trewe,  
 Ne that he saw never in his life,  
 Unto her husband a trewe wife :

Ne none so full of honeste,  
That she nill laugh and merry be,  
Whan that she heareth or may espie  
A man speaken of lecherie.  
Everiche of hem hath some vice,  
One is dishonest, another is nice,  
If one be full of villanie,  
Another with a licorous cie,  
If one be full of wantonnesse,  
Another is a chideresse.

Thus Wicked tong, God yeve him shame,  
Can put hem everichone in blame,  
Without desert and causelesse,  
He lieth, though they ben guiltlesse;  
I have pity to see the sorrow,  
That waketh both even and morrow,  
To innocents doth such grevaunce,  
I pray God yeve him evill chaunce,  
That he ever so busie is,  
Of any woman to sein amis.

Eke Jalousie God confound,  
That hath made a toure so round,  
And made about a garison,  
To sette Bialacoil in prison,  
The which is shette there in the tour,  
Full long to holde there sojour,  
There for live in penance,  
And for to do him more grevaunce,  
Which hath ordained Jalousie,  
An olde veeke for to spie  
The manner of his governaunce,  
The which devill in her enfauce  
Had learned of Loves art,  
And of his plays toke her part,  
She was expert in his servise,  
She knew each wrenche and every gise  
Of love, and every wile,  
It was hard her to beguile.

Of Bialacoil she took aye hede,  
That ever he liveth in wo and drede,  
He kept him coy and eke privee,  
Least in him she hadde see  
Any folly countenance,  
For she knew all the old daunce.

And after this, whan Jalousie  
Had Bialacoil in his baillie,  
And shette him up that was so free,  
For sure of him he would bee,  
He trusteth sore in his castell,  
The strong werke him liketh well,  
He dradde nat that no gletous  
Should steale his roses or bothoms,  
The roses weren assured all  
Defenced with the strong wall,  
Now Jalousie full well may be  
Of drede devoid in liberte,  
Whether that he sleepe or wake,  
For of his roses may none be take.

But I (alas) now mourne shall,  
Because I was without the wall,  
Full muche dole and mone I made,  
Who had wist what wo I hade,  
I trow he would have had pite,  
Love too deare had solde me  
The good that of his love had I,  
I went about it all quaintly,  
But now through doubling of my paine  
I see he wold it sell againe,  
And me a new bargaine lere,

The which all out the more is dere,  
For the sollace that I have lorne,  
Than I had it never afore;  
Certaine I am full like indeed  
To him that cast in earth his seed,  
And hath joy of the new springing,  
Whan it greenoth in the ginning,  
And is also faire and fresh of flour,  
Lustie to see, swote of odour,  
But ere he it in his shieves shere,  
May fall a weather that shall it dere,  
And make it to fade and fall,  
The stalke, the greine, and floures all,  
That to the tiller is fordone,  
The hope that he had too soone:  
I drede certaine that so fare I,  
For hope and travaile silerly  
Ben me heraft all with a storme,  
The floure nill seden of my corne,  
For Love hath so avaunced me,  
When I began my privite,  
To Bialacoil all for to tell,  
Whom I ne found froward ne fell,  
But toke agree all whole my play;  
But Love is of so hard assay,  
That all at ones he reved me,  
Whan I went best aboven to have be.

It is of Love, as of Fortune,  
That chaungeth oft, and nill contune,  
Which whylome wold of folke smile,  
And glombe on hem another while,  
Now friend, now foe, shalt her feeke,  
For a twinkling tourneth her whele.

She can writhe her head away,  
This is the concourse of her play,  
She can areise that doeth mourne,  
And whirle adoune, and overtourne  
Who sitteth highest, but as her lust,  
A foole is he that wold her trust,  
For it is I that am come doun  
Through charge and revolutioun,  
Sith Bialacoil mote fro me twin,  
Shette in her prison yonde within,  
His absence at mine herte I fele,  
For all my joy and all mine hele  
Was in him and in the rose,  
That but you will, which him doeth close,  
Open, that I may him see,  
Love wold not that I cured bee  
Of the paines that I endure,  
Nor of my cruell aventure.

And, Bialacoil mine owne dere,  
Though thou be now a prisoner,  
Keepe at least thine herte to me,  
And suffer nat that it daunted be,  
Ne let not Jalousie in his rage,  
Putten thine heart in no servage,  
Although he chastice thee without,  
And make thy bodie unto him lout,  
Have herte as hard as Diamant,  
Stedfast, and naught pliant:  
In prison though thy bodie bee  
At large keepe thine herte free,  
A true herte will not plie  
For no manace that it may drie.  
If Jalousie doeth thee paine,  
Quite him his wile thus againe,  
To venge thee at least in thought,  
If other way thou maiest nought,

And in this wise subtelly  
 Worch, and winne the maistrie.  
 But yet I am in great affray,  
 Least thou doe nat as I say,  
 I drede thou canst me great maugre,  
 That thou emprisoned art for me,  
 But that nat for my trespas,  
 For through me never discovered was  
 Yet thing that ought be secre :  
 Well more annoie is in me,  
 Than is in thee of this mischaunce,  
 For I endure more hard penaunce  
 Than any can saine or thinke,  
 That for the sorrow almost I sinke,  
 Whan I remember me of my wo,  
 Full nigh out of my witte I go.

Inward mine herte I feele blede,  
 For comfortlesse the death I drede,  
 Owe I nat well to have distresse,  
 Whan false, through hir wickednesse,  
 And traitours, that arn envious,  
 To noien me beso coragious.

Ah, Bialacoil full well I see,  
 That they hem shape to deceive thee,  
 To make thee buxom to hir law,  
 And with hir corde thee to draw  
 Where so hem lust, right at hir will,  
 I drede they have thee brought theretill :  
 Without comfort, the thought me sleeth,  
 This game would bring me to my death,  
 For if your good will I lese,  
 I mote be dead, I may not chese,  
 And if that thou foryete me,  
 Mine herte shall never in liking be,  
 Nor elsewhere find sollace,  
 If I be put out of your grace,  
 As it shall never ben I hope,  
 Than should I fall in wanhope.

Alas, in wanhope, nay parde,  
 For I woll never dispaired be ;  
 If Hope me faile, than am I  
 Ungracious and unworthy ;  
 In Hope I woll comforted be,  
 For Love, when he betaught her me,  
 Saied, that I hope where so I go,  
 Should aye be releses to my wo.

But what and she my bales bete,  
 And be to me curteis and swete ?  
 She is in nothing full certaine,  
 Lovers she put in full great paine,  
 And maketh hem with wo to dele,  
 Her faire behesthe deceiveth fele,  
 For she woll behote sikerly,  
 And fallen after utterly.

Ah, that is a full noyous thing,  
 For many a lover in loving  
 Hangeth upon her, and trusteth fast,  
 Which lese hir travaille at the last.

Of thing to commen she wot right nought,  
 Therefore if it be wisely sought,  
 Her counsaile follie is to take,  
 For many times, when she woll make  
 A full good sillogisme, I drede,  
 That afterward there shall indede  
 Follow an evil conclusion,  
 This put me in confusion.  
 For many times I have it seene,  
 That many have beguiled beene,  
 For trust that they have set in hope,  
 Which fell hem afterward a slope.

But nathelesse yet gladly she would,  
 That he that woll him with her hold,  
 Had all times her purpose clere,  
 Without deccit any where,  
 That she desirith sikerly ;  
 Whan I her blamed, I did folly ;  
 But what availeth her good will,  
 Whan she ne may staunch my stound ill,  
 That helpeth little that she may do,  
 Or take behest unto my wo :  
 And heste certaine in no wise,  
 Without yfete is not to preise.

When heste and deed asunder vary,  
 They doen a great contrary ;  
 Thus am I posted up and doun  
 With dole, thought, and confusioun,  
 Of my descense there is no number,  
 Daunger and Shame me encumber,  
 Drede also, and Jalousie,  
 And Wicked Tongue full of envie,  
 Of which the sharpe and cruell ire  
 Full off me put in great mattire ;  
 They have my joie fully let,  
 Sith Bialacoil they have beshet  
 Fro me in prison wickedly,  
 Whom I love so entierly,  
 That it woll my bane bee,  
 But I the sooner may him see.

And yet moreover worst of all,  
 There is set to keepe, foule her befall,  
 A rimpel vecke ferre ronne in rage,  
 Frowning and yellow in her visage,  
 Which in await lieth day and night,  
 That none of him may have a sight.

Now mote my sorrow enforced be,  
 Full sooth it is, that Love yafe me  
 Three wonder yestes of his grace,  
 Which I have lorne, now in this place,  
 Sith they ne maie without drede  
 Helpen but little, who taketh hede :  
 For her availeth no Sweet Thought,  
 And Sweet Speech helpeth right nought.  
 The third was called Sweet Looking,  
 That now is lorne without lesing.

Yestes were faire, but nat for thy  
 They helpe me but simply,  
 But Bialacoil loosed bee  
 To gone at large and to be free,  
 For him my life lieth all in dout,  
 But if he come the rather out.

Alas, I trow it woll nat beene,  
 For how should I evermore him seene ?  
 He may nat out, and that is wrong,  
 Because the toure is so strong,  
 How should he out, or by whose prowesse  
 Of so strong a fortreesse ?

By me certaine it will be do,  
 God wote I have no wit thereto,  
 But well I wote I was in rage,  
 When I to Love did homage ;  
 Who was the cause (in soothfastnesse)  
 But her selfe dame Idlenesse !  
 Which me conveide through faire prierei  
 To enter into that faire vergere :  
 She was to blame me to leve,  
 The which now doeth me sore greve,  
 A fooles word is nought to trow,  
 Ne worth an apple for to low,  
 Men should hem snibbe bitterly,

At prime temps of his folly :  
I was a foole, and she me leved,  
Through whom I am right nought releved,  
She accomplished all my will,  
That now me greveth wonder ill.

REASON me saied what should fall,  
A foole my selfe I may well call,  
That love aside I had not laied,  
And trowed that dame Reason saied.  
Reason had both skill and right,  
When she me blamed with all her might  
To meddle of love, that hath me shent,  
But certaine now I wolle repent.

AND should I repent? Nay parde,  
A false traitour then should I be,  
The devils engins wold me take,  
If I Love wold forsake,  
Or Bialacoil falsly betray.  
Should I at mischeefe hate him? nay,  
Sith he now for his courtesie  
Is in prison of Jelousie;  
Courtesie certaine did he me,  
So much, that it may not yolden be,  
When he the hais passen me lete,  
To kisse the rose, faire and swete,  
Should I therefore conne him maugre?  
Nay certaine, it shall nat be,  
For Love shall never (yeve God will)  
Here of me, through word or will,  
Offence or complaint more or lesse,  
Neither of Hope nor Idleness:  
For certes, it were wrong that I  
Hated hem for hir courtesie.  
There is not els, but suffer and thinke,  
And waken whan I should winke,  
Abide in hope, till Love through chaunce  
Send me succour or alleageaunce,  
Expectaunt aye till I may mete,  
To getten mercie of that swete.

Whilome I thinke how Love to mee  
Saied he wold take at grece  
My service, if unpaticence  
Caused me to doen offence:  
He saied, "In thanke I shall it take,  
And high maister eke thee make,  
If wickednesse ne reve it thee,  
But soone I trow that shall nat bee."  
These were his wordes by and by,  
It seemed he loved me truly.

Now is there not but serve him welc,  
If that I thinke his thanke to fele,  
My good, mine harme, lithe hole in me,  
In Love may no default be,  
For true Love ne failed never man:  
Soothly the faute mote needs than  
As God forbide, be found in me,  
And how it cometh, I cannot see.  
Now let it gone as it may go,  
Whether Love wolle succour me or slo,  
He may do hole on me his will,  
I am so sore bound him till,  
From his service I may not fene,  
For life and death withouten wene  
Is in his hond, I may nat chese,  
He may me doe both winne and lese,  
And sith so sore he doth me greve,  
Yet if my lust he wold acheve,  
To Bialacoil goodly to be,

I yeve no force what fell on me:  
For though I die, as I mote nede,  
I pray Love of his goodlyhede,  
To Bialacoil doe gentleness,  
For whom I live in such distresse,  
That I mote dien for penaunce,  
But first, without repentaunce,  
I wolle me confesse in good entent,  
And make in hast my testament,  
As lovers doen that feelen smart:  
To Bialacoil leave I mine herte  
All hole, without departing,  
Or doublesse of repenting.

## COMMENT RAISON VIENT A L'AMANT.

THUS as I made my passage  
In complaint, and in cruell rage,  
And I not where to finde a leche,  
That couth unto mine helping eche,  
Suddainly againe comen down  
Out of her toure I saw Reasoun,  
Discreet and wise, and full pleasaunt,  
And of her port full avenaunt;  
The right waie she tooke to me,  
Which stood in gret perplexite  
That was poshed in every side,  
That I n'ist where I might abide,  
Till she demurely sad of chere  
Saied to me as she came nere.

"Mino owne friend, art thou greved,  
How is this quarrell yet atcheved  
Of Loves side? Anone me tell,  
Hast thou not yet of love thy fill?  
Art thou nat wearie of thy service  
That thee hath in suchie wise?"

"What joy hast thou in thy loving?  
Is it sweet or bitter thing?  
Canst thou yet chese, let me see,  
What best thy succour might bee?  
"Thou servest a full noble lord,  
That maketh thee thrall for thy reward,  
Which aye reneweth thy tourment,  
With folly so he hath thee blent;  
Thou fell in mischeefe thilke day,  
When thou diddest the sooth to say  
Obeisaunce and eke homage  
Thou wroughtest nothing as the sage;  
When thou became his liege man,  
Thou diddest a great folie than;  
Thou wistest nat what fell thereto,  
With what lord thou haddest to do,  
If thou haddest him well know  
Thou haddest nought be brought so low,  
For if thou wiste what it were,  
Thou n'oldest serve him halfe a yere,  
Nat a wecke, nor halfe a day,  
Ne yet an houre without delay:  
Ne never yloved paramours,  
His lordship is so full of shours:  
Knowest him ought?"

L'AMAUNT.

"Ye, dame, parde."

RAISON. "Nay, nay." L'AMAUNT. "Yes I."

RAISON.

"Wherefore let see."

L'AMAUNT. "Of that he saied I should be  
Glad to have such lord as he  
And maister of such seignorie."

RAISON. "Knowest him no more?"

L'AMAUNT.

"Nay, certes, I,

Save that he yafe me rules there,  
And went his way I nist where,

And I abode bound in ballaunce,  
Lo there a noble cognisaunce."

RAISOUN.

"BUT I woll that thou know him now  
Ginning and end, sithe that thou  
Art so anguishous and mate,  
Disfigured out of astate,  
There may no wreche have more of wo,  
Ne caitive none enduren so,  
It were to every man sitting,  
Of his lord have knowledging :  
For if thou knew him out of dout,  
Lightly thou shouldest scapen out  
Of thy prison that marreth thee."

L'AMAUNT.

"YEA dame sith my lord is hee,  
And I his man made with mine hond,  
I would right faine understond  
To knowe of what kind he be,  
If any would enforme me."

RAISOUN.

"I WOULD" (saied Reason) "thee lere,  
Sith thou to learne hast such desire,  
And shewe thee withouten fable  
A thing that is not demonstrable ;  
Thou shalt withouten science,  
And know withouten experience  
The thing that may not knownen bee,  
Ne wist ne sheweth in no degree,  
Thou maiest the sooth of it not witten,  
Though in thee it were witten,  
Thou shalt not knowe thereof more,  
While thou art ruled by his lore,  
But unto him that love woll fie,  
The knotte may unlosed be,  
Which hath to thee, as it is found,  
So long to knitte and not unbound,  
Now set well thine entencion,  
To heare of love the description.

"LOVE it is an hateful pees,  
A free acquitaunce without relees,  
And through the fret full of falshe,  
A sikernesse all set in drede,  
In herte is a despairing hope,  
And full of hope it is wanhope,  
Wise woodnesse, and void reasoun,  
A swete perill in to droun,  
An hevie burthen light to beare,  
A wicked wave away to weare.  
It is Carybdis perillous,  
Disagreeable and gracious,  
It is discordaunce that can accord,  
And accordaunce to discord,  
It is conning without science,  
Wisedome without sapience,  
Witte without discretion,  
Havoure without possession ;  
It is like heale and hole sicknesse,  
A trust drowned and dronkennesse,  
And health full of maladie,  
And charitie full of envie,  
And anger full of aboundaunce,  
And a greedie suffisaunce,  
Delight right full of heavinesse,  
And driered full of gladnesse,

Bitter sweetnesse and sweet errour,  
Right evill savoured good savour,  
Sin that pardon hath within,  
And pardon spotted without sin,  
A paine also it is joyous,  
And felonie right pitous,  
Also play that selde is stable,  
And stedfast right mevable,  
A strength weiked to stond upright,  
And feblenesse full of might,  
Witte unavisad, sage folie,  
And joy full of tourmentrie,  
A laughter it is weeping aie,  
Rest that travaileth night and daie,  
Also a sweete Hell it is,  
And a sorrowfull Paradis,  
A pleasaut gaile and casie prisoun,  
And full of froste summer seasoun,  
Prime temps full of frostes white,  
And May devoid of all delite,  
With seer braunches, blossoms ungrene,  
And new fruit filled with winter tene,  
It is a slowe may nat forbeare,  
Raggas ribaned with gold to weare,  
For also well woll love be sette  
Under raggas as rich rochette,  
And eke as well by amorettes  
In mourning blacke, as bright burnettes,  
For none is of so mokell prise,  
Ne no man founden so wise,  
Ne none so high of parage,  
Ne no man found of witte so sage,  
No man so hardie ne so wight,  
Ne no man of so mokell might,  
None so fulfilled of bounte,  
That he with love may daunted be ;  
All the worlde holdeth this way,  
Love maketh all to gone misway,  
But it be they of evil life,  
Whom genius cursed man and wife,  
That wrongly werke againe nature,  
None such I love, ne have no cure  
Of such as loves servaunts beene,  
And woll nat by my counsaile fleene,  
For I ne preise that loving,  
Wherthrough man at the last ending  
Shall call hem wretches full of wo,  
Love greveth hem and shendeth so ;  
But if thou wolt well love eschew,  
For to escape out of his mew,  
And make all whole the sorrow to slake,  
No better counsaile maiest thou take,  
Than thinke to fleen well ywis,  
May nought helpe els : for wite thou this,  
If thou flye it, it shall flye thee,  
Follow it, and followen shall it thee."

L'AMAUNT.

WHEN I had heard Reason sain,  
Whiche had spilt her spech in vain :  
"Dame" (sayd I) "I dare well say  
Of this avaut me well I may  
That from your schoole so deviaunt  
I am, that never the more avaut  
Right nought am I through your doctrine,  
I dull under your discipline,  
I wote no more than wist ever  
To me so contrarie and so fer  
Is everie thing that ye me lere,  
And yet I can it all by parcuere :



Mine herte forgetteth thereof right nought,  
It is so writen in my thought,  
And deepe graven it is so tender  
That all by herte I can it render,  
And rede it over communely,  
But to my selfe lewdest am I.

"But sith ye love discriven so  
And lacke and praiser bothe two  
Defineth it into this letter,  
That I may thinke on it the better :  
For I heard never defined here,  
And wittully I would it here."

RAISON.

"If love be searched well and sought  
It is a sicknesse of the thought  
Annexed and kneide betwixt twaine,  
With male and female with o cheine,  
So freely that bindeth, yet they nill twinne,  
Wheder so thereof they lese or winne :  
The roote springeth through hot breuning  
Into disordnate desiring,  
For to kissen and embrace,  
And at hir lust them to solace,  
Of other thing love roteheth nought  
But setteth hir herte and all hir thought,  
More for delectatioun  
Than any procreatioun  
Of other fruit by engendrure :  
Which love, to God is not pleasure,  
For of hir body fruit to get  
They yeve no force, they are so set  
Upon delight to play in fere.  
And some have also this manere,  
To fainen hem for love seke,  
Such love I preise not at a leke.  
For paramours they doe but faine,  
To love truly they disdaine,  
They falsen ladies traitorously,  
And swerne hem othes utterly,  
With many a leasing, and many a fable,  
And all the finden deceivable.

"And when they han hir lust gotten  
The hote ernes they all foryetten ;  
Women the harme buyen full sore :  
But men thus thincken evermore,  
The lasse harme is, so mote I thee,  
Deceive them, than deceived be.  
And namcly where they ne may  
Finde none other meane way :  
For I wote well in soothfastnesse,  
That who doeth now his businesse  
With any woman for to dele,  
For any lust that he may fele,  
But if it be for engendure,  
He doth trespasse I you ensure :  
For he should setten all his will  
To gotten a likely thing him till,  
And to sustaine, if he might,  
And keepe forth by Kindes right  
His owne likenesse and semblable :  
For because all is corruptable  
And faile should succession  
Ne were there generation,  
Our sectes sterne for to save,  
Whan father or mother arn in grave,  
Her children should, whan they been dead,  
Full diligent been in hir stead  
To use that worke on such a wise,

That one may through another rise.  
Therefore set Kinde therein delight,  
For men therein should hem delight,  
And of that deede be not erke,  
But ofte sithes haunt that werke :  
For none would draw thereof a draught  
Ne were delight, which hath hem caught,  
This had subtile dame Nature :  
For none goeth right I thee ensure  
Ne hath entent hooler no perfitte,  
For hir desire is for delite,  
The which fortene crease and eke  
The play of love, for oft seeke  
And thrall hem selfe they be so nice  
Unto the prince of everie vice :  
For of each sinne it is the roote  
Unlefull lust, though it be soote,  
And of all evill the racine,  
As Tullius can determine,  
Which in his time was full sage,  
In a booke he made of age,  
Where that more he praiseth Elde  
Though he be crooked and unwelede,  
And more of commendatioun,  
Than youth in his discriptioun :  
For youth set bothe man and wife  
In all perill of soule and life,  
And perill is, but men have grace.  
The perill of youth for to pace,  
Without any death or distresse,  
It is so full of wildnesse,  
So oft it doeth shame and damage  
To him or to his linage,  
It leadeh man, now up now down  
In mokell dissolutioun,  
And maketh him love evill companie,  
And lead his life disrullike,  
And halt him payd with none estate  
Within himselfe in such debate,  
He chaungeth purpose and entent,  
And yalte into some covent,  
To liven after hir emprise,  
And leaseth freedome and fraunchise,  
That nature in him had set,  
The which againe he may not get,  
If he there make his mansion,  
For to abide profession.  
Though for a time his herte absent  
It may not faile, he shal repent,  
And eke abide thilke day,  
To leave his abite, and gone his way,  
And leaseth his worship and his name,  
And dare not come againe for shame,  
But all his life he doth so mourne,  
Because he dare not home retourne,  
Freedom of kinde so lost hath he  
That never may recured be,  
But that if God him graunt grace  
That he may, er he hence pace,  
Conteine under obedience  
Through the vertue of patience.  
For youth set man in all folleie,  
In unthrift and in ribaudrie,  
In lecherie, and in outrage,  
So oft it chaungeth of courage.  
Youth ginneth oft suche bargaine,  
That may not ende without paine.  
In great perill is set youthhode  
Delight so doeth his bridell lede,  
Delight this hangeth, drede thee nought,

And tellen her erlich and late  
 That Death stondeth armed at her gate :  
 Than bring they to her remembrance  
 The folly deedes of her enfaunce,  
 Which causen her to mourne in wo  
 That youth hath her beguiled so  
 Which sodainly away is hasted,  
 She weeped the time that she hath wasted,  
 Complaining of the preterite,  
 And the present, that nat abitte,  
 And of her olde vanitee  
 That but aforne her she may see,  
 In the future some succour,  
 To leggen her of her dolour  
 sought To graunt her time of repentaunce,  
 For her sinnes to doe penaunce,  
 And at the last so her governe  
 To winne the joy that is eterne,  
 Fro which goe backward youth he made  
 In vanitie to drowne and wade,  
 For present time abideth nought,  
 It is more swift than any thought,  
 So little while it doth endure  
 That there n'is compte ne measure.  
 " But how that ever the game go  
 Who list to love joy and mirth also  
 Of love, be it he or she,  
 reise, He or lowe who it be,  
 In fruite they should hem delite,  
 ' Hir part they may not else quite,  
 To save hem selfe in honeste,  
 And yet full many one I see  
 Of women, soothly for to saine,  
 That desire and would faine  
 ' The play of love, they be so wilde  
 And not covet to go with childe:  
 wise, And if with childe they be perchaunce,  
 They woll it hold a great mischaunce,  
 But whatsoever woe they fele,  
 They woll not plaine, but concele,  
 But if it be any foole or nice,  
 In whome that shame hath no justice,  
 ' For to delight each one they draw,  
 That haunt this worke both hie and law,  
 Save such that arn worth right nought,  
 That for money woll be bought,  
 Such love I preise in no wise,  
 Whan it is given for covetise ;  
 I praise no woman, though she be wood  
 That yeveth her selfe for any good  
 For little should a manne tell  
 Of her, that will her bodie sell,  
 Be she maide, be she wife,  
 That quicke woll sell her by her life,  
 How faire chere that ever she make,  
 e. He is a wretch I undertake  
 tell That loved such one, for sweete or soure,  
 Though she him called her paramoure,  
 And laugheth on him, and maketh him feast,  
 ' For certainly no suche beast  
 To be loved is not worthie  
 Or beare the name of Druerie,  
 None should her please, but he wer wooed,  
 That woll dispoile him of his good :  
 id Ire, Yet nathelesse I woll not say  
 That she for solace and for play,  
 May a jewell or other thing  
 eours, Take of her loves free yoving :  
 ' But that she aske it in no wise,  
 For drede of shame or covetise.

And she of hers may him certaine  
 Without slaunder yeven againe,  
 And joyne hir hertes together so  
 In love, and take and yeve also.  
 Throw not that I wold hem twinne,  
 When in hir love there is no sinne,  
 I wold that they together go,  
 And done all that they han ado,  
 As curtes should and debonaire,  
 And in hir love heren hem faire,  
 Without vice, both he and she,  
 So that alway in honeste,  
 Fro folly Love to keepe hem clere  
 That brenneth hertes with his fere,  
 And that hir love in any wise,  
 Be devoid of covetise.  
 Good love should engendred be  
 Of true herte, just, and serece,  
 And not of such as set hir thought  
 To have hir lust, and also nought:  
 So are they caught in Loves lace,  
 Truly for bodily solace,  
 Fleishly delighe is so present  
 With thee, that set all time entent,  
 Without more, what should I glose,  
 For to get and have the rose,  
 Which maketh thee so mate and wood  
 That thou desirest none other good;  
 But thou art not an inch the nerre,  
 But ever abidest in sorrow and werre,  
 As in thy face it is seene,  
 It maketh thee both pale and leene,  
 Thy might, thy virtue goeth away:  
 A sorry guest (in good fay)  
 Thou harbourrest in thine inne  
 The god of love when thou let inne:  
 Wherefore I read thou shette him out,  
 Or he shall greve thee out of dout,  
 For to thy profite it wold tourne,  
 If he no more with thee sojourne.  
 In great mischiefe and sorrow sonken,  
 Ben hertes, that of love are drunken,  
 As thou peraventure known shall,  
 When thou hast lost the time all,  
 And spent thy thought in idleness,  
 In waste, and wofull lustinesse:  
 If thou maiest live the time to see  
 Of love for to delivered bee,  
 Thy time thou shalt beweepe sore  
 The which never thou mayest restore:  
 For time lost, as men may see,  
 For nothing may recovered bee,  
 And if thou scape, yet at last,  
 Fro Love that hath thee so fast  
 Knitte and bounden in his lace,  
 Certaine I hold it but a grace,  
 For many one as it is seene  
 Have lost, and spent also in veine  
 In his servise without succour  
 Bodie and soule, good, and treasour,  
 Wit, and strength, and eke richesse,  
 Of which they had never redresse."

L'AMANT.

Thus taught and preached hath Reason,  
 But Love spilt her sermon,  
 That was so inped in my thought,  
 That her doctrine I set at nought,  
 And yet ne sayd she never a dele,  
 That I ne understood it wele,

Word by word the matter all,  
 But unto Love I was so thrall,  
 Which calleth over all his prais,  
 He chaseth so my thought aie,  
 And holdeth mine herte under his seel,  
 As trustie and true as any stele:  
 So that no devotion  
 Ne had I in the sermon  
 Of dame Reason, ne of her rede  
 I tooke no sojour in mine hede.  
 For all yede out at one ere  
 That in that other she did lere,  
 Fully on me she lost her lore  
 Her speech me greewed wonder sore.

THAT unto her for ire I said  
 For anger, as I did abraid:  
 "Dame, and is it your will algate,  
 That I not love, but that I hate  
 All men, as ye me teach,  
 For if I doe after your speach,  
 Sith that you seine love is not good,  
 Than must I nedes say with mood  
 If I it leve, in hatred aie  
 Liven, and voide love awaie,  
 From me a sinfull wretch,  
 Hated of all that tetch,  
 I may not go none other gate,  
 For either must I love or hate,  
 And if I hate men of new,  
 More than love it wold me rew,  
 As by your preching seemeth mee,  
 For love nothing ne praiseth thee:  
 Ye yeve good counsaile sikerly  
 That precheth me all day, that I  
 Should not loves lore alowe,  
 He were a foole woulde you not trowe?  
 In speech also ye han me taught,  
 Another love that knowne is naught  
 Which I have heard you not repreve,  
 To love each other by your leve,  
 If ye wold diffine it mee,  
 I would gladly here to see,  
 At the least if I may lere  
 Of sundrie loves the manere."

RAISON.

"CERTES friend, a foole art thou  
 When that thou nothing wilt allow  
 That I for thy profite say:  
 Yet wold I say thee more in fay,  
 For I am readie at the leest,  
 To accomplish thy request,  
 But I not where it wold availle,  
 In vaine peraventure I shall travaile:  
 Love there is in sundrie wise,  
 As I shall thee here devise.

"For some love lefull is and good,  
 I mene not that which maketh thee wood,  
 And bringeth thee in many a fitte,  
 And ravisheth fro thee all thy witte,  
 It is so marvailous and quaint,  
 With such love be no more aquaint.

COMMENT RAISON DIFFINIST AMITIÉ.

"Love of friendship also there is  
 Which maketh no man done amis,  
 Of will knitte betwixt two,  
 That wold not breake for wele ne wo,

Which long is likely to contune,  
Whan will and goods been in commune,  
Grounded by Gods ordinaunce,  
Hoole without discordaunce,  
With hem holding commaunce  
Of all her good in charite,  
That there be none exceptioun,  
Through chaunging of ententioun,  
That each helpe other at her nede,  
And wisely hele both word and dede,  
True of meaning, devoide of slouth,  
For wit is nought without trouth :  
So that the tone dare all his thought  
Saine to his friend, and spare nought,  
As to himselfe without dreding,  
To be discovered by wreyng,  
For glad is that conjunction,  
Whan there is none suspicion,  
Whom they would prove  
That true and perfite weren in love :  
For no man may be amiable,  
But if he be so firme and stable,  
That fortune change him not ne blinde,  
But that his friend alway him finde,  
Both poore and riche in o state :  
For if his friend through any gate,  
Woll complaine of his poverté,  
He should not bide so long, till he  
Of his helping him require,  
For good deed done through praieere  
Is sold and bought too deere ywis  
To herte that of great valour is.  
For herte fulfilled of gentlenessse,  
Can evill demeane his distresse.  
And man that worthy is of name,  
To asken often hath great shame.

“ A good man brenneth in his thought,  
For shame when he asketh ought,  
He hath great thought, and dredeth aie  
For his disease when he shall praie  
His friend, least that he warned be  
Till that he preve his stabilite :  
But when that he hath founden one  
That trustie is and true as stone,  
And assayed him at all,  
And found him stedfast as a wall,  
And of his friendship be certaine,  
He shall him shew both joy and paine,  
And all that he dare thinke or say,  
Without shame, as he well may,  
For how should he ashamed be,  
Of such one as I told thee ?

For whan he wote his secret thought,  
The third shall know thereof right nought,  
For twey in number is bet than three,  
In everie counsaile and secree :  
Repreve he dredeth never a dele,  
Who that beset his wordes wele,  
For everie wise man out of drede,  
Can keepe his tongue till he see nede.

“ And foolles cannot hold hir tongue,  
A foolles bell is soone rong,  
Yet shall a true friend doe more  
To helpe his fellow of his sore,  
And succour him whan he hath need  
In all that he may done indeed,  
And gladder that he him pleaseth  
Than his felowe that he caseth,  
And if he doe not his request,  
He shall as muche him molest

As his felowe, for that he  
May not fulfill his volunte  
Fully, as he hath required ;  
If both the hertes love hath fired  
Joy and woe they shall depart,  
And take evenly each his part,  
Halfe his annoy he shall have aie,  
And comforte what that he may,  
And of this blisse part shall he,  
If love woll departed be.

“ AND whilom of this unitie  
Spake Tullius in a ditie,  
And should maken his request  
Unto his friend, that is honest,  
And he goodly should it fulfill,  
But it the more were out of skill,  
And otherwys not graunt thereto,  
Except onely in causes two.

“ If men his friend to death would drive  
Let him be busie to save his live.

“ Also it men wollen hem assaile,  
Of his worship to make him faile  
And hindren him of his renoun,  
Let him with full ententioun,  
His dever done in each degre  
That his friend ne shamed be.

“ In this two case with his might,  
Taking no keepe to skill nor right,  
As farre as love may him excuse,  
This ought no manne to refuse.

“ This love that I have told to thee  
Is nothing contrarie to mee,  
This woll I that thou follow wele,  
And leave the other everie dele,  
This love to vertue all attendeth,  
The tother foolles blent and shendeth.

“ Another love also there is,  
That is contrarie unto this,  
Which desire is so constrained  
That is but will fained ;  
Away fro trouth it doth so varie  
That to good love it is contrarie ;  
For it maymeth in many wise  
Sicke hertes with covetise ;  
All in winning and in profite,  
Such love setteth his delite :  
This love so hangeth in balauce  
That if it lese his hope perchaunce,  
Of lucre, that he is set upon,  
It woll faile, and quench anon,  
For no man may be amorous,  
Ne in his living vertuous,  
But he love more in mood  
Men for hem selfe than for hir good :  
For love that profite doth abide,  
Is false, and hideth not in no tide.  
Love commeth of dame Fortune,  
That little while woll contune,  
For it shall chaungen wonders soone.  
And take eclips as the Moone  
Whan she is from us let  
Through Earth, that betwixt is set  
The Sunne and her, as it may fall,  
Be it in partie, or in all ;  
The shadow maketh her beames merke  
And her hornes to shew derke,  
That part where she hath lost her light  
Of Phebus fully, and the sight,  
Till whan the shadow is overpast,

She is enlumined againe as fast,  
Through the brightnesse of the sun beames  
That yeveth to her againe her leames :  
That love is right of such nature,  
Now is faire, and now obscure,  
Now bright, now clippy of manere,  
And whilom dimme, and whilom clere,  
Assoone as povertie ginneth take,  
With mantell and weedes blake  
Hideth of love the light away,  
That into night it tourneth day,  
It may not see richesse shine,  
Till the blacke shadowes fene,  
For whan richesse shineth bright  
Love recovereth ayen his light,  
And whan it faileth, he woll flit,  
And as she greoveth, so greoveth it.

"Of this love heere what I saie :

The riche men are loved aie,  
And namely tho that sparand beene,  
That woll not wasch hir hertes cleene  
Of the filth, nor of the vice  
Of greedy brenning avarice.

"The rich man full fond is ywis,  
That weneth that he loved is,  
If that his herte it understood,  
It is not he, it is his good,  
He may well weten in his thought,  
His good is loved, and he right nought :  
For if he be a niggard eke,  
Men would not set by him a leke,  
But haten him, this is the sooth,  
Lo what profite his cattell dooth,  
Of every man that may him see,  
It getteth him nought but enmittee :  
But he amend himselfe of that vice,  
And know himselfe, he is not wise.

"Certes he should aye friendly be,  
To get him love also been free,  
Or else he is not wise ne sage  
No more than is a gote ramage.  
That he not loveth, his dedde proveth,  
Whan he his richesse so well loveth,  
That he woll hude it aie and spare,  
His poore friends seene forfare  
To keepen aie his purpose  
Till for drede his eyen close,  
And till a wicked death him take  
Him had lever asunder shake,  
And let all his limmes asunder rive,  
Than leave his richesse in his live ;  
He thinketh to put it with no man,  
Certaine no love is in him than :  
How should love with him be,  
Whan in his herte is no pite ?  
That he tre-paseth well I wate,  
For each man knoweth his estate,  
For well him ought to be reproved  
That loveth nought, ne is not loved.

"But sith we arn to Fortune comen,  
And hath our sermon of her nonen,  
A wonder will I tell thee now,  
Thou hardest never such one I trow ;  
I n'ot where thou me leven shall,  
Though soothfastnesse it be all,  
As it is written, and is sooth  
That unto men more profite dooth  
The froward Fortune and contraire,  
Than the swote and debonaire :  
And if they thinke it is doutable,

It is through argument provable,  
For the debonaire and soft  
Falseth and beguileth oft,  
For lich a mother she can cherish  
And milken as doth a norice,  
And of her good to him deles  
And yeveth him part of her jeweles,  
With great riches and dignitie,  
And hem she hoteth stabilitie,  
In state that is not stable,  
But changing aie and variable,  
And feedeth him with glorie vaine,  
And worldly blisse none certaine,  
Whan she him setteth on her whele,  
Than wene they to be right wele,  
And in so stable state withall  
That never they wene for to fall,  
And when they set so high to be,  
They wene to have in certainte  
Of heartly friendes to great numbre,  
That nothing might hir state encombre,  
They trust hem so on everie side,  
Wening with hem they would abide,  
In everie perill and mischaunce  
Without change or variance,  
Both of cattell and of good,  
And also for to spend hir blood,  
And all hir members for to spill  
Onely to fulfill hir will,  
They maken it whole in many wise  
And hoten hem hir full servise  
How sore that it doe hem smert,  
Into hir very naked shert,  
Herte and also hole they yeve,  
For the time that they may live,  
So that with hir flatterie,  
They maken foolles gloriefe  
Of hir wordes speaking,  
And han chere of a rejoysing,  
And trow them as the Evangle,  
And it is all falschode and gile,  
As they shall afterward see,  
Whan they arn full in povertie,  
And ben of good and cattell bare,  
Than should they seene who friendes ware,  
For of an hundred certainly,  
Nor of a thousand full scarcely,  
Ne shall they finde unnethes one,  
Whan povertie is comen upon.  
"For thus Fortune that I of tell,  
With men whan her lust to dwell,  
Maketh hem to lese hir conisaunce,  
And nourisheth hem in ignoraunce.  
"But froward Fortune and perverse,  
Whan high estates she doth reverse,  
And maketh hem to tumble doune  
Off her whele with sodaine tourne,  
And from her richesse doth hem fie,  
And plungeth hom in povertie,  
As a stepmother envious,  
And layeth a plaister dolorous,  
Unto hir hertes wounded egre,  
Which is not tempered with vinegre,  
But with povertie and indigence,  
For to shew by experience,  
That she is Fortune vorlie  
In whome no man should affie,  
Nor in her yefes have fiance,  
She is so full of varianzaunce.  
"Thus can she maken hie and lowe,

Whan they from richesse am throwe,  
 Fully to known without were  
 Friend of effect, and friend of chere  
 And which in love weren true and stable,  
 And which also weren variable,  
 After Fortune hir goddesse,  
 In povertie, either in richesse,  
 For all that yeveth here out of drede,  
 Unhappe beareth it indeede,  
 For infortune let not one  
 Of friendes, whan Fortune is gone,  
 I meane tho friendes that woll fle  
 Auone as entreth poverte,  
 And yet they woll not leave hem so,  
 But in each place where they go  
 They call hem wretch, scorne and blame,  
 And of hir mishappe hem diffame,  
 And namely such as in richesse,  
 Pretendeth most of stablenesse  
 Whan that they saw hem set on loft,  
 And weren of hem succoured oft,  
 And most iholpe in all hir need :  
 But now they take no maner heed,  
 But saine in voice of flatterie,  
 That now appeareth hir follie,  
 Over all where so they fare,  
 And sing, Go farewell felde fare.

"All such friendes I beshrew,  
 For of true there be too few,  
 But soothfast friendes, what so betide,  
 In every fortune wollen abide,  
 They han hir hertes in such noblesse  
 That they nill love for no richesse,  
 Nor for that Fortune may hem send  
 They wollen hem succour and defend,  
 And chaunge for softe ne for sore ;  
 For who his friend loveth evermore  
 Though men draw sword him to slo,  
 He may not hew hir love a two :  
 But in case that I shall say,  
 For pride and ire lesse it he may,  
 And for reproove by nicete,  
 And discovering of privite,  
 With tongue wounding, as felon,  
 Through venomous detraction.

"Friend in this case wlll gone his way,  
 For nothing grieve him more ne may,  
 And for nought else wlll he fle,  
 If that he love in stabilitie.  
 And certaine he is well begone  
 Among a thousand that findeth one :  
 For there may be no richesse,  
 Ayeunst friendship of worthinesse,  
 For it ne may so high attaine,  
 As may the valour, sooth to saine,  
 Of him that loveth true and well.  
 Friendship is more than is cattell,  
 For friend in court aie better is  
 Than penny in purse certis,  
 And Fortune mis-happing,  
 Whan upon men she is fabling,  
 Through misturning of her chaunce,  
 And cast hem out of balaunce.

"She maketh through her adversite  
 Men full clerely for to see  
 Him that is friend in existence  
 From him that is by appearance :  
 For infortune maketh anone,  
 To know thy friendes fro thy fone,  
 By experience, right as it is,

The which is more to praise ywis,  
 Than in much richesse and treasour,  
 For more deepe profite and valour,  
 Povertie, and such adversite  
 Before, than doth prosperitie,  
 For that one yeveth conisaunce,  
 And the tother ignoraunce.

"And thus in povertie is indeed  
 Trowth declared fro falshede,  
 For faint friendes it woll declare,  
 And true also, what way they fare.  
 For whan he was in his richesse,  
 These friendes full of doublance so  
 Offred him in many wise  
 Herte and body, and service,  
 What wold he than have you to have sought,  
 To known openly hir thought,  
 That he now hath so clerely seen ?  
 The lasse beguiled he should have been,  
 And he had than perceived it,  
 But richesse n'old not let him wit :  
 Well more avauntage doeth him than,  
 Sith that he maketh him a wise man,  
 The great mischief that he perceiveth  
 Than doeth richesse that him deceiveth :  
 Richesse rich ne maketh nought  
 Him that on treasour set his thought,  
 For richesse stont in suffiaunce,  
 And nothing in aboundaunce :  
 For suffiaunce all onely  
 Maketh menne to live richly.

"For he that hath mitches tweine,  
 Ne value in his demene,  
 Liveth more at ease, and more is rich,  
 Than doeth he that is chich,  
 And in his barne hath sooth to saine,  
 An hundred mavis of wheat graine,  
 Though he be chapman or marchaunt;  
 And have of gold many besaunt :  
 For in getting he hath such wo,  
 And in the keeping drede also,  
 And set evermore his businesse  
 For to encrease, and not to lesse,  
 For to augment and multiply,  
 And though on heapes that lye him by,  
 Yet never shall make his richesse,  
 Asseth unto his greedinesse :  
 But the poore that retcheth nought,  
 Save of his livelode in his thought,  
 Which that he getteth with his travaile,  
 He dredeth nought that it shall faile,  
 Though he have little worldes good,  
 Meate and drinke, and easie food,  
 Upon his travaile and living,  
 And also suffisaunt clothing,  
 Or if in sickenesse that he fall,  
 And loath meat and drinke withall,  
 Though he have not his meat to buy,  
 He shall bethinke him hastely,  
 To put him out of all daungele,  
 That he of meat hath no mistere,  
 Or that he may with little eke  
 Be founden, while that he is seke,  
 Or that men shall him berne in hast,  
 To live till his sickenesse be past,  
 To some maisondewe beside,  
 He cast nought what shall him betide,  
 He thinketh nought that ever he shall  
 Into any sickenesse fall.

" And though it fall, as it may be  
That all betime spare shall he  
As moken as shall to him suffice,  
While he is sick in any wise,  
He doeth for that he will be  
Content with his povertie  
Without neede of any man,  
So much in litle have he can,  
He is apaid with his fortune,  
And for he will be importune  
Unto no wight, ne onerous,  
Nor of hir goodnesse covetous :  
Therefore he spareth, it may well been,  
His poore estate for to susteen.

" On if him lust not for to spare,  
But suffereth furth, as not yet ware,  
At last it happeneth, as it may  
Right unto his laste day,  
And take the world as it would be :  
For ever in herte thinketh he  
The sooner that Death him slo,  
To paradise the sooner go  
He shall, there for to live in blisse  
Where that he shall no good misse :  
Thider he hopeth God shall him send  
After this wretched lives end.  
Pythagoras himselfe rehearces  
In a booke that the Golde Verses  
Is cleped, for the noblite  
Of the honourable dite :  
' Than whan thou goest thy body fro,  
Free in the ayre thou shalt up go  
And leaven all humanitie,  
And purely live in detie,  
He is a foole withouten were  
That troweth have his countrie here.'

" In yearth is not our countrie,  
That may these clarkes seine and sey  
In Boece of Consolation  
Where it is makid mention  
Of our countrie plaine at the eie,  
By teaching of philosophie,  
Where lewd men might lere wit,  
Who so that would translaten it.  
If he be such that can well live  
After his rent, may him yeve,  
And not desireth more to have,  
Than may fro povertie him save.  
A wise man saied, as we may seen,  
Is no man wretched, but he it ween,  
Be he king, knight, or ribaunde,  
And many a ribaud is merrie and baude,  
That swinketh, and beareth both day and night  
Many a burthen of great might,  
The which doeth him lasse offence,  
For he suffreth in patience :  
They laugh and daunce, trippe and sing,  
And lay nought up for hir living,  
But in the taverne all dispendeth  
The winning that God hem sendeth ;  
Than goeth he fardels for to beare,  
With as good chere as he did eare ;  
To swinke and travaile he not faineth,  
For to robben he drcdainedeth,  
But right anon, after his swinke,  
He goeth to taverne for to drinke :  
All these are rich in abundance,  
That can thus have suffisance  
Well more than can an usurere,

As God well knoweth, without were.  
For an usurer, so God me see,  
Shall never for richesse riche bee,  
But evermore poore and indigent,  
Scarce, and greedy in his entent.

" For sooth it is, whom it displease,  
There may no marshaunt live at ease,  
His herte in such a were is set  
That it quicke brenneth to get,  
Ne never shall, though he hath gotten,  
Though he have gould in garners yeten,  
For to be needy he dredeth sore :  
Wherefore to gotten more and more  
He set his herte and his desire ;  
So hote he brenneth in the fire  
Of covetise, that maketh him wood  
To purchase other mennes good ;  
He underfongeth a great paine,  
That undertaketh to drinke up Saine :  
For the more he drinketh aie  
The more he leavoth, the sooth to say :  
Thus is thurst of false getting,  
That last ever in coveting,  
And the anguish and distresse  
With the fire of greedinesse ;  
She fighteth with him aie, and striveth,  
That his herte asunder riveth,  
Such greedinesse him assaileth,  
That when he most hath, most he faileth.

" Phisitions and advocates  
Gone right by the same yates,  
They sell hir science for winning,  
And haunt hir craft for great getting :  
Hir winning is of such sweetnesse,  
That if a man fall in sicknesse,  
They are full glad, for hir encrease :  
For by hir will, without lease,  
Everich man shoulde be seeke,  
And though they die, they set not a leeke ;  
After whan they the gould have take,  
Full little care of hem they make ;  
They would that fortie were sick at ones,  
Yea two hundred, in flesh and bones,  
And yet two thousand, as I gesse,  
For to encreasen hir richesse.

" They woll not worchen in no wise,  
But for lucre and covetise,  
For physicke ginneth first by (phy)  
The phisition also soothly,  
And sithen it goeth fro fie to fie,  
To trust on hem it is follie,  
For they n'll in no manner gree,  
Doe right nought for chaunte.  
Eke in the same sect are set  
All tho that prechen for to get  
Worships, honour, and richesse.  
Hir hertes are in great distresse,  
That folke live not holily,  
But aboven all specially,  
Such as prechen vaine glorie  
And toward God have no memorie,  
But forth as ipocrites trace,  
And to hir soules death purchase  
And outward shewing holynesse,  
Though they be full of cursednesse,  
Nor lyche to the apostles twelve,  
They deceive other and hem selve :  
Beguiled is the guiler than,  
For preaching of a cursed man  
Though to other may profite

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And therefore she woll hate him ever ;  
 For he woll gather no treasure,  
 He hath her wrathe for evermore ;  
 He aglite her never in other caas,  
 Lo here all hooly his trespass.  
 She sayeth well, that this other day  
 He asked her leave to gone the way  
 That is cleped too much yeving,  
 And spake full faire in his praying :  
 But whan he prayed her, poore was he,  
 Therefore she warned him the entre,  
 Ne yet is he not thriven so  
 That he hath gotten a pennie or two,  
 That quietly is his owne in hold :  
 Thus hath Richesse us all told,  
 And whan Richesse us this recorded,  
 Withouten her we been accorded.  
 " And we finde in our accordaunce,  
 That False Semblaunt and Abstaunaunce,  
 With all the folke of hir battaile  
 Shull at the hinder gate assaile,  
 That Wicked Tongue hath in keeping,  
 With his Normans full of jangling,  
 And with hem Courtesie and Largesse,  
 That shull shew hir hardynesse,  
 To the old wife that kept so hard  
 Faire Welcomming within her ward :  
 Than shall Delight and Well Heling  
 Fond Shame adoune to bring,  
 With all her host early and late,  
 They shull assaylen that ilke gate,  
 Against Drede shall Hardynesse  
 Assaile, and also Sikernesse,  
 With all the folke of hir leading  
 That never wist what wast slaying.

" FRAUNCHISE shall fight and eke Pite,  
 With Daunger full of cruelte,  
 Thus is your host ordained wele ;  
 Downe shall the castle every dele,  
 If everiche doe his entent,  
 So that Venus be present,  
 Your mother full of vesselage  
 That can inough of such usage ;  
 Withouten her may no wight speed  
 This worke, neither for word ne deed :  
 Therefore is good ye for her send,  
 For through her may this worke amend."

" LORDINGES, my mother, the gooddes,  
 That is my ladie, and my mistres,  
 N'is nat all at my willing,  
 Ne doth all my desiring.  
 Yet can she sometime doen labour,  
 Whan that her lust, in my succour.  
 As my neede is for to atchieve :  
 But now I thinke her not to grieve,  
 My mother is she, and of childhede  
 I both worship her, and eke drede,  
 For who that dredeth siro ne dame,  
 Shall it abie in bodie or name.  
 And nathelesse, yet can we  
 Send after her if need be,  
 And were she nigh, she comen would,  
 I trow that nothing might her hold.  
 " My mother is of great prowesse,  
 She hath tane many a forteresse,  
 That cost hath many a pound er this,  
 There I nas not present ywis,  
 And yet men sayd it was my deede,



But I come never in that steede,  
 Ne me ne liketh so mote I thee,  
 That such towers been take with mee,  
 For why ! Me thinketh that in no wise,  
 It may be cleped but marchaundise.  
 Go buy a courser blacke or white,  
 And pay therefore, than art thou quite,  
 The marchaunt oweth thee right nought,  
 Ne thou him when thou it bought.  
 I wold not selling clepe yeving  
 For selling asketh no guerdoning,  
 Here lithe no thanke, ne no merite,  
 That one goeth from that other all quite,  
 But this selling is not semblable :

“ For when his horse is in the stable  
 He may it sell againe parde,  
 And winnen on it, such happe may be,  
 All may the manne not lese ywis,  
 For at the least the skinne is his.

“ Or else, if it so betide  
 That he wold keepe his horse to ride,  
 Yet is he lord nie of his horse :  
 But thilke chaffare is wll worse,  
 There Venus enterneteth ought,  
 For who so such chaffare hath bought,  
 He shall not worken so wisely,  
 That he ne shall lese utterly  
 Both his monney and his chaffare :  
 But the seller of the ware,  
 The prise and profite have shall,  
 Certaine the buyer shall lese all,  
 For he ne can so dere it buy  
 To have lordship and full maistry,  
 Ne have power to make letting,  
 Neither for yeft ne for preaching,  
 That of his chaffare maugre his,  
 Another shall have as much ywis,  
 If he wold yve as much as he,  
 Of what cuntry so that he be,  
 Or for right nought, so happe may,  
 If he can flatter her to her pay.

“ Been then suchie marchauntes wise ?  
 No, but foolen in every wise,  
 When they buy such thing wilfully,  
 There as they lese hir good follily.  
 But nathelesse, this dare I say,  
 My mother is not wont to pay,  
 For she is neither so foole ne nice,  
 To entremete her of such vice,  
 But trust well, he shall paie all,  
 That repent of his bargaine shall,  
 When Poverte put him in distresse,  
 All were he scholler to Richesse,  
 That is for me in great yerning,  
 When she assenteth to my willing.

“ But by my mother saint Venus,  
 And by her father Saturnus,  
 That her engendred by his life,  
 But nat upon his wedded wife,  
 Yet wold I more unto you swere,  
 To make this thing the surere.

“ Now by that faith, and that beautee  
 That I owe to all my brethren free,  
 Of which there n'is wright under Heaven  
 That can hir fathers names even,  
 So divers and so many there be,  
 That with my mother have be prive,  
 Yet wold I sweare for sikernesse,  
 The pole of Hell to my wittenesse,

Now drinke I not this yeare clarre,  
 If that I lye, or forsworne be,  
 For of the goddes the usage is,  
 That who so him forswareth amis,  
 Shall that yeere drinke no clarre.

“ Now have I sworne inough parde,  
 If I forswore me than am I lorne,  
 But I wold never be forsworne :  
 Sith Richesse hath me failed here,  
 She shall abie that trespasse dere,  
 At least way but I her harme  
 With swerd, or sparth, or gisarme.

“ For certes sith she loveth not me,  
 Fro thilke time that she may see  
 The castle and the tower to shake,  
 In sorrie time she shall awake ;  
 If I may gripe a rich man

I shall so pull him, if I can,  
 That he shall in a fewe stoundes,  
 Lese all his markes, and his poundes.

“ I shall him make his pence out sling  
 But they in his garner spring,  
 Our maidens shall eke plucke him so,  
 That him shall needen feathers mo,  
 And make him sell his lond to spend,  
 But he the bet can him defend.

“ Poore men han made hir lord of me ;  
 Although they not so mightie be,  
 That they may fede me in delite,  
 I wold not have them in dispite :  
 No good man hateth hem, as I gesse,  
 For chinch and feloun is Richesse,  
 That so can chase hem and dispise,  
 And hem defoule in sundrie wise :  
 They loven full bette, so God me spede,  
 Than doeth the rich chinchy grede,  
 And been (in good faith) more stable  
 And truer, and more serviable :  
 And therefore it suffiseth me  
 Hir good herte, and hir beaute ;  
 They han on me set all hir thought,  
 And therefore I foryetee hem nought.

“ I wold hem bring in great noblesse,  
 If that I were god of richesse,  
 As I am god of love soothly,  
 Such ruth upon hir plaint have I :  
 Therefore I must his succour be,  
 That paineth him to serven me,  
 For if he dyed for love of this,  
 Than seemeth in me no love there is.”

“ Sir,” sayd they, “ sooth is evere dele  
 That ye rehearse, and we wote welle  
 Thilke oath to hold is reasonable,  
 For it is good and covenantable,  
 That ye on rich men han sworne :  
 For, sir, this wote we well beforne,  
 If rich men doen you homage,  
 That is as foolen doen outrage,  
 But ye shull not forsworne be,  
 Ne let therefore to drinke clarre,  
 Or piment maked fresh and new,  
 Ladies shull hem such pepir brew,  
 If that they fall into her laas,  
 That they for woe mow saine Alas !  
 Ladies shullen ever so courteous be,  
 That they shall quite your oath all free ;  
 Ne seeketh never other vicair,  
 For they shall speake with hem so faire  
 That ye shall hold you payd full well,

Though ye you meddle never a deale,  
Let ladies worch with hir thinges,  
They shall hem tell so fele tidinges,  
And moove hem eke so many requestis  
By flatterie, that not honest is,  
And thereto yeve hem such thankinges,  
What with kissing, and with talkinges,  
That certes if they trowed be,  
Shall never leave hem lond ne fee  
That it n'll as the meble fare,  
Of which they first delivered are :  
Now may you tell us all your will,  
And we your hestes shall fulfill.

"But False Semblaunt dare not for drede  
Of you, sir, meddle him of this dede,  
For he sayth that ye been his foe,  
He n'ot, if ye will worch him woe :  
Wherefore we pray you all, beau sire,  
That ye foryeve him now your ire,  
And that he may dwell as your man  
With Abstinence his deere lemman,  
This our accord and our will now."

"Parfey," said Love, "I graunt if you,  
I will well hold him for my man,  
Now let him come : " and he forth ran.

"False semblant," (quod Love) "in this wise

I take thee here to my service,  
That thou our friendes helpe alwaie,  
And hindreth hem neither night ne daie,  
But doe thy might hem to relieve,  
And eke our enemies that thou grieve,  
Thine be this might, I graunt it thee,  
My king of harlotes shalt thou bee :  
We woll that thou have such honour,  
Certaine thou art a false traitour,  
And eke a theefe ; sith thou were borne,  
A thousand times thou art forsworne :  
But nathelesse in our hearing,  
To put our folke out of doubting,  
I bidde thee teach hem, wost thou how ?  
By some generall signe now,  
In what place thou shalt founden be,  
If that men had mistere of thee,  
And how men shall thee best espie,  
For thee to know is great maistrice,  
Tell in what place is thine haunting."

"Sir I have full divers wonning,  
That I keepe not rehearsed be,  
So that ye would respiten me,  
For if that I tell you the sooth,  
I may have harme and shame both,  
If that my fellows wisten it,  
My tales shoulde me be quit,  
For certaine they would hate me,  
If ever I knew hir cruelte,  
For they would over all hold hem still  
Of troth, that is againe hir will.  
Such tales keepen they not here,  
I might eftsoone buy it full dere,  
If I saied of hem any thing,  
That ought displeaseth to hir hearing,  
For what word that hem pricketh or biteth,  
In that word none of hem deliteth,  
All were it gospel the evangile,  
That would reprove hem of hir guile,  
For they are cruell and hautain ;  
And this thing wote I well certain,  
If I speake ought to paire hir loos,  
Your court shall not so well be cloos,

That they ne shall wite it at last :  
Of good men am I nought agast,  
For they woll taken on hem nothing,  
Whan that they know all my meaning,  
But he that woll it on him take,  
He woll himselve suspicious make,  
That he his life let covertly,  
In guile and in hypocricie,  
That me engendred and yave fostring."

"They made a full good engendring,"  
(Quod Love) "for who so soothly tell,  
They engendred the Divell of Hell.

"But needely, howsoever it bee"  
(Quod Love) "I will and charge thee,  
To tell anon thy wonning placis,  
Hearing each wight that in this place is :  
And what life thou livest also,  
Hide it no longer now. whereto :  
Thou must discover all thy worching,  
How thou servest, and of what thing,  
Though that thou shuldest for thy sothsaw  
Ben all to beaten and to draw,  
And yet art thou not wont parde,  
But nathelesse, though thou beaten be,  
Thou shalt not be the first, that so  
Hath for sothsawe suffred wo."

"Sir, sith that it may liken you,  
Though that I should be slaine right now  
I shall doen your commaundement,  
For thereto have I great talent."

Withouten words mo, right than  
False Semblaunt his sermon began,  
And saied hem thus in audience,

"Barons, take heed of my sentence,  
That wight that list to have knowing  
Of False Semblaunt full of flattering,  
He must in worldly folke him seke,  
And certes in the cloysters eke,  
I won no where, but in hem tway,  
But not like even, sooth to say,  
Shortly I woll herborow me,  
There I hope best to hulstred be,  
And certainly, sikere hiding  
Is underneath humblest clothing.

"Religious folke ben full covert,  
Secular folke ben more apert :  
But nathelesse, I woll not blame  
Religious folke, ne hem difame  
In what habite that ever they go :  
Religion humble, and true also,  
Woll I not blame, ne dispise,  
But I n'll love it in no wise,  
I meane of false religious,  
That stout been, and malicious,  
That wollen in an habite go,  
And setten not hir herte thereto.

"Religious folke been all pitous,  
Thou shalt not seene one dispitous  
They loven no pride, ne no strife,  
But humbly they woll lede hir life,  
With which folke woll I never be,  
And if I dwell, I faine me  
I may well in hir habite go,  
But me were lever my necke atwo,  
Than let a purpose that I take,  
What covenannt that ever I make.

"I dwell with hem that proude be,  
And full of wiles and subtilte.  
That worship of this world coveiten,

And great nede connen expliciten,  
 And gone and gadren great pitaunces,  
 And purchase hem the acquaintaunces  
 Of men that mightie life may leden,  
 And faine hem poore, and herselfe feden  
 With good morsels delicious,  
 And drinken good wine precious,  
 And preach us povert and distresse,  
 And fishen herselfe great richesse,  
 With wily nettes that they cast,  
 It wold come foule out at the last.

"They ben fro cleane religion went,  
 They make the world an argument,  
 That hath a foule conclusion.  
 I have a robe of religion,  
 Than am I all religious:  
 This argument is all roignous,  
 It is not worth a crooked brere,  
 Habite ne maketh neither monke ne frere,  
 But cleane life and devotion,  
 Maketh men of good religion.

"Nathelless, there can none answer,  
 How high that ever his head he shere,  
 With masure whetted never so keene,  
 That guile in braunches cutte thurtene,  
 There can no wight distinct it so,  
 That he dare say a word thereto.

"But what herborow that ever I take,  
 Or what semblant that ever I make,  
 I meane but guile, and follow that,  
 For right no more than Gibbe our cat,  
 (That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen)  
 Ne entend I but to beguilen,  
 Ne no wight may, by my clothing,  
 Wete with what folke is my dwelling,  
 Ne be my wordes yet parde,  
 So soft and so pleasant they be.

"Behold the deedes that I do,  
 But thou be blind thou oughtest so,  
 For varie hir wordes fro hir deed,  
 They thinke on guile withouten drede,  
 What manner clothing that they weare,  
 Or what estate that ever they beare,  
 Lered or leud, lord or ladie,  
 Knight, squire, burgeis, or bailie."

Right thus while False Semblant sermoneth,  
 Eftsoones Love him aresoneth,  
 And brake his tale in his speaking  
 As though he had him told easing.  
 And said: "What devill is that I heare?  
 What folke hast thou us nempned here?  
 May menne find religioun  
 In worldly habitacioun?"

"Yea, sir, it followeth nat that they  
 Should lead a wicked life parfey,  
 Ne not therefore hir soules lese,  
 That hem to worldly clothes chese,  
 For certes it were great pitee;  
 Men may in secular clothes see,  
 Florishen holy religioun;  
 Full many a saint in field and toun,  
 With many a virgine glorious,  
 Devout, and full religious,  
 Han died, that common cloth aye beren,  
 Yet saintes neverthelesse they weren.  
 I could reckon you many a ten,  
 Yea welnigh all these holy women  
 That men in churches herey and seke,  
 Both maidens, and these wives eke,  
 That baren full many a faire child here,

Weared alway clothes seculere,  
 And in the same diden they  
 That saints weren, and ben alway.

"The nine thousand maidens dere,  
 That beren in Heaven hir cierges clere,  
 Of which men rede in church and sing,  
 Were take in secular clothing,  
 When they received marturdome,  
 And wonnen Heaven unto hir home.

"Good herte maketh the good thought,  
 The clothing yeveth ne reveth nought:  
 The good thought and the working,  
 That maketh the religion flouring,  
 There lieth the good religioun,  
 After the right ententioun.

"Who so tooke a weathers skin,  
 And wrapped a greedy wolfe therein,  
 For he should go with lambes white,  
 Wenest thou not he would hem bite?  
 Yes: neverthelesse as he were wood  
 He would hem wirry, and drinke the blood,  
 And well the rather hem deceive,  
 For sith they coude nat perceive  
 His tregette, and his cruelte,  
 They would him follow, altho he fle.

"If there be wolves of such hew,  
 Amonges these apostles now  
 Thou, holy church, thou maist be wailed,  
 Sith that thy cite is assailed  
 Through knightes of thine owne table,  
 God wot thy lordship is doutable:  
 If they enforce it to win,  
 That should defend it fro within,  
 Who might defence ayenst hem make?  
 Without stroke it mote be take,  
 Of trepeget or manganell,  
 Without displaying of pensell,  
 And if God w'll done it succour,  
 But let renne in this colour,  
 Thou must thy hestes letten bee,  
 Than is there nought, but yeld thee,  
 Or yeve hem tribute douteles,  
 And hold it of hem to have pees:  
 But greater harme betide thee,  
 That they all maister of it bee:  
 Well con they scorne thee withall,  
 By day stuffen they the wall,  
 And all the night they minen there:  
 Nay, thou planten maust els where  
 Thine impes, if thou wolt fruit have,  
 Abide not there thy selfe to save.

"But now peace, here I turne againe,  
 I wold no more of this thing faime,  
 If I might passen me hereby,  
 For I might maken you weary;  
 But I wold heten you alway,  
 To helpe your friendes what I may,  
 So they wollen my company,  
 For they been shent all utterly,  
 But if so fall, that I be  
 Oft with hem, and they with me,  
 And eke my lemman mote they serve,  
 Or they shull not my love deserve,  
 Forsooth I am a false traitour,  
 God judged me for a theefe trechour,  
 Forsworne I am, but well nigh none  
 Wote of my guile, till it be done.

"Through me hath many one deth received,

That my treget never aperceived,  
 And yet receiveth, and shall receive,  
 That my falsenesse shall never aperceive :  
 But who so doth, if he wise be,  
 Him is right good beware of me.  
 But so sligh is the aperceiving  
 That all to late cometh knowing ;  
 For Frotheus that coude him chaunge,  
 In every shape homely and straunge,  
 Coud never such guile ne treasoun  
 As I, for I come never in toun  
 There as I might known be,  
 Though men me both might here and see.  
 Full well I can my clothes chaunge,  
 Take one, and make another straunge.  
 Now am I knight, now chastelaine,  
 Now prelate, and now chaplaine,  
 Now priest, now clerke, now fostere,  
 Now am I maister, now schollere  
 Now monke, now chaunon, now baily,  
 What ever mister man am I.

" Now am I prince, now am I page,  
 And can by herte every language,  
 Sometime am I hoore and old,  
 Now am I younge, stoute, and bold,  
 Now am I Robert, now Robin,  
 Now frere minor, now jacobin,  
 And with me followeth my loteby,  
 To done me sollace and company,  
 That hight dame Abstinence, and raigned  
 In many a queint array faigned,  
 Right as it cometh to her liking,  
 I fulfill all her desiring.

" Sometime a womans clothe take I,  
 Now am I a maid, now lady.

" Sometime I am religious,  
 Now like an anker in an hous.

" Sometime am I prioresse,  
 And now a nonne, and now abbesse,  
 And go through all regions,  
 Seeking all religiouns.

" But to what order that I am sworne,  
 I take the straw and beat the corne,  
 To jolly folke I enhabite,  
 I aske no more but hir habite.

" What woll ye more ? in every wise  
 Right as me list I me disguise ?

" Well can I beare me under wede,  
 Unlike is my word to my dede,  
 Thus make I into my trappes fall  
 The people, through my priviledges all,  
 That ben in Christendome alive.

" I may assoile, and I may shrive,  
 That no prelate may let me,  
 All folke, where ever they found be :  
 I n'ot no prelate may done so,  
 But it the pope be, and no mo,  
 That made thilke establishing,  
 Now is not this a proper thing ?  
 But were my sleights aperceived

.....

As I was wont, and wost thou why ?  
 For I did hem a tregetry,  
 But thereof yeve I a little tale,  
 I have the silver and the mail,  
 So have I preached and eke shriven,  
 So have I take, so have I yeven,  
 Through hir folly, husband and wife,  
 That I lede right a jolly life,

Through simplesse of the prelaacy,  
 They know not all my tegettry.

" But for as much as man and wife  
 Should shew hir parish priest hir life  
 Ones a yere, as sayth the booke,  
 Ere any wight his housel tooke,  
 Than have I priviledges large,  
 That may of muche thing discharge,  
 For he may say right thus pardee :

" ' Sir Priest, in shrift I tell it thee,  
 That he to whom that I am shriven,  
 Hath me assoyled, and me seven  
 Penance sootly for my sin,  
 Which that I found me guilty in,  
 Ne I ne have never entencion  
 To make double confession,  
 Ne rehearse eft my shrift to thee,  
 O shrift is right ynough to mee,  
 This ought thee suffice wele,  
 Ne be not rebell never a dele,  
 For certes, though thou haddest it sworne,  
 I wote no priest ne prelate borne  
 That may to shrift eft me constraine,  
 And if they done I woll me plaine,  
 For I wote where to plaine wele,  
 Thou shalt not strome me a dele,  
 Ne enforce me, ne not me trouble,  
 To make my confession double ;  
 Ne I have none affection  
 To have double absolution :

The first is right ynough to mee,  
 This latter assoyling quite I thee,  
 I am unbound, what maist thou find  
 More of my sinnes me to unbind ?  
 For he that might hath in his hond,  
 Of all my sinnes me unbound :  
 And if thou wolt me thus constraine  
 That me mote nedes on thee plaine,  
 There shall no judge imparall,  
 Ne bishop, ne officiall,  
 Done judgement on me, for I  
 Shall gone and plaine me openly  
 Unto my shriftfater new,  
 That hight Frere Wolfe untrew,  
 And he shall chuse him tor mee,  
 For I trow he can hamper thee ;  
 But lord he would be wroth withali,  
 If men would him Frere Wolfe call,  
 For he would have no patience,  
 But done all cruell vengience,  
 He would his might done at the leest,  
 Nothing spare for Goddes heest,  
 And God so wise be my succour,  
 But thou yeve me my saviour  
 At Easter, whan it liketh mee,  
 Without preasing more on thee,  
 I woll forth, and to him gone,  
 And he shall housell me anone,  
 For I am out of thy grutching,  
 I keepe not deale with thee nothing.

" Thus may he shrive him, that forsaketh  
 His parish priest, and to me taketh,  
 And if the priest woll him refuse,  
 I am full ready him to accuse,  
 And him punish and hamper so,  
 That he his churche shall forgo.

" But who so hath in his feeling  
 The consequence of such shriving,  
 Shall seeme, that priest may never have might

To know the conscience aright  
Of him that is under his cure :  
And this is ayenst holy scripture,  
That biddeth every herde honest  
Have very knowing of his beest.  
But poore folke that gone by strete,  
That have no gold, ne summys grete,  
Hem would I let to hir prelates,  
Or let hir priestes know hir states,  
For to me right nought yeve they,  
And why it is, for they ne may.

"They ben so bare, I take no keep;  
But I wold have the fat sheepe ;  
Let parish priestes have the lene,  
I yeve not of hir harme a bene ;  
And if that prelates grutch it,  
That oughten woth be in hir wit,  
To lese hir fat beastes so,  
I shall yeve hem a stroke or two,  
That they shall lesen with force,  
Yea, both hir mitre and hir croce.  
"Thus yape I hem, and have do long,  
My priviledges ben so strong."

False Scumblant would have stunted here,  
But Love ne made him no such chere,  
That he was weary of his saw,  
But for to make him glad and faw,  
He said, "Tell on more specially,  
How that thou servest untruly.

"Tell forth, and shame thee never a dele,  
For as thine habit sheweth wele,  
Thou servest an holy hermit."

"Sooth is, but I am but an hypocrite."

"Thou goist and prechest poerte?"

"Yea, sir, but Richesse hath poste."

"Thou prechest abstinence also?"

"Sir, I wold fillen, so mote I go,  
My pauche, of good meat and wine,  
As should a maister of divine,  
For how that I me poore faine,  
Yet all poore folke I disdaine.

"I LOVE better the acquaintaunce  
Ten times of the king of Fraunce,  
Than of a poore man of mild mood,  
Though that his soule be also good.

"For whan I see beggers quaking,  
Naked on mixens all stinking,  
For hunger erie, and eke for care,  
I entremet not of hir fare,  
They ben so poore, and full of pine,  
They might not ones yeve me a dine,  
For they have nothing but hir life.  
What should he yeve that liketh his knive ?  
It is but folly to entremete

To seeke in houndes nest fat mete .  
Let beare hem to the spittle anone,  
But fro me comfort get they none :  
But a rich sickle usure

Would I visite and draw nere,  
Him would I comfort and rechte,  
For I hope of his gold to gete,  
And if that wicked Death him have,  
I wold go with him in his grave,  
And if there any reprove me,  
Why that I let the poore be,  
Wost thou how I not ascape ?  
I say and swene him full rape,  
That riche men han more tetches  
Of sinne, than han poore wretches,

And han of counsaile more mistere,  
And therefore I wold draw hem nere :  
But as great hurt, it may so be,  
Hath a soule in right great poerte,  
As soule in great richesse forsooth,  
Albeit that they hurten both,  
For richesse and mendicities  
Ben cleped two extremities,  
The meane is cleped suffiaunce,  
There lieth of vertue the aboundaunce

"For Salomon full well I wote,  
In his parables us wote,  
As it is known of many a wight,  
In his thutene chapitre right,  
God thou me keepe for thy poste,  
Fro richesse and mendicite,  
For if a rich man him dresse,  
To thinke too much on richesse,  
His herte on that so ferre is sette,  
That he his creator doth foryette,  
And him that beggeth, woll aye greve,  
How should I by his word him leve,  
Unneth that he n'is a micher,  
Forworne, or els Goddes lier,  
Thus sayth Salomon sawes.

"Ne we find written in no lawes,  
And namely in our Christen lay,  
(Who saith ye, I dare say nay)  
That Christ, ne his apostles dere,  
While that they walked in earth here,  
Were never seene hir bred begging,  
For they nolden beggen for nothing.

"And right thus were men wout to teach,  
And in this wise would it preach,  
The maisters of divinite  
Sometime in Paris the cite.

"AND if men would there gaine appose  
The naked text, and let the glose,  
It might soone assailed bee,  
For men may well the sooth see,  
That pardie they might aske a thing  
Plainely forth without begging,  
For they weren Goddes herdes dere,  
And cure of soules hadden here,  
They nolde nothing begge hir food,  
For after Crist was done on rood,  
With their proper honds they wrought,  
And with travaile, and els nought,  
They wonnen all hir sustenaunce,  
And livened forth in hir penaunce,  
And the remenaunt yafe away  
To other poore folkes alway.

"They neither builden toure ne halle,  
But they in houses small with alle.

"A mighty man that can and may,  
Should with his hond and body alway,  
Winne him his food in labouring,  
If he ne have rent or such a thing ;  
Although he be religious,  
And God to serven curious,  
Thus mote he done, or do trespaas,  
But if it be in certaine caas,  
That I can rehearse, if mister bee,  
Right well, whan the time I see.

"Seke the booke of Saint Augustine,  
Be it in paper or perchemine,  
There as he witte of these worchings,  
Thou shalt seene that none excusings  
A perfit man ne should seeke

By wordes, ne by deedes eke,  
 Although he be religious,  
 And God to serven curious,  
 That he ne shall, so mote I go,  
 With proper hondis and body also  
 Get his food in labouring,  
 If he ne have properte of thing,  
 Yet said he sell all his substaunce,  
 And with his swinke have sustenaunce,  
 If he be perfite in bounte ;  
 Thus han the bookes told me :  
 For he that woll gone idelly,  
 And useth it aye busily  
 To haunten other mennes table,  
 He is a trechour full of fable,  
 Ne he ne may by good reason  
 Excuse him by his orison,  
 For men behoveth in some gise,  
 Ben sometime in Goddes service,  
 To gone and purchasen hir nede.

"Men mote eaten, that is no drede,  
 And sleepe, and eke do other thing,  
 So long may they leave praying.

"So may they eke hir prayer blinne,  
 While that they werke hir meat to winne,  
 Saint Austine woll thereto accord,  
 In thilke booke that I record.

"Justinian eke, that made lawes,  
 Hath thus forbidden by old sawes :  
 'No man, up paine to be dead,  
 Mighty of body, to beg his bread,  
 If he may swinke it for to gete,  
 Men should him rather maime or bete,  
 Or done of him aperte justice,  
 Than suffren him in such mallice.'

"They done not well so mote I go,  
 That taken such almesse so,  
 But if they have some priviledge,  
 That of the paine hem woll alledge.

"But how that is, can I not see,  
 But if the prince deceived bee,  
 Ne I ne wene not sikerly,  
 That they may have it rightfully.

"But I woll not determine  
 Of princes power, ne define,  
 Ne by my word comprehend ywis,  
 If it so ferre may stretch in this ;  
 I woll not entremete a dele,  
 But I trow that the booke sayth wele,  
 Who that taketh almesses, that bee  
 Dew to folke that men may see  
 Lame, feeble, weary, and bare,  
 Poore, or in such manner care,  
 That con winne hem nevermo,  
 For they have no power thereto,  
 He eateth his owne dampning,  
 But if he lie that made all thing.  
 And if ye such a truant find,  
 Chastise him well, if ye be kind,  
 But they would hate you parcaas,  
 If ye fallen in hir laas.

"They would eftsoones do you sceathe,  
 If that they might, late or rathe,  
 For they be not full patient,  
 That han the world thus foule blent,  
 And weteth well, that God bad  
 The good man sell all that he had,  
 And follow him, and to poore it yve :  
 He would not therefore that he live,  
 To serve him in mendience,

For it was never his sentence,  
 But he bad werken whan that need is,  
 And follow him in goode deedis.

"Saint Poule that loved all holy church,  
 He bade the apostles for to wurch,  
 And winnen hir livelode in that wise,  
 And hem defended trauandise,  
 And said, werketh with your honden.  
 Thus should the thing be understonden.

"He nolde ywis have bid hem begging,  
 Ne sellen gospell, ne preaching,  
 Least they beraft, with hir asking,  
 Folke of hir cattell or of hir thing.

"For in this world is many a man  
 That yeveth his good, for he ne can  
 Werne it for shame, or else he  
 Would of the asker delivered be,  
 And for he him encombresh so,  
 He yeveth him good to let him go :  
 But it can him nothing profite,  
 They lese the yeft and the merite.

"The good folke that Poule to preached,  
 Profred him oft, whan he hem taughted,  
 Some of hir good in charite,  
 But thereof right nothing tooke he,  
 But of his honde would he gette  
 Clothes to wrine him, and his mete."

"TELL me than how a man may liven,  
 That all his good to poore hath yeven,  
 And woll but onely bidde his bedes,  
 And never with hondis labour his nedes.  
 May he do so ?" "Yea sir." "And how ?"

"Sir I woll gladly tell you :  
 Saint Austen saith, a man may be  
 In houses that han properte,  
 As templers and hospitellers,  
 And as these chamonis regulers,  
 Or white monkes, or these blake,  
 I woll no mo ensamples make,  
 And take thereof his sustaining,  
 For therein litte no begging,  
 But otherwaies not ywis,  
 Yet Austen gabbeth not of this,  
 And yet full many a monke laboureth,  
 That God in holy church honoureth :  
 For whan hir swinking is agone,  
 They rede and sing in clunch anone.

"And for there bath ben great discord,  
 As many a wight may beare record,  
 Upon the estate of mendicence,  
 I woll shortly in your presence,  
 Tell how a man may begge at need,  
 That hath not wherewith him to feed,  
 Maugre his fellows jangling,  
 For soothfastnesse woll none hidings,  
 And yet percase I may obey,  
 That I to you soothly thus sey.

"Lo here the case especiall,  
 If a man be so bestiall,  
 That he of no craft hath science,  
 And nought desirith ignorance,  
 Than may he go a begging yerne,  
 Till he some other craft can lerne,  
 Through which without trauandung,  
 He may in trouthe have his living.

"Or if he may done no labour,  
 For elde, or sicknesse, or langour,

Or for his tender age also,  
Than may he yet a begging go.

"Or if he have peraventure,  
Through usage of his norture,  
Lived over deliciously,  
Than oughten good folke comenly,  
Han of his mischeefe some pite,  
And suffren him also, that he  
May gone about and begge his bread,  
That he be not for hunger dead ;  
Or if he have of craft conning,  
And strength also, and desiring  
To worchen, as he had what,  
But he find neither this ne that,  
Than may he begge till that he  
Have gotten his necessite.

"Or if his winning be so lite,  
That his labour will not aquite  
Sufficiantly all his living,  
Yet may he go his brede begging  
Fro dore to dore, he may go trace,  
Till he the remnaunt may purchase.

"Or if a man would undertake  
Any emprise for to make,  
In the rescous of our lay,  
And it defenden as he may,  
Be it with armes or lettrure,  
Or other convenable cure,  
If it be so he poore be,  
Than may he begge, till that he  
May find in trouth for to swinke  
And get him clothe, meat, and drinke  
Swinke he with his hondes corporell,  
And not with hondes espiituell.

"In all this case, and in semblables,  
If that there ben no reasonables,  
He may begge, as I tell you here,  
And eles not in no manere,  
As William Saint Amour would preach,  
And oft would dispute and teach  
Of this matter all openly  
At Paris full solemnely,  
And also God my soule blesse  
As he had in this stedfastnesse  
The accord of the universite  
And of the people, as seemeth me.

"No good man ought it to refuse,  
Ne ought him thereof to excuse,  
Be wrothe or blithe, who so he,  
For I woll speake, and tell it thee,  
All should I die, and be put down,  
As was saint Poule in derke prison,  
Or be exiled in this cans  
With wrong, as maister William was,  
That my mother Hypocrisie  
Banished for her great envie.

"My mother flemed him Saint Amour :  
This noble did suche labour  
To sustene ever the loyalte,  
That he too much aglite me :  
He made a booke, and let it write,  
Wherein his life he did all write,  
And would iche renied begging,  
And lived by my travelling,  
If I ne had rent ne other good,  
What weneth he that I were wood ?  
For labour might me never please,  
I have more will to ben at ease,  
And have well lever, sooth to say,

Before the people patter and pray,  
And wrie me in my foxerie  
Under a cope of papelardie."

(Quod Love) "What divell is this that I here,  
What wordes tellest thou me here ?"

"What, sir, falsnesse, that apert is ?"  
"Than dredest thou not God ?" "No certes :

For selde in great thing shall he spede  
In this world, that God woll drede,  
For folke that hem to vertue yeven,  
And truely on hir owen liven,  
And hem in goodnesse aye content,  
On hem is little thrift isent,  
Such folke drinken great misene,  
That life may me never please.

"But see what gold han usersers,  
And silver eke in garners,  
Tailagiers, and these monyours,  
Bailiffes, beadies, provost, countours,  
These liven well nigh by ravine,  
The small people hem mote encline,  
And they as wolves woll hem eten :  
Upon the poore folke they geten  
Full much of that they spend or kope,  
N'is none of hem that they n'll strepe,  
And wrie hem selfe well at full,  
Without scalding they hem pull.

"The strong the feeble overgothe,

But I that weare my simple clothe,  
Robbe both robbed, and robbours,  
And guile guiling, and guilours :  
By my treget, I gather and threste  
The great treasure into my cheste,  
That lieth with me so fast bound,  
Mine high paleis doe I found,  
And my delighes I fulfill,  
With wine at feastes at my will,  
And tables full of entremees ;  
I woll no life, but ease and pees,  
And winne gold to spend also,  
For whan the grete bagge is go,  
It commeth right with my japes,  
Make I not well tomble mine apes :  
To winnen is alway mine entent,  
My purchase is better than my rent,  
For though I should boaten be,  
Over all I entremet me :

Without me maie no wight dure,  
I walke soules for to cure,  
Of all the world cure have I  
In brede and length ; boldly  
I woll both preach and eke counsaillen,  
With hondes woll I not traveillen,  
For of the pope I have the bull,  
I ne hold not my wittes dull,  
I woll not stinten in my live  
These emperours for to shrive,  
Or kinges, dukes, and lordes grete :  
But poore folke all quite I lete,  
I love no such shriving parde,  
But it for other cause be :  
I recke not of poore men,  
Hir estate is not worth an hen.

"Where findest thou a swinker of labour  
Have me to his confessour ?

But empresses, and duchesses,  
These queenes, and eke countesses,  
These abbesses, and eke bigines,  
These great ladies palasins,  
These jolly knights, and bailives,

These nonnes, and these burgeis wives  
 That richie ben, and eke pleasing,  
 And these maidens welfaring,  
 Where so they clad or naked be,  
 Uncounsailed goeth there none fro me;  
 And for hir soules safete,  
 At lord and lady, and hir meine,  
 I aske, whan they hem to me shrive,  
 The propertie of all hir live,  
 And make hem trow, both most and leest,  
 Hir parish priest is but a beast  
 Ayenst me and my company,  
 That shrewes been as great (as I)  
 For which I woll not hide in hold,  
 No privity that me is told,  
 That I by word or signe ywis,  
 Ne woll make hem know what it is,  
 And they wollen also tellen me.  
 They hele fro me no privity.  
 And for to make you hem perceiven,  
 That usen folke thus to deceiven,  
 I woll you saine withouten drede,  
 What men may in the Gospell rede,  
 Of Saint Mathew the gospellere,  
 That saith, as I shall you say here.

"UPON the chaire of Moses  
 Thus it is glosed douteles,  
 (That is the olde testament,  
 For thereby is the chaire ment)  
 Sitte scribes and pharisen,  
 That is to saine, the cursed men,  
 Which that we ipocrites call:  
 Doeth that they preache, I rede you all,  
 But doeth not as they doen adele,  
 That been not weary to say wele.  
 But to doe well, no will have they,  
 And they wold bind on folke alway  
 (That been to be beguiled able)  
 Burdons that been importable;  
 On folkes shouldres things they couchen,  
 That they n'ill with their fingers touchen.  
 And why woll they not touch it, why?  
 For hem ne list nat sikerly,  
 For sadde burdons that men taken,  
 Make folkes shouldres aken.

"And if they do ought that good bee,  
 That is for folke it should see:  
 Hir burdons larger maken they,  
 And maken hir hemmes wide alwey,  
 And loven seates at the table  
 The first and most honourable,  
 And for to han the first chairis,  
 In synagogues, to hem full dere is,  
 And willen that folke hem loute and grete,  
 Whan that they passen through the strete,  
 And wollen be cleped maister also.  
 But they ne should not willen so,  
 The gospell is there ayenst I gesse,  
 That sheweth woll hir wickednesse.

"ANOTHER custome use we  
 Of hem that woll ayenst us be,  
 We hate hem deadly everychone,  
 And we woll werry him, as one,  
 Him that one hateth, hate we all,  
 And coniect how to doen him fall:  
 And if we seeen him winne honour,  
 Richesse or preise, through his valour,

Provende, rent, or dignite,  
 Full fast ywis compassen we  
 By what ladder he is clomben so,  
 And for to maken him downe to go,  
 With treason we woll him defame,  
 And doen him lese his good name.  
 "Thus from his ladder we him take,  
 And thus his frendes foes we make,  
 But word ne wete shall he none,  
 Till all his frendes been his fone,  
 For if we did it openly,  
 We might have blame readily,  
 For had he wist of our mallice,  
 He had him kept, but he were nice.

"Another is this, that if so fall,  
 That there be one among us all  
 That doeth a good tourne, out of drede,  
 We saine it is our alder dede,  
 Yea sikerly, though he it fained,  
 Or that him list, or that him dained  
 A man through him avauned be,  
 Thereof all parteners be we,  
 And tellen folke where so we go,  
 That man through us is sprongen so.

"And for to have of men praising,  
 We purchase through our flattering  
 Of richie men of great poste  
 Letters, to witnessen our bounte,  
 So that man weene that may us see,  
 That all vertue in us bee.

"And alway poore we us faine,  
 But how so that we begge or plaine,  
 We ben the folke without leasing,  
 That all thing have without having.

"Thus be dradde of the people ywis,  
 And gladly my purpose is this.

"I deale with no wight, but he  
 Have gold and treasour great plente,  
 Hir acquaintaunce well love I:  
 This much my desire shortly,  
 I entremet me of brocages,  
 I make peace and mariages,  
 I am gladly excentour,  
 And many times a procuratur,  
 I am sometime messangere,  
 That falleth not to my mistere.

"And many times I make enquer,  
 For me that office is nat honest,  
 To deale with other mennes thing,  
 That is to me a great hking:  
 And if that ye have ought to do  
 In place that I repaire to,  
 I shall it speden through my wit,  
 As soone as ye have told me it,  
 So that ye serve me to pay,  
 My service shall be yours alway.

"But who so woll chastice me,  
 Anone my love lost hath he,  
 For I love no man in no gise,  
 That wold me reprove or chastise,  
 But I woll all folke undertake,  
 And of no wight no teaching take,  
 For I that other folke chastice,  
 Woll not be taught fro my follie.

"I LOVE none hermitage more,  
 All desertes and holtes hoore  
 And greate woodes everychon,  
 I let hem to the Baptist Iohn,  
 I queth him quite, and him releas-



Of Egypt all the wilderness;  
Too ferre were all my mansiouns  
Fro all cities and good touns.

"My paleis and mine house make I  
There men may renne in openly,  
And say that I the world forsake,  
But all amidde I build and make  
My house, and swim and play therein  
Bette than a fish doeth with his finne.

"Or Antichristes men am I,  
Of which that Christ sayeth openly,  
They have habite of holinesse,  
And liven in such wickednesse.

"Outward lamben seemen we,  
Full of goodnesse and of pite,  
And inward we withouten fable  
Been greedy wolves ravisable.

"We enviroon both lond and see,  
With all the world verrien wee,  
We wold ordaine of alle thing,  
Of folkes good, and hir living.

"If there be castell or cite  
Within that any bougerous be,  
Although that they of Millaine were,  
For thereof been they blamed there;  
Or if a wight out of measure,  
Would lene hir gold, and take usure,  
For that he is so covetous,  
Or if he be too lecherous,  
Or these that haunten simonie,  
Or provost full of trecherie,  
Or prelate living jollily,  
Or priest that halt his quein him by,  
Or olde hoeres hostillers,  
Or other baudes or bordellers,  
Or els blamed of any vice,  
Of which men shoulde doen justice:

"By all the saintes that we prey,  
But they defend them with lamprey,  
With luce, with elis, with samons,  
With tender geese, and with capons,  
With tartes, or with cheses fat,  
With daintie flaunes, brode and flat,  
With caleweis, or with pullaile,  
With coninges, or with fine vitaile,  
That we under our clothes wide,  
Maken through our gollet glide,  
Or but he wold doe come in hast  
Re vanson bake in past,  
Whether so that he loure or groine,  
He shall have of a corde a loigne,  
With which men shall him bind and lede,  
To breune him for his sinful dede,  
That men shall heare him crie and rore  
A uile way about and more,  
Or els he shall in prison die,  
But if he wold his friendship buy,  
Or smerten that, that he hath do,  
More than his guilt amounteth to.

"But and he cougth through his sleight  
Doe maken up a toure of height,  
Nought rought I whether of stone or tree,  
Or earth, or turves though it be,  
Though it were of no younde stone,  
Wrought with squier and scantilone,  
So that the toure were stuffed well  
With all riches temporell:

"And than that he would up dresse  
-ignes, both more and lesse,

To cast at us by every side,  
To beare his good name wide:

"Such sleighthes I shall you yeven  
Barrels of wine, by sixe or seven,  
Or gold in sakes great plente,  
He should soone delivered be,  
And if he have no such pitences.  
Let him studie in equipolences,  
And lette lies and fallaces,  
If that he would deserve our graces,  
Or we shall beare him such witness  
Of sinne, and of his wretchednesse,  
And doun his lose so wide renne  
That all quike we should him brenne,  
Or els yeve him such pouance,  
That is well worse than the pitaunce.

"For thou shalt never for nothing  
Con knowen aright by hir clothing  
The traitous full of trecherie,  
But thou hir werkes can espie.

"And ne had the good keeping be  
Whylome of the universite,  
That keepeth the key of Christendome,  
We had been tourmented all and some.

"Such been the stinking prophetis,  
N'is none of hem, that good prophet is,  
For they through wicked entencion,  
The yeaere of the incarnation  
A thousand and two hundred yere,  
Five and fiftie ferther ne nere,  
Broughten a booke with sorrie grace,  
To yeven ensample in common place,  
That saied thus, though it were fable,  
This is the gospell perdurable,  
That fro the Holy Ghost is sent.

Well were it worthe to be brent.  
Entitled was in such manere  
This booke, of which I tell here,  
There nas no wight in all Paris,  
Before our ladie at parvis,  
That they ne might the booke buy,  
The sentence pleased hem well truly.  
To the copie, if him talent toke  
Of the evangelistes booke,  
There might he see by great traisoun  
Full many a false comparisoun.

"As much as through his greate might,  
Be it of heate or of light,  
The Sunne surmounteth the Moone,  
That troubler is, and chaungeth soone,  
And the nutte kernell the shell,  
I scorn nat that I you tell:

"Right so withouten any gile  
Surmounteth this noble evangile,  
The word of any evangelist,  
And to hir title they tooken Christ,  
And many such comparisoun,  
Of which I make no mentioun,  
Might menne in that booke find,  
Who so could of hem have mind.

"The universite that tho was asleepe  
Gan for to braide, and taken keepe,  
And at the noise, the head up cast,  
Ne never sithen slept it fast,  
But up it stert, and armes tooke,  
Ayens this false horrible booke,  
All ready bataille for to make,  
And to the judge the booke they take.

"But they that broughten the booke there,  
Hent it anone away for feare,

o more a dele,  
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 me thereto,  
 can speake or do.  
 shall not stond,  
 ave understand,  
 shall adoun,

And been brought to confusioun.

"But I woll stint of this matere,  
 For it is wonder long to here,  
 But had that ilke booke endured,  
 Of better estate I were ensured,  
 And friendes have I yet pardee,  
 That han me set in great degree.

"Of all this world is emperour  
 Guile my father, the trechour,  
 And empresse my mother is,  
 Maugre the Holy Ghost ywis,  
 Our mightie linage and our rout  
 Reigneth in every reigne about,  
 And well is worthy we ministers be,  
 For all this worlde governe we,  
 And can the folke so well deceive,  
 That none our guile can perceive,  
 And though they doen, they dare not say,  
 The sooth dare no wight bewray.

"But he in Christes wrath him leadeth,  
 That more than Christ my brethren dredeth,  
 He n'is no full good champion,  
 That dredeth such similation,  
 Nor that for pame woll refusen,  
 Us to correct and accusen.

"He woll not entremete by right,  
 Ne have God in his eyesight,  
 And therefore God shall him punice;  
 But me ne recketh of no vice,  
 Sithen men us loven communably,  
 And holden us for so worthy,  
 That we may folke repreve echone,  
 And we n'll have reprefe of none:  
 Whom shoulde folke worshipping so,  
 But us that stinten never mo  
 To patren while that folke may us see,  
 Though it not so behind hem be.

"And where is more wood follie,  
 Than to enhaunce chivalrie,  
 And love noble men and gay,  
 That jolly clothes wearen alway?  
 If they be such folke as they seemen,  
 So cleane, as men hir clothes demen,  
 And that hir wordes follow hir dede,  
 It is great pitie out of drede,  
 For they woll be none hypocritis,  
 Of hem me thinketh grate spight is,  
 I cannot love hem on no side.

"But buggers with these hoodes wide,  
 With sleigh and pale faces leane,  
 And graie clothes nat full cleane,  
 But fretted full of tatarwagges,  
 And high shoes knopped with dagges,  
 That frouncen like a quaille pipe,  
 Or bootes rivering as a gipe.

"To such folke as I you devise,  
 Should princes and these lordes wise,  
 Take all hir landes and hir things,  
 Both warre and peace in governings,  
 To such folke should a prince him jere,  
 That would his life in honour live.

"And if they be nat as they seme,  
 They serven thus the world to queme.  
 There would I dwell to deceive  
 The folke, for they shall nat perceive.

"But I ne speake in no such wise,  
 That men should humble habite dispise,

So that no pride there under be,  
 No man should hate, as thinketh me,  
 The poore man in such clothing,  
 But God ne preiseth him nothing,  
 That saith he hath the world forsake,  
 And hath to worldly glory him take,  
 And woll of such delices use,  
 Who may that begger well excuse ?  
 "That papelarde, that him yeldeth so,  
 And woll to worldly ease go,  
 And saith that he the world hath left,  
 And greedily it gripeth eft,  
 He is the hound, shame is to saine,  
 That to his casting goeth againe."

"But unto you dare I not lie,  
 But might I feelen or espie,  
 That ye perceived it nothing,  
 Ye should have a starke leasing :  
 Right in your hond thus to beginne,  
 I nolde it let for no sinne."

The god lough at the wonder tho,  
 And every wight gan lough also,  
 And saied : "Lo here a man right,  
 For to be trustie to every wight."

"False Semblant," (quod Love) "say to mee,  
 Sith I thus have avauaced thee,  
 That in my court is thy dwelling,  
 And of ribaudes shalt be my king,  
 Wolt thou well holden my forwardes ?"

"Yea, sir, from hence forwardes,  
 Had never your father here beforene,  
 Servaunt so true, sith he was borne."

"That is ayenst all nature."  
 "Sir, put you in that aventure,  
 For though ye borowes take of me,  
 The sikerer shall ye never be  
 For hostages, ne sikernesse,  
 Or chaîtres, for to beare witnessse :  
 I take your selfe to record here,  
 That men ne may in no manere  
 Tearen the wolfe out of his hide,  
 Till he be slaine backe and side,  
 Though men him beat and all defile,  
 What wene ye that I woll beguile ?"

"For I am clothed meekely,  
 There under is all my treachery,  
 Mine herte chaungeth never the mo  
 For none habite, in which I go ;  
 Though I have chere of simplenesse,  
 I am not wearie of shreudnesse,  
 My lemman, strained Abstinence,  
 Hath mister of my purveiaunce,  
 She had full long ago be dede,  
 Nere my counsaile and my rede ;  
 Let her alone, and you and mee."

And Love answered, "I trust thee  
 Without borow, for I woll none."

And False Semblant the theefe anone,  
 Right in that like same place,  
 That had of treason all his face,  
 Right blacke within, and white without,  
 Thanking him, gan on his knees lout.

"Than was there nought, but every man  
 Now to assaute, that sailen can"  
 (Quod Love) "and that full hardely."  
 Than armed they hem comenly  
 Of such armour as to hem fell.

Whan they were armed fiers and fell,  
 They went hem forth all in a rout,  
 And set the castle all about ;  
 They will not away for no dread,  
 Till it so be that they ben dead,  
 Or till they have the castle take,  
 And foure battels they gan make,  
 And parted hem in foure anone,  
 And tooke hir way, and forth they gone,  
 The foure gates for to assaile,  
 Of which the keepers woll not faille,  
 For they ben neither sickle ne dede,  
 But hardie folke, and strong in dede.

Now woll I sain the countenance  
 Of False Semblant, and Abstinence,  
 That ben to Wicked Tongue went ;  
 But first they held hir parliament,  
 Whether it to doen were,  
 To maken hem be knownen there,  
 Or els walken forth disguised :  
 But at the last they devised,  
 That they would gone in tapinage,  
 As it were in a pilgrimage,  
 Like good and holy folke unfined :  
 And dame Abstinence streined  
 Tooke of the robe of cameline,  
 And gan her grutchie as a bigine.

A large coverchief of thread,  
 She wrapped all about her head,  
 But she forgate not her psaltere.

A paire of beades eke she bere  
 Upon a lace, all of white thread,  
 On which that she her beades bede,  
 But she ne bought hem never a dele,  
 For they were given her, I wote wele,  
 God wote of a full holy frere,  
 That said he was her father dere,  
 To whom she had oft wot went,  
 Than any frere of his covent.

And he visited her also,  
 And many a sermon saied her to,  
 He n'olde let for man on live,  
 That he ne would her oft shrive,  
 And with so great devotion  
 They made her confession,  
 That they had oft for the nones  
 Two heades in one hood at ones.

Of faire slape I devised her thee,  
 But pale of face sometime was shee,  
 That false traitouresse untrew,  
 Was like that sawlow horse of hew,  
 That in the Apocalips is shewed,  
 That signifieth the folke beshrewed,  
 That been all full of trecherie,  
 And pale, through hypocrisie,  
 For on that horse no colour is,  
 But onely dead and pale ywis,  
 Of such a colour enlangoured,  
 Was Abstinence ywis coloured,  
 Of her estate she her repented,  
 As her visage represented.

She had a burdoune all of theft,  
 That Guile had yeve her of his yeff,  
 And a scrippe of faint distresse,  
 That full was of clengenesse,  
 And forth she walked soberlie :  
 And False Semblant saynt, je vous die,  
 And as it were for such mistere,  
 Doen on the cope of a frere,  
 With cheare simple, and full pitous,

His looking was not disdeinous,  
Ne proud, but meeke and full peessible.

About his necke he bare a Bible,  
And squierly forth gan he gon,  
And for to rest his limmes upon,  
He had of treason a portent,  
As he were feeble, his way he went,  
But in his sleve he gan to thring  
A rasour sharpe, and well biting,  
That was forged in a forge,  
Which that men clepen coupe gorge.

So long forth hir way they nomen,  
Till they to Wicked Tongue comen,  
That at his gate was sitting,  
And saw folke in the way passing.

The pilgrimes saw he fast by,  
That bearen hem full meekely,  
And humbly they with hem mette,  
Dame Abstinence first him grette,  
And sith him False Semblant salued,  
And he hem, but he not remued,  
For he ne drede him not a dele :  
For when he saw hir faces wele,  
Alway in herte him thought so,  
He should know hem both two,  
For well he knew dame Abstinence,  
But he ne knew not Constraining,  
He knew nat that she was constrained,  
Ne of her theeves life fained,  
But wende she come of will all free,  
But she come in another degree,  
And if of good will she began,  
That will was failed her than.

And False Semblant had he seene also,  
But he knew nat that he was false,  
Yet false was he, but his falsenesse  
Ne coud he not espie, nor gesse,  
For Semblant was so sile wrought,  
That falsenesse he ne espyed nought :  
But haddest thou knowen him beforen,  
Thou wouldest on a booke have sworne,  
Whan thou him saw in thilke arraie  
That he, that whilome was so gaie,  
And of the daunce Jolly Robin  
Was tho become a Jacobin :  
But soothly what so men him call  
Frere preachours been good men all,  
Hir order wickedly they bearen  
Such minstreles if they weren.

So been Augustins, and Cordileres,  
And Carmes, and eke sacked freres,  
And all freres shode and bare,  
Though some of hem ben great and square,  
Full holy men, as I hem deem,  
Everich of hem would good man seem :  
But shalt thou never of apparence  
Seene conclude good consequence  
In none argument ywis,  
If existence all failed is :  
For men may finde alway sopheme  
The consequence to enveneme,  
Who so that hath had the subtiltee  
The double sentence for to see.

Whan the pilgrimes comen were  
To Wicked Tongue that dwelleth there,  
Hir barneis nigh hem was algate,  
By Wicked Tongue adoun she sate,  
That had hem nere him for to come,  
And of tidings tell him some,

And sayd hem : " What case maketh you  
To come into this place now ? "

" Sir," sayd strained Abstinence,  
" We for to drie our penance,  
With hertes pitous and devout,  
Are comen, as pilgrimes gone about,  
Well nigh on foote alway we go  
Full doughty been our heeles two,  
And thus both we ben sent  
Throughout the world that is miswent,  
To yeve ensample, and preach also,  
To fishen sinfull men we go,  
For other fishing, ne fish we,  
And, sir, for that charite,  
As we be wont, herborow we crave,  
Your life to amende Christ it save,  
And so it should you not displease,  
We woulde, if it were your ease,  
A short sermon unto you saine.

And Wicked Tongue answered again,  
" The house" (quod he) " such (as ye see)  
Shall not be warned you for me,  
Saie what you list, and I wolle heare."

" Graunt mercie sweet sir deare,"  
(Quod alderfirst) dame Abstinence,  
And thus began she her sentence.

" Sir, the first vertue certaine,  
The greatest, and most soveraigne  
That may be found in any man,  
For having, or for wit he can,  
That is his tongue to refraine,  
Thereto ought every wight him paine :  
For it is better still be,  
Than for to speken harme parde,  
And he that hearkeneth it gladly,  
He is no good man sikerly.

" And sir, above all other sin,  
In that art thou most guiltie in :  
Thou speake a jape, not long ago.

" And sir, that was right evill do  
Of a young man, that here repaired,  
And never yet this place apired :  
Thou saidest he awaited nothing,  
But to deceive Faire Welcoming :  
Ye sayd nothing sooth of that,  
But sir, ye lye, I tell ye plat,  
He ne cometh no more, ne goeth parde,  
I trow ye shall him never see ;  
Faire Welcoming in prison is,  
That oft hath played with you er this,  
The fairest games that he coude,  
Without filth, still or loude.  
Now dare she not her selfe solace,  
Ye han also the man doe chase,  
That he dare neither come ne go,  
What mooveth you to hate him so ?  
But properly your wicked thought,  
That many a false lesing hath thought,  
That mooveth your foule eloquence,  
That jangleth ever in audience,  
And on the folke ariseth blame,  
And doth hem dishonour and shame,  
For thing that may have no proving,  
But likeliness, and contriving.

" For I dare saine, that Reason deemeth,  
It is not all sooth thing that seemeth,  
And it is sinne to controuve  
Thing that is to reprove ;  
This wote ye wele, and sir, therefore

Ye arn to blame the more,  
 And nathelesse, he recketh lite  
 He yeveth not now thereof a mite,  
 For if he thought harme, parfay,  
 He wold come and gone all day,  
 He coud himselve not absteine,  
 Now cometh he not, and that is sene,  
 For he ne taketh of it no cure,  
 But if it be through aventure,  
 And lasse than other folke algate,  
 And thou here watchest at the gate,  
 With speare in thine arest alwaie,  
 There muse musard all the daie,  
 Thou wakest night and day for thought,  
 Ywis thy travaile is for nougt,  
 And Jelousie withouten faile,  
 Shall never quit thee thy travaile,  
 And skathe is, that Faire Welcoming,  
 Without any trespassing,  
 Shall wrongfully in prison be,  
 There weepeth and languisheth he,  
 And though thou never yet ywis,  
 Agiltest man no more but this,  
 Take not a greefe it were worthy  
 To put thee out of this bailey,  
 And afterward in prison lie,  
 And fettred thee till that thou die;  
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwell  
 Right in the Divels arse of Hell,  
 But if that thou repent thee:  
 Ma fay, thou lvest falsly" (Quod he)  
 "What, welcome with mischaunce now,  
 Have I therefore herbourd you  
 To say me shame, and eke reprove,  
 With sorrie happe to your behove,  
 Am I to day your herbegere  
 Go herber you elsewhere than here,  
 That han a lyer called me,  
 Two tregetours art thou and he,  
 That in mine house doe me this shame,  
 And for my sooth saw ye me blame.  
 Is this the sermon that ye make?  
 To all the divels I me take,  
 Or else God thou me confound,  
 But er men didden this castle found,  
 It passed not ten dayes of twelve,  
 But it was told right to my selve,  
 And as they sayd, right so told I,  
 He kist the rose privily:  
 Thus sayd I now, and have sayd yore,  
 I n'ot where he did any more.  
 Why should men say me such a thing,  
 If it had been gabbing?  
 Right so saide I, and woll say yet,  
 I trow I lyed not of it,  
 And with my bemes I woll blow  
 To all neighbours a row,  
 How he hath both comen and gone."  
 Tho spake False Semblant right anone,  
 "All is not gospel out of dout,  
 That men saine in the towne about,  
 Lay no deafe eare to my speaking,  
 I swere you, sir, it is gabbing,  
 I trow you wote well certainly,  
 That no man loveth him tenderly,  
 That saythe him harme, if he wote it,  
 All be he never so poore of wit;  
 And sooth is also sikerly,  
 This know ye, sir, as well as I,  
 That lovers gladly wold visiten

The places there hir loves habiten:  
 This man you loveth and eke honoureth,  
 This man to serve you laboureth,  
 And clepeth you his freind so deere,  
 And this man maketh you good cheere,  
 And everie man that you meeteth,  
 He you sawleth, and he you greeteth;  
 He preseth not so oft, that ye  
 Ought of his comming encombred be:  
 There presen other folke on you,  
 Full oftter than he doth now,  
 And if his herte him strained so  
 Unto the rose for to go,  
 Ye should him seeke so ofte need,  
 That ye should take him with the deed;  
 He coud his comming not forbear,  
 Though ye him thrilled with a speare;  
 It n'ere not than as it is now,  
 But trusteth well, I swere it you,  
 That it is clene out of his thought.  
 Sir, certes he ne thinketh it nougt,  
 No more ne doth Faire Welcomming,  
 That sore abith all this thing:  
 And if they were of one assent,  
 Full soone were the rose hent,  
 The maugre yours would be.

"And sir, of o thing hearkeneth me,  
 Sith ye this man, that loveth you,  
 Han sayd such harme and shame, now  
 Witteth well, if he gessed it,  
 Ye may well demen in your wit,  
 He n'olde nothing love you so,  
 Ne callen you his friend also,  
 But night and daie he woll wake,  
 The castle to destroy and take,  
 If it were sooth, as ye devise;  
 Or some man in some manner wise  
 Might it warne him everi dele,  
 Or by himselve perceive wele,  
 For sith he might not come and gone  
 As he was whilom wont to done,  
 He might it soone wite and see,  
 But now all otherwise wote hee.

"Than have ye, sir, all utterly  
 Deserved Hell, and jollyly  
 The death of Hell doubtlesse,  
 That thrallen folke so guiltlesse."

False Semblant so prooveth this thing,  
 That he can none answering,  
 And seeth alwaie such apparunce,  
 That nigh he fell in repentance,  
 And sayd him, "Sir, it may well be.  
 Semblant, a good man seemen ye,  
 And Abstinence, full wise ye seeme,  
 Of o talent you both I deeme,  
 What counsaile woll ye to me yeven?"

"Right here anon thou shalt be shriven  
 And say thy sinne without more,  
 Of this shalt thou repent sore,  
 For I am priest, and have pooste,  
 To shrive folke of most dignite  
 That ben as wide as world may dure,  
 Of all this world I have the cure,  
 And that had never yet persoun,  
 Ne vicarie of no manner toun.

"And God wote I have of thee,  
 A thousand times more pitee,  
 Than hath thy priest parochiall  
 Though he thy friend be speciall.

"I have avantage, in o wise,

That your priests be not so wise  
 Ne halfe so lettred (as am I)  
 I am licensed boldly,  
 In divinitie for to read,  
 And to confessen out of dread.

"If ye woll you now confesse,  
 And leave your synnes more and lesse,  
 Without abode, kneele doune anon,  
 And you shall have absolution."

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## TROILUS AND CRESEIDE.

B. I. v. 1—84.

### INCIPIT LIBER PRIMUS.

THE double sorrow of Troilus to tellen,  
 That was kinge Priamus sonne of Troy,  
 In loving, how his adventures fallen  
 From woe to wele, and after out of joy,  
 My purpose is, er that I part froy.  
 Thou Thesiphone, thou helpe me for t'endite  
 These wofull verses, that wepen as I write.

To thee I clepe, thou goddesse of tourment  
 Thou cruell furie, sorrowing ever in paine,  
 Helpe me that am the sorrowfull instrument,  
 That helpeth lovers, as I can complaine:  
 For well sit it, the sooth for to saine,  
 A wofull wight to have a drery fere,  
 And to a sorrowfull tale a sorrie chere.

For I that god of loves servantes serve,  
 Ne dare to love, for mine unlikelynesse,  
 Prayen for speed, all should I therefore sterve,  
 So farre am I fro his helpe in derkenesse.  
 But nathelesse, if this may done gladnesse  
 To any lover, and his cause availe,  
 Have he my thanke, and mine be the travaile.

But ye lovers that bathen in gladnesse,  
 If any droppe of pite in you be,  
 Remembreth you of passed heavynesse  
 That ye have felt, and on the adverseite  
 Of other folke, and thinketh how that ye  
 Han felt, that Love durst you displease,  
 Else ye han won him with too great an ease.

And prayeth for hem that been in the case  
 Of Troilus, as ye may after heare,  
 That he hem bring in Heaven to solace.  
 And eke for me prayeth to God so deare,  
 That I have might to shew in some manere,  
 Such paine and woe, as Loves folke endure,  
 In Troilus unsely aventure.

And biddeth eke for hem that ben dispeired  
 In love, that never will recovered be:  
 And eke for hem that falsely ben apeired,  
 Through wicked tongues, be it he or she:  
 Thus biddeth God for his beniguite,  
 So grant hem some out of this world to pace  
 That ben dispeired out of Loves grace.

And biddeth eke for hem that ben at ease,  
 That God hem graunt aie good perseverance,  
 And send hem grace hir loves for to please,  
 That it to love be worship and pleasaunce:  
 For so hope I my selfe best to avaunce  
 To pray for hem, that Loves servantes be,  
 And write hir woe, and live in charite.

And for to have of hem compassioun,  
 As though I were hir owne brother dere,  
 Now hearkeneth with a good ententioun,  
 For now woll I go straight to my matere:  
 In which ye may the double sorrows here  
 Of Troilus, in loving of Creseide,  
 And how she forsoke him er that she deide.

It is well wist, how that the Greekes strong  
 In armes with a thousand shippes went  
 To Troie wardes, and the cite long  
 Besiegeden, nigh ten yeres ere they stent,  
 And how in divers wise, and one entent,  
 The ravishing to wreake of queen Heleine,  
 By Paris don, they wroughten all hir peine.

Now fell it so, that in the tounne there was  
 Dwelling a lord of great autorite  
 A great divine that cleped was Calcas,  
 That in science so expert was, that he  
 Knew well, that Troie should destroyed be,  
 By answeere of his god, that hight thus,  
 Dan Phobus, or Apollo Delphicus.

So whan this Calcas knew by calculing,  
 And eke by the answer of this god Apollo,  
 That the Greekes should such a people bring,  
 Thorow the which that Troy must be fordo,  
 He cast anone out of the tounne to go:  
 For well he wist by sort, that Troie shoulde  
 Destroyed be, ye would who so or n'olde.

Wherefore he to departen softly,  
 Tooke purpose full, this forknowing wise,  
 And to the Greekes host full prively  
 He stale anone, and they in courteous wise  
 Did to him both worship and servise,  
 In trust that he hath cunning hem to rede  
 In every perill, which that was to drede.

Great rumour rose, when it was first espied,  
In all the tounce, and openly was spoken,  
That Calcas traitour fled was and alied  
To hem of Greece : and east was to be wroken  
On him, that falsely hath his faith broken,  
And sayd, he and all his kinne atones,  
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones.

Now had Calcas lefte in this mischaunce,  
Unwist of this false and wicked dede,  
A daughter, whiche was in great penaunce,  
And of her life she was full sore in drede,  
And wist ne never what best was to rede :  
And as a widow was she, and all alone,  
And n'iste to whome she might make her mone.

Creseide was this ladies name aright,  
As to my dounce, in all Troies cite  
Most fairest ladie, far passing every wight  
So angelike shone her native beaute,  
That no mortall thing seemed she :  
And therewith was she so perfect a creature,  
As she had be made in scorning of nature.

This ladie, that all day hearde at care  
Her fathers shame, falshe, and treason,  
(Full nigh out of her wit for sorrow and feare,  
In widowes habite large of samite brown)  
Before Hector on knees she fell adown,  
And his mercy bad, her selfe excusing,  
With pitous voice, and tenderly weeping.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,  
And saw that she was sorrowfull begone,  
And that she was so faire a creature,  
Of his goodnesse he gladed her anone,  
And said : " Let your fathers treason gone  
Forth with mischaunce, and ye your selfe in joy  
Dwelleth with us while you list in Troy.

" And all the honour that men may do you have,  
As forth as though your father dwelt here,  
Ye shull have, and your body shull men save,  
As ferre as I may ought enquire and here :"  
And she him thanked with full humble chere,  
And ofter would, and it had been his will.  
She took her leve, went home, and held her still.

And in her house she abode with such meine  
As til her honour nede was to hold,  
And while she was dwelling in that cite,  
She kept her estate, and of yong and old  
Full well beloved, and men well of her told :  
But whether that she children had or none,  
I rede it nat, therefore I let it gone.

The thinges fellen as they don of werre,  
Betwixen hem of Troy and Greekes oft,  
For sometime broughten they of Troy it derre,  
And ofte the Greekes founden nothing soft  
The folke of Troy : and thus fortune aloft,  
And under ofte gan hem to whelmen both,  
After her course, aie while that they were wroth.

But how this tounce came to destruction,  
Ye falleth not to purpose me to tell,  
For it were a long digression  
For my matter, and you too long to dwell ;  
But the Trovan jester, all as they tell,  
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite,  
Who so that can, may reden hem as they write.

But though the Greekes hem of Troy in shetten,  
And hir cite besieged all about,  
Hir old usages nolde they not letten,  
As to honouren hir gods full devout,  
But aldermost in honour out of dout,  
They had a relike hight Palladion,  
That was hir trust aboven every chon.

And so befell, when comen was the time  
Of April, when clothed is the mede,  
With now grene, of lustie vcer the prime,  
And with sweet smelling floures white and rede  
In sundrie wise shewed, as I rede,  
The folke of Troie, their observances old,  
Palladions feast went for to hold.

Unto the temple in all their best wise,  
Generally there went many a wight,  
To hearken of Palladions servise,  
And namely many a lustie knight,  
And many a ladie fresh, and maiden bright,  
Full well arraied bothe most and least,  
Both for the season and the high feast.

Among these other folke was Creseida,  
In widowes habite blacke : but natheles  
Right as our first letter is now an a,  
In beaute first so stood she makeles,  
Her goodly looking gladed all the prees,  
Nas never scene thing to be praised so derre,  
Nor under cloude blacke so bright a sterre,

As was Creseide, they sayden everichone,  
That her beholden in her blacke wede,  
And yet she stood full lowe and still alone  
Behinde other folke in little brede,  
And nie the dore under shames drede,  
Simple of attire, and debonaire of chere,  
With full assured looking and manere.

This Troilus, as he was wont to guide  
His yonge knightes, lad hem up and dounce,  
In thilke large temple on every side,  
Beholding aie the ladies of the tounce,  
Now here now there, for no devouteune  
Had he to none, to reven him his rest,  
But gan to praise and lacke whom him lest.

And in his walk full fast he gan to waiten,  
If knight or squier of his companie,  
Gan for to sike, or let his eyen baiten  
On any woman, that he could espie,  
He would smile, and hold it a follie,  
And say hem thus : " O Lord she slepepeth soft  
For love of thee, when thou turnest full oft.

" I have heard tell pardiens of your living,  
Ye lovers, and eke your lewde observances,  
And which a labour folke have in winning  
Of love, and in keeping such dountaunces,  
And when your pray is lost, wo and penaunces :  
O, very foolles, blinde and nice be ye,  
There is not one can ware by another be."

And with that word he gan cast up the brow,  
Ascaunces, lo, is this not well yspoken,  
At which the god of love gan looken low,  
Right for dispite, and shope him to be wroken.  
He kidde anone his bowe was not broken :  
For sodainly he hitte him at the full,  
And yet as proude a peacocke gan he pull.

O blinde world, o blind entention,  
How often falleth all the effect contraine  
Of surquedrie and foule presumption,  
For caught is proud, and caught is debonaire :  
This Troilus is clomben on the staire,  
And litte weneth that he mote descenden,  
But all day it faileth that fooles wenden.

As proud Bayard beginneth for to skippe  
Out of the way, so pricketh him his corne,  
Till he a lash have of the longe whippe,  
Than thinketh he, "Tho I prauce all beforme  
First in the traise, full fat and new yshorne,  
Yet am I but an horse, and horses law  
I must endure, and with my fees draw."

So fared it by this fiers and proud knight,  
Though he a worthy kinges sonne were,  
And wende nothing had had suche might,  
Ayenst his will, that should his herte sterve,  
Yet with a looke his herte woxe on fire,  
That he that now was most in pride above,  
Woxe sodainly most subject unto love.

Forthy ensample taketh of this man,  
Ye wise, proud, and worthy folkes all,  
To scornen Love, which that so soone can  
The freedom of your hertes to him thrall  
For ever it was, and ever it be shall,  
That Love is he that all things may bind,  
For no man may fordo the law of kind.

That this be sooth hath preved and doth yet,  
For this (I trowe) ye know all and some,  
Men reden not that folke han greater wit  
Than they that han ben most with love ynome,  
And strengest folk been therewith overcome,  
The worthiest and greatest of degree,  
This was and is, and yet man shall it see.

And trueliche that sitte well to be so,  
For alderwisest han thurwith ben pleased,  
And they that han ben aldermost in wo,  
With love han ben comforted and most eased,  
And oft it hath the cruell herte appeased,  
And worthy folke made worthier of name,  
And causeth most to dreden vice and shame.

Now sith it may nat goodly be withstond,  
And is a thing so vertuous and kind,  
Refuseth nought to love for to ben bond,  
Sith as him selven list he may you bind ;  
The yerde is bette that bowen woll and wind  
Than that that brest, and therefore I you rede,  
Now followeth him, that so well can you lede.

But for to tellen forth in speciall,  
As of this kinges sonne, of which I told,  
And leven other thing collateral,  
Of him thinke I my tale forth to hold,  
Both of his joy, and of his cares cold,  
And his werke, as touching this matere,  
For I it gan, I woll thereto refere.

Within the temple he went him forth playing  
This Troilus, of every wight about,  
Now on this lady, and now on that looking,  
Where so she were of toun, or of without :  
And upon case befell, that through a rout  
His eye peirced, and so deepe it went  
Till on Creseide it smote, and there it stent.

And sodainly for wonder wext astonned,  
And gan her bet behold in thrifty wise :  
"O very God," thought he, "wher hast thou woned,  
That art so faire and goodly to devise ?"  
Therewith his herte gan to spread and rise,  
And softe sighed, least men might him here,  
And caught ayen his firste playing chere.

She n'as nat with the most of her stature,  
But all her limmes so well answering  
Weren to womanhood, that creature  
Was never lasse mannish in seeming.  
And eke the pure wise of her meaning  
Shewed well, that men might in her gesse  
Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

Tho Troilus, right wonder well withall,  
Gan for to like her meaning and her chere,  
Which somdele deignous was, for she let fall  
Her looke a litte aside, in such manere  
Ascaunces, what may I not stonden here,  
And after that her looking gan she light,  
That never thought him seen so good a sight.

And of her looke in him there gan to quicken  
So great desire, and such affection,  
That in his hertes bottome gan to sticken  
Of her his five, and deepe impression:  
And though he earst had pored up and down,  
Than was he glad his hornes in to shrinken,  
Unnethe wist he how to looke or winke.

Lo, he that lete him selven so cunning,  
And scorned hem that loves paines drien,  
Was full unware that Love had his dwelling  
Within the subtil streames of her eyen,  
That sodainly him thought he felte dyen,  
Right with her looke, the spirite in his hert,  
Blessed be Love, that thus can folke convert.

She thus in blacke, liking to Troilus,  
Over all thing he stood for to behold :  
But his desire, ne wherefore he stood thus,  
He neither chere made, ne worde told,  
But from aferre, his manner for to hold,  
On other thing sometime his looke he cast,  
And eft on her, while that the service last :

And after this, nat fullliche all awhaped,  
Out of the temple, eselich he went,  
Repenting him that ever he had japed  
Of Loves folke, least fully the discent  
Of scorne fell on himselte, but what he ment,  
Lest it were wist on any manner side,  
His woe he gan dissimulen and hide.

Whan he was fro the temple thus departed,  
He straight anone unto his pallace turneth,  
Right with her loke through shotten and darterd,  
All faineth he in lust that he sojourneth,  
And all his chere and speech also he bourneth,  
And aie of Loves servaunts every while  
Him selfe to wrie, at hem he gan to smile,

And saied, "Lord, so they live all in lust  
Ye lovers, for the cunningest of you,  
That serveth most ententifich and best  
Him tite as often harme thereof as prow,  
Your hire is quit ayen, ye, God wote how,  
Not wele for wele, but scorne for good service,  
In faith your order is ruled in good wise.



"In no certaine been your observances,  
But it onely a sely few points be,  
Ne nothing asketh so great attendances,  
As doth your laie, and that know all ye :  
But that is not the worst, as mote I the,  
But told I you the worst point, I leve,  
All sayd I sooth, ye woulde at me greve.

"But take this : that ye lovers oft eschew,  
Or else done of good entention,  
Full oft thy ladie wold it mis-e constrew,  
And deeme it harme in her opinioun,  
And yet if she for other oncheson  
Be wroth, than shalt thou have a groin anon :  
Lord, well is him that may becn of you one."

But for all this, whan that he seeth his time  
He held his peace, none other bote him gained,  
For Love began his feathers so to lime,  
That well unneth unto his folke he fained,  
That other busie needes him distraind,  
So woe was him, that what to done he n'ist,  
But bad his folke to gon where as hem list.

And whan that he in chamber was alone,  
He doune upon his beddes feet him set,  
And first he gan to sike, and eft to grone,  
And thought aie on her so withouten let,  
That as he sate and woke, his spirit met  
That he her saw and temple, and all the wise  
Right of her looke, and gan it new avise.

Thus gan he make a mirrour of his mind,  
In which he saw all wholly her figure,  
And that he well could in his herte find  
It was to him a right good aventure  
To love such one, and if he did his cure  
To serven her, yet might he fall in grace,  
Or else, for one of her servantes pace.

Imagining, that travaille nor grame  
Ne might for so goodly one be lorne  
As she, ne him for his desire no shame  
All were it wist, but in prise and up borne  
Of all lovers, well more than beforene.  
Thus argumented he, in his ginning,  
Full unavisd of his wo coming.

Thus took he purpose Loves craft to sewe  
And thought he would worken privily  
First for to hide his desire in mew  
From everie wight iborne, all overly,  
But he might ought recovered been thereby,  
Remembering him, that love too wide yblowe  
Yelte bitter fruite, though sweet seed be sowe.

And over all this, full mokell more he thought  
What for to speake, and what to holden inne  
And what to arten, or to love he sought,  
And on a song anone right to beginne,  
And gan loude on his sorrow for to winne :  
For with good hope he gan fully assent,  
Creseide for to love, and nought repent.

And of his song not onely his sentence,  
As write mine authour called Lolius,  
But plainly save our tongues difference,  
I dare well say, in all that Troilus  
Sayd in his song, lo every word right thus,  
As I shall saine, and who so list it heare  
Lo this next verse, he may it finde there.

## THE SONG OF TROIUS.

"If no love is, O God, what feele I so ?  
And if love is, what thing and which is he ?  
If love be good, from whence cometh my wo ?  
If it be wicke, a wonder thinketh me,  
Whan every torment and adversite  
That cometh of him, may to me savery think :  
For aie thirst I the more that iche it drinke.

"And if that at mine owne lust I brenne,  
From whence cometh my wailing and my plaint  
If harme agree me, whereto plaine I thenne,  
I n'ot, ne why unwery that I feint.  
O quicke death, o sweete harme so queint,  
How may of thee in me be such quantite,  
But if that I consent that it so be ?

"And if that I consent, I wrongfully  
Complaine ywis : thus possed to and fro,  
All sterlesse within a bote am I  
Amidde the sea, atwixen windes two,  
That in contrary stonden ever mo.  
Alas, what is this wonder maladie ?  
For heat of cold, for cold of heat I deide."

And to the god of love thus sayed he  
With pitous voice, "O lord, now yours is  
My spirite, which that oughten yours to be,  
You thank I, lord, that han me brought to this :  
But whether goddesse or woman ywis  
She be, I n'ot, which that ye do me serve,  
But as her man I wold aie live and sterve.

"Ye stonden in her eyen mightily,  
As in a place to your vertue digne :  
Wherefore, lord, if my servise or I  
May liken you, so beth to me benigne,  
For mine estate royall here I resigne  
Into her honde, and with full humble cheer,  
Become her man, as to my lady deer."

In him ne deigned sparen blood royall  
The fire of love wherfro God me blesse,  
Ne him forbare in no degree, for all  
His vertue, or his excellent prowesse,  
But held him as his thrall lowe in distresse,  
And brend him so in sundry wise aie newe,  
That sixty times a day he lost his hewe.

So mochell day fro day his owne thought  
For lust to her gan quicken and encrease,  
That everiche other charge he set at nought,  
Forthy full oft, his hot fire to cease,  
To seen her goodly looke he gan to prease,  
For thereby to ben eased well he wend,  
And aie the nere he was, the more he brend.

For aie the nere the fire the hotter is,  
This (trow I) knoweth all this companie :  
But were he ferre or nere, I dare say this,  
By night or day, for visedome or folie,  
His herte, which that is his brestes eie,  
Was aie on her, that fairer was to seene  
Than ever was Heleine, or Polixene.

Eke of the day there passed not an hour,  
That to himselfe a thousand times he sayd,  
"God goodly, to whome I serve and labour  
As I best can, now wold to God Creseide  
Ye woulde on me rue, er that I deide :  
My dere herte alas, mine hele and my hew,  
And life is lost, but ye wold on me rew."

All other dredes weren from him fled,  
Both of th' assiege, and his savation,  
Ne in desire none other formes bred,  
But arguments to his conclusion,  
That she on him would have compassion  
And he to ben her man, while he may dure,  
Lo here his life, and from his death his cure.

The sharpe showers fell of armes preve  
That Hector or his other brethren didden  
Ne made him onely therefore oles meve,  
And yet was he, where so men went or ridden,  
Found one the best, and lengest time abiden  
There perill was, and eke did such travaile  
In armes, that to thinke it was a marvaile.

But for none hate he to the Greekes had,  
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,  
Ne made him thus in armes for to mad,  
But onely lo, for this conclusion,  
To liken her the bet for his renoun :  
Fro day to day in armes so he sped,  
That all the Greekes as the death him dred.

And fro this forth tho reft him love his slepe  
And made his meate his foe, and eke his sorrow  
Gan multiply, that who so tooke keepe,  
It shewed in his hew both even and morow :  
Therefore a title he gan him for to borow  
Of other sicknesse, least men of him wend  
That the hot fire of love him brennd.

And sayd he had a fever, and fared amis,  
But were it certaine I cannot sey  
If that his lady understood not this  
Or fained her she n' list, one of the twy :  
But well rede I, that by no manner wey  
Ne seemed it that she on him rought,  
Or of his paine, what so ever he thought.

But than felt this Troilus such wo  
That he was welnigh wood, for aie his drede  
Was this, that she some wight loved so,  
That never of him she would han take heed :  
For which him thought he felt his herte bleed,  
Ne of his woe ne durst he nought begin  
To tellen her, for all this world to win.

But whan he had a space left from his care,  
Thus to himselfe full oft he gan to plaine :  
He sayd, "O foole, now art thou in the snare,  
That whilom japedest at lovers pain :  
Now art thou hent, now gnaw thine owne chain ;  
Thou wert aie woned ech lover reprehend  
Of thing fro which thou canst not thee defend.

"What wold now every lover saine of thee,  
If this be wist ? But ever in thine absence  
Laughen in scorn, and saine, lo there goeth he  
That is the man of greato sapience,  
That held us lovers least in reverence :  
Now thanked be God, he may gon on that daunce  
Of hem that Love list feebly avaunce.

"But o, thou wofull Troilus, God would,  
(Sith thou must loven, through thy destine)  
That thou beset wer of soch one, that should  
Know all thy wo, all lacked her pitee :  
But all too cold in love towards thee  
Thy ladie is, as frost in winter Moone,  
And thou forde, as snow in fire is soone.

"God would I were arrived in the port  
Of death, to which my sorrow wold me lede :  
Ah lord, to me it were a great comfort.  
Than were I quite of languishing in drede :  
For by my hidde sorrow iblowe in brede,  
I shall bejaped been a thousand time,  
More than that foole, of whose folly men rime.

"But now help God, and ye my sweet, for whom  
I plaine, yeaught ye never wight so fast :  
O mercie, deare herte, and helpe me from  
The death, for I, while that my life may last,  
More than my selfe wold love you to my last,  
And with some frendly look gladeth me swete,  
Though never more thing ye to me behete."

These wordes, and full many another mo  
He spake, and called ever in his complaint  
Her name, for to tellen her his wo,  
Til nigh that he in salte teares was dreint,  
All was for nought, she heard nat his plaint :  
And whan that he bothought on that folle,  
A thousand fold his woe gan multiplie.

Bewailing in his chamber thus alone,  
A friend of his, that called was Pandare,  
Came ones in unware, and heard him grone,  
And saw his friend in such distresse and care.  
"Alas," (quod he) "who causeth all this fare ?  
O mercy God, what unhappe may this mene ?  
Han now thus sone the Greekes made you lene ?

"Or hast thou some remorse of conscience ?  
And art now fall in some devotion,  
And waitest for thy sune and thine offence,  
And hast for ferde caught contrition ?  
God save hem, that besieged han our toun,  
That so can laie our jollitie on presse,  
And bring our lustie folke to holynesse."

These wordes said he for the nones all,  
That with such thing he might him angry maken,  
And with his anger done his sorrow fall,  
As for a time, and his courage awaken :  
But well wist he, as far as tongues spoken,  
Ther nas a man of greater hardnesse  
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.

"What eas," (quod Troilus) "or what aventure  
Hath guided thee to seen me languishing,  
That am refuse of everie creature ?  
But for the love of God, at me praying  
Goe hence away, for certes my dying  
Wold thee disease, and I note nedes deie,  
Therefore goe way, there n'is no more to scie.

"But if thou wene, I be thus sick for drede,  
It is not so, and therefore scorne nought :  
There is an other thing I take of hede,  
Welmore than ought the Grekes han yet wrought,  
Which cause is of my deth for sorrow and thought :  
But though that I now tell it thee ne lest,  
Be thou not wroth, I hide it for the best."

This Pandare, that nigh malt for wo and routh,  
Full often sayd, "Alas, what may this be ?  
Now friend," (quod he) "if ever love or trouth  
Hath been er this betwixen thee and me,  
Ne doe thou never such a cruelte,  
To hiden fro thy friend so great a care,  
Wost thou not well that I am Pandare ?

"I woll parten with thee all thy paine,  
If it so be I doe thee no comfort,  
As it is friendes right, sooth for to saine,  
To enterparten woe, as glad disport  
I have and shall, for true or false report,  
In wrong and right yloved thee all my live,  
Hide not thy woe fro me, but tell it blive."

Than gan this sorrowfull Troilus to sike,  
And sayd him thus, "God leve it be my best  
To tellen thee, for sith it may thee like,  
Yet woll I tell it, though my herte brest,  
And well wote I, thou maigest do me no rest,  
But least thou deeme I trust not to thee  
Now hearke friend, for thus it stant with me.

"Love, ayen-t the which who so defendeth  
Him selven most, him alderlest availeth,  
Wit dispaire so sorrowfully offendeth  
That straight unto the death my herte faileth :  
Thereto desire, so bronningly me assaileth,  
That to been slaine, it were a greater joy  
To me, than king of Greece be and of Troy.

"Suffiseth this, my full friende Pandare,  
That I have said, for now wotest thou my wo :  
And for the love of God my colde care  
So hide it well, I told it never to mo :  
For harmes mighten followen mo than two  
If it were wist, but be thou in gladnesse,  
And let me sterve unknowne of my distresse."

"How hast thou thus unkindly and long  
Hid this fro me, thou fool?" (quod Pandarus)  
"Peraventure thou maist after such one long,  
That mine advise anone may helpen us :"  
"This were a wonder thing," (quod Troilus)  
"Thou couldest never in love thy selfen wisse,  
How divell maigest thou bringen me to blisse?"

"Ye Troilus, now hearken," (quod Pandare)  
"Though I be nice, it happeth often so,  
That one that of axes doeth full evil fare,  
By good counsaill can keep his frend ther fro :  
I have my selfe seen a blinde man go  
There as he fell, that could looken wide,  
A foole may eke a wise man oft guide.

"A whetstone is no carving instrument,  
But yet it maketh sharpe kerving tollis,  
And after thou wost that I have aught miswent,  
Eschue thou that, for such thing to schole is,  
Thus often wise men bewaren by foolis :  
If thou so doe, thy wit is well bewared,  
By his contrarie is everie thing declared.

"For how might ever sweetnesse have be know  
To him, that never tasted bitterness?  
No manne wot what gladnesse is I trow,  
That never was in sorrow, or some distresse :  
Eke white by blacke, by blame eke worthines,  
Each set by other, more for other seemeth,  
As men may seen, and so the wise it deemeth.

"Sith thus of two contraries is o love,  
I that have in love so oft assayed  
Grevances, ought connen well the more  
Counsailen thee of that thou art dismayed,  
And eke the ne ought not been evil apaid,  
Though I desire with thee for to beare  
Thine heaveie charge, it shall thee lasse deare.

"I wote well that it fared thus by me,  
As to thy brother Paris, an hierdesse,  
Which that ycleped was Oenone,  
Wrote in a complaint of her heavinesse :  
Ye saw the letter that she wrote I gesse."  
"Nay never yet ywis," (quod Troilus.)  
"Now" (quod Pandare) "hearkeneth, it was thus:

"Phebus, that first found art of medicine,"  
(Quod she) "and coud in everie wightes care  
Remedie and rede, by herbes he knew fine,  
Yet to himselfe his cunning was full bare,  
For love had him so bounden in a snare,  
All for the daughter of king Admete,  
That all his craft ne coud his sorrow bete."

"Right so fare I, unhappie for me,  
I love one best, and that me smerteth sore :  
And yet peradventure can I reden thee  
And nat my selfe : reprove me no more,  
I have no cause I wote well for to sore,  
As doeth an hauke, that listeth for to play,  
But to thine helpe, yet somewhat can I say.

"And of o thing, right siker mayest thou be,  
That certaine for to dyen in the paine  
That I shall never mo discover thee,  
Ne by my trowth, I keepe nat to restraine  
Thee fro thy love, although it were Helleine,  
That is thy brothers wife, if iche it wist,  
Be what she be, and love her as thee list.

"Therefore as friendfullich in me assure,  
And tell me platte, what is thine encheson,  
And finall cause of woe, that ye endure :  
For doubteth nothing, mine entention  
Nas not to you of reprehension  
To speake, as now, for no wight may bereve  
A man to love, till that him list to leve.

"And weteth well, that both too been vicis,  
Mistrusten all, or else all beleve :  
But well I wote, the meane of it no vice is,  
As for to trusten some wight is a preve  
Of trowth, and forthly would I faine remove  
Thy wrong conceit, and do the some wight trust  
Thy woe to tell : and tell me if thou lust.

"The wise eke sayth, woe him that is alone,  
For and he fall, he hath none helpe to rise :  
And sith thou hast a fellow, tell thy mone,  
For this n'is nought certaine the next wise  
To winnen love, as teachen us the wise,  
To wallow and weep, as Niobe the queene,  
Whose teares yet in marble been yseene.

"Let be thy weeping, and thy drineresse,  
And let us lesen woe with other speech,  
So may thy wofull time seeme the lesse ;  
Delighte nought in woe, thy woe to seech,  
As doen these fooles, that hir sorrowes ech  
With sorrowe, whan they han misaventure,  
And lusten nought to sechen other cure.

"Men saine, to wretch is consolation  
To have another fellow in his paine:  
That ought well been our opinion,  
For bothe thou and I of love doe plaine,  
So full of sorrow am I, sooth to saine,  
That certainly, as now no more hard grace  
May sit on me, for why, there is no space

"If God wolle, thou art nought agast of me,  
Least I would of thy ladie thee beguile :  
Thou wost thy selfe, whom that I love parde  
As I best can, gone sithen longe while,  
And sithen thou wost, I doe it for no wile,  
And sith I am he, that thou trustest most,  
Tell me somewhat, since all my woe thou wost."

Yet Troilus, for all this no word said,  
But long he laie still, as he dead were,  
And after this, with siking he abraid,  
And to Pandarus voice he lent his eare,  
And up his eyen cast he : and than in feare  
Was Pandarus least that in frenseye,  
He should either fall or else soone deye.

And sayd, "Awake," full wonderlich and sharpe,  
"What slumbrest thou, as in a litargie ?  
Or art thou like an asse to the harpe,  
That heareth sound, whan men the stringes ply,  
But in his mynd, of that no melodie  
May synke him to gladen, for that he  
So dull is, in his bestialite ?"

And with this Pandare of his wordes stont :  
But Troilus to him nothing answerde,  
For why, to tell was nought his entent  
Never to no man, for whome that he so ferde :  
For it is sayd, men maken oft a yerde  
With which the maker is himselfe ybeten  
In sundrie manner, as these wise men treten

And nameliche in his counsaile telling,  
That toucheth love, that ought been secre .  
For of himselfe it woll inough out spring  
But if that it the bet governed be.  
Eke sometime it is craft to seme flee  
Fro-thing which in effect men huntten fast :  
All this gan Troilus in his herte cast.

But natheles, whan he had heard him crie,  
Awake he gan, and sike wonder sore :  
And sayd, "My friende, though that I still lie,  
I am not deefe, now peace and erie no more :  
For I have heard thy wordes and thy lore,  
But suffer me my fortune to bewailen,  
For thy proverbes may nought me availen.

"Nor other cure canst thou none for me,  
Eke I n'll not been cured, I woll dic :  
What know I of the queene Niobe !  
Let be thine old ensamples, I thee prey."  
"No friend," (quod Pandarus) "therefore I sey,  
Such is delight of foolles to beweepe  
Hir woe, but to seeken bote they ne keepe.

"Now know I that reason in thee failith :  
But tell me, if I wiste what she were  
For whome that thee all misaventure aileth,  
Durste thou that I told it in her eare  
Thy woe, sith thou darst not thy self for fear,  
And her besought on thee to han some routh ?"  
"Why, nay," (quod he) "by God and by my trouth."

"What, not as busily" (quod Pandarus)  
"As though mine owne life lay in this need ?"  
"Why, no parde, sir," (quod this Troilus.)  
"And why ?"—"For that thou shouldest never  
speed."  
"Wost thou that well ?"—"Ye, that is out of  
dreed."

(Quod Troilus) "for all that ever ye conne,  
She woll to no such wretch as I be wonne."

(Quod Pandarus) "Alas what may this be,  
That thou dispaired art, thus causelesse ?  
What, liveth nat thy ladie, benedicite ?  
How wost thou so, that thou art gracelesse ?  
Such evill is not alway botelesse :  
Why, put not thus impossible thy cure,  
Sith thing to come is oft in aventure.

"I graunt weill that thou endurest wo,  
As sharpe as doth he Tesiphus in Hell,  
Whose stomacke foules tiren evermo,  
That lightnen vultures, as bookes tell :  
But I may not endure that thou dwell  
In so unskilfull an opinion,  
That of thy woe n'is no curation.

"But ones n'll thou, for thy coward herte,  
And for thine yre, and foolish wilfulness,  
For wantrust tellen of thy sorrowes, snert,  
Ne to thine owne helpe do businesse,  
As much as speake a word, yea more or lesse,  
But lyst as he that of life nothing retch,  
What woman living could love such a wretch ?

"What may she demen other of thy death,  
If thou thus dic, and she n'ot why it is,  
But that for feare, is golden up thy breath,  
For Greekes han besieged us ywis ?  
Lord, which a thank shalt thou have than of this  
Thus woll she saine, and all the town atones,  
The wretch is deed, the devel have his bones.

"Thou mayest alone here weepe, cry, and knele,  
And love a woman that she wote it nought,  
And she will quite it that thou shalt not fel :  
Unknow unlist, and lost that is un-sought.  
What, many a man hath love full dere ybought  
Twentie winter that his ladie ne wist,  
That never yet his ladie's mouth he kist.

"What, should he therfore fallen in dispair ?  
Or be recreant for his owne tene,  
Or slaine himselfe, all be his ladie faire ?  
Nay, nay : but ever in one be fresh and green,  
To serve and love his dere hertes queen,  
And thinke it is a guerdone her to serve  
A thousand part more than he can deserve."

And of that worde tooke heede Troilus,  
And thought anon, what folly he was in,  
And how that sooth him sayed Pandarus,  
That for to slaien himselfe, might he not win,  
But both doen unmanhood and a sin  
And of his death his ladie nought to wite,  
For of his woe, God wote she knew full lite.

And with that thought, he gan full sore sike,  
And sayd, "Alas, what is me best to doe ?"  
To whome Pandare sayed, "If thee it like,  
The best is, that thou telle me thy woe,  
And have my trouth, but if thou finde it so  
I be thy boote, or it been full long,  
To peeces doe me drawe, and sithen hong."

"Yea, so sayest thou," (quod Troilus) "alas,  
But God wote it is nought the rather so :  
Full hard it were to helpen in this caas,  
For well finde I, that Fortune is my fo .

Ne all the men that ride con or go,  
May of her cruell whele the harme withstond,  
For as her list, she playeth with free and bond."

(Quod Pandarus) "Than blamest thou Fortune,  
For thou art wroth, ye now at earst I see,  
Wost thou not well that Fortuin is commune  
To everie manner wight, in some degree?  
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo parde,  
That as her joyes moten overgone,  
So mote her sorrowes passen everichone.

"For if her whele stint any thing to tourne,  
Than cesseth she Fortune anone to be:  
Now sith her whele by no way may sojourn,  
What wost thou of her mutabilitie?  
Whether as thy self lust she wold don by thee,  
Or that she be nought ferre fro thine helping,  
Peraventure thou hast cause for to sing.

"And therefore wost thou what I thee beseech?  
Let be thy woe, and tounring to the ground:  
For who so list have healing of his leech,  
To him behooveth first unwrie his wound:  
To Cerberus in Hell aie be I bound,  
Wer it for my suster all thy sorrow,  
By my will she should be thine to morrow.

"Looke up, I say, and tell me what she is  
Anone, that I may gone about thy need:  
Know ich her aught, for my love tell me this;  
Than would I hope rather for to speed."  
Tho gan the veine of Troilus to bleed,  
For he was hit, and woxe all redde for shame,  
"Aha," (quod Pandare) "here beginneth game."

And with that word, he gan him for to shake,  
And sayd him thus, "Thou shalt her name tell:"  
But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake,  
As though men should han had him into Hell,  
And sayd, "Alas, of all my woe the well,  
Than is my sweete foo called Creseide,"  
And well nigh with that word for feare he deide.

And whan that Pandare herd her name neven,  
Lord, he was glad, and saied, "Friend so decree,  
Now fare a right, for Joves name in Heaven,  
Love hath beset thee well, be of good cheere,  
For of good name, and wisdom, and manere  
She hath inough, and eke of gentlenesse:  
If she be faire, thou wost thy selfe, I gesse.

"Ne never seie I a more bounteous  
Of her estate, ne a gladder: ne of speech  
A friendlyer, ne more gracious  
For to doe well, ne lasse had ned to seech  
What for to doen, and all this bet to ech  
In honour to as farre as she may stretch:  
A kinges herte seemeth by hers a wretch.

"And forthy, look of good comfort thou be:  
For certainly the first point is this  
Of noble courage, and well ordaine the  
A man to have peace with himselfe ywis:  
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is,  
To loven well, and in a worthy place,  
Thee ought not clepe it happy, but grace.

"And also thinke, and therewith glad thee,  
That sith the ladie vertuous is all,  
So followeth it, that there is some pitee

Amonges all these other in generall,  
And for they see that thou in speciall  
Require nought, that is ayen her name,  
For vertue stretcheth not himself to shame

"But well is me, that ever I was born,  
That thou beset art in so good a place:  
For by my trowth in love I durst have sworn,  
Thee should never have tidde so fair a grace,  
And wost thou why? for thou were wont to chace  
At Love in scorn, and for dispite him call  
Saint Idiot, lord of these fooles all.

"How often hast thou made thy nice japes,  
And saied, that Loves servaunts everichone  
Of nicete ben verie goddes apes,  
And some would monche hir meat all alone,  
Ligging a bed, and make hem for to grone,  
And some thou saidest had a blaunch fevere,  
And praidest God, they should never kevere.

"And some of hem took on hem for the cold,  
More than inough, so saydest thou full oft;  
And some han fained oft time and told,  
How that they waken, whan they sleepe soft,  
And thus they would have set hem self a loff,  
And nathelesse were under at the last,  
Thus saydest thou, and japedest full fast.

"Yet saydest thou, that for the more part  
These lovers would speake in generall,  
And thoughten it was a siker art,  
For failing, for to assayen over all:  
Now may I jape of thee, if that I shall;  
But nathelesse, though that I should deie,  
Thou art none of tho, I dare well seie.

"Now bete thy brest, and say to god of love,  
'Thy grace, lord, for now I me repent  
If I misspake, for now my selfe, I love:'  
Thus say with all thine herte, in good entent."  
(Quod Troilus) "Ah lord, I me consent,  
And pray to thee, my japes thou foryeve,  
And I shall never more while I live."

"Thou sayst wel," (quod Pandare) "and now I hope  
That thou the goddes wrath hast all appeased:  
And sith thou hast wepten many a drop,  
And saied such thing wherwith thy god is plesed,  
Now would never god, but thou were eased:  
And think well she, of whom rest all thy wo,  
Here after may thy comfort been also.

"For thilke ground, that beareth the wedes wick,  
Beareth eke these holsome herbes, as full oft  
Next the foule nettle, rough and thick,  
The rose wexeth, soote, smooth, and soft,  
And next the valey is the hill a loff,  
And next the derke night the glad morowe,  
And also joy is next the fine of sorrow.

"Now looke that attempte be thy bridell,  
And for the best aie suffer to the tide,  
Or else all our labour is on jdell,  
He hasteth well, that wisely can abide:  
Be diligent and true, and aie well hide,  
Be lustie, free, persever in thy servise,  
And all is well, if thou worke in this wise.

"But he that departed is in everie place  
Is no where hole, as writen clerkes wise:  
What wonder is, if such one have no grace!

Eke wost thou how it fareth of some service,  
As plant a tree or herbe, in sondrie wise,  
And on the morrow pull it up as blive,  
No wonder is, though it may never thrive.

"And sith the god of love hath thee bestowed  
In place digne unto thy worthinesse,  
Stonde fast, for to good port hast thou rowed,  
And of thy selfe, for any heavinesse,  
Hope alwaie well, for but if drineresse  
Or over-haste both our labour shend,  
I hope of this to maken a good end.

"And wost thou why, I am the lasse afered  
Of this matter with my nece to trete I  
For this have I heard say of wise lered,  
Was never man or woman yet boyete,  
That was unapt to suffer loves hote  
Celestiall, or els love of kind :  
Forthy, some grace I hope in her to find.

"And for to speake of her in speciall,  
Her beautie to bethinken, and her youth,  
It sit her nought, to been celestiall  
As yet, though that her list bothe and kouth :  
And truely it sit her well right nouth  
A worthy knight to loven and cherice,  
And but she doe, I hold it for a vice.

"Wherefore I am, and wolle be aye ready  
To paine me to doe you this service,  
For both you to please, this hope I  
Here after, for that ye been both wise,  
And con counsaile keepe in such a wise,  
That no man shall the wiser of it bee,  
And so we maie ben gladdened all three,

"And by my trouth I have right now of thee  
A good conceit, in my wit as I gesse :  
And what it is, I wolle now that thou see,  
I thinke that sith Love of his goodnesse  
Hath thee converted out of wickednesse,  
That thou shalt been the beste post, I leve,  
Of all his lay, and most his foes greve.

"Ensample why, see now these great clerkes,  
That erren aldermost aye a law,  
And ben converted from hir wicked werkes  
Through grace of God, that lest hem to withdrawe :  
They arn the folke that han God most in awe,  
And strengest faithed been, I understand,  
And con an errour alderbest withstond."

When Troilus had herd Pandare assented  
To ben his helpe in loving of Creseide,  
He wext of his wo, as who saith unturmented,  
But hotter wext his love, and than he said  
With sober chere, as though his herte plaid :  
"Now blissfull Venus helpe, ere that I sterve,  
Of thee Pandare I mow some thank deserve.

"But dere friend, how shall my wo be lesse,  
Till this be done ? and good eke tell me this,  
How wilt thou saine of me and my distresse,  
Least she be wroth, this drede I most ywis,  
Or wolle not heren all, how it is,  
All this drede I, and eke for the manere  
Of thee her Eme, she n'll no such thing here."

(Quod Pandarus) "Thou hast a full great care,  
Lest the chole may fall out of the Moone :

Why, lord ! I hate of thee the nice fare.  
Why entremete of that thou hast to doone  
For Godes love, I bid thee a boone :  
So let me alone, and it shall be thy best."  
"Why frend ?" (quod he) "than done right as thee  
lest.

"But herke Pandare o word, for I n'olde,  
That thou in me wendest so great follie,  
That to my lady I desiren should,  
That toucheth harme, or any villanie :  
For dredelesse me were lever to die,  
Than she of me ought els understood,  
But that, that might sowen into good."

Tho lough this Pandarus, and anon answerd :  
"And I thy borow, fie no wight doth but so,  
I raught not though she stooode and herd,  
How that thou saiest, but farwell, I wolle go :  
Adieu, be glad, God speed us bothe two,  
Yeve me this labour and this businesse,  
And of my speed be thine all the sweetnesse."

Tho Troilus gan doune on knees to fall,  
And Pandare in his armes hent him fast,  
And saide, "Now fie on the Greekes all :  
Yet parde, God shall helpen at the last,  
And dredelesse, if that my life may last,  
And God toforne, lo some of hem shall smerte,  
And yet me a thinketh that this avaut masterte.

"And now Pandare, I can no more say,  
Thou wise, thou wost, thou maist, thou art all :  
My life, my death, hole in thine hond I lay,  
Helpe me now," (quod he.) "Yes by my trouth  
I shal."

"God yeeld thee friend, and this in speciall"  
(Quod Troilus) "that thou me recommaund  
To her that may me to the death commaund."

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve  
His full frende, he said in this manere :  
"Farewell, and thinke I wolle thy thanke deserve.  
Have here my trouth, and that thou shalt here,"  
And went his way, thinking on this matere,  
And how he best might beseechen her of grace,  
And find a time thereto and a place.

For every wight that hath a house to found,  
He renneth nat the werke for to begin,  
With rakel hond, but he wolle biden stound  
And send his hertes line out fro within,  
Alderfirst his purpose for to win :  
All thus Pandare in his herte thought,  
And cast his werke full wisely ere he wrought

But Troilus lay tho no lenger down,  
But anone gat upon his stede baie,  
And in the field he played the lioun,  
Wo was the Greek, that with him met that daye :  
And in the toun, his manner tho forth aye  
So goodly was, and gat him so in grace,  
That eche him loved that looked in his face.

For he became the friendliest wight,  
The gentilest, and eke the most free,  
The thriftiest, and one the best knight  
That in his time was, or els might be :  
Dead were his japes and his cruelte,  
His high port and his manner straunge,  
And each of hem gan for a vertue change.

Now let us stint of Troilus a stound,  
That fareth like a man that hurt is sore,  
And is some dele of aking of his wound  
Yllesed well, but healed no dele more :  
And as an easie patient the lore  
Abite of him that goeth about his cure,  
And thus he driveth forth his aventure.

## EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS.

## PROEME.

## B. II. v. 1—109.

Out of these black waves let us for to saile,  
O winde, now the weather gineth cleare :  
For in the sea the boate hath such travaile  
Of my coming, that unneth I it stere :  
This sea clepe I the tempestous matere  
Of deepe dispaire, that Troilus was in :  
But now of hope the kalendes begin.

O lady mine, that called art Cleo,  
Thou be my spede fro this forth, and my Muse,  
To rime well this booke till I have do,  
Me needeth here none other art to use :  
For why, to every lover I me excuse,  
That of no sentement I this endite,  
But out of Latine in my tongue it write.

Wherefore I n'll have neither thank ne blame  
Of all this worke : but pray you mekely,  
Disblameth me, if any word be lame,  
For as mine authour said, so say I :  
Eke though I speake of love unfeelingly,  
No wonder is, for it nothing of new is,  
A blind man cannot judgen well in hewis.

I know, that in forme of speech is change  
Within a thousand yere, and wordes tho  
That hadden prise, now wonder nice and strange  
Thinketh hem, and yet they spake him so,  
And spedde as well in love, as men now do :  
Eke for to winnen love, in sundry ages,  
In sondry londes sundry ben usages.

And forthy, if it happe in any wise,  
That here be any lover in this place,  
That herkeneth, as the story wold devise,  
How Troilus came to his ladies grace,  
And thinketh, so nolde I not love purchase,  
Or wondreth on his speech or his doing,  
I not, but it is to me no wondring :

For every wight, which that to Rome went,  
Halt nat o pathe, ne alway o manere :  
Eke in some lond were all the gamen shent,  
If that men farde in love, as men done here,  
As thus, in open doing or in chete,  
In visiting, in forme, or said our saws,  
Forthy men saine, ech country hath his laws.

Eke searsely ben there in this place three,  
That have in love said like, and done in all :  
For to this purpose this may liken thee,  
And thee right nought, yet all is done or shall :  
Eke some men grave in tre, som in stone wall,  
Eke it betide, but sith I have begonne,  
Mine authour shall I follow, as I konne.

## INCIPIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

In May, that mother is of moneths glade,  
That the fresh floures, both blew, white, and rede,  
Ben quick ayen, that winter dead made,  
And full of baume is fleting every mede,  
Whan Phebus doth his brighte beames spred,  
Right in the white Bole, it so betidde,  
As I shall sing, on Mayes day the thridde,

That Pandarus, for all his wise speach,  
Felt eke his part of Loves shottes kene,  
That could he never so well of loving preach,  
It made his hew a day full ofte grene :  
So shope it, that him fill that day a tene  
In love, for which in wo to bed he went,  
And made ere it were day full many a went.

The swallow Progne, with a sorrowfull lay,  
Whan morrow come, gan make her waimenting  
Why she forshapen was : and ever lay  
Pandare a bed, halfe in a slombring,  
Till she so nigh him made her waimenting,  
How Tereus gan forth her suster take,  
That with the noise of her he gan awake,

And to call, and dresse him up to rise,  
Remembering him his arrand was to done  
From Troilus, and eke his great emprise,  
And cast, and knew in good plite was the Moone  
To done voiage, and tooke his way full soone  
Unto his neeces paleis there beside :  
Now Janus god of entre, thou him guide.

When he was come unto his neeces place,  
"Where is my lady," to her folke (quod he)  
And they him told, and he forth in gan pace,  
And found two other ladies sit and shee,  
Within a paved parlour, and they three  
Herden a maiden hem reden the geste  
Of the siege of Thebes, while hem leste :

(Quod Pandarus) "Madame, God you see,  
With your booke, and all the companie :"  
"Eigh, uncle mine, welcome ywis," (quod shee)  
And up she rose, and by the hond in hie  
She tooke him fast, and said, "This night thrie,  
To good mote it turne, of you I met :"  
And with that word, she downe on bench him set.

"Yea, nece, ye shall faren well the bet,  
If God wolle, all this yere," (quod Pandarus)  
"But I am sorry that I have you let  
To hearken of your booke, ye praisen thus :  
For Godes love what saith it, tell it us,  
Is it of love, or some good ye me lere ?"  
"Uncle" (quod she) "your maistresse is nat here."

With that they gonnen laugh, and tho she seide,  
"This romaunce is of Thebes, that we rede,  
And we have heard how that king Laius deide  
Through Edippus his sonne, and al the dede :  
And here we stinten, at these letters rede,  
How the bishop, as the booke can tell,  
Amphiorax, fell through the ground to Hell."

(Quod Pandarus) "All this know I my selve,  
And all th'assiege of Thebes, and the care,  
For hereof ben there makod bookes twelve :  
But let be this, and tell me how ye fare,

Do way your barbe, and shew your face bare,  
Do way your booke, rise up and let us daunce,  
And let us done to May some observance."

"Eigh, God forbid." (quod she) "be ye mad?  
Is that a widdowes life, so God you save?  
By God ye maken me right sore adrad,  
Ye ben so wild, it seemeth as ye rave,  
It sat me well bet aye in a cave  
To hide, and rede on holy saintes lives:  
Let maidens gon to daunce, and yonge wives."

"As ever thrive I," (quod this Pandarus)  
"Yet could I tell o thing, to done you play:"  
"Now uncle dere," (quod she) "tell it us  
For Godes love, is than th'assiege away?  
I am of Greekes ferde, so that I dey:"  
"Nay, nay," (quod he) "as ever mote I thrive,  
It is a thing well bet than suche five."

"Ye holy God," (quod she) "what thing is that,  
What, bet than suche five? eigh nay ywis,  
For all this world ne can I reden what  
It shoulde ben; some jape I trow it is,  
And but your selven tell us what it is,  
My wit is for to arede it all to leane:  
As helpe me God, I n'ot what that ye meane."

"And I your borow, ne never shall," (quod he)  
"This thing be told to you, as mote I thrive:"  
"And why, uncle mine, why so?" (quod she)  
"By God," (quod he) "that woll I tell as blive,  
For prouder woman is there none on live,  
And ye it wist, in all the toune of Troy:  
I jape nat, so ever have I joy."

Tho gan she wondren more than before,  
A thousand fold, and downe her eyen cast:  
For never sith the time that she was bore,  
To knowen thing desired she so fast,  
And with a sike, she said him at the last,  
"Now uncle mine, I n'll you not displease,  
Nor asken more, that may do you disease."

So after this, with many wordes glade,  
And friendly tales, and with merry chere,  
Of this and that they speake, and gonnen wade  
In many an unkouth glad and deepe matere,  
As friendes done, whan they bethe yfere,  
Till she gan asken him how Hector ferde,  
That was the tounes wall, and Greekes yerde.

"Full wel I thanke it God," said Pandarus,  
"Save in his arme he hath a little wound,  
And eke his fresh brother Troilus,  
The wise worthy Hector the secound,  
In whom that every vertue list habound,  
And first all trouthe, and all gentleness,  
Wisdom, honour, freedom, and worthinesse."

"In good faith, eme," (quod she) "that liketh me,  
They faren well, God save hem both two:  
For trewliche, I hold it great deintie,  
A kinges sonne in armes well to do,  
And be of good condicions thereto:  
For great power, and morall vertue here  
Is selde iscene in one persone ifere."

"In good faith, that is sooth" (quod Pandarus)  
"But by my trowth the king hath sonnes twey,  
That is to meane, Hector and Troilus,  
That certainly though that I should dey,

They ben as void of vices, dare I sey,  
As any men that liven under Sunne,  
Hir might is wide yknow, and what they conne.

"Of Hector needeth it no more for to tell,  
In all this world there n'is a better knight  
Than he, that is of worthinesse the well,  
And he well more vertue hath than might,  
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:  
And the same prise of Troilus I sey,  
God helpe me so, I know not suche twey."

"By God," (quod she) "of Hector that is sooth,  
And of Troilus the same thing trow I:  
For dredelesse, men telleth that he dooth  
In armes day by day so worthely,  
And beareth him here at home so gently  
To every wight, that all prise hath he  
Of hem that me were levest praised be."

"Ye say right sooth ywis," (quod Pandarus)  
"For yesterday, who so had with him been,  
Mighten have wondred upon Troilus,  
For never yet so thicke a swarme of been  
Ne flew, as Greekes from him gan fleeen,  
And through the field in every wightes care,  
There was no crie, but Troilus is there."

"Now here, now there, he hunted hem so fast,  
There nas but Greekes blood, and Troilus,  
Now him he hurt, and him all doun he cast,  
Aye where he went it was arraied thus:  
He was hir death, and shield and life for us,  
That as the day ther durst him none withstond,  
While that he held his bloody sward in hond."

"Thereto he is the friendliest man  
Of great estate, that ever I saw my live:  
And where him list, best fellowship can  
To such as him thinketh able for to thrive."  
And with that word, tho Pandarus as blive  
He tooke his leave, and said, "I woll gon hen?"  
"Nay, blame have I, uncle," (quod she then.)

"What eileth you to be weary thus soone,  
And nameliche of women, woll ye so?  
Nay sitteth doune, by God I have to done  
With you, to speake of wisdomes er ye go:"  
And every wight that was about hem tho,  
That heard that, gan ferre away to stond,  
While they two had all that hem list in hond.

Whan that her tale all brought was to an end  
Of her estate, and of her governaunce,  
(Quod Pandarus) "Now time is that I wend,  
But yet I say, ariset, let us daunce,  
And cast your widdows habit to mischaunce:  
What list you thus your selfe to disfigure,  
Sith you is tidde so glad an aventure?"

"But well bethought: for love of God," (quod she)  
"Shall I not weten what ye meane of this?"  
"No, this thing asketh leaser tho," (quod he)  
"And eke me would full much greve ywis.  
If I it told, and ye it tooke amis:  
Yet were it bette my tongue to hold still,  
Than say a sooth, that were ayenst your will."

"For nece mine, by the goddesse Minerve,  
And Jupiter, that maketh the thundering,  
And the blisful Venus, that I serve,  
Ye ben the woman in this world living



Withouten paramours, to my weting,  
That I best love, and lothest am to greve,  
And that ye weten well your selfe, I leve."

"Ywis mine uncle," (quod she) "graunt mercy,  
Your friendship have I founden ever yet,  
I am to no man beholden truly  
So much as you, and have so little quit :  
And with the grace of God, emforth my wit  
As in my guilt, I shall you never offend,  
And if I have ere this, I wold amend."

"But for the love of God I you beseech  
As ye be he that I love most and trist,  
Let be to me your fremed manner speech,  
And say to me your nece what you list :"  
And with that word her uncle anon her kist,  
And said, "Gladly my leve nece so dere,  
Take it for good that I shall say you here."

With that she gan her cien doune to cast,  
And Pandarus to coughe gan a lite,  
And said : "Nece, away lo, to the last,  
How so it be, that some men hem delite  
With subtle art hir tales for tendite,  
Yet for all that in hir entention,  
Hir tale is all for some conclusion."

"And sith the end is every tales strength,  
And this matter is so belovedly,  
What should I paint it or drawn it on length  
To you, that ben my friend so faithfully ?"  
And with that word he gan right inwardly  
Beholden her, and looken in her face,  
And said, "On such a mirroure much good grace."

Than thought he thus, "If I my tale endite  
Ought hard, or make a processe any while,  
She shall no savour have therein but lite,  
And trow I wold her in my will beguile :  
For tender wittes wenen all be wile,  
Whereas they can nat plainlich understand :  
Forthy her wit to serven wold I fond."

And looked on her in a busie wise,  
And sene was ware that he beheld her so :  
"Ah lord," (quod she) "so fast ye me advise,  
Saw ye me never ere now, what say ye no ?"  
"Yes, yes," (quod he) "and bet wold ere I go :  
But by my trouth I thought now, if ye  
Be fortunate : for now men shall it see."

"For every wight some goodly aventure,  
Sometime is shape, if he it can receiven :  
But if he nill take of it no cure  
Whan that it cometh, but wilfully it weiven :  
Lo, neither case nor fortune him deceiven,  
But right his own slouth and wretchednesse :  
And such a wight is for to blame, I gesse."

"Good aventure, O belle nece, have ye  
Full lightly founden, and ye conne it take :  
And for the love of God, and eke of me,  
Catch it anone, least aventure slake :  
What should I lenger processe of it make,  
Yeve me your hond, for in this world is non,  
I<sup>o</sup> that you list, a wight so well begon."

"And sith I speake of good ententioun,  
As I to you have told well here before,  
And love as well your honour and renoun,  
As any creature in all the world yborne :

By all the othes that I have you sworne,  
And ye be wroth therefore or wene I lie,  
Ne shall I never seene you eft with eie."

"Both nat agast, ne quaketh nat, whereto ?  
Ne change nat for fere so your hew,  
For hardly the worst of this is do :  
And though my tale as now be to you new,  
Yet trust alway : ye shall me finde true,  
And were it thing that me thought unflitting,  
To you ne wold I no such tales bring."

"Now, my good eme, for Godes love I prey,"  
(Quod she) "come off tell me what it is :  
For both I am agast what ye wold say,  
And eke me longeth it to wit ywis :  
For whether it be well, or be amis,  
Say on, let me not in this feare dwell."  
"So wold I done, now hearkeneth I shall tell :

"Now, nece mine, the kinges own dere sonne,  
The good, wise, worthy, fresh, and free,  
Which alway for to done well is his wonne,  
The noble Troilus so loveth thee,  
That but ye helpe, it wold his bane be,  
Lo here is all, what should I more sey ?  
Doth what you list, to make him live or dey."

"But if ye let him die, I wold sterven,  
Have here my trouthe, nece, I nill not lien,  
All should I with this knife my throte kerven  
With that the teares burst out of his eien,  
And said, "If that ye done us both dien  
Thus guiltlesse, than have ye fished faire :  
What mend ye, though that we both apaire ?"

"Alas, he which that is my lord so dere,  
That trewe man, that noble gentle knight,  
That nought desirith but your friendly chere,  
I see him dien, there he goeth upright :  
And hasteth him with all his fulle might  
For to ben slaine, if his fortune assent,  
Alas that God you such a beauteie sent."

"If it be so that ye so cruell be,  
That of his death you listeth nought to retch,  
That is so trew and worthy as we see,  
No more than of a japer or a wretch,  
If ye be such, your beaute may nat stretch,  
To make amendes of so cruell a dede :  
Avisement is good before the nede."

"Wo worth the faire gemme vertulesse,  
Wo worth that hearbe also that doth no bote,  
Wo worth the beauty that is routhlesse.  
Wo worth that wight that trede ech under fote  
And ye that ben of beauteie croppe and rote,  
If therewithall in you ne be no routh,  
Than is it harme ye liven by my trouth."

"And also thinke well, that this is no gaud,  
For me were lever, thou, I, and he  
Were honged, than I should ben his baud,  
As high as men might on us all ysee :  
I am thine eme, the shame were to mee,  
As well as thee, if that I should assent  
Through mine abet, that he thine honour shent."

"Now understand, for I you nought requere  
To bind you to him, through no behest,  
Save onely that ye make him better cheere  
Than ye han don or this, and more feste,

So that his life be saved at the leste :  
This al and some, and plainly our entente,  
God helpe me so, I never other mente.

"Lo, this request is nought but skill ywis,  
Ne doubt of reason parde is there none :  
I set the worst, that ye dreden this,  
Men would wonder to seen him come and gone :  
There ayenst answer I thus anone,  
That every wight, but he be foole of kind,  
Woll deeme it love of frendship in his mind.

"What, who woll demen tho he see a man  
To temple gone, that he the images eateth ?  
Thinke eke, how well and wisely that he can  
Govern himselfe, that he nothing foryetteth,  
That wher he cometh, he pris and thonk him getteth ;  
And eke thereto he shal come here so seld,  
What force were it, thogh all the toun beheld.

"Such love of friends reigneth thorow al this toun :  
And wrie you in that mantle evermo,  
And God so wis be my salvatioun  
As I have sayd, your best is to do so :  
But, good nce, alway to stint his wo,  
So let your daunger sugred ben alite,  
That of his death ye be not all to wite."

Creseide, which that herd him in this wise,  
Thought, "I shall felen what he meaneth ywis :"  
"Now eme," (quod she) "what would ye devise ?  
What is your rede, I should done of this ?"  
"That is well said," (quod he) "certaine best is,  
That ye him love ayen for his loving,  
And love for love is skilfull guerdoning.

"Thinke eke how elde wasteth every hour  
In each of you a part of beaute,  
And therefore, ere that age the devour,  
Go love, for old there woll no wight of thee :  
Let this proverbe, a love unto you bee,  
'Too late yware' (quod beaute) 'when it past,  
And elde daunteth daunger, at the last.'

"The kinges foole is wont to crie aloud,  
Whan that he thinketh a woman bereth her hie,  
'So longe mote ye liven, and all proud,  
Till crowes feet growen under your eie,  
And send you than a mirroure in to prie,  
In which that ye may see your face a morow.'  
Nece, I bid him wish you no more sorow."

With this he stint, and caste down the head,  
And she began to brest and wepe anone,  
And said, "Alas for wo, why nere I dead,  
For of this world the faith is all agone :  
Alas, what shoulde straunge unto me done,  
Whan he that for my best frende I wend,  
Rate me to love, and should it me defend.

"Alas, I would have trusted doubteles,  
That if that I, through my disaventure,  
Had loved either him or Achilles,  
Hector, any other creature,  
Ye nolde have had mercy ne measure  
On me, but alway had me in repreve :  
This false world alas, who may it leve ?

"What ? is this all the joy and all the feast ?  
Is this your rede ? is this my blisfull caas ?  
Is this the very mede of your behest ?  
Is all this painted processe said (alas)

Right for this fine ? O lady mine Pallas,  
Thou in this dredefull case for me purvey,  
For so astonied am I, that I dey."

With that she gan full sorrowfully to sike,  
"Ne may it be no bet," (quod Pandarus)  
"By God I shall no more come here this weke,  
And God toforne, that am mistrusted thus :  
I see well now ye setten light of us,  
Or of our death, alas, I wofull wretch,  
Might he yet live, of me were nought to retch.

"O cruell god, O dispitous Marte,  
O furies three of Hell, on you I crie,  
So let me never out of this house depart,  
If that I meant harme or villanie :  
But sith I see my lord mote needes dic,  
And I with him, here I me shrive and sey,  
That wickedly ye done us both to dey.

"But sith it liketh you, that I be dead,  
By Neptunus, that god is of the see,  
Fro this forth shall I never eaten bread,  
Till that I mine owne herte blood may see :  
For certaine I woll die as soone as hee."  
And up he stert, and on his way he haught,  
Till she againe him by the lappe caught.

Creseide, which that well nigh starf for feare,  
So as she was the fearfulest wight  
That might be, and heard eke with her eare,  
And saw the sorrowfull earnest of the knight,  
And in his praiser saw eke none unright,  
And for the harme eke that might fall more,  
She gan to rew and dread her wonder sore.

And thought thus, "Unhapes do fallen thicke  
Alday for love, and in such manner caas,  
As men ben cruell in hemselfe and wicke :  
And if this man slee here hemselfe, alas,  
In my presence, it'll be no solas,  
What men would of it deme I can nat say,  
It needeth me full slyghly for to play."

And with a sorowfull sigh, she said thrie,  
"Ah, Lord, what me is tidde a sorry chaunce,  
For mine estate lieth in jeopardie,  
And eke mine emes life lieth in ballaunce :  
But nathelesse, with Godes governaunce  
I shall so done, mine honour shall I keepe,  
And eke his life, and stinte for to weepe.

"Of harmes two, the lesse is for to chese,  
Yet had I lever maken him good chere  
In honour, than my emes life to lese,  
Ye sain, ye nothing eles me requere."  
"No wis," (quod he) "mine owne nece so dere."  
"Now well" (quod she) "and I woll done my paine,  
I shall mine herte ayen my lust constraine.

"But that I nill nat holden him in hond,  
Ne love a man, that can I naught ne may,  
Ayenst my will, but eles woll I fonde,  
Mine honour save, plesen him fro day to day,  
Thereto nolde I not ones have said nay,  
But that I dredde, as in my fantasie :  
But cesse cause, aie cesseth maladie.

"But here I make a protestacion,  
That in this processe if ye deper go,  
That certainly, for no salvation  
Of you, though that ye sterven bothe two,

Though all the world on o<sup>r</sup> day be my fo,  
Ne shall I never on him have other route :"  
"I graunt wel," (quod Pandarus) by my trouthe.

"But maie I trust wel to you," (quod he)  
"That of this thing that ye han light me here  
Ye woll it holde truly unto me?"  
"Yea doubtlesse," (quod she) "mine uncle dere."  
"Ne that I shall have cause in this matere"  
(Quod he), "to plain, or offer you to preach?"  
"Why, no parde, what nedeth more speach."

"Tho fell they in other tales glade  
Till at the last, "O good Eme," (quod she tho)  
"For love of God which that us bothe made,  
Tell me how first ye wisten of his wo :  
Wot none of it but ye?" he said "No :"  
"Can he well speake of love," (quod she) "I preie ?  
Tell me, for I the bet shall me purveie."

Tho Pandarus a lital gan to smile,  
And saied : "By my trouth I shall now tell,  
This other daie, nat gon full long while,  
Within the paleis gardin by a well  
Gan he and I, well halfe a day to dwell,  
Right for to spoken of an ordinaunce,  
How we the Grekes mighten disavaunce.

"Some after that we gone for to lepe,  
And casten with our dartes to and fro :  
Till at the last, he saied, he wold slepe,  
And on the grasse adoun he laied him tho,  
And I after gan to romen to and fro,  
Till that I heard, as I walked alone,  
How he began full wofully to grone.

"Tho gan I stalke him softly behind,  
And sikerly the sothe for to saine,  
As I can clepe ayen now to my mind,  
Right thus to love he gan him for to plain,  
He saied : 'Lorde, have routh upon my pain,  
All have I been rebell in mine entent,  
Now (mea culpa) lord I me repent.

"O God, that at thy disposicion  
Ledest this fine, by just purveiaunce  
Of every wight, my lowe confession  
Accept in gree, and sende me soche penaunce  
As liketh thee, but from me disesperaunce,  
That may my ghost departe away from the,  
Thou be my shilde, for thy beniguite.

"For certes, lorde, so sore hath she me wounded  
That stode in blacke, with loking of hir iyen,  
That to mine hertes botome it is yfounded  
Through which I wot, that I must nede dien ;  
This is the worst, I dare me nought bewrien,  
And well the hotter been the gledes rede  
That men hem wren with ashen pale and dede."

"With that he smote his hedde adoun anon  
And gan to muttre, I nat what truly,  
And I with that gan still awaie to gone  
And lete thereof, as nothing wist had I,  
And came again anon and stode him by  
And saied, "Awake, ye slepen all to long :  
It semeth nought that love doth you wrong.

"That slepen so that no man maie you wake ;  
Who seie ever er this so dull a man ?  
'Ye, frende,' (quod he) 'doe ye your heddes ake  
For love, and let me liven as I can."

But lorde though he for wo was pale and wan ;  
Yet made he tho as fresh a countenaunce,  
As though he should have led the newe daunce.

"This passed forth, till now this other daie  
It fell that I come roming all alone  
Into his chambre, and founde how that he laie  
Upon his bedde : but man so sore grone  
Ne heard I never, and what was his mone  
Ne wist I nought, for as I was comming  
All sodainly he left his complaining.

"Of whiche I toke somewhat suspicion,  
And nere I come, and found him wepe sore ;  
And God so wise be my salvacion,  
As never of thing had I no routh more :  
For neither with engine, ne with no lore,  
Unnethes might I fro the death him kepe,  
That yet fele I mine herte for him wepe.

"And God wot never sith that I was borne  
Was I so busie no man for to preache,  
Ne never was to wight so depe sworne,  
Er he me told, who might been his leache ;  
But not to you rehearsen all his speach,  
Or all his wofull wordes for to sowne,  
Ne bid me nought, but ye woll se me swone.

"But for to save his life, and eles nought,  
And to none harme of you, thus am I driven,  
And for the love of God that us hath wrought  
Soche chere him doth, that he and I maie liven ;  
Now have I plat to you mine herte shriven,  
And sith ye wote that mine entent is cleane  
Take hede thereof, for none evill I meane.

"And right good thrift, I pray to God have ye,  
That han soche one yeaught withouten net,  
And be ye wise, as ye be faire to se,  
Well in the ring, than is the rubie set ;  
There were never two so well ymet  
Whan ye been his all hole, as he is your :  
There mightie God yet graunt us to se the hour."

"Naie thereof spake I nat : A ha !" (quod she)  
"As helpe me God, ye shenden every dele :"  
"A mercie, dere nece, anon" (quod he)  
"What so I spake, I ment nought but wele,  
By Mars the god, that helmed is of steele :  
Now beth not wroth, my blood, my nece dere."  
"Now well," (quod she) "for yeven be it here.

With this he toke his leave, and home he went,  
Ye, Lord, how he was glad, and well bigon :  
Creseide arose, no longer she ne shent,  
But streight into her closet went anon,  
And set her doune, as still as any stone,  
And every word gan up and doune to wind,  
That he had said as it came her to mind.

And woxe somdele astonied in her thought,  
Right for the newe case, but whan that she  
Was full avised, tho found she right nought,  
Of perill, why that she ought aferde be :  
For man may love of possibilite  
A woman so, his herte may to brest,  
And she nat love ayen, but if her lest.

But as she sat alone, and thought thus,  
Th'ascerie arose at skarnoch all without.  
And men cried in the strete, "Se Troilus  
Hath right now put to flight the Grekes rout."

With that gonne all her meine for to shout :  
 "A, go we se, cast up the gates wide,  
 For through this strete he mote to paleis ride."

For other waie is fro the gates none,  
 Of Dardanus, there open is the cheine :  
 With that come he, and all his folke anone  
 An easie pace riding, in routes tweine,  
 Right as his happy day was, soth to seine :  
 For which men saith, may not disturbed be  
 That shall betide of necessite.

This Troilus sat on his baie stede  
 All armed save his head full richely,  
 And wounded was his horse, and gan to blede,  
 On which he rode a pace full sofly :  
 But such a knightly sight tuely  
 As was on him, was nat withouten faile  
 To loke on Mars, that god is of bataille.

So like a man of armes, and a knight  
 He was to seen, fulfilled of high prowess,  
 For both he had a body, and might  
 To doen that thing, as well as hardinesse,  
 And eke to seen him in his geare dresse  
 So freshe, so yong, so woldy semed he,  
 It was an heaven upon him for to se.

His helme to hewen was in twenty places,  
 That by a tissue hong, his backe behind,  
 His shelde to dashed with swerds and with maces,  
 In which men might many an arowe find,  
 That thirled had both horn, nerfe, and rind :  
 And aie the people cried, "Here cometh our joie,  
 And next his brother, holder up of Troie."

For which he wext a little redde for shame  
 When he so heard the people upon him crie.  
 That to behold it was a noble game,  
 How soberliche he cast adoun his eyen :  
 Creseide anon gan all his chere espie,  
 And let it so soft in hir herte sinke,  
 That to herself she said, "Who yave me drinke?"

For all her own thought, she voxed all redde,  
 Remembering her right thus, "Lo this is he,  
 Which that mine uncle swereth he mote dedde,  
 But I on him have mercie and pite :"  
 And with that thought, for pure ashamed she,  
 Gan in her hedde to pull, and that as fast,  
 While he and all the people forth by past.

And gan to cast, and rollen up and doun  
 Within her thought his excellent prowess,  
 And his estate, and also his renoun,  
 His witte, his shape, and eke his gentillesse,  
 But most her favour was, for his distresse  
 Was all for her, and thought it were a routh,  
 To slaen soche one, if that he meant trowth.

Now might some envious jangle thus,  
 "This was a sodain love, how might it be,  
 That she so lightly loved Troilus ?  
 Right for the first sight : ye, parde ?"  
 Now whoso saied so, mote he never the :  
 For every thing a ginning hath it nede  
 Er all be wrought, withouten any drede.

For I sale nat that she so sodainly  
 Yafe him her love, but that she gan encline  
 To liken him tho, and I have told you why :  
 And after that, his manhode, and his pine,

Made that love within her gan to mine :  
 For which by processe, and by good service  
 He wanne her love, and in no sodain wise.

And all so blisfull Venus wele araied  
 Satte in her seventh house of Heven tho,  
 Disposed wele, and with aspectes payed,  
 To helpe sely Troilus of his wo :  
 And sothe to sayne, she n'as nat all a foe  
 To Troilus, in his natyvtyte,  
 God wote that wele the sooner spede he.

Now let us stente of Troilus a throw,  
 That rideth forth, and let us tourne fast  
 Unto Creseide, that heng her hedde full low,  
 There as she satte alone, and gan to cast  
 Whercon she would appoint her at the last,  
 If it so were her eme ne would ceece,  
 For Troilus upon her for to presse.

And lorde so she gan in her thought argue  
 In this matter, of which I have you told,  
 And what to doen best were, and what eschue,  
 That plited she full oft in many fold :  
 Now was hir herte warme, now was it cold.  
 And what she thought, somwhat shall I write,  
 As mine authour listeth for t'endite.

She thought first, that Troilus person  
 She knew by sight and eke his gentillesse :  
 And thus she said, "All were it nought to doen  
 To grant him love, yet for his worthnesse,  
 It were honor with plaie, and with gladnesse,  
 In honeste with soch a lorde to deale,  
 For mine estate, and also for his heale."

"Eke well wote I, my kinges sonne is he,  
 And sith he hath to see me soch delite,  
 If I would utterliche his sight fle,  
 Paraventure he might have me in dispite,  
 Through which I might stond in wors plite :  
 Now were I wise, me hate to purchase  
 Without nede, there I may stande in grace ?"

"In every thing, I wot there lieth measure :  
 For though a man forbid dronkennesse,  
 He nought forbiddeth that every creature  
 Be drinkelesse for alway, as I gesse :  
 Eke, sith I wot for me is his distresse,  
 I ne ought not for that thing him dispise,  
 Sith it is so, he meaneth in good wise."

"And eke I know, of long time agone  
 His thewes good, and that he n'is not nice,  
 No vauntour saine men, certain he is none,  
 To wise is he to doen so great a vice :  
 Ne als I nill him never so cherice,  
 That he shall make avaunt by just cause :  
 He shall me never binde in soche a clause."

"Now set a case, the hardest is ywis,  
 Men might demen that he loveth me :  
 What dishonour were it unto me this ?  
 Maie iche hem let of that ? why naie parde :  
 I know also, and alway heere and se,  
 Men loven women all this toun about,  
 Be they the wers ? Why naie withouten dout."

"I thinke eke how, he worthie is to have  
 Of all this noble toun the thriftiest,  
 That woman is, if she her honour save :  
 For out and out he is the worthiest,

Save only Hector, which that is the best,  
And yet his life lieth all now in my cure,  
But soche is love, and eke mine aventure.

"Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought :  
For well wote I my self, so God me spede,  
All woll I that no man wist of this thought,  
I am one the fairest out of drede  
And goodliest, who so that taketh hede :  
And so men saine in all the toune of Troie,  
What wonder is though he of me have joie ?

"I am mine owne woman well at ease,  
I thanke it God, as after mine estate,  
Right yong, and stond untied in lustie lease,  
Withouten jelousie, and such debate :  
Shall no husbonde saine to me checke mate,  
For either they be full of jelousie,  
Or maisterfull, or loven novelrie.

"What shall I doen ? to what fine live I thus ?  
Shall I not love, in case if that me lest ?  
What pardieux I am not religious :  
And though that I mine herte set at rest  
Upon this knight, that is the worthiest,  
And kepe alway mine honor, and my name,  
By all right it may doe me no shame."

But right as when the Sunne shineth bright  
In March, that chaungeeth oft time his face,  
And that a cloud is put with winde to flight,  
Which overspratt the Sunne, as for a space,  
A cloudy thought gan through her soul pace,  
That overspradde her bright thoughtes all,  
So that for feare almost she gan to fall.

That thought was this : Alas sith I am free,  
Should I now love, and put in jeopardy  
My sikernes, and thralen libertie ?  
Alas, how durst I thinke that folie ?  
May I not well in other folke aspie  
Hir dredfull joie, hir constreint, and hir pain :  
Ther loveth none, that she ne hath why to plain.

"For love is yet the moste stormie life,  
Right of himself, that ever was begonne :  
For ever some mistrust, or nice strife,  
There is in love, some cloud over the Sunne :  
Thereto we wretched women nothing conne  
When us is wo, but wepe and sit and thinke,  
Our wretch is this, our owne wo to drinke.

Also wicked tongues been ay so prest  
To speake us harme : eke men ben so untrue,  
That right anon as cessed is hir lest,  
So cesseth love, and forth to love a newe :  
But harm ydoe is doen, who so it rue :  
For though these men for love hem first to rende,  
Full sharp beginning breaketh oft at ende.

"How oft time may men both rede and seen,  
The treason, that to woman hath be doe ?  
To what fine is soche love, I can not seen,  
Or where becometh it, when it is go,  
There is no wight that wote, I trowe so,  
Where it becometh, lo, no wight on it sporneth ;  
That erst was nothing, into naught turneth.

"How busie (if I love) eke must I be  
To plesen hem, that jangle of love, and demen,  
And ceyen hem, that thu saie no harm of me :  
For though there be no cause, yet hem semen

Al be for harme, that folke hir frendes quemen :  
And who maie stoppen every wicked tong ?  
Or soune of belles, while that they been rong ?"

And after that her thought gan for to clere  
And saied, "He which that nothing undertaketh  
Nothing acheveth, be him loth or dere ;"  
And with another thought her herte quaketh  
Than slepeth hope, and after drede awaketh,  
Now hote, now cold, but thus bitwixen tway  
She rist her up, and went hir for to play.

Adoune the staire anon right tho she went  
Into her gardine, with her neces three,  
And up and down, they maden many a went  
Flexippe and she, Tarbe, and Antigone,  
To plaien, that to joie was to see,  
And other of her women a great rout  
Her followeth in the gardaine all about.

This yerde was large, and railed al the alies  
And shadowed wel, with blousomy bowes grene,  
And benched newe, and sonded all the waies  
In which she walketh arme in arme betwene,  
Till at the last Antigone the shene  
Gan on a Troian song to singen clere,  
That it an Ileven was her voice to here.

She saied, "O Love, to whom I have, and shall  
Been humble subject, true in mine entent  
As I best can, to you, lorde, yeve iche all  
For evermore mine hertes lust to rent :  
For never yet thy grace to no wight sent  
So blisfull cause as me, my life to lede  
In all joie and suretie, out of drede.

"The blisfull god, hath me so well beset  
In love ywis, that all that beareth life  
Imaginen ne could how to be bet,  
For, lorde, withouten jelousie or strife  
I love one, which that moste is entente  
To serven well, unwervily or unfained,  
That ever was, and lest with harme distained,

"As he that is the well of worthinesse,  
Of trouth ground, mirrour of goodlihedge,  
Of wit Apollo, stone of sikernes,se,  
Of vertue roote, of luste finder and hedde,  
Through whiche is all sorrowe fro me dedde :  
Ywis I love him best, so doeth he me,  
Now good thirft have he, where so ever he be.

"Whom should I thanken but you, god of love,  
Of all this blisse, in which to bathe I ginne.  
And thanked be ye, lorde, for that I love,  
This is the right life that I am inne,  
To flemen all maner vice and sinne :  
This doeth me so to vertue for to entende  
That daie by daie I in my will amende.

"And who that saith that for to love is vice,  
Or thraldome, though he fele it in distresse,  
He either is envious, or right nice,  
Or is unmightie for his shreudnesse,  
To loven, for soch maner folke I gesse  
Diffamen Love, as nothing of him know  
They speaken, but they bent never his bowe.

"What is the Sunne worse of his kind right,  
Though that a man, for feblenesse of his eyen  
Maie not endure on it to se for bright ?  
Or love the worst, that wretches on it crien ?

No wele is worth, that may no sorowe drien :  
And forthy, who that hath an hedde of verre  
Fro cast of stones ware him in the werre.

"But I with all mine herte and all my might,  
As I have saied, woll love unto my last  
My owne dere herte and all mine owne knight,  
In whiche ruine herte growen is so fast  
And his in me, that it shall ever last :  
All dredde I first love him to begin,  
Now wote I well there is no perill in."

And of her song right with that word she stent,  
And therewithall, "Now nece" (quod Creseide)  
"Who made this song now with so good entent ?"  
Antigone answerde anon and saide,  
"Madame ywis the goodliest maide  
Of great estate in all the tounne of Troie  
And led her life in most honour and joie."

"Forsothe so semeth it by her song,"  
Quod tho Creseide, and gan therewith to sike,  
And saied : "Lorde, is there soche blisse emong  
These lovers, as they can faire endite :"  
"Ye, wisse," quod fresh Antigone the white,  
"For all the folke that have or been on live  
Ne can well the blisse of love discrive."

"But wene ye that every wretche wote  
The parfite blisse of love ? why naie ywis :  
They wenen alle be love, if one be hote :  
Do waie do waie, they wote nothing of this.  
Men mote asken of saintes, if it is  
Ought faire in Heven, and why ? for they can tell,  
And aske fendes, if it be foule in Hell."

Creseide unto the purpose naught answerde,  
But saied, "Ywis it woll be night as fast,"  
But every worde, which that she of her herde,  
She gan to printen in her herte fast,  
And aie gan love her lasse for to agast  
Than it did erst, and sinken in her herte,  
That she waxe somewhat able to convarte.

The daies honour, and the Heavens eye,  
The nightes foe, all this clepe I thee Sonne,  
Gan westren fast, and downward for to wrie,  
As he that had his daies course yronne,  
And white thinges woxen al dimme and donne  
For lacke of light, and sterres for to apere,  
That she and all her folke in went yfere.

So whan it liked her to gon to rest,  
And voided weren they that voiden ought,  
She saied, that to slepen well her leste :  
Her women sone till her bedde her brought :  
Whan al was hush, than lay she still and thought  
Of all this thing the maner and the wise,  
Rehearse it needeth not, for ye been wise.

A nightingale upon a cedre grene  
Under the chamber wall, there as she laie,  
Full loude song ayen the Mone shene  
Paraventure, in his birdes wise, a laie  
Of love, that made her herte freshe and gaie,  
That herkened she so long in good entent,  
Till at the last the dedde sleepe her hent.

And as she slept, anon right tho her met,  
How that an egle feathered white as bone,  
Under her brest his longe claws yset,  
And out her herte he rent, and that anon,

And did his herte into her brest to gon,  
Of which she nought agrose, ne nothing smart,  
And forth he flieth, with herte left for herte.

Now let her slepe, and we our tales holde  
Of Troilus, that is to paleis ridden,  
Fro the scarnishe of which I you tolde,  
And in his chamber sate, and hath abidden.  
Till two or three of his messengers yeden  
For Pandarus, and soughten him full fast,  
Till they him found, and brought him at the last.

This Pandarus came leaping in at ones,  
And saied thus, "Who hath been well ybete  
To day with swerdes, and slong stones,  
But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete ?"  
And gan to jape, and saied, "Lord ye swete,  
But rise and let us soupe, and go to reste,"  
And he answerde him, "Do we as thee leste."

With all the haste goodly as they might,  
They sped hem fro the souper, and to bedde,  
And every wight out at the doore him dight,  
And whider him list, upon his waie him sped :  
But Troilus thought that his herte bledde  
For wo, till that he heard some tiding,  
And saied, "Freunde, shall I now wepe or sing ?"

(Quod Pandarus) "Be still and let me slepe,  
And doe on thy hoode, thine nedes spedde be,  
And chose if thou wolt sing, daunce, or lepe,  
At short wordes thou shalt trowe all by me,  
Sir, my nece woll doen well by thee,  
And love thee best, by God and by trothe,  
But lacke of pursute marre it in thy slothe."

"For thus ferforth I have thy werk begon,  
Fro daie to daie, till this daie by the morow,  
Hir love of frendship have I to thee won,  
And therefore hath she laid her faith to borow,  
Algate a foote is hameled of thy sorow :"  
What should I lenger sermon of it holde,  
As ye have heard before, all he him tolde.

But right as floures through the cold of night  
Yclosed, stoupen in hir stalkes lowe,  
Redressen hem ayen the Sunne bright,  
And spreaden in hir kinde course by rowe,  
Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe  
This Troilus, and saied : "O Venus dere,  
Thy might, thy grace, yheried be it here."

And to Pandarus he held up both his hands,  
And saied, "Lorde all thine be that I have,  
For I am hole, and broken been my bonds,  
A thousand Troies, who so that me yave  
Eche after other, God so wis me save,  
Ne might me so gladen, lo mine herte  
It spreadeth so for joye it woll to starte."

"But lorde how shall I doen ? how shal I liven,  
Whan shall I next my dere herte se ?  
How shall this longe time away be driven ?  
Till that thou be ayen at her fro me,  
Thou maist answer, abide, abide : but he  
That hangeth by the necke, sothe to saine,  
In great disease abideth for the paine."

"All easily now, for the love of Marte,"  
(Quod Pandarus) "for every thing hath time,  
So long abide, till that the night departe,  
For also siker as thou hest here by me,

And God toforne, I wolle be there at prime,  
And for thy werke somewhat, as I shall say,  
Or on some other wight this charge lay.

"For parde, God wot, I have ever yet  
Ben ready thee to serve, and this night  
Have I not fained, but emforthe my wit  
Doen all thy lust, and shal with al my might :  
Doe now as I shall saine, and fare aright :  
And if thou n'lte, wite all thy selfe the care,  
On me is nought along thine evill fare.

"I wote well, that thou wiser art than I  
A thousand fold : but if I were as thou,  
God helpe me so, as I would utterly  
Right of mine owne honde write her now  
A letter, in which I would her tellen how  
I farde amisse, and her beseech of routh :  
Now help thy self, and leave it for no slouth.

"And I my selfe shall therewith to her gone,  
And whan thou wost that I am with her there  
Worthle thou upon a courser right anone,  
Ye hardely, and that right in thy best gere,  
And ride forth by the place, as naught ne were,  
And thou shalt find us (if I may) sitting  
At some window, into the street looking.

"And if thee list, then mayest thou us salve,  
And upon me make thou thy countenance,  
But by thy life beware, and fast eschue  
To taxien ought, God shild us fro mischaunce :  
Ride forth thy way, and hold thy governaunce,  
And we shall speake of thee somewhat I trow  
Whan thou art gone, to doe thine eares glow.

"Touching thy letter, thou art wise enough,  
I wot thou n'lte it deignoliche endite,  
As make it with these argumentes tough,  
Ne scriveinliche or craftely thou it write,  
Beblotte it with thy teares eke alite,  
And if thou write a goodly word all soft,  
Though it be good, rehearse it not too oft.

"For though the best harpoun upon live  
Would on the best souned jolly harpe  
That ever was, with all his fingers five  
Touch aye o string, or aye o warble harpe,  
Where his nailes pointed never so sharpe,  
It should make every wight to dull,  
To heare his glee, and of his strokes full.

"Ne jombre eke no discordaunt thing yfere,  
As thus, to usen tearmes of plisicke,  
In loves tearmes hold of thy matere  
The forme alway, and doe that it be like,  
For if a painter would paint a pike  
With asses feet, and headed as an ape,  
It cordeth not, so were it but a jape."

This counsaile liked well unto Troilus,  
But as a dredefull lover he saied this :  
"Alas my dere brother Pandarus,  
I am ashamed for to write wyis,  
Least of mine innocence I saied amis,  
Or that she n'olde it for dispite receive,  
Than were I dead, there might it nothing weive."

To that Pandare answerde, "If thee lest,  
Do that I say, and let me therewith gone,  
For by that Lord that formed east and west,  
I hope of it to bring answer anone

Right of her hond, and if that thou n'lte none,  
Let be, and sorrie mote he been his live,  
Ayenst thy lust that helpeth thee to thrive."

(Quod Troilus) "Depardieue iche assent,  
Sith that thee list, I wolle arise and write,  
And blisfull God pray iche with good entent  
The voiage and the letter I shall endite,  
So speed it, and thou Minerva the white,  
Yeve thou me witte, my letter to devise :"  
And set him doun, and wrote right in this wise.

First he gan her his right ladie call,  
His hertes life, his lust, his sorowes leche,  
His blisse, and eche these other tearmes all,  
That in such case ye lovers all seche,  
And in full humble wise, as in his speche,  
He gan him recommaund unto her grace,  
To tell all how, it asketh mokell space.

And after this full lowly he her praied  
To be nought wroth, though he of his follie  
So hardie was to her to write, and saied  
That love it made, or eles must he die,  
And pitously gan mercie for to crie :  
And after that he saied, and lied full loud,  
Himselfe was little worth, and lasse he coud.

And that she would have his conning excused,  
That little was, and eke he dradde her so,  
And his unworthinesse aye he accused :  
And after that than gan he tell his wo,  
But that was endlesse withouten ho :  
And saied, he would in trouth alway him hold,  
And redde it over, and gan the letter fold.

And with his salte teares gan he bathe  
The rubie in his signet, and it sette  
Upon the waxe deliverliche and rathe,  
Therewith a thousand times, er he lette,  
He kiste tho the letter that he shette  
And sayd, "Letter, a blisfull destine  
Thee shapen is, my ladie shall thee see."

This Pandare toke the letter, and betime  
A morrow to his neecis pallaice stert,  
And fast he swore, that it was passed prime :  
And gan to jape, and sayd, "Ywis my herte  
So fresh it is, although it sore smert,  
I may not sleepe never a Mayes morrow,  
I have a jollie woe, a lustie sorrow."

Creseide whan that she her uncle heard,  
With dreadfull herte, and desirous to heare,  
The cause of his comming, thus answerd,  
"Now by your faith, mine uncle" (quod she) "deare,  
What manner windes guideth you now here ?  
Tell us your jolly woe, and your penaunce,  
How farre forth be ye put in loves daunce."

"By God" (quod he) "I hop alway behinde,"  
And to laugh, it thought her herte brest,  
(Quod Pandarus) "Looke alway that ye finde  
Game in mine hood : but herkeneth if you lest,  
There is right now come into the toun a gest,  
A Greeke espie, and telleth newe thinges,  
For which I come to tell you new tidings.

"Into the garden go we, and ye shall heare  
All privily of this a long sermon :"  
With that they wenten arm in arm yfere,  
Into the gardin fro the chamber doun.

And whan he was so farre, that the soun  
Of that he spake, no man heren might,  
He sayd her thus, and out the letter plight.

"Lo, he that is all hooly yours free,  
Him recommaundeth lowly to your grace,  
And sent you this letter here by me,  
Aviseth you on it, whan ye han space,  
And of some goodly answere you purchace,  
Or helpe me God so, plainly for to saine,  
He may not longe liven for his paine.

Full dredefully tho gan she stonde still,  
And tooke it not, but all her humble chere  
Gan for to chaunge, and sayd, "Scripe nor bill,  
For love of God, that toucheth such matere  
Ne bring me none : and also, uncle dere,  
To mine estate have more regard I pray  
Than to his lust, what should I more say.

"And looketh now if this be reasonable,  
And letteth not for favour ne for slouth  
To saine a sooth, now is it covenable  
To mine estate, by God and by my trouth  
To take it, or to have of him routh,  
In harming of my selfe or in repreve :  
Beare it ayen, for him that ye on leve."

This Pandarus gan on her for to stare,  
And sayd, "Now is this the greatest wonder  
That ever I saw, let be this nice fare,  
To death mote I smiten be with thunder,  
If for the cite which that stondeth yonder,  
Would I a letter unto you bring or take,  
To harm of you : what list you thus it make.

"But thus ye faren well nigh all and some,  
That he that most desireth you to serve,  
Of him ye retch least where he become,  
And whether that he live, or else sterve :  
But for all that, that ever I may deserve,  
Refuse it not" (quod he) and hent her fast,  
And in her bosome the letter doune he thrust.

And said her, "Now cast it away anon  
That folk may seen, and gauren on us tway."  
(Quod she) "I can abide till they be gon"  
And gan to smile, and said him, "Eme I pray  
Such answere as you list your selfe purvey :  
For truly I wold no letter write :"  
"No, than wold I" (quod he) "so ye endite."

Therewith she lough, and said "Go we dine,"  
And he gan at himselfe jape fast,  
And sayd, "Neece, I have so great a pine  
For love, that everich other day I fast,"  
And gan his best japes forth to cast,  
And made her for to laugh at his follie,  
That she for laughter wende for to die.

And whan that she was comen into the hall,  
"Now eme" (quod she) "we wold go dine anon,"  
And gan some of her women to her call,  
And straight into her chamber gan she gone,  
But of her businesse this was one,  
Amonges other thinges, out of drede,  
Full privly this letter for to rede.

Advised word by word in every line,  
And found no lacke, she thought he coude his good,  
And up it put, and went her in to dine,  
And Pandarus, that in a studie stood,

Ere he was ware, she tooke him by the hood,  
And said "Ye were caught ere that ye wist,"  
"I vouchsafe," (quod he) "do what you list."

Tho weshen they, and set hem doun and ete,  
And after noone fall slightly Pandarus  
Gan draw him to the window nye the strete,  
And said, "Neece, who hath arated thus  
The yonder house, that stant aforeyene us ?"  
"Which house ?" (quod she) and gan for to behold  
And knew it well, and whose it was him told.

And fellen forth in speech of thinges smale,  
And saten in the wudow both tway :  
Whan Pandarus saw time unto his tale,  
And saw well that her folke were all away :  
"Now nece mine, tell on" (quod he) "I prey,  
How liketh you the letter that ye wot,  
Can he thereon or by my trouth I not."

Therewith all rosy hewed tho wove she,  
And gan to hum, and said, "So I trowe,"  
"Aquite him well for Gods love" (quod he)  
"My selfe to medes wold the letter sowe,"  
And held his hondes up, and sat on knowe,  
"Now good nece, be it never so lite,  
Yeve me the labour, it to sowe and plite."

"Ye, for I can so writen" (quod she) "tho,  
And eke I not what I should to him say :"  
"Nay nece" (quod Pandare) "say not so,  
Yet at the least, thonketh him I pray  
Of his good will : O, doth him not to dey,  
Now for the love of me my nece dere,  
Refuseth not at this time my praier."

"Depardieu" (quod she) "God leve all be wel!  
God helpe me so, this is the first letter  
That ever I wrote, ye all or any dole,"  
And into a closet for to advise her better,  
She went alone, and gan her herte unfetter  
Out of disdaines prison, but a lite,  
And set her doune, and gan a letter write.

Of which to tell in short is mine entent  
Theffect, as ferre as I can understand :  
She thonked him, of all that he well ment,  
Towardes her, but holden him in hond  
She n'olde not, ne make her selven bond  
In love, but as his suster him to please,  
She would aye faine to done his herte an ease.

She shette it, and to Pandare into gone  
There as he sat, and looked into strete,  
And doune she set her by him on a stone  
Of jasper, upon a quishien of gold ybete,  
And said, "As wisely helpe me God the grete,  
I never did a thing with more paine,  
Than write this, to which ye me restraine."

And tooke it him : he thonked hir, and seide,  
"God wot of thing full often lothe begonne  
Commeth end good : and nece mine Creseide,  
That ye to him of hard now ben ywonne,  
Ought he be glad, by God and yonder sonne :  
For why, men saith impressones light  
Full lightly ben aye readie to the flight.

"But ye han plaid the tiraunt all too long,  
And hard was it your herte for to grave,  
Now stint, that ye no longer on it hong,  
All wolden ye the forme of daunger save,



But hasteth you to done him joye have :  
For trusteth well, too long ydone hardnesse  
Causeth dispite full often for distresse."

And right as they declared this matere,  
Lo Troilus, right at the stretes end  
Came riding with his tenth somme yfere  
All softly, and thiderward gan bend  
There as they sate, as was his way to wend  
To paleis ward, and Pandare him aspide,  
And said, "Nece, ysee who commeth here ride."

"O fie not in, he seeth us I suppose,  
Least he may thinke that ye him eschue."  
"Nay, nay" (quod she) and woxe as red as rose,  
With that he gan her humbly salue  
With dredefull chere, and oft his hewes mue,  
And up his looke debonairely he cast,  
And becked on Pandare, and forth by past.

God wot if he sat on his horse aright,  
Or goodly was besene that ilke day,  
God wot where he were like a manly knight,  
What should I dretche, or tell of his array :  
Creside, which that all those thinges sey ;  
To tell in short, her liked all yfere,  
His person, his aray, his looke, his chere.

His goodly manner, and his gentillesse,  
So well, that never sith that she was borne,  
Ne had she suche routh of his distresse,  
And how so, she hath hard ben here beforene,  
To God hope I, she hath now caught a thorn,  
She shall nat pull it out this next wike,  
God send her mo such thornes on to pike.

Pandare, which that stood her faste by,  
Felt iron hot, and he began to smite,  
And said, "Nece, I pray you heartely,  
Tell me that I shall asken you alite,  
A woman that were of his death to wite  
Withouten his gilt, but for her lack of routh,  
Were it well done?" (quod she) "Nay by my trouth."

"God helpe me so" (quod he) "ye say me sooth,  
Ye feelen well your selfe that I nought he,  
Lo, yonde he rideth;" (quod she) "Ye so he dooth :"  
"Well" (quod Pandare) "as I have told you thrie,  
Let be your nice shame, and your folhe,  
And speake with him in easing of his herte,  
Let meete nat do you bothe smert."

But thereon was to heaven and to done,  
Considering all thing, it may nat be,  
And why? for shame, and it were eke too soone,  
To graunten him so great a liberte :  
For plainly her entent, as (said she)  
Was for to love him unwist, if she might,  
And guerdon him with nothing but with sight.

But Pandare thought, it shall nat be so,  
If that I may, this nice opinion  
Shall nat ben holden fully yeares two.  
What should I make of this a long sermon?  
He must assent on that conclusion,  
As for the time, and whan that it was eve,  
And all was well, he rose and tooke his leve.

And on his way fast homeward he spedde,  
And right for joy he felt his herte daunce,  
And Troilus he found alone abedde,  
That lay, as done these lovers in a traunee,

Betwixen hope and derke desperaunce,  
But Pandare, right at his incomming,  
He song, as who saith, "Lo, somewhat I bring."

And said, "Who is in his bedde so soone  
Yburied thus?" "It am I friend;" (quod he)  
"Who, Troilus? nay, help me so the Moone"  
(Quod Pandarus) "thou shalt up rise and see  
A charme that was sent right now to thee,  
The which can healen thee of thine accesse,  
If thou do forthwith all thy businesse."

"Ye, through the might of God:" (quod Troilus)  
And Pandarus gan him the letter take,  
And said, "Parde God hath holpen us,  
Have here a light, and look on all these blake."  
But often gan the herte glad and quake  
Of Troilus, while he it gan to rede,  
So as the wordes yave him hope or drede.

But finally he tooke all for the best  
That she him wrote, for somewhat he beheld,  
On which he thought he might his herte rest,  
All covered she the wordes under sheld,  
Thus to the more worthy part he held,  
That what for hope, and Pandarus behest,  
His greates wo foryede he at the lest.

But as we may all day our selven see,  
Through wood or cole kindleth the more fire,  
Right so encrease of hope, of what it be,  
Therewith full oft encreaseth eke desire,  
Or as an oke commeth of a little spire,  
So through this letter, which that she him sent,  
Encreasen gan desire of which he brent.

Wherefore I say alway, that day and night  
This Troilus gan to desiren more  
Than he did erst through hope, and did his might  
To presen on, as by Pandarus lore,  
And writen to her of his sorowes sore  
Fro day to day, he let it nought refreide,  
That by Pandare he somewhat wrot or seide.

And did also his other observaunces,  
That till a lover lengthen in this caas,  
And after as his dice turned on chaunces,  
So was he either glad, or said alas,  
And held after his gastes aye his paas,  
And after such answers as he had,  
So were his daies sorry either glad.

But to Pandare alway was his recours,  
And pitously gan aye on him to plaine,  
And him besought of rede, and some socours,  
And Pandarus, that saw his wood paine,  
Wext well high dead for routh, sooth to saine,  
And busily with all his herte cast,  
Some of his wo to sleen, and that as fast.

And said, "Lord and friend, and brother dere,  
God wot that thy disease doth me wo,  
But wolt thou stinten all this wofull chere,  
And by my trouth, ere it be daies two,  
And God toforne, yet shall I shape it so,  
That thou shalt come into a certaine place,  
There as thou maist thy self praien her of grace.

"And certainly I n'ot if thou it wost,  
But they that ben expert in love, it say,  
It is one of these thinges forthereth most,  
A man to have a leiser for to pray,

And siker place, his wo for to bewray,  
For in good herte it mote some routh impress  
To heare and see the guiltless in distresse.

"Peraventure thinkest thou, though it be so,  
That Kind would her done for to begin,  
To have a manner routh upon my wo,  
Saith Daunger nay, thou shalt me never win :  
So ruleth her hertes ghost withun,  
That though she hende, yet she stont on rote,  
What in effect is this unto my bote.

"Think here ayen, whan that the sturdy oke  
On which men hacketh ofte for the nones,  
Received hath the happy falling stroke,  
The great swight doth it come all at ones,  
As done these great rocks or these miln stones,  
For swifter course cometh thing that is of wight  
Whan it discendeth, than done things light.

"But rede that boweth down for every blast,  
Full lightly cesse wind, it woll arise,  
But so n'll not an oke, whan it is cast,  
It needeth me nought longe thee forvise,  
Men shall rejoyens of a great emprise,  
Achieved well, and stant withouten dout,  
All have men ben the lenger thereabout.

"But, Troilus, now tell me if thee lest  
A thing, which that I shall asken thee,  
Which is thy brother, that thou lovest best,  
As in thy very hertes privity ?"  
"Ywis my brother Deiphebus tho" (quod he.)  
"Now" (quod Pandare) "ere houres twise twelve,  
He shall the ease, unwist of it himselfe.

"Now let me alone, and worken as I may,"  
(Quod he) and to Deiphebus went he tho,  
Which had his lord, and great friend ben aye,  
Save Troilus no man he loved so :  
To tellen in short withouten words mo  
(Quod Pandarus) "I pray you that ye be  
Friend to a cause, which that toucheth me."

"Yes parde" (quod Deiphebus) "wel thou wotest  
All that ever I may, and God tofore,  
All n'ere it but for the man I love most,  
My brother Troilus ; but say wherefore  
It is, for suth the day that I was bore,  
I n'as, ne never mo to ben I thinke,  
Ayenst a thing that might thee forthinke."

Pandare gan him thank, and to him seide,  
"Lo sir, I have a lady in this toun  
That is my nece, and called is Creseide,  
Which some men would done oppressioun,  
And wrongfully have her possession,  
Wherefore I of your lordship you beseech  
To ben our friend, withouten more speech."

Deiphebus him answerd : "O, is nat this  
That thou speakest of to me thus straungly,  
Creseide my friend ?" He said him "Yes."  
"Than needeth" (quod Deiphebus) "hardely  
No more of this to speke, for trusteth well that I  
Woll be her champion with spore and yerde,  
I ne raught nat though all her foes it herde.

"But tel me how, for thou wost this matere,  
I might best availen, now lette see ?"  
(Quod Pandarus) "If ye my lord so dere  
Woulden as now do this honour to me,

To praien her to morrow, lo that she  
Came unto you, her plaints to devise,  
Her adversaries woud of it agrise.

"And if I more durst praien as now,  
And chargin you to have so great travaile,  
To have some of your brethren here with you,  
That mighten to her cause bet availen,  
Than wote I well she might never faile  
For to ben holpen, what at your instance,  
What with her other friendes governaunce."

Deiphebus, which that comen was of kind  
To all honour and bounty to consent,  
Answerd, "It shall be done : and I can find  
Yet greater helpe to this mine entent :  
What woldest thou saine, if for Heloine I sent  
To speake of this ? I trow it be the best,  
For she may leden Paris as her lest.

"Of Hector, which that is my lord my brother,  
It needeth nat to praien him friend to be,  
For I have heard him o tyme and eke other  
Speaken of Creseide such honour, that he  
May saine no bet, such hap to him hath she,  
It needeth nat his helpes more to crave,  
He shall be such, right as we woll him have.

"Speake thou thy selfe also to Troilus  
On my behalfe, and pray him with us dine."  
"Sir all this shall be done" (quod Pandarus)  
And tooke his leave, and never gan to fine,  
But to his neeces house as streight as line  
He came, and found her fro the meat arise,  
And set him down, and spake right in this wise :

He said, "O very God, so have I ronne,  
Lo nece mine, see ye nat how I swete ?  
I n'ot where ye the more thanke me comne :  
Be ye not ware how false Poliphete  
Is now about eftsoones for to plette,  
And bring on you advocacies new ?"  
"I, no" (quod she) and chaunged all her hew.

"What, is he more about me to dretche  
And done me wrong, what shall I done, alas,  
Yet of himselfe nothing would I retche,  
N'ere it for Antenor and Eneas,  
That ben his friends in such manner caas :  
But for the love of God mine uncle dere,  
No force of that, let him have all yfere,

"Withouten that, I have ynough for us."  
"Nay" (quod Pandare) "it shall nothing be so,  
For I have ben right now at Deiphebus,  
At Hector, and mine other lordes mo,  
And shortly maketh each of hem his fo,  
That by my thrift he shall it never win,  
For aught he can, whan so that he begin."

And as they casten what was best to done,  
Deiphebus of his owne courtesie  
Came her to pray, in his proper persone,  
To hold him on the morrow companie  
At dinner, which she n'olde not demie,  
But goodly gan to his prayer obey,  
He thonked her, and went upon his wey.

Whan this was done, this Pandare anone,  
To tell in short, forth he gan to wend  
To Troilus, as still as any stone,  
And all this thing he told him word and end,

And how that he Deiphebus gan to blend,  
And said him, "Now is time of that ye conne  
To here thee well to morow, and all is wounne.

"Now speke, now pray, now piteously complain,  
Let nat for nice shame, for drede or slouth,  
Sometime a man mote tell his owne pain,  
Beleeve it, and she will have on thee routh,  
Thou shalt ben saved by thy faith in trouth,  
But well wot I, thou now art in a drede,  
And what it is, I lay that I can arede.

"Thou thinkest now, 'How should I don al this,  
For by my chere's mosten folke espie,  
That for her love is that I fare amys,  
Yet had I lever unwist for sorrow die :'  
Now thinke nat so, for thou hast great folleie,  
For I right now have founden a manere  
Of sleight, for to coveren all thy chere.

"Thou shalt gone overnight, and that bilive,  
Unto Deiphebus house, as thee to play,  
Thy maladie away the bet to drive,  
For which thou seemest sicke, sooth to say,  
Soone after that, in thy bed thee lay,  
And say thou maist no lenger up endure,  
And lie right there, and hide thine aventure.

"Say that thy fever is wont thee for to take  
The same time, and last till a morow,  
And let see now how well thou canst it make :  
For parde sicke is he that is in sorrow.  
Go now farwell, and Venns here to borow,  
I hope and thou this purpose hold ferme,  
Thy grace she shall fully there conferme."

(Quod Troilus) "Ywis thou all needlesse  
Counsaillest me, that sickeliche I me faine,  
For I am sicke in earnest doubtlesse,  
So that well nigh I sterve for the paine :"  
(Quod Pandarus) "Thou shalt the better plaine,  
And hast the lesse need to counterfete,  
For him demeth men hot, that seeth him swete.

"Lo, hold thee at thy triste close, and I  
Shall well the drede unto the how drive :"  
Therewith he took his leave all softly,  
And Troilus to his paleis went blive,  
So glad he was he never in all his live,  
And to Pandarus rode gan all assent,  
And to Deiphebus hous at night he went.

What nedeth it you to tellen all the chere  
That Deiphebus unto his brother made,  
Or his axis, or his sickeliche manere,  
How men gone him with clothes for to lade,  
Whan he was laud, and how men would him glade :  
But all for nought, he held forth aye the wise,  
That ye han heard Pandarus ere this devise.

But certaine is, ere Troilus him leide,  
Deiphebus had praied him over night  
To ben a friend, and helping to Cresseide :  
God wot that he graunted anon right  
To ben her full friend, with all his might :  
But such a need was it to praie him thenne,  
As for to idden a wood man to renne.

The morow came, and nighen gan the time  
Of mealtide, that the faire queene Heleine  
Shope her to ben an houre after the prime  
With Deiphebus, to whom she n'olde faine,

But as his suster, homely sooth to saine  
She came to dinner in her plaine entent,  
But God and Pandarus wist all what this ment.

Came eke Cresseide all innocent of this,  
Antigone her nece, and Tarbe also,  
But fle we now prolixitie best is,  
For love of God, and let us fast go  
Right to theeffect, withouten tales mo,  
Why all this folke assembled in this place,  
And let us of all hir salvinges pace.

Great honour did hem Deiphebus certaine,  
And fedde hem well, with all that might like,  
But evermo alas, was his refrain :  
"My good brother Troilus the sike,  
Lithe yet," and therewithall he gan to sike  
And after that he pained him to glade  
Hem as he might, and chere good he made.

Complained eke Heleine of his sicknesse  
So faithfully, that it pitie was to here,  
And every wight gan wexen for axes  
A leche anon, and said, "In this manere  
Men curen folke, this charme I wol thee lere,"  
But there sate one, all list her nat to teche,  
That thought, yet best could I ben his leche.

After complaint him gonnen they to preise,  
As folk don yet whan some wight hath begon  
To preise a man, and with preise him reise  
A thousand told yet higher than the Sonne,  
He is, he can, that few other lordes conne,  
And Pandarus of that they would afferme,  
He nought forgate hir praising to conferme.

Herd all this thing fair Cresseide well enough,  
And every word gan for to notifie,  
For which with sober chere her herte lough,  
For who is that no would her glorifie,  
To mowen such a knight done live or die ?  
But all passe I, least ye too long dwell,  
But for o fine is all that ever I dwell.

The time came, fro dinner for to rise,  
And as hem ought, arysen every chere,  
And gane a while of this and that devise,  
But Pandarus brake all this spech anone,  
And said to Deiphebus, "Woll ye gone,  
If your will be, as erst I you preide,  
To speaken of the nedes of Cresseide ?"

Heleine, which that by the hond her held,  
Tooke first the tale, and said, "Go we blive,"  
And goodly on Cresseide she beheld,  
And said, "Joves let him never thive  
That doth you harm, and reve him some of live,  
And yere me sorrow, but he shall it rue,  
If that I may, and all folke be true."

"Tell thou thy nieces case" (quod Deiphebus  
To Pandarus) "for thou canst best it tell."  
"My lordes and my ladies, it stant thus,  
What should I lenger" (quod he) "do you dwell ?"  
He rong her out a proces like a bell  
Upon her foe, that hight Poliphete,  
So hainous, that men might on it spepe.

Answerd of this ech worse of hem than other,  
And Poliphete they gonnen thus to warien,  
And honged be such one, were he my brother,  
And so he shall, for it ne may nought varien,

What should I lenger in this tale tarien,  
Plaineliche all at ones they her highten  
To ben her friend in all that ever they mighten.

Spake then Heleine, and said, "Pandarus,  
Wot aught my lord my brother of this mater,  
I meane Hector, or wote it Troilus?"  
He said, "Ye, but woll ye me now here,  
Me thinketh thus, sith that Troilus is here,  
It were good, if that ye would assent,  
She told him her selfe all this ere she went.

"For he wol have the more hir grefe at herte,  
Because lo, that she a lady is,  
And by your will, I woll but in right start,  
And do you wete, and that anone ywis,  
If that he sleepe, or woll aught here of this:"  
And in he lept, and said him in his ere,  
"God have thy soul, for brought have I thy bere."

To smilen of this gan tho Troilus,  
And Pandarus without reckoning,  
Out went anon to Heleine and Deiphebus,  
And said hem, "So there be no taryng  
Ne more prease, he woll well that ye bring  
Creseide my lady, that is now here,  
And as he may endure, he woll her here.

"But well ye wote, the chamber is but lite,  
And few folke may lightly make it warme,  
Now looketh ye, for I woll have no wite  
To bring in prease, that might done him harme,  
Or him diseseen, for my better arme:  
Yet were it bette she bid till oft soonis,  
Now looke ye that knowen what to don is.

"I say for me best is, as I can know,  
That no wight in ne wende, but ye twey,  
But it were I, for I cannot in a throw  
Rehearse her case, unlike that she can sey,  
And after this she may him ones prey  
To ben good lord in short, and take her leve,  
This may not mokell of his case him reve.

"And eke for she is straunge, he woll forbere  
His ease, which that him dare nat for you,  
Eke other thing, that toucheth nat to her,  
He woll it tell, I wote it well right now,  
That secret is, and for the townes prow:"  
And they that knew nothing of his entent,  
Without more, to Troilus in they went.

Heleine in all her goodly softe wise  
Gan him salue, and womanly to play,  
And saied, "Ywis, ye mote algate arise:  
Now faire brother be all hole I pray,"  
And gan her arme right over his shoulder lay,  
And him with all her wit to recomfort,  
As she best could, she gan him to disport.

So after this (quod she) "We you beseke  
My dere brother Deiphebus and I,  
For love of God, and so doeth Pandare eke,  
To ben good lord and friend right hertely  
Unto Creseide, which that certainly  
Received wrong, as wot well here Pandare,  
That can her case well bet than I declare."

This Pandarus gan new his tong affile,  
And all her case rehearse, and that anone,  
Whan it was saied, soone after in a while,  
(Quod Troilus) "As soone as I was gone,

I wol right faine with all my might ben one,  
Have God my trouth, her cause to susteine."  
"Now good thrift have ye" (quod Helein the queen),

(Quod Pandarus) "And it your will be,  
That she may take her leave ere that she go."  
"O eles God forbid it tho" (quod he)  
"If that she vouchsafe for to do so:"  
And with that word (quod Troilus) "ye two  
Deiphebus, and my suster lefe and dere,  
To you have I to speake of a matere,

"To been avised by your rede the better,"  
And found (as hap was) at his bedes hedde  
The copie of a treatise, and a letter  
That Hector had him sent, to asken rede  
If such a man was worthy to ben dede,  
Wote I naught who, but in a grisly wise  
He prayed hem anone on it avise.

Deiphebus gan this letter for to unfold  
In earnest grent, so did Heleine the queene,  
And roming outward, fast it gonne behold  
Downward a steire, into an herbor greene:  
This ilke thing they reddeden hem betwene,  
And largely the mountenaunce of an houre  
They gonne on it to reden and to poure.

Now let hem rede, and tourne we anone  
To Pandarus, that gan full soft prie  
That all was well, and out he gan to gone  
Into the great chamber, and that in hie,  
And saied, "God save all this companie:  
Come nece mine, my lady queene Heleine  
Abideth you, and eke my lordes tweine.

"Rise, take with you your nece Antigone,  
Or whom you list, or no force hardely,  
The lasse prease the bet, come forth with me,  
And looke that ye thonked humbly  
Hem all three, and whan ye may goodly  
Your time ysee, taketh of hem your leave,  
Least we too long his restes him bireave."

All innocent of Pandarus entent  
(Quod the Creseide) "Go we uncle dere,"  
And arme in arme, inward with him she went,  
Avising well her wordes and her chere,  
And Pandarus in earnestfull manere,  
Saied, "All folke for Godes love I pray,  
Stinteth right here, and softly you play.

"Aviseth you what folke ben here within,  
And in what plite one is, God him amend,  
And inward thou full softly begin,  
Neece I conjure, and highly you defend  
On his halfe, which that soule us all send,  
And in the vertue of corounes twaine  
Slea nat this man, that hath for you this paine.

"Fie on the devill, thinke which one he is,  
And in what plite he lieth, come off anone,  
Think all such taried tide but lost it n'is,  
That woll ye both saine, whan ye been one:  
Secondly, there yet divineth none  
Upon you two, come off now if ye conne,  
While folke is blent, lo, all the time is wonne.

"In titiring and pursuite, and delaies  
The folke divine, at wegging of a stre,  
And though ye would han after merry daies,  
Than dare ye nat, and why? For she and she

Spake such a word, thus looked he and he :  
Least time be lost, I dare not with you deale,  
Come off therfore, and bringeth him to heale."

But now to you, ye lovers that ben here,  
Was Troilus nat in a cankedort,  
That lay, and might the wispring of hem here,  
And thought "O lord, right now renneth my sort  
Fully to die, or have anone comforte,"  
And was the first time he should her pray  
Of love, O mightie God, what shall he say !

## EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

## PROEMLE

## B. III. v. 1—105.

O BLISSFULL light, of which the benes clere  
Adorneth all the third heaven faire,  
O sonnes lefe, O Joves daughter dere,  
Pleasaunce of love, O goodly debonaire,  
In gentle hertes aye ready to repaire,  
O very cause of heale and of gladnesse,  
Yheried be thy might and thy goodnesse.

In Heaven and Hell, in earth, and salt see,  
Is felt thy might, if that I well discern,  
As man, and beast, fish, herbe, and grene tree,  
They fele in times with vapour eterne,  
God loveth, and to love wolle naught werne,  
And in this world no lives creature,  
Withouten love is worth, or may endure

Ye Joves first, to thilke affectes glade  
Through which that thinges liven all and be,  
Commenden, and amorous hem made  
On mortall thing, and as you list aye ye  
Yeve hem in love, ease, or adversite :  
And in a thousand formes doune hem sent  
For love in earth, and whom you list he hent.

Ye fiers Maïs appeasen of his ire,  
And as you list, ye maken hertes digne :  
Algates hem that ye wolle set a fire,  
They dreden shame, and vices they resigne,  
Ye doen him curteis be, fresh, and benigne,  
And high or low, after a wight entendeth  
The joies that he hath, your might it sendeth.

Ye holden reigne and house in unitie,  
Ye soothfast cause of friendship ben also  
Ye knowen all thilke covered qualitie  
Of thinges, which that folke woudren at so,  
When they can nat construe how it may go,  
She loveth him, or why he loveth here,  
As why this fish, and nat that commeth to were.

Ye folke a law have set in universe,  
And this know I by hem that lovers be,  
That who so striveth with you hath the werse :  
Now ladie bright, for thy benignite,  
At reverence of hem that serven thee,  
Whose clerke I am, so teacheth me devise,  
Some joy of that is felt in thy servise.

Yea, in my naked herte sentement  
In hilde, and do me shew of thy sweetnesse  
Caliope, thy voice be now present,  
For now is need, seest thou nat my distresse,

How I mote tell anon right the gladnesse  
Of Troilus, to Venus herying,  
To the which who nede hath, God him bring.

## INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

LAY all this meane while this Troilus  
Recording his lesson in this manere,  
"Mafey," thought he, "thus wolle I say, and thus  
Thus wolle I plaine unto my lady dere,  
That word is good, and this shall be my chere  
This n'ill I nat foryeten in no wise,"  
God leve him werken as he can devise.

And lord so that his herte gan to quappe,  
Hearing her come, and short for to sike,  
And Pandarus that ledde her by the lappe,  
Came nere, and gan in at the curtein pike,  
And saied, "God doe bote on all that are sike,  
See who is here you comen to visite,  
Lo, here is she that is your death to wite."

Therewith it seemed as he wept almost,  
"A, a" (quod Troilus so routhfully)  
"Whether me be wo, O mighty god thou wost,  
Who is all there, I see nat truly :"  
"Sir," (quod Creseide) "it is Pandare and I"  
"Ye sweet herte alas, I may nat rise  
To kneele, and do you honour in some wise."

And dressed him upward, and she right tho  
Gan both her hondes soft upon him ley,  
"O for the love of God doe ye not so  
To me," (quod she) "eye what is this to sey ?  
Sir comen am I to you for causes twey,  
First you to thonke, and of your lordship elke  
Continuance I would you beseke."

This Troilus that heard his ladie pray  
Of lordship, him wox neither quick ne dedde,  
Ne might o word for shame to it say,  
Although men shouliden smiten off his hedde,  
But Lord so he wox sodaineliche redde :  
And sir, his lesson that he wende comen  
To praien her, is through his wit yronne.

Creseide all this aspid well ynough,  
For she was wise, and loved him never the lasse,  
All nere he in all apert, or made it tough,  
Or was too held to sing a foole a masse,  
But whan his shame gan somwhat to passe  
His reasons, as I may my rimes hold,  
I wolle you tell, as teachen bookes old.

In chaunged voice, right for his very drede,  
Which voice eke quoke, and thereto his manere  
Goodly abasht, and now his hewes rede,  
Now pale, unto Creseide his ladie dere,  
With looke down cast, and humble yolden chere  
Lo, the alderfirst word that him astart,  
Was twice, "Mercy, mercy, O my sweet herte."

And stint a while, and whan he might out bring  
The next word was, "God wote for I have  
As faithfully as I have had konning,  
Ben yours all, God so my soule do save,  
And shall, till that I woffull might be grave,  
And though I dare ne can unto you plaine,  
Ywis I suffer not the lasse paine."

"Thus much as now, ah, womanlike wife,  
I may out bring, and if this you displease,  
That shall I wreke upon mine owne life  
Right soone I trow, and do your herte an ease,  
If with my death your herte may appease :  
But sents that ye han heard me somewhat sey,  
Now retch I never how soone that I dey."

Therewith his manly sorrow to behold,  
It might have made an herte of stone to rew,  
And Pandare wept as he to water would,  
And poked ever his nece new and new,  
And saied, "Wo begon been hertes true,  
For love of God, make of this thing an end,  
Or slea us both at ones, ere that ye wend."

"I, what" (quod she) "by God and by my trouth  
I n'ot nat what ye wilne that I sey :"  
"Ey, what" (quod he) "that ye have on him routh  
For Goddes love, and doeth him nat to dey :"  
"Now than thus" (quod she) "I woll him prey,  
To tell me the fine of his content,  
Yet wist I never well what that he ment."

"What that I mean, O my sweet herte dere"  
(Quod Troilus) "O goodly fresh and free,  
That with the streames of your eyen so clere  
Ye shoulden sometime friendly on me see,  
And than agreeen that I may ben hee  
Withouten branch of vice, on any wise,  
In trouth alway to do you my servise,"

"As to my lady right, and cheefe resort,  
With all my witte and all my diligence,  
And to have right as you list comfort,  
Under your yerde egall to mine offence,  
As death, if that I breake your defence,  
And that ye digne me so much honour,  
Me to commaunden aught in any hour."

"And I to ben your very humble, true,  
Secret, and in my pains patient,  
And ever to desiren freshly new  
To serven, and to ben aye like diligent,  
And with good herte all hooly your talent  
Receiven well, how sore that me smart,  
Lo this meane I, O mine owne sweet herte."

(Quod Pandarus) "Lo, here an hard request,  
And reasonable, a lady for to werne :  
Now nece mine, by Natall Joves feest.  
Were I a God, ye should sterve as yerne,  
That heren wel this man wol nothing yerne,  
But your honour, and seeme him almost sterve,  
And ben so loth to suffer him you to serve."

With that she gan her eyen on him cast  
Full easily, and full debonairely  
Avising her, and lied not too fast,  
With never a word, but saied him softly,  
"Mine honour safe, I woll well truly,  
And in such forme, as I can now devise,  
Receiven him fully to my servise."

"Beseeching him for Goddes love, that he  
Would in honour of trouth and gentillesse,  
As I well meane, eke meanen well to me :  
And mine honour with wit and businesse  
Aye kepe, and if I may doen him gladnesse  
From henceforth ywis I n'll not faine :  
Now both all hole, no lenger ye ne plaine."

"But nathelesse, this warne I you" (quod she)  
"A kinges sonne although ye be ywis,  
Ye shall no more have soverainte  
Of me in love, than right in that case is,  
Ne n'll forbear if that ye doen amis  
To wrath you, and while that ye me serve,  
Cherishen you, right after that ye deserve,"

"And shortly, dere herte and all my knight,  
Beth glad, and draweth you to lustnesse,  
And I shall truly, withall my full might  
You bitter tournen all to sweetnesse,  
If I be she that may doe you gladnesse,  
For every wo ye shall recover a blisse,"  
And him in armes tooke, and gan him kisse.

Fell Pandarus on knees, and up his eyen  
To Heaven threw, and held his hondes hie :  
"Immortall God" (quod he) "that maist not dien,  
Capide I meane, of this maist glorie,  
And Venus, thou maist maken melodie  
Withouten hond, me seemeth that in toun,  
For this miracle iche here eche bell soune."

"But ho, no more now of this mattere,  
For why? This folke woll comen up anone,  
That have the letter redde, lo, I hem here,  
But I conjure thee Cresseide, and one  
And two, thou Troilus whan thou maist gone  
That at mine house ye hen at my warning,  
For I full well shall shapen your comming."

"And easeth there your hertes right ynough,  
And let see which of you shall beare the bell  
To speak of love aright," and therewith he lough,  
"For there have I a leiser for to tell :"  
(Quod Troilus) "how long shall I here dwell  
Ere this be doen?" (quod he) "Whan thou maist rise  
This thing shall be right as you list devise."

With that Heleine and also Deiphebus  
Tho comen upward right at the staires end,  
And lord so tho gan gromen Troilus,  
His mother and his suster for to blend :  
(Quod Pandarus) "It time is that we wend,  
Take nece mine your leave at hem all three,  
And let hem speak, and commeth forth with me"

She tooke her leave at hem full thriftely,  
As she well could, and they her reverence  
Unto the full didden hartely,  
And wonder well speken in her absence  
Of her, in praising of her excellence,  
Her governance, her wit, and her manere  
Commended, that it joy was to here.

Now let her wend unto her owne place  
And tourne we unto Troilus againe,  
That gan full lightly of the letter pace,  
That Deiphebus had in the garden scine,  
And of Heleine and him he would feine  
Delivered ben, and saied, that him lest  
To slepe, and after tales have a rest.

Heleine him kist, and tooke her leave blive,  
Deiphebus eke, and home went every wight,  
And Pandarus as fast as he may drive  
To Troilus tho came, as line right,  
And on a paillet, all that glad night  
By Troilus he lay, with merry chere  
To tale, and well was hem they were yfere.

Whan every wight was voided but they two,  
And all the dores weren fast yshet,  
To tell in short, withouten words mo,  
This Pandarus, without any let  
Up rose, and on his beddes side him set,  
And gan to speken in a soher wise  
To Troilus, as I shall you devise.

"Mine alderlevest lord, and brother dere,  
God wot, and thou, that it sate me so sore,  
Whan I thee saw so languishing to here,  
For love of which thy wo woxe alway more,  
That I with all my might, and all my lore,  
Have ever sithen doen my businesse  
To bring thee to joye out of distresse.

"And have it brought to such plite as thou wost  
So that through me thou stondest now in way  
To faren well, I say it for no host,  
And wost thou why, but shame it is to say,  
For thee have I begon a gamen play,  
Which that I never doen shall eft for other,  
All tho he were a thousand fold my brother.

"That is to say, for thee am I becomen,  
Betwixen game and earnest such a meane,  
As maken women unto men to comen,  
All say I nat, thou wost well what I meane,  
For thee have I my nece, of vices cleane,  
So fully made thy gentillesse trist,  
That all shall ben right as thy selfe list.

"But God, that all woteth, take I to witnesse,  
That never I this for covetise wrought,  
But only for to abredge that distresse,  
For which welnie thou didest, as me thought :  
But good brother do now as thee ought,  
For Godes love, and kepe her out of blame,  
Sins thou art wise, and save alway her name.

"For well thou wost, the name as yet of her  
Emongs the people as (who saith) halowed is.  
For that man is unbore I dare well swere,  
That ever wist that she did amis,  
But wo is me, that I that cause all this  
May thinke that she is my nece dere,  
And I hir eme, and traitour eke yfere.

"And wer it wist, that I through mine engine  
Had in mine nece yput this fantasie  
To doen thy lust, and hooly to be thine :  
Why all the world would upon it erie,  
And say, that I the worste trecherie  
Did in this case, that ever was begon,  
And she fordone, and thou right nought ywon.

"Wherefore ere I will further gone or paas,  
Yet eft I thee beseech, and fully say,  
That privete go with us in this caas,  
That is to saine, that thou us never wray,  
And be not wroth, though I thee ofte pray,  
To holden secree such an high mattere,  
For skilfull is, thou wost well, my priere.

"And thinke what wo there hath betid ere this  
For making of avauntes, as men rede,  
And what mischaunce in this world yet is  
Fro day to day, right for that wicked dede,  
For which these wise clerkes that ben dede  
Have ever this proverbod to us young,  
That the first vertue is to kepe the tounge.

"And nere it that I wilne as now abredge  
Diffusion of speech, I could almost  
A thousand old stories thee alledge  
Of women lost, through false and fooles bost,  
Proverbes canst thy selfe enow, and wost  
Ayenst that vice for to been a blabbe,  
All saied men sooth, as often as they gabbe.

"O tongue alas, so often here beforme  
Hast thou made many a lady bright of hew,  
Saied "Welaway the day that I was borne,"  
And many a maidens sorrow for to new,  
And for the more part all is untrew  
That men of yelp, and it were brought to preve,  
Of kind, none avauntour is to leve.

"Avauntour and a lier, all is one,  
As thus : I pose a woman graunt me  
Her love, and saieith that other wolle she none,  
And I am sworne to holden it secree,  
And after I tell it two or three,  
Ywis I am a vauntour at the lest,  
And lie eke, for I breake my behest.

"Now looke than if they be not to blame,  
Such manner folk, what shall I clepe hem, what,  
That hem avaunt of women, and by name,  
That yet behight hem never this ne that,  
Ne know hem no more than mine old hat,  
No wonder is, so God me sende hele,  
Though women dreden with us men to dele.

"I say not this for no of mistrust of you,  
Ne for no wise men, but for fooles nice,  
And for the harme that in the world is now,  
As well for folie oft, as for mallice,  
For well wote I, in wise folke that vice  
No woman dredeth, if she be well avised,  
For wise been by fooles harme chastised.

"But now to purpose, leve brother dere,  
Have all this thing that I have saied in mind,  
And keep thee close, and be now of good chere  
For all thy daies thou shalt me true find,  
I shall thy processe set in such a kind,  
And God toforme, that it shall thee suffice,  
For it shall be right as thou wolt devise.

"For well I wote, thou meanest well parde,  
Therefore I dare this fully undertake,  
Thou wost eke what thy lady graunted thee,  
And day is set the charters to make,  
Have now good night, I may no longer wake,  
And bid for me, sith thou art now in blisse,  
That God me sende death, or some lisse."

Who might tellen halfe the joy or feste  
Which that the soule of Troilus tho felt,  
Hearing theeffect of Pandarus behest :  
His old wo, that made his herte to swelt,  
Gan tho for joy wasten, and to melt,  
And all the riches of his sighes sore  
At ones fled, he felt of hem no more.

But right so as these holtes and these hayis  
That han in winter dead ben and dry,  
Revesten him in grene, whan that May is,  
Whan every lusty beste listeth to pley,  
Right in that selfe wise, sooth for to sey,  
Woxe suddainly his herte full of joy,  
That gladder was there never man in Troy.

And gan his looke on Pandarus up cast  
Full soberly, and friendly on to see,  
And saied, "Friend, in Aprill the last,  
As well thou wost, if it remember thee,  
How nigh the death for wo thou founde me,  
And how thou diddest all thy businesse  
To know of me the cause of my distresse.

"Thou wost how long I it forbare to say  
To thee, that art the man that I best trist,  
And perill none was it to thee to bewray,  
That wist I well: but tell me if thee list,  
Sith I so loth was that thy selfe it wist,  
How durst I mo tellen of this matere?  
That quake now, and no wight may us here.

"But nathelesse, by that God I thee swere,  
That as him list may all the world governe,  
And if I lye, Achilles with his spere  
Mine herte cleave, all were my life eterne,  
As I am mortall, if I late or yerne  
Would it bewray, or durst or should conne,  
For all the good that God made under sonne.

"That rather die I would, and determine  
As thinketh me now, stocked in prison,  
In wretchednesse, in filth, and in vermine,  
Captive to cruell king Agamemnon:  
And this in all the temples of this toun,  
Upon the Godes all, I wold thee swere  
To morow day, if that thee liketh here.

"And that thou hast so much ydoen for me,  
That I ne may it nevermore deserve,  
This know I well, all might I now for thee  
A thousand times on a morow sterve,  
I can no more, but that I wold thee serve  
Right as thy slave, whether so thou wend,  
For evermore, unto my lives end.

"But here with all mine herte I thee beseech,  
That never in me thou deme such folly  
As I shall saine: me thought by thy speech,  
That this which thou me dost for companie,  
I should wenen it were a baudrie,  
I am not wood, all if I leude be,  
It is not so, that wote I well perde.

"But he that goeth for gold, or for richesse,  
On such messages, call him what ye list,  
And this that thou dost, call it gentlenesse,  
Compassion, and fellowship, and trist,  
Depart it so, for wide where is wist  
How that there is diversitie required  
Betwixen thinges like, as I have lered.

"And that thou know I thinke not me wene,  
That this service a shame be or jape,  
I have my faire sister Poxelene,  
Cassandra, Helein, or any of the frape,  
Be she never so faire, or well yshape,  
Tell me which the thou wilt of everychone  
To have for thine, and let me than alone.

"But sith that thou hast done me this service,  
My life to save, and for none hope of mede:  
So for the love of God, this great emprise  
Performe it out, now is the most nede  
For high and low, withouten any drede,  
I wold alway thine hestes all kepe,  
Have now good night, and let us both slepe."

Thus held hem ech of other well apaid,  
That all the world ne might it bet amend,  
And on the morrow when they were arried,  
Ech to his owne needs gan to entend:  
But Troilus, though as the fire he brend,  
For sharpe desire of hope, and of plensaunce,  
He not forgate his good governaunce.

But in himself, with manhood gan re-strain  
Ech rakell deed, and ech unbridled cheere,  
That all that liven soothe for to saine,  
Ne should have wist by word or by manere  
What that he ment, as touching this matere,  
From every wight, as ferre as is the cloud,  
He was so wise, and well dissimulen coud.

And all the while which that I now devise,  
This was his lue, with all his full might:  
By day he was in Martes high servise,  
That is to saine, in a mes as a knight,  
And for the more part all the long night,  
He lay and thought how that he might serve  
His lady best, her thanke for to deserve,

N'll I not sweare, although he lay soft,  
That in his thought n'as somewhat de-cased,  
Ne that he tourned on his pillowes oft,  
And woud of that him missed have ben eased,  
But in such case men be nat alway pleased,  
For naught I wote, no more than was he,  
That can I deeme of possiblite.

But certaine is, to purpose for to go,  
That in this while, as writen is in geste,  
He saw his lady sometime, and also  
She with him spake, wian that she durst and leste,  
And by hir both avise, as was the best,  
Appointed full waresly in this need,  
So as they durst, how they would proceed,

But it was spoken in so short a wise,  
In such awate alway, and in such feare,  
Least any wight divinen or devise  
Woud of hem two, or to it lay an care,  
That all this world so lefe to hem ne were,  
As that Cupide woud hem his grace send,  
To maken of her speech right an end.

But thilke little that they spake or wrought,  
His wise ghost toke aye of all such hede,  
It seemed her he wiste what she thought,  
Withouten word, so that it was no nede  
To bid him aught to doen, or aught forbode,  
For which she thought that love, all come it late  
Of all joy had opened her the yate.

And shortly of this processe for to pace,  
So well his werke and wordes he beset,  
That he so full stood in his ladies grace,  
That twenty thousand times ere she let,  
She thonked God she ever with him met,  
So could he him governe in such servise,  
That all the world ne might it bet devise.

For she found him so discreet in all,  
So secret, and of such obeisaunce,  
That well she felt he was to her a wall  
Of steel, and shield of every displeasaunce,  
That to been in his good governaunce,  
So wise he was, she was no more aferd,  
I meane as ferre as aught ben required



And Pandarus to quicke alway the fire,  
Was ever ylike preest and diligent,  
To ease his friend was set all his desire,  
He shone aye on, he to and fro was sent,  
He letters bare, whan Troilus was absent,  
That never man, as in his friendes nede,  
Ne bare him bet than he, withouten drede.

But now peraventure some man waiten would  
That every word, or sond, look, or chere  
Of Troilus, that I rehearce should,  
In all this while, unto his lady dere,  
I trow it were a long thing for to here,  
Or of what wight that stant in such disjoint  
His wordes all, or every looke to point.

Forsooth I have not herd it done ere this,  
In story none, ne no man here I wene,  
And though I would, I could not ywis,  
For there was some epistle hem betwene,  
That would (as sauth mine autor) wel contene  
Nie half this boke, of which him list not write,  
How should I than a line of it endite ?

But to the great effect, than say I thus,  
That stonden in concord and in quiete  
This ilke two, Creseide and Troilus,  
As I have told, and in this time swete,  
Save onely often might they not mete,  
Ne leisure have, hir speches to fulfill,  
That it befell right as I shall you tell,

That Pandarus, that ever did his might,  
Right for the fine that I shall speake of here,  
As for to bringen to his house some night  
His faire nece, and Troilus yfere,  
Where as at leiser all this high matere  
Touching hir love were at the full up bounde,  
Had out of doubt a time to it found.

For he with great deliberation  
Had every thing that therto might availe  
Forne cast, and put in execution,  
And nether left for cost ne for travaile,  
Come if hem liste, hem should nothing faile,  
And for to ben in aught aspiet there,  
That wist he well an impossible were.

Dredelesse it clere was in the wind  
Of every pie, and every lot game,  
Now all is well, for all the world is blind  
In this matter, both fremeed and tame,  
This timber is all ready up to frame,  
Us lacketh naught, but that we weten would  
A certaine houre, in which she comen should.

And Troilus, that all this purveyaunce  
Knew at the full, and waited on it aye,  
And hereupon eke made great ordinaunce,  
And found his cause, and therewith his arraye,  
If that he were missed night or day,  
They thought there while he was about this servise,  
That he was gone to done his sacrifice,

And mu-t at such a temple alone wake,  
Answered of Apollo for to be,  
And first to sene the holy laurer quake,  
Er that Apollo spake out of the tree,  
To tellen him next whan Greeks should fle,  
And forthy let him no man, God forbede,  
But pray Apollo helpe in this nede.

Now is therelittel more for to done,  
But Pandare up, and shortly for to saine,  
Right sone upon the chaunging of the Mone,  
Whan lightlesse is the world a night or twaine,  
And that the welkin shope him for to raine,  
He streight a morrow unto his nece went,  
Ye have well herde the fine of his entent.

Whan he was comen, he gan anon to play,  
As he was wont, and of himselfe to jape,  
And finally he swore, and gan her say,  
By this and that, she should him not escape,  
No lenger done him after her to gape :  
But certainly, she must, by her leve,  
Come soupen in his house with him at eve.

At which she lough, and gan her first excuse,  
And said : " It raineth : lo, how should I gone,"  
" Let be," (quod he) " ne stonde not thus to muse,  
This mote be don, ye shal come there anone,"  
So at the last, hereof they fell at one :  
Or eles fast he swore her in her eere,  
He nolde never comen there she were.

Sone after this, she to him gan rowne,  
And asked him if Troilus were there,  
He swore her nay, for he was out of towne :  
And said, " Nece, I suppose that he were there,  
You durst never thereof have the more fere ?  
For rather than men might him there aspie,  
Me were lever a thousand folde to die."

Naught list mine auctour fully to declare,  
What that she thought, whan as he said so,  
That Troilus was out of towne yfare,  
And if he said thereof soth or no,  
But that withouten awaite with him to go,  
She graunted him, sith he her that besought,  
And as his nece obeyed as her ought.

But nathelesse, yet gan she him besech,  
(Although with him to gone it was no fere)  
For to beware of gofisshe peoples spech,  
That dremen thinges, which that never were,  
And wel avise him whom he brought there :  
And said him, " Eme, sens I must on you trist,  
Loke al be wel, and do now as you list."

He swore her this by stockes and by stones,  
And by the Goddes that in Heven dwell,  
Or eles were him lever soule and bones,  
With Pluto king, as depe ben in Hell  
As Tantalus : what should I more tell ?  
When al was well, he rose and toke his leve,  
And she to souper came whan it was eve.

With a certaine number of her own men,  
And with her faire nece Antigone,  
And other of her women nine or ten,  
But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye ?  
But Troilus, that stode and might it see  
Throughout a litel window in a stewe,  
Ther he beset, sith midnight, was in mewe,

Unwist of every wight, but of Pandare.  
But to the point, now whan that she was come,  
With al joy, and al her friendes in fare,  
Here eme anon in armes hath her nome,  
And than to the souper al and some,  
Whan as time was, full softe they hem set,  
God wot there was no deinte ferre to fet.

And after souper gonnen they to rise,  
At ease well, with herte full fresh and glade,  
And wel was him that coude best devise  
To liken her, or that her laughen made,  
He songe, she plaide, he told a tale of Waile :  
But at the last, as every thing hath end,  
She toke her leave, and nedes would thence wend.

But O Fortune, executrice of wierdes,  
O influences of these hevens hie,  
Soth is, that under God ye ben our hierdes,  
Though to us beestes ben the causes why :  
This mene I now, for she gan homeward hie ;  
But executre was all beside hir leve,  
At the goddes wil, for which she must bleve.

The bente Mone with her hornes all pale,  
Saturnus and Jove, in Cancro joyned were,  
That such a raine from Heven gan availe,  
That every maner woman that was there,  
Had of that smoky raine a very feere :  
At which Pandare tho lough, and said thenne,  
“ Now were it time a lady to go henne.

“ But good nece, if I might ever please  
You any thing, than pray I you,” (quod he)  
“ To don mine herte as now so great an ease,  
As for to dwell here al this night with me,  
For why ? this is your owne house parde :  
For by my trouthe, I say it nat in game,  
To wende as now, it were to me a shame.”

Creseide, which that could as much good  
As halfe a world, toke hede of his praire,  
And sens it rained, and al was in a flode,  
She thought, “ As good chepe may I dwel here  
As I graunt it gladly with a frendes chere,  
And I ve a thonk, as grutch and than abide,  
For ho. to go it may nat well betide.”

“ I wol,” (quod she) “ mine uncle lief and dere,  
Sens that you ist, it skill is to be so,  
I am right glad with you to dwellen here,  
I said but agame that I would go.”  
“ Ywis graunt mercy nece,” (quod he) “ tho.  
Were it agame or no, sothe to tell,  
Now am I glad, sens that you list to dwel.”

Thus al is wel, but tho began aright  
The newe joy, and al the fest againe,  
But Pandarus, if goodly had he might,  
He would have hied her to bedde full faine,  
And said, “ O Lord, this is an huge raine,  
This were a wether for to slepen in,  
And that I rede us soone to begin.

“ And nece, wote ye where I woll you lay,  
For that we shul not ligen ferre a sonder,  
And for ye neither shullen, dare I say,  
Here noise of raine, ne yet of thonder ?  
By God right in my closet yonder,  
And I wol in that utter house alone,  
Ben wardain of your women everichone.

“ And in this middle chambre that ye se,  
Shal your women slepen, wel and soft,  
And there I said, shal your selven be :  
And if ye ligen wel to night, come oft,  
And careth not what wether is aloft.  
The wine anone, and whan so you lest,  
Go we to slepe, I trowe it be the best.”

There n'is no more, but hereafter sone  
They voide, dronke, and travers draw anone,  
Gan every wight that hath nought to done  
More in the place, out of the chambre gone,  
And ever more so stereliche it rone,  
And blwe therwith so wonderliche loude,  
That wel nigh no man heren other coude.

Tho Pandarus her eme, right as him ought  
With women, such as were her most about,  
Ful glad unto her beddes side her brought,  
And toke his leave, and gan ful lowe lout,  
And said, “ Here at this closet dore without,  
Right overthwart, your women ligen all,  
That whom ye list of hem, ye may sone call.

Lo, whan that she was in the closet laid,  
And al her women forth by ordinance,  
A bedde weren, there as I have said,  
There n'as no more to skippen nor to prounce,  
But boden go to bedde with mischaunce,  
If any wight stering were any where,  
And let hem slepen, that abedde were.

But Pandarus, that wel couth eche adele,  
The old daunce, and every point therin,  
Whan that he saw that al thing was wele,  
He thought he wold upon his werke begin :  
And gan the stewe dore al soft unpin,  
As still as a stone, without longer let,  
By Troilus adoun right he him set.

And shortly to the point right for to gone,  
Of al this werke he told him worde and end,  
And said, “ Make thee redy right anone,  
For thou shalt into Heven blisse wend.”  
“ Now blisful Venus, thou me grace send,”  
(Quod Troilus) “ for never yete no dede,  
Had I er now, ne halfende the drede.”

(Quod Pandarus) “ Ne drede thee never a dele,  
For it shal be right as thou wolt desire,  
So thrive I, this night shall I make it wele,  
Or casten all the gruel in the fire.”  
“ Yet blisful Venus this night thou me enspire,”  
(Quod Troilus) “ as wis as I the serve,  
And ever bet and bet shall till I sterve.

“ And if I had, O Venus, ful of mirth,  
Aspectes badde of Mars, or of Saturne,  
Or thou combuste, or let were in my birth,  
Thy father pray, al thulke harme disturne  
Of grace, and that I glad ayen may turne:  
For love of him thou lovedst in the shawe,  
I mean Adon, that with the bore was slawe.

“ Jove eke, for the love of faire Europe,  
The which in forme of a bulle away thou fet :  
Now help, O Mars, thou with thy bloody cope  
For love of Cipria, thou me naught ne let :  
O Phebus, think when Daphne her selven shet  
Under the barke, and laurer wore for drede,  
Yet for her love, O help now at this nede.

“ Mercurie, for the love of her eke,  
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wroth,  
Now helpe, and eke Diane I the beseke,  
That this viage be nat to the loth:  
O fatall sustren, which or any cloth  
Me shapen was, my destine me sponne,  
So helpeth to this werke that is begonne.”

od Pandarus) "Thou wretched mouses herte,  
thou agast so that she will the bite?  
y do on this furred cloke on thy sherte,  
folow me, for I wol have the wite:  
bide, and let me gon before alite,"  
I with that he gan undone a trappe,  
I Troilus he brought in by the lappe.

sterne winde so loude gan for to rout  
at no wight other noise might here,  
I they that laien at the dore without,  
sikerly they slepten al yfere:  
d Pandarus, with ful sobre chere,  
th to the dore anon withouten lett/  
re as they lay, and softly it shette.

d as he came aȝen privily  
nece awoke, and asketh, "Who gooth there?"  
ly owne dere nece," (quod he) "it am I,  
wondreth not, ne have of it no fere."  
d nere he came, and said her in her eere:  
fo worde for love of God I you besech,  
; no wight arise, and here of our spech."

What, which way be ye comen? benedicite,"  
od she) "and how unwiste of hem ali?"  
fere at this secrete trap dore," (quod he)  
od tho Creseide) "Let me some wight call:"  
gh, God forbid that it should so fall,"  
od Pandarus) "that ye such foly wrought,  
they might demen thing they never er thought.

t is nat good a sleping hound to wake,  
yeve a wight a cause for to devine,  
ur women slepen al, I undertake,  
that for hem the house men might mine,  
d slepen wollen till the Sunne shine,  
d whan my tale is brought to an end,  
wist right as I came, so wol I wende.

Now nece mine, ye shul well understonde,"  
od he) "so as ye women demen all,  
at for to hold in love a man in honde,  
d him her lefe and dere herte to call,  
d maken him an howne above to call:  
nene, as love an other in this mene while,  
a doth her selfe a shame, and him a gile.

Now whereby that I tel you al this,  
wote your selfe, as wel as any wight,  
w that your love al fully graunted is  
Troilus, the worthiest wight  
o of the world, and therto trouth yplight,  
at but it were on him alone, ye nold  
n never falsen, while ye liven should.

Now stonte it thus, that sith I fro you went,  
s Troilus, right platly for to seime,  
through a gutter by a privy went,  
o my chambre come in al this reime:  
wist of every maner wight certaine,  
e of my selfe, as wisely have I joy,  
I by the faith I owe to Priam of Troy.

nd he is come in such paine and distresse,  
t but if he be al fully wood by this,  
sodainly mote fal into woodnesse,  
if God helpe: and cause why is this?  
saith him tolde is of a trende of his,  
v that ye should loven one, that hight Horast,  
sorrow of which this night shal be his last."

Creseide, which that al this wonder herde,  
Gan sodainly about her herte cold,  
And with a sighe she sorrowfully answerd,  
"Alas, I wende who so ever tales told,  
My dere herte woulde me nat have hold  
So lightly faulse: alas conceites wrong,  
What harm they done, for now live I to long.

"Horaste alas, and falsen Troilus,  
I know him not, God helpe me so," (quod she)  
"Alas, what wicked spirite told him thus,  
Now certes, eme, to morrow and I him se,  
I shal therof as full excusen me,  
As ever did woman, if him like,"  
And with that word she gan ful sore sike.

"O God," (quod she) "so worldly selinnesse  
Which clerkes callen false felicite,  
Ymedled is with many bitternesse,  
Ful anguishous, than is, God wote," (quod she)  
"Condicion of veine prosperite,  
For either joyes comen nat yfere,  
Or eles no wight hath hem alway here.

"O brotil welc of mannes joy unstable,  
With what wight so thou be, or thou who play,  
Either be wote, that thou joy art mutable,  
Or wote it nat, it mote ben one of tway:  
Now if he wot it nat, how may he say,  
That he hath very joy and silinnesse,  
That is of ignorance aie in derkenesse?

"Now if he wote that joy is transitory,  
As every joy of worldly thing mote fle,  
Than every time he that hath in memory,  
The drede of lesing, maketh him that he  
May in no parfitte sikornesse be:  
And if to lese his joy, he set a mite,  
Than semeth it, that joy is worth ful lite.

"Wherfore I wol define in this matere,  
That truely for aught I can espie,  
There is no very wele in this world here.  
But O thou wicked serpent Jalousie,  
Thou misbeloved, and envious folie,  
Why hast thou Troilus made to me untrist,  
That never yet aglite, that I wist?"

(Quod Pandarus) "Thus fallen is this caus."  
"Why uncle mine," (quod she) "who told him this,  
And why doth my dere herte thus, alas?"  
"Ye wote, ye nece mine," (quod he) "what it is,  
I hope al shal we wel, that is amis,  
For ye may quenche al this, if that you lest,  
And doeth right so, I hold it for the best."

"So shal I do to morrow, ywis," (quod she)  
"And God tofore, so that it shall suffice:"  
"To morow alas, that were faire," (quod he)  
"Nay, nay, it may nat stonden in this wise:  
For nece mine, this writen clerkes wise,  
That peril is with dretching in drawe,  
Nay soche abodes ben nat worth an hawe.

"Nece, all thing hath time I dare avow,  
For whan a chambre a fire is or an hall,  
Well more nede is, it sodainly rescow,  
Than to disputer and aske amonges all,  
How the candle in the strawe is fall:  
Ah benedicite, for al among that fare,  
The harme is done and farwel feld-fare.

"And nece mine, ne take it nat a grefe,  
If that ye suffre him al night in this wo,  
God helpe me so, ye had him never lefe,  
That dare I sain, now there is but we two,  
But wel I wote that ye wol nat so do,  
Ye ben to wise to done so great folie,  
To put his life al night in jeopardie."

"Had I him never lefe? By God I wene,  
Ye had never thing so lefe," (quod she.)  
"Now by my thrifte," (quod he) "that shall be sene,  
For sith ye make this ensample of me,  
If iche al night would him in sorow se,  
For al the treasour in the toun of Troie,  
I bidde God, I never mote have joie,

"Now loke than, if ye that ben his love,  
Should put his life al night in jeopardie,  
For thing of nought: now by that God above  
Nat onely this delay cometh of folie,  
But of malice, if that I should nat lie:  
What, platly and ye suffre him in distresse,  
Ye neither bounte done ne gentillesse."

(Quod tho Crescide) "Woll ye done o thing,  
And ye therwith shal stinte al his disease,  
Have here and here to him this blew ring,  
For there is nothing might him better plesse,  
Save I my selfe, ne more his herte apese,  
And say, my dere herte, that his sorow,  
Is causelesse, that shal he sene to morow."

"A ring," (quod he) "ye hasel wodes shaken,  
Ye nece mine, that ring must have a stone,  
That might deed men alive all maken,  
And such a ring trowe I that yee have none:  
Discrecion out of your heed is gone,  
That fele I now," (quod he) "and that is routh:  
O time ylost, wel maigest thou cursen slouth."

"Wote ye not wel that noble and his corage  
Ne soroweth nat, ne stinteth eke for lite,  
But if a foole were in a jelous rage,  
I n'old setten at his sorow a mite,  
But feste him with a fewe wordes all white,  
Another day whan that I might him find;  
But this thing stant al in another kind."

"This is so gentle and so tender of herte,  
That with his death he wol his sorrows wreke,  
For trust it well, how sore that him smart,  
He wol to you no jelous wordes speke,  
And forthy nece, er that his herte breke,  
So speke your selfe to him of this matere,  
For with a worde ye may his herte stere."

"Now have I told what peril he is in,  
And is coming unwist is to every right,  
Ne parde harme may there be none, ne sin,  
I wol my selfe be with you all this night,  
Ye know eke how it is your owne knight,  
And that by right, ye must upon him triste,  
And I al prest to fetch him whan you liste."

This accident so pitous was to here,  
And eke so like a sothe, at prime face,  
And Troilus her knight, to her so dere,  
His prive comming, and the siker place,  
That though she did him as than a grace,  
Considred all thinges as they now stood,  
No wonder is, sens he did al for good.

Crescide answerde, "As wisely God at rest  
My soule bring, as me is for him wo,  
And, eme, ywis, faine would I don the best,  
If that I grace had for to do so,  
But whether that ye dwell, or for him go,  
I am, till God me better miunde send,  
At dulcarnon, right at my wittes end."

(Quod Pandarus) "Ye, nece, wol ye here,  
Dulcarnon is called fleming of wretches,  
It semeth herd, for wretches wol nought lere,  
For very slouth, or other wilfull tetches,  
This is said by hem that be not worth two fetches,  
But ye ben wise, and that ye han on hond,  
N'is neither harde, ne skillful to withstond."

"Than, eme," (quod she) "doeth here as you list,  
But ere he come, I wol up first arise,  
And for the love of God, sens all my trist  
Is on you two, and ye beth bothe wise,  
So werkeith now, in so discrete a wise,  
That I honour may have and he plesaunce,  
For I am here, al in your governaunce."

"That is well said," (quod he) "my nece dere,  
There good thrifte on that wise gentill herte,  
But liggeth still, and taketh him right here,  
It nedeth nat no farther for him start,  
And eche of you ceseith other sorowes smart,  
For love of God, and Venus I the hery,  
For sone hope I, that we shall ben mery."

This Troilus full sone on knees him sette,  
Full sobrelly, right by her beddes heed,  
And in his beste wise his lady grette:  
But lord so she woxe sodainliche reed,  
Ne though men shoud smiten of her heed,  
She could not o word a right out bring,  
So sodainly for his sodaine coming."

But Pandarus, that so wel coulede fele  
In every thing, to play anon began,  
And said, "Neece se how this lord gan knele:  
How for your trouthe, se this gentil man:"  
And with that worde, he for a quishen ran,  
And saied, "Kneleth now while that thou lest,  
There God your hertes bring sone at rest."

Can I naught sain, for she bad him nat rise,  
If sorow it put out of remembrance,  
Or eles that she toke it in the wise  
Of duetie, as for his observance,  
But well find I, she did him this plesaunce,  
That she him kist, although she siked sore,  
And bad him sit adoun withouten more."

(Quod Pandarus) "Now woll ye well begin,  
Now doth him sitte downe, good nece dere  
Upon your beddes side, al there within,  
That ech of you the bet may other here,"  
And with that worde he drew him to the fiere,  
As toke a light, and founde his countenance,  
As for to loke upon an old romaunce."

Crescide that was Troilus lady right,  
And clere stode in a ground of sikernesse,  
All thought she her servant and her knight  
Ne should none untrouth in her gesse:  
That nathelesse, considered his distresse,  
And that love is in cause of such folie,  
Thus to him spake she of his jelousie.

"Lo, herte mine, as would the excellence  
Of love, ayenst the which that no man may,  
Ne ought eke goodly maken resistance,  
And eke bicause I felte wel and say,  
Your great trouth, and service every day:  
And that your herte al mine was, soth to saine,  
This drove me for to rewe upon your paine.

"And your goodnes have I founden alway yet,  
Of which, my dere herte, and al my knight,  
I thanke it you, as ferre as I have wit,  
Al can I nat as much as it were right,  
And I emforth my conning and my might  
Have, and aie shal, how sore that ye smert,  
Ben to you trew and hole with all mine herte.

"And dredelesse that shal be founden at preve,  
But, herte mine, what al this is to sain  
Shall well be told, so that ye nought you greve  
Though I to you right on your self complain,  
For there with meane I finally the pain,  
That halte your herte and mine in heavinesse,  
Fully to slaine, and every wrong rudesse.

"My good mine, not I, for why ne how  
That jelousie alas, that wicked wivere,  
Thus causelesse is cropen into you,  
The harme of which I would faine deliver:  
Alas, that he al hole or of him some slivere  
Should have his refute in so digne a place,  
That Jove, him some out of your herte race

"But O thou, O auctour of nature,  
Is this an honour to thy dignite,  
That folke ungitly suffren here injure,  
And who that guilty is, al quite goeth he?  
O were it leful for to plaine of the,  
That undeserved sufferest jelousie,  
O, that I would upon thee plaine and crie.

"Eke al my wo is this, that folke now usen  
To saine right thus: ye jelousie is love,  
And would a bushel of venim al excusen,  
For that a grane of love is on it shove,  
But that wote high Jove that sit above,  
If it be liker love, hate, or grame,  
And after that it ought beare his name.

"But certaine is, some maner jelousie  
Is excusable, more than some ywis,  
As whan cause is, and some such fantasie  
With pite so well expressed is,  
That it unnoth doeth or saith amis,  
But goodly drinketh up al his distresse,  
And that excuse I for the gentillesse.

"And some so full of fury is, and despite,  
That it surmounteth his repression,  
But, herte mine, ye be not in that plite,  
That thanke I God, for which your passion,  
I will nat call it but illusion  
Of haboundance of love, and besie cure,  
That doth your herte this disease endure.

"Of whiche I am sorry, but not wrothe,  
But for my devoir and your hertes rest,  
Whan so you list, by ordal or by othe,  
By sorte, or in what wise so you lest,  
For love of God, let preve it for the best,  
And if that I be gitly, do me die,  
Alas, what might I more done or seie."

With that a few bright teeres new,  
Out of her eyen fel, and thus she seid,  
"Now God thou wost, in thought ne dede untrew  
To Troilus was never yet Creseid,"  
With that her heed down in the bed she leid,  
And with the shete it wrigh, and sighed sore,  
And held her pece, nat a word spake she more.

But now help God, to quench al this sorow,  
So hope I that he shall, for he best may,  
For I have sene of a full misty morow,  
Folowen ful oft a mery somers day,  
And after winter foloweth grene May,  
Men sene all day, and reden eke in stories,  
That after sharpe shoures ben victories.

This Troilus, whan he her wordes herde,  
Have ye no care, him list nat to slepe,  
For it thought him no strokes of a yerde  
To here or see Creseide his lady wepe,  
But well he felt about his herte crepe,  
For every teare which that Creseide astert,  
The crampe of death, to straine him by the herte,

And in his minde he gan the time accurse  
That he came there, and that he was borne,  
For now is wicke tourned into worse,  
And all that labour he hath doen beforne,  
He wende it lost, he thought he nas but lorne,  
"O Pandarus," thought he, "alas, thy wile,  
Serveth of nought, so welaway the while."

And therwithall he hing adoun his hedde,  
And fell on knees, and sorowfully he sight,  
What might he sain? he felt he nas but dedde,  
For wroth was she that should his sorows light:  
But nathelesse, whan that he spoken might,  
Than said he thus, "God wote that of this game,  
Whan all is wist, than am I not to blame."

Therwith the sorow of his herte shet,  
That from his eyen fell there nat a tere,  
And every spirite his vigour in knet,  
So they astonied or oppressed were:  
The feling of sorrow, or of his fere,  
Or aught els, fledde were out of toun,  
A doune he fell all sodainly in swouns.

This was no little sorrow for to se,  
But all was husht, and Pandare up as fast,  
"O nece, peace, or we be lost" (quod he.)  
Bethe nat agast, but certain at last,  
For this or that, he into bedde him cast,  
And said, "O thefe, is this a mannes herte!"  
And off he rent all to his bare sherte.

And said "Neece, but an ye helpe us now,  
Alas, your owne Troilus is forlorne."  
"Ywis so would I, and I wist how,  
Full fain" (quod she) "alas, that I was borne.  
"Ye, nece, woll ye pullen out the thorne  
That sticketh in his herte?" (quod Pandare)  
"Say all foryeve, and stint is all this fare."

"Ye, that to me" (quod she) "full lever were  
Than all the good the Sunne about goeth;"  
And therwithall she swore him in his eare,  
"Ywis my dere herte I am not wrothe,  
Have here my trouth, and many other othe,  
Now speake to me, for it am I Creseide:"  
But all for naught, yet might he nat abreide.

Therwith his pouce, and paums of his hondes  
They gan to frote, and wete his temples twain,  
And to dcliver him fro bitter bondes,  
She oft him kist, and shortly for to sain,  
Him to rewaken she did all her pain,  
And at the last he gan his breath to drawe,  
And of his swough some after that adawe.

And gan bet minde, and reason to him take,  
But wonder sore he was abashed ywis,  
And with a sigh whan he gan bet awake  
He saied, "O mercy God, what thing is this?"  
"Why do ye with your selven thus amis?"  
(Quod the Creseide) "is this a mans game,  
What Troilus, woll ye do thus for shame?"

And therwithal her arm over him she laied,  
And all foryave, and oftime him kest.  
He thonked her, and to her spake and saied  
As fell to purpose, for his hertes rest,  
And she to that answerde him as her lest,  
And with her goodly wordes him disport  
She gan and oft his sorowes to comfort.

(Quod Pandarus) "for ought I can aspien,  
This light nor I ne serven here of naught,  
Light is nat good for sike folkes eyen,  
But for the love of God, sens ye been brought  
In this good plite, let now none hevty thought  
Been hanged in the hertes of you twey,  
And bare the candle to the chimney."

Soone after this, though it no nede were,  
Whan she soche othes as her list devise  
Had of hem take, her thought tho no fere,  
Ne cause eke none, to bid him thens rise:  
Yet lesse thing than othes may suffice,  
In many a case, for every wight I gesse,  
That loveth well, meaneth but gentilnesse.

But in effect she would wete anon,  
Of what man, and eke where, and also why  
He jalous was, sens there was cause non:  
And eke the signe that he toke it by,  
She bade him that to tell her busily,  
Or eles certain she bare him on honde,  
That this was doen of malice her to fonde.

Withouten more, shortly for to sain  
He must obey unto his ladies hest,  
And for the lasse harme he must somewhat fain,  
He saied her, whan she was at soche a fest,  
She might on him have loket at the lest,  
Not I nat what, all dere yough a rishe,  
As he that nedes must a cause out fish.

And she answerde, "Swete, all were it so  
What harme was that, sens I non evil meane?  
For by that God that bought us bothe two,  
In all maner thing is mine entent cleane:  
Soch arguments ne be nat worth a beane:  
Woll ye the childist jalous counterfete,  
Now were it worthy that ye were ybete."

Tho Troilus gan sorowfully to sike  
Lest she be wroth, him thought his herte deide,  
And saied, "Alas, upon my sorowes sike,  
Have mercy, O swete herte mine Creseide:  
And if that in the wordes that I seide,  
Be any wrong, I woll no more trespass,  
Doeth what you list, I am all in your grace."

And she answerde, "Of gilt misericorde,  
That is to saine, that I foryeve all this,  
And evermore on this night you recorde,  
And bethe well waro ye do no more amis:"  
"Nay, dere herte mine, no more" (quod he) "ywis."  
"And now" (quod she) "that I have you do smart,  
Foryeve it to me, mine owne swete herte."

This Troilus with blisse of that surprised,  
Put all in Goddes hand, as he that ment  
Nothing but well, and sodainly avised  
He her in his armes fast to him hent:  
And Pandarus, with a full good entent,  
Laied him to slepe, and saied, "If ye be wise,  
Sweveneth not now, lest more folke arise."

What might or may the sely larke say,  
Whan that the sparhawketh laith him in his fote,  
I can no more, but of these ilke tway,  
(To whom this tale sugre be or sote)  
Though I tary a yere, sometime I mote,  
After mine aunchour tellen hir gladnesse,  
As well as I have told hir hevinesse.

Creseide, which that felt her thus ytake,  
(As writen clerkes in hir bokes old)  
Right as an aspen lefe she gan to quake,  
Whan she him felt her in his armes fold:  
But Troilus all hole of cares cold,  
Gan thanken tho the blisfull goddes seven,  
Through sondry pains to bring folk to Heven.

This Troilus in armes gan her straine,  
And saied "Swete, as ever mote I gone,  
Now be ye caught, here is but we twaine,  
Now yeldeth you, for other boote is none:"  
To that Creseide answerde thus anone,  
"Ne had I er now, my swete herte dere,  
Been yolde ywis, I were now not here."

O soth is saied, that healed for to be  
As of a fever, or other great sicknesse,  
Men must drinken, as we often se,  
Full bitter drinke: and for to have gladnesse  
Men drinken of pain, and great distresse:  
I meane it here by, as for this aventure,  
That through a pain hath founden al his cure.

And now swetnesse semeth far more swete,  
That bitternesse assaied was biforne,  
For out of wo in blisse now they flete,  
Non soch they felten sens they were borne,  
Now is this bet, than both two be lorne:  
For love of God, take every woman hede,  
To werken thus, if it come to the nede.

Creseide all quite from every drede and tene,  
As she that just cause had him to trist,  
Made him soche feast, it joy was to sene,  
Whan she his trouth and clene entent wist:  
And as about a tree with many a twist  
Bitrent and writhe the swete wodbinde,  
Can eche of hem in armes other winde.

And as the newe abashed nightingale,  
That stinteth first, whan she beginneth sing,  
Whan that she hearth any heerdess tale,  
Or in the hedges any wight steering,  
And after siker doeth her voice outring:  
Right so Creseide, whan that her drede stent,  
Opened her herte, and told him her entent.

And right as he that seeth his death yshapen,  
And dien mote, in aught that he may gesse,  
And sodainly rescuous doeth hem escapen,  
And from his death is brought in sikernesse :  
For all this world, in soche present gladnesse,  
Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete :  
With worse hap God let us never mete.

Her armes smal, her streight backe and soft,  
Her sides long, fleshy, smooth, and white,  
He gan to stroke, and good thrift had full oft,  
Her snowisse throte, her brestes round and life :  
Thus in this Heaven he gan him to delite,  
And therewithall a thousand times her kist,  
That what to doen for joy unneth he wist.

Than saied he thus, " O Love, O Charite,  
Thy mother eke, Citheria the swete,  
That after thy selfe, next heried be she  
Venus I meane, the well willy planete :  
And next that, Imeneus I thee grete,  
For never man was to you goddes hold,  
As I, which ye have brought fro cares cold.

" Benigne Love, thou holy bond of thingen,  
Who so woll grace, and list thee not honouren,  
Lo, his desire woll fly withouten wingen,  
For n'oldest thou of bounte hem socouren  
That serven best, and most alway labouren,  
Yet were all lost, that dare I well sain certes,  
But if thy grace passed our desertes.

" And for thou me, that lest thanke coud deserve  
Of them that umbered been unto thy grace,  
Hast holpen, there I likely was to sterue,  
And me bestowed in so high a place,  
That thilke boundes may no blisse surpace,  
I can no more, but laude and reverence  
Be to thy bounte and thine excellence."

And therewithall Creseide anon he kist,  
Of whiche certain she felt no disease,  
And thus saied he, " Now would God I wist,  
Minc herte swete, how I you best might please :  
What man " (quod he) " was ever thus at ease,  
As I ? On which the fairest, and the best  
That ever I seie, doineth her to rest.

" Here may men seen that mercy passeth right,  
The experience of that is felt in me,  
That am unworthy to so swete a wight,  
But herte mine, of your beniguite  
So thinke, that though I unworthy be,  
Yet mote I nede amenden in some wise,  
Right through the vertue of your his service.

" And for the love of God, my lady dere,  
Sith he hath wrought me for I shal you serve,  
As thus I meane : woll ye be my fere,  
To do me live, if that you list, or sterue :  
So teacheth me, how that I may deserve,  
Your thonk, so that I through mine ignoraunce,  
Ne doe nothing that you be displeasaunce.

" For certes, freshe and womanlike wife,  
Thus dare I say, that trouth and diligence,  
That shall ye finden in me all my life,  
Ne I woll not certain breken your defence,  
And if I doe, present or in absence,  
For love of God, let slea me with the dede,  
If that it like unto your womanhede."

" Ywis " (quod she) " mine owne hertes lust,  
My ground of ease, and al mine herte dere,  
Graunt mercy, for on that is all my trust :  
But let us fall away fro this matere,  
For it suffiseth, this that said is here,  
And at o worde, without repentance,  
Welcome my knight, my peace, my suffisaunce."

Of hir delite or joies, one of the least  
Were impossible to my wit to say,  
But judgeth ye that have been at the feast  
Of soche gladnesse, if that him list play :  
I can no more but thus, these ilke tway,  
That night betwixen drede and sikernesse,  
Felten in love the greate worthinesse.

O blisfull night, of hem so long isought,  
How blithe unto hem bothe two thou were ?  
Why ne had I soch feast with my soule ybought ?  
Ye, or but the least joy that was there ?  
Away thou foule daunger and thou fere,  
And let him in this Heaven blisse dwell,  
That is so high, that all ne can I tell.

But soth is, though I cannot tellen all,  
As can mine aucthour of his excellence,  
Yet have I saied, and God toformen shall,  
In every thing all hooly his sentence :  
And if that I, at loves reverence,  
Have any worde in eched for the best,  
Doeth therewithall right as your selven lest.

For my wordes here, and every part,  
I speake hem all under correction  
Of you that feling have in loves art,  
And put it all in your discrecion,  
To encrease or make diminicion  
Of my language, and that I you beseech,  
But now to purpose of my rather speech,

These ilke two that ben in armes laft,  
So lothe to hem a sonder gon it were,  
That eche from other wenden ben biraft,  
Or eles lo, this was her moste fere,  
That all this thing but nice dreames were,  
For which full oft eche of hem saied, " O swete,  
Clepe I you thus, or els doe I it mete."

And lord so he gan goodly on her se,  
That never his loke ne blent from her face,  
And saied, " O my dere herte, may it be  
That it be soth, that ye beene in this place ?"  
" Ye herte mine, God thanke I of his grace."  
(Quod tho Creseide) and therewithall him kist,  
That where her spirit was, for joy she n'ist.

This Troilus full often her eyen two  
Gan for to kisse, and saied : " O eyen clere,  
It weren ye that wrought me soche wo,  
Ye humble nettes of my lady dere :  
Tho there be mercy written in your chere,  
God wote the text full harde is for to find,  
How coud ye withouten bonde me bind ?"

Therwith he gan her fast in armes take,  
And well an hundred times gan he silke,  
Not such sorrowfull sighes as men make  
For wo, or eles whan that folke be sike :  
But easie sighes, soche as been to like,  
That shewed his affection within,  
Of soche maner sighes could he not blin.

Sone after this, they spake of sondry things  
As fell to purpose of this adventure,  
And playng enterchaungeden hir rings,  
Of which I can not tellen no scripture,  
But well I wot, a broche of gold and azure,  
In which a rubbie set was like an herte,  
Creseide him yave, and stacke it on his sherte.

Lord, trowe ye that a coveitous wretch,  
That blameth love, and halte of it dispite,  
That of tho pens that he can muckre and ketch  
Ever yet yave to him soche delite,  
As is in love, in o point in some plite :  
Nay doubtlesse, for al so God me save  
So parfitte joie may no nigard have.

They woll say yes, but lord so they lie,  
Tho busie wretches full of wo and drede,  
That callen love a woodnesse of follie,  
But it shall fall hem, as I shall you rede :  
They shal forgon the white and eke the rede,  
And live in wo, there God yeve hem mischaunce,  
And every lover in his trowth avauce.

As would God tho wretches that despise  
Service of love had eares also long  
As had Mida, full of covetise,  
And thereto drunken had as hotte and strong  
As Cresus did, for his affectes wronge  
To teachen hem, that they been in the vice,  
And lovers not, although they hold hem nice.

These ilke two, of whom that I you say,  
Whan that hir hertes well assured were,  
Tho gonnen they to speake and to play,  
And eke rehearcen how, whan, and where  
They knewe first, and every wo or fere  
That passed was, but all such heavynesse,  
I thonke it God, was tourned to gladnesse.

And evermore, whan that hem fell to speake  
Of any thing of soche a time agone,  
With kissing all that tale shoud breake,  
And fallen into a new joy anone,  
And didden all hir might, sens they were one  
For to recoveren blisse, and been at ease,  
And praised wo with joyes counterpaise.

Reason woll not that I speake of slepe,  
For it accordeth not to my mattere,  
God wote they toke of it full little kepe,  
But lest this night that was to hem so dere  
Ne should in vaine escape in no manere,  
It was biset in joy and businesse,  
Of all that souneth unto gentilnesse.

But whan the cock, commune astrologer,  
Gan on his brest to beate, and after crowe,  
And Lucifer, the daies messanger,  
Gan to rise, and out his beames throwe,  
And estward rose, to him that could it know,  
Fortuna maior, than anone Creseide  
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seide :

" Mine hertes life, my trust, all my pleasaunce,  
That I was borne alas, that me is wo,  
That day of us mote make discoveurance,  
For time it is to rise, and hence go,  
Or eles I am lost for ever mo :  
O night alas, why n'ilt thou over us hove,  
As long as whan Almena lay by Jove.

" O blacke night, as folke in boke rode,  
That shapen art by God, this world to hide  
At certain times, with thy derke wede,  
That under that men might in rest abide,  
Wel oughten beasts to plain, and folke to chide  
That there as day with labor would us brest  
That thou thus fieth, and deinst us not rest.

" Thou doest alas, to shortly thine office,  
Thou rale night, there God maker of kinde,  
Thee for thine hast, and thine unkind vice,  
So fast aie to our hemisperie binde,  
That nevermore under the ground thou wind,  
For now for thou so highest out of Troie,  
Have I forgone thus hastily my joie."

This Troilus, that with the wordes felt,  
As thought him tho, for pitous distresse  
The bloodie teares from his herte melt,  
As he that yet never soche hevynesse,  
Assaid had, out of so great gladnesse,  
Gan therewithall Creseide his lady dere  
In armes strain, and hold in lovely manere.

" O cruell day, accuser of the joy  
That night and love have stole, and fast ywrien,  
Accused be thy coming into Troie,  
For every bowre hath one of thy bright eyen :  
Envious day, what list thee so to spien,  
What hast thou lost, why seekest thou this place ?  
There God thy light so quench for his grace.

" Alas, what have these lovers thee agilt ?  
Dispitous day, thine be the paine of Hell,  
For many a lover hast thou slain, and wilt,  
Thy poring in woll no where let hem dwell :  
What proffrest thou thy light here for to sell ?  
Go sell it hem that smale seales grave,  
We woll thee not, us nedeth no day have."

And eke the sonne Titan gan he chide,  
And said, " O foole, well may men thee dispise,  
That hast all night the dawning by thy side,  
And sufferest her so sone up fro thee rise,  
For to disease us lovers in this wise :  
What hold your bed there, thou and thy morow,  
I bid God so yeve you bothe sorow."

Therwith ful sore he sighed, and thus he seide  
" My lady right, and of my weale or wo  
The well and roote, O goodly mine Creseide,  
And shall I rise alas, and shall I so ?  
Now fele I that mine herte mote a two ;  
And how should I my life an houre save,  
Sens that with you is all the life I have ?

" What shall I doen ? For certes I n'ot how  
Ne whan alas, I shall the time see  
That in this plite I may been eft with you,  
And of my life God wote how shall that be,  
Sens that desire right now so biteth me,  
That I am dedde anon, but I retourne,  
How should I long alas, fro you sojourne ?

" But nathelesse, mine owne lady bright,  
Were it so that I wist utterly,  
That your humble servaunt and your knight  
Were in your herte yset so fermely,  
As ye in mine : the which truly  
Me leaver were than these worlds twaine,  
Yet should I bet endure all my paine."



To that Creseide answerde right anon,  
And with a sigh she said, "O herte dere,  
The game ywis so ferforth now is gon,  
The first shal Phebus fallen from the sphere,  
And everiche egle been the doves fere,  
And every rocke out of his place sterte,  
Er Troilus go out of Creseides herte.

"Ye been so depe within mine herte grave,  
That tho I would it turn out of my thought,  
As wisely veray God my soule save,  
To dien in the pain, I could nought:  
And for the love of God, that us hath wrought,  
Let in your brain none other fantastic  
So crepen, that it cause me to die.

"And that ye me would have as fast in mind,  
As I have you, that would I you beseech:  
And if I wist sothly that to find  
God might not apoint my joies to ech.  
But herte mine, withouten more spech,  
Beth to me true, or else were it routh,  
For I am thine, by God and by my trowth.

"Beth glad forthy, and live in sikernesse,  
Thus said I never er this, ne shall to mo,  
And if to you it were a great gladnesse,  
To tourne ayen sone after that ye go,  
As faine would I as ye, it were so,  
As wisely God mine herte bring to reste:"  
And him in armes toke, and ofte keste.

Ayent his will, sithe it mote nedes bee,  
This Troilus up rose and fast him cled,  
And in his armes toke his ladie free,  
An hundred times, and on his way him sped,  
And with soche wordes, as his herte bled,  
He said: "Fare well my dere herte swete,  
That God us graunt sound and sone to mete."

To which no word for sorow she answerd,  
So sore gan his parting her distraint,  
And Troilus unto his paleis ferd,  
As wo begon as she was soth to sain,  
So hard him wrong of sharp desire the pain,  
For to been eft there he was in pleasaunce,  
That it may never out of his remembrance,

Retourned to his roiall paleis sone,  
He soft unto his hedde gan for to sinke  
To slepe long, as he was wont to doen,  
But all for naught, he may well ligge and winke,  
But slepe may there none in his herte sinke,  
Thinking how she, for whom desire him breed,  
A thousand folde was worth more than he wend.

And in his thought, gan up and down to wind  
Her wordes all, and every countenaunce,  
And fermely impressen in his mind  
The lest pointe that to him was pleasaunce,  
And verely of thilke remembrance,  
Desire al newe him brende, and lust to brede,  
Gan more than erst, and yet toke he none hede.

Creseide also, right in the same wise,  
Of Troilus gan in her herte shet  
His worthinesse, his lust, his dedes wise,  
His gentilnesse, and how she with him met;  
Thinking love, he so well her beset,  
Desiring oft to have her herte dere,  
In soche a place as she durst make him chere.

Pandare a morow, which that comen was  
Unto his nece, gan her faire to grete,  
And said, "All this night so rained it alas,  
That all my drede is, that ye, nece swete,  
Have little leiser had to slepe and mete:  
Al this night" (quod he) "hath rain so do me wake,  
That some of us I trowe hir heddes ake,"

And nere he came and said, "How stant it now  
This merie morow, nece, how can ye fare?"  
Creseide answerde, "Never the bet for you,  
Foxe that ye been, God yeve your herte care,  
God helpe me so, ye caused all this fare,  
Trowe I," (quod she) "for all your wordes white,  
O who so seeth you, knoweth you full lite."

With that she gan her face for to wrie,  
With the shete, and woxe for shame all redde,  
And Pandarus gan under for to prie,  
And said "Nece, if that I shall been dedde,  
Have here a sword, and smiteth of my hedde:"  
With that his arme all sodainly he thrist  
Under her necke, and at the last her kist.

I passe all that, which chargeth naught to say,  
What, God foryave his death, and she also  
Foryave: and with her uncle gan to play,  
For other cause was there none than so:  
But of this thing right to the effect to go,  
Whan time was, home to her house she went,  
And Pandarus hath fully his entent.

Now tourne we ayen to Troilus,  
That restelesse full long a bedde lay,  
And prively sent after Pandarus,  
To him to come in all the hast he may,  
He come anon, not ones said he nay,  
And Troilus full soberly he grete,  
And doune upon the beddes side him sete.

This Troilus with all thaffectioun  
Of friendly love, that herte may devise,  
To Pandarus on his knees fill adoun:  
And er that he would of the place arise,  
He gan him thanken on his beste wise,  
An hundred time he gan the time blesse,  
That he was born, to bring him fro distresse.

He said, "O frend of friends, the alderbest  
That ever was, the sothe for to tell,  
Thou hast in Heaven ybrought my soul at rest,  
Fro Phlegeton the fire flood of Hell,  
That though I might a thousand times sell  
Upon a day my life in thy service,  
It might not a mote in that suffice.

"The Sonne, which that all the world may se,  
Sawe never yet, my life that dare I leie,  
So joly, faire, and goodly, as is she  
Whose I am all, and shall till that I deie,  
And that I thus am hers, dare I seie,  
That thanked be the high worthinesse  
Of love, and eke thy kinde businesse.

"Thus hast thou me no little thing iyeve,  
For why to thee obliged be for aie,  
My life, and why? for through thine helpe I live  
Or els dedde had I been ago many a day:"  
And with that worde down in his bed he lay,  
And Pandarus full soberly him herde,  
Tili all was said, and than he him answerde.

"My dere frende, if I have doen for thee,  
In any case, God wote it is me lefe,  
And am as glad as man may of it be,  
God helpe me so, but take now not agrife,  
That I shall saine, beware of this mischiefe,  
That thar as now thou broght art to thy blis,  
That thou thy selfe me cause it not to mis.

"For of fortunes sharpe aduersite,  
The worst kind of infortune is this,  
A man that hath been in prosperite,  
And it remember, whan it passed is.  
Thou art wise inough, forthy, doe not amis,  
Be not to rakell, though thou sit warme,  
For if thou be, certain it woll thee harme.

"Thou art at ease, and hold thee well therin,  
For al so sure as redde is every fire,  
As great a crafte is to kepe well as win,  
Bridle alway well thy speach and thy desire,  
For worldly joy holdeth not by a wire,  
That preveth well, it brest alday so ofte,  
Forthy neede is to werken with it softe."

(Quod Troilus) "I hope, and God to forne,  
My dere frende, that I shall so me bere,  
That in my gift there shall nothing been lorne,  
Ne I nill not rakle, as for to greven here;  
It needeth not this matter often tere,  
For wistest thou mine herte wel Pandare,  
God wote of this thou wouldest lite care."

Tho gan he tell him of his glad night,  
And whereof first his herte dradde, and how,  
And saied "Frende, as I am true knight,  
And by that faith I owe to God and you,  
I had it never halfe so hote as now,  
And aie the more that desire me biteth  
To love her best, the more it me deliteth.

"I n'ot my selfe not wisely, what it is,  
But nowe I feele a new qualte,  
Ye all another than I did er this:"  
Pandare answerd and saied thus, "that he  
That ones may in Heaven blisse be,  
He feeleth other waies dare I lay,  
Than thilke time he first heard of it say."

This is a worde for all, that Troilus  
Was never ful to speke of this matere,  
And for to praisen unto Pandarus  
The bounte of his right lady dere,  
And Pandarus to thanke, and maken chere,  
This tale was aie span newe to begin,  
Til that the tale departed hem a twinne.

Soone after this, for that fortune it would,  
Ycomen was the blisfull time swete,  
That Troilus was warned, that he should,  
There he was erst, Creseide his lady mete:  
For which he felt his herte in joy flete,  
And faithfully gan all the goodes hery,  
And let see now, if that he can be mery,

And holden was the forme, and al the glise  
Of her comming, and of his also,  
As it was erst, which nedeth nought devise,  
But plainly to theeffect right for to go:  
In joy and surete Pandarus hem two  
Abedde brought, whan hem both lest,  
And thus they ben in quiet and in rest.

Naught nedeth it to you sith they ben met  
To aske at me, if that they blithe were,  
For if it erst was well, tho was it bet  
A thousand folde, this nedeth not enquire:  
A go was every sorow and every fere,  
And both ywis they had, and so they wend,  
As much joy as herte may comprehend.

This n'is na litel thing of for to sey,  
This passeth every wit for to devise,  
For eche of hem gan others lust obey,  
Felicite, which that these clerkes wise  
Commenden so, ne may no here suffice,  
This joy ne may not ywritten be with inke,  
This passeth al that herte may bethinke.

But cruel day, so welaway the stound,  
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes knew,  
For which hem thought felen dethes wound,  
So wo was hem, that chaungen gan hir lew  
And day they gonnen to dispise al new,  
Calling it traitour, envious and worse,  
And bitterly the daies light they corse.

(Quod Troilus) "Alas, now am I ware  
That Pirous, and the swifte stedes thre,  
Which that drawn forth the Sunnes chare,  
Han gon some by pathe in dispite of me,  
And maketh it so sone day to be,  
And for the Sunne him hasten thus to rise,  
Ne shall I never dou him sacrifice."

But nedes day departe hem must sone,  
And whan hir spech done was, and hir chere,  
They twin anon, as they were wont to done,  
And setten time of meting eft yfere:  
And many a night they wrought in this manere  
And thus fortune a time ladde in jole  
Creseide, and eke this kinges son of Troie.

In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singings,  
This Troilus gan all his life to lede,  
He spendeth, justeth, and maketh feestings,  
He geveth freely oft, and chaungeth wede,  
He helde about him alway out of drede  
A world of folke, as come him well of kind,  
The freshest and the best he coule find.

That such a voice was of him, and a steven,  
Throughout the world, of honour and largesse,  
That it up ronge unto the yate of Heven,  
And as in love he was in such gladnesse,  
That in his herte he demed, as I gesse,  
That there n'is lover in this world at ease,  
So wel as he, and thus gan love him please.

The goodlihed or beaute, which the kind,  
In any other lady had ysette,  
Can not the mountenance of a gnat unbind,  
About his herte, of al Crescides nette:  
He was so narow ymasked, and yknette,  
That is undon in any maner side,  
That n'il nat ben, for ought that may betide.

And by the hond full ofte he would take  
This Pandarus, and into gardin lede,  
And such a feest, and such a processe make  
Him of Creseide, and of her womanhede,  
And of her beaute, that withouten drede,  
It was an Heven his wordes for to here,  
And than he woulde sing in this manere:

"Love, that of erth and sea hadt governaunce,  
Love, that his heestes hath in Heven hie,  
Love, that with an holmes alauce,  
Halte people joyed, as him list hem gie,  
Love, that knitteth law and companie,  
And couples doth in vertue for to dwell,  
Binde this accord, that I have told and tell.

"That, that the world with faith, which that is stable,  
Diverseth so his staundes according,  
That elements that bethe discordable,  
Holden a bonde, perpetually during,  
That Phebus mote his rosy day forth bring,  
And that the Mone hatl lordship over the nights,  
Al this doeth Love, aie heried be his mights.

"That, that the sea, that greedly is to flouen,  
Constraineth to a certaine ende so  
His floodes, that so fiercely they ne growen  
To drenchen earth and all for evermo,  
And if that Love aught let his bridle go,  
All that now loveth asunder should lepe,  
And lost were all, that Love halt now to hepe.

"So would to God, that authour is of kind,  
That with his bond, Love of his vertue list  
To searchen hertes all, and fast bind,  
That from his bond no wight the wey out wist,  
And hertes cold, hem would I that hem twist,  
To maken hem love, and that list hem aie rew  
On hertes sore, and keep hem that ben trew."

In all needes for the townes werre  
He was, and aye the first in armes dight,  
And certainly, but if that bookes erre,  
Save Hector, most ydradde of any wight,  
And this encrease of hardnesse and might  
Come him of love, his ladies thanke to win,  
That altered his spirit so within.

In time of truce on hauking would he ride,  
Or els hunt bore, beare, or loun,  
The small beastes let he gon beside,  
And whan that he come riding into the toun,  
Full oft his lady from her window doun,  
As fresh as faucon, comen out of mure,  
Full redely was him goodly to salue.

And most of love and vertue was his speech,  
And in despite had all wretchednesse,  
And doubtlesse no need was him beseech  
To honouren hem that had worthinesse,  
And easen hem that weren in distresse,  
And glad was he, if any wight well forde  
That lover was, whan he it wist or herde.

For sooth to saine, he lost held every wight,  
But if he were in Loves high servise,  
I meane folke that aught it ben of right,  
And over all this, so well could he devise  
Of sentement, and in so uncouth wise  
All his array, that every lover thought,  
That al was wel, what so he said or wrought.

And though that he be come of blood roiall,  
Him list of pride at no wight for to chace,  
Benigne he was to ech in generall,  
For which he gate him thank in every place :  
Thus wolde Love, yheried by his grace,  
That pride, and ire, envie, and avarice,  
He gan to fle, and every other vice.

Thou lady bright, the daughter of Diane,  
Thy blind and winged son eke dan Cupide,  
Ye sustren nine eke, that by Helicone  
In hill Pernaso, listen for to abide,  
That ye thus ferre han deined me to gide,  
I can no more, but sens that ye woll wend,  
Ye heried ben for aye withouten end.

Through you have I said fully in my song  
Theffect and joy of Troilus servise,  
All be that there was some disease among,  
As mine anthur listeth to devise,  
My thirde booke now end I in this wise,  
And Troilus in lust and in quiete,  
Is with Creseide his owne herte swete.

EXPLICIT LIBER TERTIUS.

PROEME.

B. IV. v. 1—39

But all too little, welaway the while  
Lasteth such joy, ythanked bee Fortune,  
That seemeth truest, whan she woll begile,  
And can to fooler her songe entune,  
That she hem lent, that blent, traitor commune :  
And whan a wight is from her whele ythrow,  
Than laugheth she, and maketh him the mowe.

From Troilus she gan her bright face  
Away to writhe, and tooke of him none hede,  
And cast him clene out of his ladies grace,  
And on her whele she set up Diomedé,  
For which mine herte right now ginneth blede,  
And now my pen alas, with which I write,  
Quaketh for drede of that I must endite.

For how Creseide Troilus forsooke,  
Or at the least, how that she was unkind,  
Mote henceforth ben matter of my booke,  
As writen folk through which it is in mind,  
Alas, that they should ever cause find  
To speake her harme, and if they on her lie,  
Ywis herselfe should have the villanie.

O ye Herines, nightes daughters three,  
That endelesse complaine ever in paine,  
Megera, Alecto, and eke Tesiphonee,  
Thou cruell Mars eke, father of Quirine,  
This ilke fourth booke helpe me to fine,  
So that the loos, and love, and life yfere  
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

Ligginge in host, as I have said ere this,  
The Greekes strong, about Troy toun,  
Befell, that whan that Phebus shining is  
Upon the breast of Hercules Lion,  
That Hector, with many a bold baron,  
Cast on a day with Greekes for to fight,  
As he was wont, to greve hem what he might.

Not I how long or short it was bitwene  
This purpose, and that day they fighten ment,  
But on a day well armed bright and shehe,  
Hector and many a worship knight out went

With spears in honde, and big bowes bent,  
And in the berde withouten longer lette,  
Hir fomen in the feild anon he mette.

The longe day with speares sharpe yground,  
With arrows, dartes, swordes, and maces fell,  
They fight, and bringen horse and man to ground  
And with hir axes out the braines quell,  
But in the last shoure, sooth to tell,  
The folke of Troy hem selven so misleden,  
That with the worse at night home they fleden.

At whiche day was taken Anthenor,  
Maugre Polimidas, or Monesteo,  
Xantippe, Sarpedon, and Palestinor,  
Polite, or eke the Troyan dan Rupheo,  
And other lasse folke, as Pheuseo,  
So that for harm that day the folk of Troy  
Dreden to lese a great part of hir joy.

Of Priamus was yeve at Grekes request  
A tyme of truce, and tho they gonnent trete  
Hir prisoners to chaungen most and lest,  
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete,  
This thing anon was couth in every strete,  
Both in th'assiege, in toun, and every where,  
And with the first it came to Calcas ere.

Whan Calcas knew this tretise should hold  
In consistorie among the Greekes soone  
He gan in thringe, forth with lordes old,  
And set him there as he was wont to done,  
And with a chaunged face hem bade a boone  
For love of God, to done that reverence,  
To stinten noise, and yeve him audience.

Than said he thus, "Lo, lordes mine I was  
Troyan, as it is knowen out of drede,  
And if that you remember, I am Calcas,  
That alderfirst yave comfort to your nede,  
And tolde well howe that you should spede,  
For dredelesse through you shall in a stound  
Ben Troy ybrent, and beaten down to ground.

"And in what forme, or in what manner wise  
This toun to sbend, and all your lust atcheve,  
Ye have ere this well herde me devise:  
This know ye my lordes, as I leve,  
And for the Greekes weren me so leve,  
I came my selfe in my proper persone  
To teach in this how you was best to done.

"Having unto my treasour, ne my rent,  
Right no regard in respect of your ease,  
Thus all my good I left, and to you went,  
Wening in this you lordes for to please,  
But all that losse ne doth me no disease,  
I vouchsafe, as wisely have I joy,  
For you to lese all that I have in Troy.

"Save of a doughter that I left, alas,  
Sleeping at home, whan out of Troy I stert,  
O sterne, O cruell father that I was,  
How might I have in that so hard an herte?  
Alas, that I ne had brought her in my shert,  
For sorow of which I wol nat live to morow,  
But if ye lordes rew upon my sorow.

"For because that I saw no tyme ere now  
Her to deliver, iche holden have my pees,  
But now or never, if that it like you,  
I may her have right now doubtles:

O helpe and grace, among all this prees,  
Rew on this old catife in distresse,  
Sith I through you have all this hevinesse.

"Ye have now caught, and fettered in prison  
Troyans enow, and if your willes be,  
My child with one may have redemption,  
Now for the love of God, and of bounte,  
One of so fele alas, so yeie him me:  
What need were it this praier for to werne,  
Sith ye shull have both folk and toun as yerne.

"On perill of my life I shall nat lie,  
Apollo hath me told full faithfully,  
I have eke found by astronomie,  
By sort, and by augurie truly,  
And dare well say the tyme is fast by,  
That fire and flambe on all the toun shall sprede  
And thus shall Troy turne to ashen dede.

"For certame, Phebus and Neptunus both,  
That makeden the walles of the toun,  
Ben with the folke of Troy alway so wroth,  
That they woll bring it to confusioun  
Right in despite of king Laomedoun,  
Because he nolde paien hem hir hire,  
The toun of Troy shall ben set on fire."

Telling his tale alway this olde grey,  
Humble in his speech and looking eke,  
The salte teares from his eyen twey,  
Full faste ronnen downe by either cheke,  
So long he gan of succour hem beseke,  
That for to heale him of his sorowes sore,  
They gave him Antenor withouten more.

But who was glad enough, but Calcas tho,  
And of this thing full soone his nedes leide  
On hem that shoulde for the treatise go  
And hem for Antenor full ofte preide,  
To bringen home king Thoas and Creseide,  
And whan Priam his safegarde sent,  
Th'embassadours to Troy streight they went.

The cause I told of hir comming, the old  
Priam the king, full soone in generall,  
Let here upon his parliment hold,  
Of which th'effect rehearsen you I shall:  
Th'embassadours ben answerde for finall,  
The eschaunge of prisoners, and all this nede  
Hem liketh well, and forth in they procede.

This Troilus was present in the place,  
When asked was for Antenor Creseide,  
For which full some chaungen gan his face,  
As he that with the wordes well nigh deide,  
But nathelesse he no word to it sende,  
Lest men should his affection espie,  
With mannes herte he gan his sorowes drie.

And full of anguish and of gresly drede,  
Abode what other lords would to it sey,  
And if they would graunt, as God forbode,  
Th'eschaunge of her, than thought he thinges twey:  
First, how to save her honour, and what way  
He might best th'eschaunge of her withstand,  
Full fast he cast how all this might stond.

Love him made all prest to done her bide,  
And rather dien than she should go,  
But Reason said him on that other side,  
"Withouten assent of her do nat so,

Lest for thy werke she would be thy fo,  
And saine, that through thy meddling is yblow  
Your brother love, there it was not erst know."

For which he gan deliberen for the best,  
And though the lordes would that she went,  
He would let hem graunt what hem lest,  
And tell his lady first what that they ment,  
And whan that she had said him her entent,  
Thereafter would he worken also blive,  
Tho all the world ayen it wolde strive.

Hector, which that well the Greekes herd,  
For Antenor how they would have Creseide,  
Gan it withstond, and soberly answer :

"Sirs, she n'is no prisoner," (he seide)  
"I n'ot on you who that this charge leide,  
But on my part, ye may oftsoones hem tell,  
We usen here no women for to sell."

The noise of people up stert than atones,  
As brimme as blase of straw yset on fire,  
For infortune it would for the nones,  
They shouden hir confusoun destre : [conspire  
"Hector," (quod they) "what ghost may you  
This woman thus to shild, and done us lese  
Dan Antenore, a wrong way now ye chese.

"That is so wise, and eke so bold baroun,  
And we have need of folke, as men may see,  
He is one of the greatest of this toun :  
O Hector, lette, thy fantasies bee,  
O king Priam," (quod they) "thus segge wee,  
That all our voice is to forgoe Creseide."  
And to deliver Antenor they preide.

O Juvenall lord, true is thy sentence,  
That litte wenen folke what is to yerne,  
That they ne finden in hir desire offence,  
For cloud of errour ne lette hem discernen  
What best is, and lo, here ensample as yerne .  
These folke desiren now deliverance  
Of Antenor, that brought hem to mischaunce.

For he was after traitour to the toun  
Of Troy alas, they quitte him out to rathe,  
O nice world, so thy discretioun,  
Creseide, which that never did hem seathen,  
Shall now no lenger in her blisse bathe,  
But Antenor, he shall come home to toun,  
And she shall out, thus said hecre and houn.

For which delibered was by parlyment,  
For Antenor to yeldoun out Creseide,  
And it pronouncid by the president,  
Though that Hector may full oft praid,  
And finally, what wight that it withsaid,  
It was for naught, it must ben, and shoud,  
For substauce of the parlyment it would.

Departed out of the parlyment echone,  
This Troilus, without wordes mo,  
Unto his chamber spedde him fast alone,  
But if it were a man of his or two,  
The which he bad out faste for to go,  
Because he would slepen, as he said,  
And hastily upon his bedde him laid.

And as in winter, leaves ben biraft  
Ech after other, till trees be bare,  
So that there n'is but barke and branch ylaft,  
Lithe Troilus, biraft of ech welfare,

Ybounden in the blacke barke of care,  
Disposed wode out of his witte to breide,  
So sore him sate the chaunging of Creseide.

He rist him up, and every dore he shette,  
And window eke, and tho this sorrowfull man :  
Upon his beddes side doune him sette,  
Full like a dead image, pale and wan,  
And in his breast the heaped wo began  
Out brust, and he to worken in this wise  
In his woodnesse, as I shall you devise.

Right as the wilde bull beginneth spring  
Now here, now there, idarted to the herte,  
And of his death roreth, in complaining,  
Right so gan he about the chamber stert,  
Smiting his breast aye with his fistes smert,  
His head to the wall, his body to the ground,  
Full oft he swapt, himselfen to confound.

His eyen two for pity of his herte  
Out stremeden as swift as welles twey,  
The highe sobbes of his sorrowes smert  
His spech him reft, unnethes might he sey,  
"O death alas, why n'ilt thou do me dey ?  
Accursed be that day which that nature  
Shope me to ben a lives creature."

But after whan the fury and all the rage  
Which that his heart twist, and fast threst,  
By length of time somewhat gan assuage,  
Upon his bed he laid him down to rest,  
But tho begon his teares more out to brest,  
That wonder is the body may suffice  
To halfe this wo, which that I you devise.

Than said he thus : "Fortune alas, the while  
What have I done ? what have I thee agit !  
How mightest thou for routho me begile ?  
Is there no grace ? and shall I thus be spilt ?  
Shall thus Creseide away for that thou wilt ?  
Alas, how mightest thou in thine herte find  
To ben to me thus cruell and unkind ?

"Have I thee nat honoured all my live,  
As thou well wotest, above the Gods all !  
Why wilt thou me fro joy thus deprive ?  
O Troilus, what may men now thee call,  
But wretch of wretches, out of honour fall  
Into misery, in which I woll bewaile  
Creseide alas, till that the breath me faile.

"Alas, Fortune, if that my life injoy  
Displeased had unto thy foule envie,  
Why ne haddest thou my father king of Troy  
Biraft the life, or done my brethren die,  
Or slaine my selfe, that thus complainde and crie  
I combre world, that may of nothing serve,  
But ever dye, and never fully sterve.

"If that Creseide alone were me laft,  
Naught raught I whider thou woldest me sterve,  
And her alas, than hast thou me byraft :  
But evermore, lo, this is thy manere,  
To reve a wight that most is to him dere,  
To preve in that thy gierfull violence :  
Thus am I lost, there helpeth no defence.

"O very Lord, O Love, O God alas,  
That knowest best mine herte and al my thought  
What shal my sorrowfull life done in this caas,  
If I forgo that I so dere have bought,

Sens ye Creseide and me have fully brought  
Into your grace, and both our hertes sealed,  
How may ye suffer alas, it be repeated !

"What I may done, I shal while I may dure  
On live, in turment and in cruell paine,  
This infortune, or this disaventure,  
Alone as I was borne I woll complaine,  
Ne never woll I seeene it shine or raine,  
But end I woll as Edippe in derkenesse  
My sorrowfull life, and dien in distresse.

"O wery ghost, that errest to and fro,  
Why nilt thou flien out of the wofullest  
Body, that ever might on grounde go ?  
O soule, lurking in this wofull neste,  
Fly forthout mine herte, and let it breste,  
And follow alway Creseide thy lady dere,  
Thy right place is now no longer here.

"O wofull eien two, sens your disport  
Was all to seene Creseides eyen bright,  
What shall ye done, but for my discomfort  
Stoden for naught, and wepen out your sight,  
Sens she is quaint, that wout was you to light,  
In veine from this forth have I eyen tway  
Yformed, sens your vertue is awaye.

"O my Creseide, O lady souveraine  
Of this wofull soule that thus crieth,  
Who shall now yeven comfort to thy paine ?  
Alas, no wight, but whan mine herte dieth,  
My spirit, which that so unto you bieth,  
Receive in gree, for that shall aye you serve,  
Forthy no force is, though the body sterve.

"O ye lovers, that high upon the whole  
Ben sette of Fortune in good aventure,  
God lene that ye finded aye love of steele,  
And long mote your life in joy endure,  
But whan ye comen by my sepulture,  
Remembreth that your fellow resteth there,  
For I loved eke, though I unworthy were.

"O old unholosome and mislived man,  
Calcas I meane, alas, what eiled thee  
To ben a Greeke, sens thou art borne Trojan ?  
O Calcas, which that wolt my bane be,  
In cursed time was thou borne for me,  
As would blissfull Jove for his joy,  
That I thee had where I would in Troy."

A thousand sighes hotter than the glede,  
Out of his breast, each after other went,  
Medled with plaint new, his wo to fede,  
For which his wofull teares never stent,  
And shortly so his sorowes him to rent,  
And woxe so mate, that joy or pennaunce  
He feeleth none, but lieth in a traunce.

Pandare, which that in the parliment  
Had heard what every lord and burgess seid,  
And how full grantod was by one assent,  
For Antenor to yelden out Creseid :  
Gan well nigh wood out of his wit to breid,  
So that for wo he niste what he ment,  
But in a rage to Troilus he went.

A certaine knight, that for the time kept  
The chamber dore, undid it him anon,  
And Pandare, that full tenderly wept,  
Into the deike chamber as still as stone,

Toward the bedde gan softly to gone,  
So confuse, that he nist what to say,  
For very wo, his wit was nigh away.

And with chere and looking all to torne,  
For sorow of this, and with his armes folden,  
He stood this wofull Troilus before,  
And on his pitous face he gan beholden,  
But so oft gan his herte colden,  
Seeing his friend in wo, whose heavinesse  
His herte slough, as thought him for distresse.

This wofull wight, this Troilus that felt  
His friend Pandare ycomen him to see,  
Gan as the snow ayenst the Sunne melt,  
For which this wofull Pandare of pite  
Gan for to weepe as tenderly as he :  
And speechlesse thus ben these ilke tway,  
That neither might for sorow o word sey.

But at the last, this wofull Troilus,  
Nigh dead for smert, gan bresten out to rore,  
And with a sorrowfull noise he said thus  
Among his sobbes and his sighes sore,  
"Lo, Pandare I am dead withouten more,  
Hast thou not heard at parliament," he scide,  
"For Antenor how lost is my Creseide?"

This Pandare full dead and pale of hew,  
Full pitously answerde, and said, "Yes,  
As wisely were it false as it is trew,  
That I have heard, and wote all how it is,  
O mercy God, who would have trowed this,  
Who would have wend, that in so little a throw  
Fortune our joy would have overthrow.

"For in this world there is no creature,  
As to my dome, that ever saw ruine  
Straunger than this, through case or aventure,  
But who may all eschue or all devine,  
Such is this world, forthy I thus define :  
Ne trust no wight to find in Fortune  
Aye property, her yettes ben commune.

"But tell me this, why thou art now so mad  
To sorowen thus, why list thou in this wise,  
Sens thy desire all holy hast thou had,  
So that by right it ought inough suffice,  
But I that never felt in my servise  
A friendly chere or looking of an eie,  
Let me thus wepe and wailen till I die.

"And over all this, as thou wel wost thy selve,  
This toun is full of ladies all about,  
And to my dome, fairer than such twelve  
As ever she was, shal I finden in some rout,  
Ye one or tway, withouten any dout :  
Forthy be glade mine owne dere brother,  
If she be lost, we shall recover another.

"What God forbid alway that ech pleasance  
In o thing were, and in none other wight,  
If one can sing, another can well daunce,  
If this be goodly, she is glad and light,  
And this is faire, and that can good aright,  
Ech for his vertue holden is for dere,  
Both heroner and facon for rivere.

"And eke as writ Zansis, that was full wise.  
The new love out chaseth off the old :  
And upon new case lieth new avise,  
Thunke eke thy selve to save art thou hold.

Such fire by processe shall of kind cold,  
For sens it is but casuell pleasaunce,  
Some case shall put it out of remembrance.

"For also sure as day commeth after night,  
The newe love, labour or other wo,  
Or eles selde seeing of a wight,  
Dene old affections all overgo,  
And for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho  
To abredge with thy bitter paines smart,  
Absence of her shall drive her out of herte."

These wordes saied he for the nunes all  
To helpe his friend, least he for sorow deide,  
For doubtlesse to doen his wo to fall,  
He raught nat what unthrift that he seide :  
But Troilus that nigh for sorow deide,  
Tooke little hede of all that ever he mynt,  
One eare it heard, at the other out it went.

But at the last he answerd, and said, "Friend,  
This lechcraft, or healed thou to be,  
Were well fitting, if that I were a fiend,  
To traie a wight, that true is unto me,  
I pray God let this counsaile never ythe,  
But doe me rather sterve anon right here,  
Ere thus I doen, as thou me wouldest lere.

"She that I serve ywis, what so thou sey,  
To whom mine herte enhabite is by right,  
Shall have me holy hers, till that I dey,  
For Pandarus, sens I have trouth her hight,  
I woll nat ben untrue for no wight,  
But as her man I woll aye live and sterve,  
And never none other creature serve.

"And there thou saiest thou shalt as fair find  
As she, let be, make no comparison,  
To creature yformed here by kind,  
O leve Pandare, in conclusion,  
I woll nat been of thine opinion  
Touching all this, for which I thee beseech,  
So hold thy peace, thou sleest me with thy speech.

"Thou biddest me I should love another  
All fresly new, and let Creseide go,  
It lithe nat in my power, leve brother,  
And though I might, yet would I nat do so,  
But canst thou plaien raket to and fro,  
Nettle in doek out, now this, now that, Pandare?  
Now foule fall her for thy wo that care.

"Thou farest eke by me Pandarus,  
As he, that whan a wight is wo bigon,  
He commeth to him apace, and saith right thus,  
'Thinke not on smart, and thou shalt feele none,'  
Thou maigest me first transmenen in a stone,  
And reve me my passions all,  
Or thou so lightly doe my wo to fall.

"The death may well out of my brest depart  
The life, so long may this sorow mine :  
But fro my soule shall Creseides dart  
Out nevermore, but doune with Proserpine  
Whan I am dead, I woll won in pine,  
And there I woll eternally complain  
My wo, and how that twinned be we twain.

"Thou hast here made an argument full fine,  
How that it should lasse paine be  
Creseide to forgone, for she was mine,  
And lived in ease and in felicie :

Why gabbest thou, that saigest unto me,  
That him is wors that is fro wele ithrow,  
Than he had erst none of that wele know ?

"But tel me now, sen that thee thinketh so lig  
To chaungen so in love aye to and fro,  
Why bast thou nat doen busily thy might  
To chaungen her, that doth thee all thy wo ?  
Why nilt thou let her fro thine herte go ?  
Why nilt thou love another lady swete,  
That may thine herte setten in quiete ?

"If thou hast had in love aye yet mischance,  
And canst it not out of thine herte drive,  
I that lived in lust and in pleasaunce  
With her, as much as creature on live,  
How would I that foryet, and that so blive ?  
O where hast thou ben hid so long in mew,  
Thou canst so well and formeliche argew.

"Nay God wot, naught worth is al thy rede,  
For which, for what that ever may befall,  
Withouten wordes mo I woll ben dede :  
O Death, that ender art of sorowes all,  
Come now, sens I so oft after thee call,  
For sely is that death, sooth for to saune,  
That oft ycleped, commeth and endeth paine.

"Well wote I, while my life was in quiete,  
Ere thou me slue, I would have yeven hile,  
But now thy comming is to me so swete,  
That in this world I nothing so desire :  
O Death, sens with this sorow I am a fire,  
Thou either do me anone in tenes drench,  
Or with thy cold stroke mine herte quench.

"Sens that thou slaigest so fele in sundry wise  
Ayenst hir will, unpraiyd day and night,  
Doe me at my request this servise,  
Deliver now the world, so doest thou right,  
Of me that am the wofullest wight  
That ever was, for time is that I sterve,  
Sens in this world of right naught do I serve."

This Troilus in teares gan distill  
As licour out of allambike full fast,  
And Pandarus gan hold his tongue still,  
And to the ground his eyen downe he cast,  
But nathelesse, thus thought he at last,  
'What parde, rather than my fellow dey,  
Yet shall I somewhat more unto him sey.'

And said, "Friend, sens thou hast such distresse,  
And sens thee list mine argumentes blame,  
Why nilt thy selven helpe doen redresse,  
And with thy manhood letten all this game,  
Go ravish her, ne canst thou not for shame ?  
And either let her out of toune fare,  
Or hold her still, and leave thy nice fare.

"Art thou in Troy, and hast non hardiment  
To take a wight, whiche that loveth thee,  
And would her selven been of thine assent,  
Now is nat this a nice vanite ?  
Rise up anon, and let this weeping be,  
And sith thou art a man, for in this hour  
I woll been dead, or she shall ben our."

To this answerde him Troilus full soft,  
And saied, "Ywis, my leve brother dere,  
All this have I my selfe yet thought full oft,  
And more thing than thou devisest here,

But why this thing is left, thou shalt wel here,  
And whan thou hast me yeven audience,  
Thereafter mayst thou tell all thy sentence.

"First, sin thou wost this toun hath al this werre  
For ravishing of women so by might,  
It should not been suffred me to erre,  
As it stont now, ne done so great unright,  
I should have also blame of every wight,  
My fathers graunt if that I so withstood,  
Sens she is chaunged for the tounes good.

"I have eke thought, so it were her assent,  
To aske her of my father of his grace,  
Than thinke I, this were her accusement,  
Sens well I wot I may her nat purchase,  
For sens my father in so high a place  
As parliment, hath her eschaunge ensealed,  
He n'll for me his letter be repealed.

"Yet drede I most her herte to perturbe  
With violence, if I doe such a game,  
For if I would it openly disturbe,  
It must be disclaunder to her name,  
And me were lever die than her diffame,  
As n'old God, but I should have  
Her honour, lever than my life to save.

"Thus am I lost, for aught that I can see.  
For certaine is that I am her knight,  
I must her honour lever have than me  
In every case, as lover ought of right,  
Thus am I with desire and reason twight:  
Desire for to disturben her me redeth,  
And reason n'll not, so mine herte dredeth."

Thus weeping, that he could never cease,  
He said, "Alas, how shall I wretche fare,  
For well fele I alway my love encrease,  
And hope is lasse and lasse Pandare,  
Encreasen eke the causes of my care,  
So wclaway, why n'll mine herte brest,  
For as in love there is but little rest."

Pandare answerde, "Friend thou mayst for me  
Done as theo list, but had I it so hote,  
And thine estate, she should go with me,  
Tho all this toun cried on this thing by note,  
I n'old set at all that noise a grote,  
For whan men have cried, than wol they roun,  
Eke wonder last but nine deies never in toun.

"Devine not in reason aye so deepe,  
Ne curtesly, but helpe thy selfe anone,  
Bet is that other than thy selven wepe,  
And namely, sens ye two ben al one,  
Rise up, for by mine head she shall not gone,  
And ruther ben in blame a little yfound,  
Than sterve here as a gnat withouten wound.

"It is no shame unto you, ne no vice,  
Her to withholden, that ye loveth most,  
Peraventure she might hold thee for nice,  
To letten her go thus unto the Grekes hoste,  
Think eke Fortune, as well thy selven woste,  
Helpeth hardie man unto his emprise,  
And weiveth wretches for hir cowardise.

"And though thy lady would alite her greve,  
Thou shalt thy self thy peace hereafter make,  
But as to me certaine I cannot leve,  
That she would it as now for evill take,

Why should than for feare thine herte quake,  
Thinke how Paris hath, that is thy brother,  
A love, and why shal thou not have another?

"And Troilus, o thing I dare thee swer,  
That if Creseide, which that is thy left,  
Now loveth thee, as well as thou dost her,  
God helpe me so, she nill not take a grefe,  
Though thou do bote anon in this mischeife,  
And if she wineth fro thee for to passe,  
Than is she false, so love her well the lasse.

"Forthy, take herte, and think right as a knight,  
Through love is broken alday every law,  
Kith now somewhat thy courage and thy might,  
Have mercie on thy selfe for any awe,  
Let not this wretched wo thine herte gnawe,  
But manly set the world on sixe and seven,  
And if thou die a martir, go to Heaven.

"I woll my selfe ben with thee at this dede,  
Though I and all my kin upon a stound,  
Should in a strete, as dogs, ligen dede,  
Through girt with many a bloodie wound,  
In every case I woll a friend be found,  
And if thee listeth here sterven as a wretch,  
Adieu, the devill speede him that retch."

This Troilus gan with tho wordes quicken,  
And saied, "Friend, graunt mercie, I assent,  
But certaily, thou mayst nat so me pricken,  
Ne paine none no may me so torment,  
That for no case it is not mine entent,  
At shorte wordes, though I dien should,  
To ravishen her, but if her selfe it would."

"Why, so mean I" (quod Pandarus) "al this day  
But tell me than, hast thou her well assuid,  
That sorowest thus?" and he answerde him "Nay,"  
"Wherof art thou" (quod Pandare) "than dismayd,  
That noste not that she woll ben evill apaid  
To ravishen her, sens thou hast not ben there,  
But if that Jove told it in thine care?"

"Forthy, rise up as naught ne were, anone,  
And wash thy face, and to the king thou wend,  
Or he may wondren whider thou art gone,  
Thou must with wisdom him and other blend,  
Or upon case he may after thee send  
Or thou beware, and shortly brother dere  
Be glad, and let me werke in this matter."

"For I shall shape it so, that sikerly  
Thou shalt this night somtime in some manere  
Come speaken with thy ladie prively,  
And by her wordes eke, as by her chere,  
Thou shalt full soone aperceve and well here  
Of her entent, and in this case the best,  
And fare now well, for in this point I rest."

The swifte fame, whiche that fals thinges  
Equall reporteth, like the thinges true,  
Was throughout Troy yfled, with prest winges,  
Fro man to man, and made his tale all new,  
How Calcas daughter with her bright hew,  
At parliment without words more,  
Ygraunted was in chaunge of Antenore.

The whiche tale anon right as Creseide  
Had heard, she, which that of her father rought  
(As in this case) right naught, ne whan he doubt  
Full busily to Jupiter besought



Yeve him mischance, that this tretis brought :  
But shortly, leas these tales sooth were,  
She durst at no wight asken it for fere.

As she that had her herte and all her mind  
On Troilus yset so wonder fast,  
That al this world ne might her love unbind,  
Ne Troilus out of her herte cast,  
Sne would been his while that her life may last,  
And she thus brenneth both in love and drede,  
So that she n'ist what was best to rede.

But as men seene in toune, and all about,  
That women usen hir friends to visite,  
So to Creseide of women came a rout,  
For pitous joy, and wenden her delite,  
And with hir tales dere ynough a mite,  
These women, which that in the cite dwell,  
They set hem doune, and sayd as I shall tell.

(Quod, first that one) "I am glad truly,  
Because of you, that shall your father see,"  
Another sayd, "Ywis, so am not I,  
For all too litte hath she with us be :"  
(Quod tho the third) "I hope yws that she  
Shall bringen us the peace on every side,  
That whan she goth, almighty God her gide."

Tho wordes and tho womannish thinges  
She herd hem right as thogh she thence were :  
For God it wote, her herte on other thing is,  
Although the body sat among hem there,  
Her advertence is always els where,  
For Troilus full fast her soule sought,  
Withouten word, on him alway she thought.

These women that thus wenden her to please,  
About naught gan all hir tales spend,  
Such vanitie ne can done her none ease,  
As she that all this meane while brend  
Of other passion than they wend,  
So that she felt almost her herte die  
For wo, and werie of that companie.

For which might she no lenger restraine  
Her teares, they gan so up to well,  
That gave signes of her bitter paine,  
In which her spirit was, and must dwell,  
Remembring her from Heaven unto which Hell  
She fallen was, sens she forgo the sight  
Of Troilus, and sorrowfully she sight.

And thilke fooles, sitting her about,  
Wende that she wept and sighed sore.  
Because that she should out of the rout  
Departen, and never play with hem more.  
And they that had knowen her of yore,  
See her so wepe, and thought it was kinnesse,  
And ech of hem wept eke for her distresse.

And busily they gonnen hir to comforten  
On thing God wot, on which she litte thought,  
And with hir tales wenden her disporten,  
And to be glad they ofte her besought,  
But such an ease therwith they her wrought,  
Right as a man is eased for to fele,  
For ache of head, to clawen him on his hele.

But after all this nice vanitie,  
They took hir leve, and home they wenten all,  
Creseide full of sorrowfull pitie,  
Into her chamber up went out of the hall,

And on her bedde she gan for dead to fall,  
In purpose never thence for to rise,  
And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.

Hir ownded hair, that sonnish was of hev,  
She rent, and eke her fingers long and smale  
She wrong full oft, and bad God on her rew,  
And with the death to do bote on her bale,  
Her hewe whylom bright, that tho was pale,  
Bare witness of her wo, and her constreint :  
And thus she spake, sobbing in her complaint.

"Alas," (quod she) "out of this region,  
I woful wretch and infortunat wight,  
And borne in cursed constellatioun,  
Mote gon, and thus departen fro my knight,  
Wo worth alas, that ilke daies light,  
On which I saw him first with eyen twaine,  
That causeth me, and I him all this paine."

Therwith the teares from her eyen two  
Doun fell, as shoure in April swithe,  
Her white breast she bet, and for the wo,  
After the death she cried a thousand sithe,  
Sens he that wont her wo was for to lithe,  
She mote forgone, for which disaventure  
She held her selfe a forlost creature.

She said, "How shall he done and I also  
How should I live, if that I from him twin ?  
O dere herte eke that I love so,  
Who shall that sorow slaen, that ye ben in ?  
O Calcas, father, thine be all this sin :  
O mother mine, that cleped wert Argive,  
Wo worth that day that thou me bare on live.

"To what fine should I live and sorowen thus ?  
How should a fish withouten water dure ?  
What is Creseide worth from Troilus ?  
How should a plant or lives creature  
Live withouten his kind noriture ?  
For which full oft a by word here I sey,  
That rootlesse mote greene soone dey.

"I shal done thus, sens neither sword ne dart  
Dare I none handle, for the cruelte,  
That ilke day that I fro you depart,  
If sorow of that n'll nat my bane be,  
Than shall no meat ne drinke come in me,  
Till I my soule out of my brest unsheath,  
And thus my selven will I done to death.

"And Troilus my clothes everychone  
Shall blacke ben, in tokening, herte swete,  
That I am as out of this world gone,  
That wont was you to set in quite,  
And of mine order aye till death me mete,  
The observance ever in your absence,  
Shall sorrow ben complaint and abstinence.

"Mine herte and eke the woful ghost therein  
Bequeath I with your spirit to complaine  
Eternally, for they shall never twin,  
For though in yearth twinned be we twaine,  
Yet in the field of pitie, out of paine,  
That hight Elisos, shall we ben yfere,  
As Orpheus and Erudice his fere.

"Thus, herte mine, for Antenor alas,  
I soone shall be changed, as I wene,  
But how shull ye done in this sorowfull caas,  
How shall your tender herte this sustene ?

But herte mine, foryet this sorow and tene,  
 And me also, for soothly for to sey,  
 So ye well fare, I retche not to day."

How might it ever rodde ben or ysong  
 The plant that she made in her distresse,  
 I n'ot, but as for me my little tong  
 If I discriven would her heavynesse,  
 It should make her sorrow seeme lesse  
 Than that it was, and childishly detace  
 Her high complaint, and therefore I it pace.

Pandare, which that sent from Troilus  
 Was unto Creseide, as ye have heard devise,  
 That for the best it was recorded thus,  
 And he full glad to done him that servise,  
 Unto Creseide in a full secret wise,  
 There as she lay in tourment and in rage,  
 Came her to tell all holy his message.

And fond that she her selven gan to grete  
 Full pitously, for with her salte tores,  
 Her breast and face yhathed was full wete,  
 Her mightie tresses of her sonnish heres  
 Unbroiden, hangen all about her caros,  
 Which yave him very signe of mattire  
 Of death, which that her herte gan desire.

Whan she him saw, she gan for sorrow anon  
 Her tearie face atwixt her armes hede,  
 For which this Pandare is so wo bigon,  
 That in the hous he might unneeth abide,  
 As he that felt sorrow on every side,  
 For if Creseide had erst complained sore,  
 Tho gan she plaine a thousand times more.

And in her aspre plaint, thus she seide :  
 "Pandare, first of joies more than two  
 Was cause, causing unto me Creseide,  
 That now transmued ben in cruell wo,  
 Whether shall I say to you welcome or no ?  
 That alderfirst me brought unto servise  
 Of love alas, that endeth in such wise.

"Endeth than love in wo ? Ye or men lieth,  
 And all worldly blisse, as thinketh me,  
 The end of blisse aye sorrow it occupieth,  
 And who troweth not that it so be,  
 Let him upon me wofull wretche see,  
 That my selfe hate, and aye my birth curse,  
 Feeling alway, fro wicke I go to worse.

"Who so me seeth, he seeth sorow all atonis,  
 Paine, tourment, plaint, wo and distresse,  
 Out of my wofull body harme there none is,  
 As langour, anguish, cruell bitternesse,  
 Annoy, smart, drede, furie, and eke sicknesse,  
 I trow ywis from Heaven teares raine,  
 For pitie of my aspre and cruell paine."

"And thou my suster, full of discomfourt,"  
 (Quod Pandarus) "what thinkest thou to do ?  
 Why ne hast thou to thy selven some resort ?  
 Why wilt thou thus thy selfe alas fordo ?  
 Leave all this werke, and take now heed to  
 That I shall saine, and herken of good entent  
 This message, that by me Troilus you sent."

Tourned her tho Creseide a wo making,  
 So great, that hit a death was for to see,  
 "Alas," (quod she) "what wordes may ye bring,  
 What wold my dere herte saine to mee,

Which that I drede nevermore to see,  
 Wold he have plaint or teares ere I wend ?  
 I have ynough, if he thereafter send."

She was right such to seeme in her visage,  
 As is that wight that men on beare bind,  
 Her face like of Paradis the image,  
 Was all ychaunged in another kind,  
 The play, the laughter men were wont to find  
 On hir, and eke her joyes everichone  
 Ben fled, and thus lieth Creseide alone.

About her eyen two, a purple ring  
 Bitrent, in soothfast tokening of her paine,  
 That to behold it was a deadly thing,  
 For which Pandare might nat restraine  
 The teares from his eyen for to raine,  
 But nathelesse as he best might he seide  
 From Troilus these wordes to Creseide.

"Lo, nece, I trow ye han heard all how  
 The king with other lordes for the best,  
 Hath made eschaunge of Antenor and you,  
 That cause is of this sorow and this unrest,  
 But how this case doth Troilus mole t,  
 This may none yearlyly mannes tongue say,  
 For very wo, his wit is all away.

"For which we have so sorowed, ho and I,  
 That into little it had us both slawe,  
 But through my counsaile this day finally,  
 He somewhat is fro weeping withdrawe,  
 And seemeth me that he desureth fawe  
 With you to ben all night for to devise  
 Remedie of this, if there were any wise.

"This short and plain, theeffect of my message,  
 As ferforth as my wit can comprehend,  
 For ye that ben of tourment in such rage,  
 May to no long prologue as now entend.  
 And hereupon ye may answer him send,  
 And for the love of God my nece dere,  
 So leave this wo, or Troilus be here."

"Great is my wo," (quod she) and sighed sore,  
 As she that feeleth deadly sharpe distresse,  
 But yet to me his sorrow is nokell more,  
 That love him bet than he himselfe I gesse,  
 Alas, for me hath he such hevynesse,  
 Can he for me so pitously complaine,  
 Ywis this sorow doubleth all my paine.

"Grevous to me God wot is for to twin,"  
 (Quod she) "but yet it harder is to me,  
 To seeme that sorrow which that he is in,  
 For well wot I, it wold my bane be,  
 And die I wold in certaine tho" (quod she :)  
 "But bid him come, er deth that thus me threteth,  
 Drive out the ghost which in mine herte beteth."

These wordes said, she on her armes two  
 Fell gruffe, and gan to weepen pitously :  
 (Quod Pandarus) "Alas, why doe ye so ?  
 Sens ye well wote the time is fast by  
 That he shall come, arise up hastily,  
 That he you nat biwopen thus ne find,  
 But ye wold have him wode out of his mind.

"For wist he that ye fard in this manere,  
 He wold himselfe slen : and if I wend  
 To have this fare, he should not come here,  
 For all the good that Priam may dispand :

For to what fine he would anon pretend,  
That know I well, and forthy yet I sey,  
So leave this sorow, or plainly he woll dey.

"And shapeth you his sorow for to abredge,  
And nat encrease, lefe nece swete,  
Beth rather to him cause of plat than edge,  
And with some wisdom ye his sorrowes bete :  
What helpeth it to weepen full a strete,  
Or though ye both in salt teares dreint ?  
Bet is a time of cure aye than of pleint.

"I meane thus, whan I him hither bring,  
Sens ye be wise, and both of one assent,  
So shapeth how to distourbe your going,  
Or come ayen soone after ye be went,  
Women ben wise, in short avisement,  
And let seene how your wit shall avale,  
And what that I may helpe, it shall not faile."

"Go," (quod Crescide) "and, uncle, truely  
I shall done all my might me to restraine  
From weeping in his sight, and busily  
Him for to glad, I shall done all my paine,  
And in my herte seeken every vaine,  
If to his sore there may ben founden salve,  
It shall nat lacke certaine on mine halve."

Goth Paudarus, and Troilus he sought,  
Fill in a temple he found him all alone,  
As he that of his life no longer rought,  
But to the pitous goddes everichone,  
Full tenderly he praid, and made his mone,  
To done him soone out of the world to pace,  
For well he thoght there was none other grace.

And shortly all the soothe for to sey,  
He was so fallen in dispaire that day,  
That utterly he shope him for to dey,  
For right thus was his argument alway,  
He saied he nas but lorne, welaway,  
"For all that cometh, cometh by necessitie,  
Thus to ben lorne, it is my destinie.

"For certainly, this wote I well," he said,  
"That foresight of devine purveiance  
Had seen alway me to forgone Crescide,  
Sens God seethe every thing out of dountance  
And hem disposeth through his ordinance,  
In his merites soothly for to be,  
As they shull comen by predestine.

"But nathelesse, alas, whom shall I leve,  
For there ben grete clerkes many one,  
That destinie, through argumentes preve,  
And some saine, that nodely there is none,  
But that free choice is yeven us everychone :  
O welaway, so sigh anu clerkes old,  
That I n'ot whose opinion I may hold.

"For some men sain, that God seeth all beforne,  
Ne God may nat deceived ben parde,  
Than mote it fallen, though men had it sworn,  
That purveiance hath seene beforne to be,  
Wherefore I say, that from eterne if he  
Hath wist befor our thought eke as our dole,  
We have no free choice, as these clerkes rede.

"For other thought, nor other deed also,  
Might never been, but such as purveiance,  
Which may nat ben deceived never mo,  
Hath feled biforne, withouten ignoraunce,

For if there might ben a variaunce  
To writen out fro Goddes purveying,  
There nere no prescience of thing comming.

"But it were rather an opinion  
Uncertaine, and no stedfast foreseeing,  
And certes that were an abusion,  
That God should have no perfite clere weting  
More than we men that have doutous wening,  
But such an errour upon God to gesse,  
Were false, and foule, and wicked cursednesse.

"Eke this is an opinion of some,  
That have hir top ful high and smooth yshore,  
They saine right thus, that thing is nat to come,  
For that the prescience hath seene befor  
That it shall come, but they sain that therfore  
That it shall come, therefore the purveiance  
Wote it beforne withouten ignoraunce.

"And in this manner this necessite  
Retourneth in his part contrary againe,  
For needfully behoveth it nat to be,  
That thilke thinges fallen in certaine  
That ben purveied, but needfully as they saine  
Behoveth it that thinges which that fall,  
That they in certaine ben purveyed all.

"I meane as though I laboured me in this,  
To inquire which thing cause of which thing be,  
As whether that the prescience of God is  
The certaine cause of the necessite  
Of thinges that to comen be parde,  
Or if necessitie of thing comming,  
Be cause certaine of the purveying.

"But now ne enforce I me not in shewing,  
How the order of the causes stant, but well wot I  
That it behoveth, that the befalling  
Of thinges wiste befor certainly,  
Be necessarie, all seeme it not thereby,  
That prescience put falling necessaire  
To thing to come, all fall it foule or faire.

"For if there sit a man yond on a see,  
Than by necessitie behoveth it,  
That certes thilke opinion sooth be,  
That wenest or conjectest that he sit,  
And further over, now ayenward yet,  
Lo right so is it on the part contrarie,  
As thus, now bearken, for I woll nat tarie.

"I say, that if the opinion of thee  
Be sooth for that he sit, than say I this,  
That he mote sitten by necessitie,  
And thus necessitie in either is,  
For in him nede of siting is ywis,  
And in the nede of sooth, and thus forsoth  
There mote necessitie ben in you both.

"But thou maist saine the man sit nat therfore,  
That thine opinion of his siting sooth is,  
But rather for the man sate there befor,  
Therefore is thine opinion sooth ywis,  
And I say though the cause of sooth of this  
Cometh of his siting, yet necessitee  
Is enterchaunged both in him and in thee.

"Thus in the same wise out of dountance,  
I may well maken, as it seemeth me,  
My reasoning of Goddes purveiance,  
And of the thinges that to comen be,

By whiche reason men may well ysee,  
That thilke thinges that in earth yfall,  
That by necessite they comen all.

"For although that forthing shall come ywis  
Therefore is it purveyed certainly,  
Nat that it commeth, for it purveyed is,  
Yet nathelesse behoveth it needfully,  
That thing to come be purveyed truly,  
Or else thinges that purveyed be,  
That they betiden by necessite.

"And this suffiseth right ynough certaine,  
For to destroy our free choise everydell,  
But now is this abusion to saine,  
That falling of the thinges temporell,  
Is cause of the goddes prescience eternell;  
Now truly that is a false sentence,  
That thing to com shuld cause his prescience.

"What might I wene, and I had such a thought?  
But that God purveieth thing that is to come,  
For that it is to come, and else nought:  
So might I wene, that thinges all and some,  
That whylome ben befall and overcome,  
Ben cause of thilke soveraine purveyaunce,  
That forwote all, withouten ignoraunce.

"And over all this, yet say I more thereto,  
That right as whan I wote there is a thing,  
Ywis that thing mote needfully be so,  
Eke right so, whan I wot a thing comming,  
So mote it come; and thus they befalling  
Of thinges that ben wist before the tide,  
They mowe not ben eschewed on no side."

Than said he thus, "Almighty Jove in trone,  
That wotest of all this thing the soothfastnesse,  
Rew on my sorrow and do me dien sone,  
Or bring Creseide and me fro this distresse."  
And while he was in all this heavinesse,  
Disputing with himselfe in this matere,  
Came Pandare in, and said as ye may here.

"O mighty God" (quod Pandarus) "in trone,  
Eigh, who saw ever a wise man faren so?  
Why Troilus, what thinkest thou to doue?  
Hast thou such lust to ben thine owne fo?  
What, parde, yet is nat Creseide ago,  
Why list thee so thy selfe fordore for drede,  
That in thine head thine eyen senen dede.

"Hast thou nat lived many a yere beforen  
Withouten her, and fardre full well at ease?  
Art thou for her and for none other borne.  
Hath Kind thee wrought al only her to please?  
Let be and thinke right thus in thy disease,  
That in the dice right as ther fallen chaunces,  
Right so in love there come and gon plesaunces.

"And yet this is a wonder most of all,  
Why thou thus sorowest, sith thou wost nat yet  
Touching her going, how that it shall fall,  
Ne if she can her selfe disturben it,  
Thou hast nat yet assailed all her wit;  
A man may all betime his necke hede  
Whan it shall off, and sorowen at the nede.

"Forthy, take hede of all that I shall say,  
I have with her yspoke, and long ybe,  
So as accorded was betwixe us twey,  
And evermore me thinketh thus, that she

Hath somewhat in her hertes privite,  
Wherewith she can, if I shall aright rede,  
Disturbe all this, of which thou art in drede.

"For which my counsell is, whan it is night,  
Thou to her go, and make of this an end,  
And blisfull Juno, through her great might,  
Shall (as I hope) her grace unto us send,  
Mine herte seith certaine she shall nat wend,  
And forthy, put thine herte awhile in rest,  
And hold thy purpose, for it is the best."

This Troilus answerde, and sighed sore,  
"Thou saist right well, and I will do right so,"  
And what him list, he said unto him more,  
And whan that it was time for to go,  
Full prively himselfe withouten mo  
Unto her came, as he was wont to done,  
And how they wrought, I shall you tell soone.

Sooth is, that whan they gone first to mere,  
So gan the paine hir hertes for to twist,  
That neither of hem other mighte grete,  
But hem in armes tooke, and after kist,  
The lasse wofull of hem bothe nist  
Where that he was, ne might o word outhing,  
As I said erst, for wo and for sobbing.

The wofull teares that they leten fall,  
As bitter weren out of teares kind  
For paine, as is ligne aloes, or gall,  
So bitter teares wept not as I find  
The wofull Mirra, through the barke and rind,  
That in this world there n'is so hard an heide,  
That n'olde have rewed on her paines smait.

But whan hir wofull very ghostes twaine  
Returned hen, there as hem ought to dwell,  
And that somewhat to weken gan the paine  
By length of plaint, and ebben gan the well  
Of hir teares, and the herte unswell,  
With broken voice, al horse for shright, Creseid  
To Troilus these ilke wordes seid.

"O Jove, I die, and mercy thee bescech,  
Helpe Troilus:" and therewithal her face  
Upon his brest she laid, and lost her spech,  
Her wofull sprite from his proper place  
Right with the worde away in point to pace,  
And thus she lith, with hewes pale and greue,  
That whilom fresh and fairest was to sene.

This Troilus that on her gan behold,  
Cleping her name, and she lay as for deed,  
Withouten answer, and felt her limmes cold,  
Her eien thrown upward to her leed:  
This sorowful man can now non other rede,  
But oft time her colde mouth he kist,  
Where him was wo, God and himselfe it wist.

He riseth him up, and long straitte he her leide,  
For signe of life, for aught he can or may,  
Can he none finde, in nothing of Creseide,  
For which his song full oft is "Weaway:"  
But whan he saw that spechlesse she lay,  
With sorowful voice, and herte of blisse al bare,  
He said, how she was fro this world yfare.

So after that he long had her complained,  
His hondes wrong, and said that was to sey,  
And with his teeres salt her breast betained,  
He gan tho teeres wipen off full drey,

And pitously gan for the soule prey,  
And said, "Lord, that set art in thy throne,  
Rewe eke on me, for I shall folow her sone."

She colde was, and without sentement,  
For ought he wote, for brethe felte he none,  
And this was him a preigant argument,  
That she was forth out of this world agone :  
And whan he saw there was non other wonne,  
He gan her limmes dresse, in such manere,  
As men don hem that shall ben laide on bere.

And after this, with sterne and cruel herte,  
His swerde anon out of his sheth he twight,  
Him selfe to sleen, how sore that him smart,  
So that his soule, her soule folowen might,  
There as the dome of Minos would it dight,  
Sith love and cruel fortune it ne would,  
That in this world he lenger liven should.

Than said he thus, fulfild of high disdaine,  
"O cruel Jove, and thou Fortune adverse,  
This is all and some, that falsly have ye slaine  
Creseide, and sith ye may do me ne werse,  
Fie on your might and werkes so diverse,  
Thus cowardly ye shull me never winne,  
There shall no deth me fro my lady twinne.

"For I this world, sith ye have slain her thus,  
Woll let, and folow her spiritis low or hie,  
Shal never lover saine that Troilus,  
Dare nat for feare with his lady die,  
For certaine I woll beare her companie,  
But sithe ye wol nat suffre us liven here,  
Yet suffreth that our soules ben ifere.

"And thou cite, in which I live in wo,  
And thou Priam, and brethren al ifere,  
And thou my mother, farewell, for I go,  
And Atropos make redy thou my bere :  
And thou Creseide, O swete herte dere,  
Receive now my spiritis," would he sey  
With swerde at herte, all redy for to dey.

But as God would, of swough she abraide,  
And gan to sighe, and Troilus she cride,  
And he answerde, "Lady mine Creseide,  
Live ye yet ?" and let his swerde down glide :  
"Ye herte mine, that thanked be Cupide,"  
(Quod she) and therewithal she sore sight,  
And he began to glade her as he might.

Toke her in armes two and kist her oft,  
And her to glad, he did al his entent,  
For which her gost, that filkered aie a loft,  
Into her wofull herte ayen it went :  
But at the last, as that her eye glent  
Aside, anon she gan his sworde aspie,  
As it lay bare, and gan for feare crie.

And asked him why he had it out draw,  
And Troilus anon the cause her told,  
And how himself therewith he wold have slain,  
For which Creseide upon him gan behold,  
And gan him in her armes faste fold,  
And said, "O mercy God, lo, which a dede,  
Alas, how nigh we weren bothe dede.

"Thau if I nadde spoken, as grace was,  
Ye would have slain your selfe anon ?" (quod she),  
"Ye doutlesse !" and she answerde, "Alas,  
For by that ilke lorde that made me,

I n'olde a furlong way on live have be,  
After your deth, to have ben crowned quene  
Of al the londe the Sunne on shineth shene.

"But with this selve sword, which that here is  
My selfe I would have slain" (quod she) "tho :  
But ho, for we have right inough of this,  
And let us rise and straite to bedde go :  
And there let us speken of our wo,  
For by that morder, which that I see brenne,  
Know I ful well, that day is nat farre henne."

Whan they wer in hir bed in armes fold,  
Naught was it like tho nightes here beforne,  
For pitously each other gan behold,  
As they that hadden al hir blisse yorne,  
Bewailing aie the day that they were borne,  
Til at the last, this sorrowful wight Creseide,  
To Troilus these ilke wordes seide.

"Lo, herte mine, wel wote ye this" (quod she)  
"That if a wight alway his wo complainc,  
And seketh nat how holpen for to be,  
It n'is but folie, and encrease of paine :  
And sens that here assembled be we twaine,  
To finde bote of wo that we ben in,  
It were time al sone to begin.

"I am a woman, as ful wel ye wotte,  
And as I am avised sodainly,  
So wol I tel you, while it is hotte,  
Me thinketh thus, that neyther ye nor I,  
Ought halfe this wo to maken skifully,  
For there is art inough for to redresse,  
That yet is misse, and sleen is hevinesse.

"Soth is, the wo the whiche we ben inne,  
For aught I wote, for nothing eles is,  
But for the cause that we should twinne,  
Considred al, there n'is no more amis :  
And what is than a remedy unto this ?  
But that we shape us sone for to mete,  
This al and some, my dere herte swete.

"Now that I shall wel bringen it about  
To comen ayen, sone after that I go,  
Thereof am I no maner thing in dout,  
For dredelesse, within a weke or two  
I shal ben here : and that it may be so.  
By all right, and in wordes few,  
I shal you wel an heape of waies shew.

"For which I woll nat maken long sermon,  
For time ylost may not recovered be,  
But I will go to my conclusion,  
And to the best, in aught that I can see :  
And for the love of God foryeve it me,  
If I speake aught ayenst your hertes rest,  
For truly I speke it for the best.

"Making alway a protestation,  
That now these wordes which I shal say,  
N'is but to shewe you my mocion,  
To find unto our helpe the beste way,  
And take it no otherwise I pray,  
For in effect, what so ye me commaund,  
That wol I done, for that is no demanda.

"Now herkeneth this, ye have wel understond  
My going graunted is by parlament,  
So ferforth that it may not ben withstond,  
For al this world, as by my judgement :

And sithe there helpeth none avisement,  
To letten it, lette it passe out of mind,  
And let us shape a better way to find.

"The sothe is, the twinning of us twaine,  
Wol us disease, and cruelly anoie :  
But him behoveth sometime have a paine,  
That serveth love, if that he woll have jole :  
And sith I shall no farther out of Troie  
Than I may ride ayen on halfe a morow,  
It ought lasse causen us for to sorow.

"So as I shal nat so ben hid in mew,  
That day by day, mine owne herte dere,  
Sens well ye wote that it is now a trew,  
Ye shal ful wel al mine estate here :  
And er that truce is done, I shal ben here,  
Than have ye bothe Antenor ywonne,  
And me also, bethe glad now if ye conne.

"And thinke right thus, Creseide is now agon,  
But what, she shal come lastely ayen,  
And whan alas ! by God, lo, right anon  
Er daies ten, this dare I safely saine,  
And than at erste, shal we be so faine,  
So as we shal togheters ever dwell,  
That all this world ne might our blisse tell.

"I see that oft time, there as we ben now  
That for the best, our counsaile for to hide,  
Ye speke nat with me, nor I with you  
In fourteenight, ne see you go ne ride :  
May ye nat ten daies than abide,  
For mine honour, in such aventure ?  
Ywis ye mowe, or eles lile endure.

"Ye know eke how that all my kin is here,  
But if that onely it my father be,  
And eke mine other thinges al yfere,  
And namely my dere herte ye,  
Whom that I n'olde leaven for to see,  
For all this world, as wide as it hath space,  
Or eles see I never Joves face.

"Why trowe ye my father in this wise  
Coveteth so to see me, but for drede,  
Lest in this toun that folkes me dispise,  
Bicause of him, for his unhappy dede ?  
What wote my father what lile that I lede,  
For if he wist in Troie how well I fare,  
Us neded for my wending nat to care.

"Ye see, that every day eke more and more,  
Men treate of peace, and it supposed is,  
That men the quene Heleine shall restore,  
And Grekes us restore that is mis :  
Though there ne were comfort none but this,  
That men purposen peace on every side,  
Ye may the better at ease of herte abide.

"For if that it be peace, mine herte dere,  
The nature of the peaco mote nedes drive,  
That men must entrecommune yfere,  
And to and fro eke ride and gone as blive,  
Al day as thicke as been flien from an hive,  
And every wight have liberty to bleve,  
Where as him list, the bet withouten leve.

"And tho so be that peace there may bene none,  
Yet lither, though ther never peace ne were,  
I must come, for whider should I gone,  
Or how mischaunce should I dwell there

Among tho men of armes ever in fere,  
For which, as wisely God my soule rede,  
I can nat sene wherof ye should drede.

"Have here another way, if it so be  
That all this thing ne may you not suffice,  
My father, as he known wel parde,  
Is olde, and eke full of covetise,  
And I right now have founden al the gise,  
Withouten nette, wherwith I shal him hent,  
And herkeneth now, if that ye woll assent.

"Lo, Troilus, men saine, that ful hard it is  
The wolfe ful, and the wedder hole to have,  
This is to saine, that men full oft ywis,  
Mote spenden parte, the remnant for to save :  
For aie with gold, men may the herte grave,  
Of him that set is upon covetise,  
And how I meane, I shal it you devise.

"The moveable, which that I have in this toun,  
Unto my father shall I take, and say,  
That right for trust, and for salvatioun,  
It sent is from a frende of his or tway,  
The whiche frendes fervently him pray,  
To sende after more and that in hie,  
While that this toun stant thus in jeopardie.

"And that shall be of gold an huge quantite,  
Thus shal I sain, but lest folke it aspide,  
This may be sent by no wight but by me :  
I shal eke shewen him, if peace betide,  
What frendes that I have on every side,  
Toward the court, to don the wrathe pace,  
Of Priamus, and do him stonde in grace.

"So what for o thing and for other, swete,  
I shall him so enchaunten with my sawes,  
That right in Heven hi soule is, shal he mete,  
For all Apollo, or his clerkes lawes,  
Or calculing, availeth not three hawes :  
Desire of gold shall so his soule blend,  
That as me list, I shall well make an end.

"And if he would aught by his sorte it preve,  
If that I lie, in certaine I shall fond  
To disturben him, and plucke him by the sleeve,  
Making his sorte and bearen him on hond,  
He hath nat well the goddes understand,  
For goddes speke in amphibologies,  
And for o sothe, they tellen twenty lies.

"Eke drede fond first goddes, I suppose,  
Thus shall I saine, and that his coward herte,  
Made him amis the goddes text to glose,  
Whan he for ferde out of Delphos stert :  
And but I make him sone to convert,  
And done my rede, within a day or twey,  
I wol to you oblige me to dey."

And truly, as written wel I find,  
That al this thing was said of good entent,  
And that her herte trewe was and kind  
Towardes him, and spake right as she ment,  
And that she starfe for wo nigh whan she went,  
And was in purpose ever to be trewe,  
Thus writen they that of her werkes knew.

This Troilus, with herte and eeres sprad,  
Herde all this thing devised to and fro,  
And verily it seemed that he had  
The selve witte, but yet to let her go

His herte misyave him evermo,  
But finally he gan his herte wrest,  
To trusten her, and toke it for the best.

For which the great fury of his penaunce,  
Wasqueint with hope, and therewith hem betwene  
Began for joye the amorous daunce,  
And as the birdes, whan the Sunne shene,  
Deliten in hir songe, in leves greene,  
Right so the wordes, that they spake yfere,  
Deliten hem, and made hir hertes chere.

But nathelesse, the wending of Creseide,  
For all this world may nat out of his mind,  
For which full oft he pitously her preide,  
That of her heste he might her trewe find :  
And said her, " Certes if ye be kind,  
And but ye come at date set, in Troie,  
Ne shal I never have heale, honor, ne joie.

" For al so sothe as Sunne uprist to morow,  
And God so wisely thou me woful wretch  
To reste bring, out of this cruel sorow,  
I wol my selven slee, if that ye dretch :  
But of my death though little he to retch,  
Yet er that ye me causen so to smart,  
Dwel rather here, my owne swete herte.

" For truly mine owne lady dere,  
The sleightes yet, that I have herd you stere,  
Ful shapely ben to fallen all yfere,  
For thus men saith, that one thinketh the bere,  
But al another thinketh the ledere,  
Your sire is wise, and said is out of drede,  
Men may the wise out renne, and not out rede.

" It is full harde to halten unespied  
Before a crepil, for he can the craft,  
Your father is in sleight as Argus cied,  
For al be it that his movable is him biraft,  
His olde sleight is yet so with him laft,  
Ye shal nat blende him for your womanhede  
Ne faune aright, and that is all my drede.

" I n'ot if peace shal evermo betide,  
But peace or no, for crunst ne for game,  
I wote sith Calcas on the Grekes side  
Hath ones ben, and lost so foule his name,  
Ne dare no more come here ayen for shame,  
For which that we, for ought I can espie,  
To trusten on, n'is but a fantasie.

" Ye shal eke seen your father shall you glose,  
To ben a wife, and as he can well prech,  
He shal some Greke so preise and wel alose,  
That ravishen he shal you with his spech :  
Or do you done by force, as he shal tech,  
And Troilus on whom ye n'il have routh,  
Shal causelesse so stervon in his trouth.

" And over al this your father shall dispise  
Us al, and gaine this cite is but lorne,  
And that thasseege never shall arise,  
For why? the Grekes have it al sworne,  
Til we ben slaine, and doune our walles torne,  
And thus he shall you with his wordes fere,  
That aie drede I, that ye wol bleven there.

" Ye shall eke sene so many a lusty knight,  
Among the Grekes ful of worthinesse,  
And ech of hem, with herte, wit and might  
To plesen you, done al his businesse,

That ye shall dullen of the rudenesse  
Of sely Troians, but if routhle  
Remorde you, or vertue of your trouthle.

" And this to me so grevouse is to thinke,  
That for my brest it wol my soule rende,  
Ne dredelesse, in me there may nat sinke  
O good opinion, if that ye wende,  
For why? your fathers sleight woll us shende,  
And if ye gone, as I have tolde you yore,  
So thinke I nam but deed, withouten more.

" For which with humble, true and pitous herte  
A thousand times mercy I you pray,  
So reweth on mind aspre paines smart,  
And doth somewhat, as that I shall you say :  
And let us steale away betwixt us tway,  
And thinke that foly is, whan a man may chese  
For accident, his substaunce for to lese.

" I meane thus, that sens we mowe or day  
Wel steale away, and ben together so,  
What wit were it to putten in assay,  
(In case ye shoulden to your father go)  
If that ye mighten come ayen or no :  
Thus meane I, that were a great follie  
To put that sikernes in jeopardy.

" And vulgarly to spoken of substaunce,  
Of tresour may we both with us lede,  
Ynough to live in honour and pleasaunce,  
Til unto time that we shall ben dede,  
And thus we may eschewen all this drede,  
For every other waie ye can record,  
Mine herte ywis may therewith nat acord.

" And hardely ne dredeth no poverté,  
For I have kin and frendes eles where,  
That though we comen in our bare sherte,  
Us should never lacke golde ne geere,  
But ben honoured while we dwelten there,  
And go we anone, for as in mine entent,  
This is the best, if that ye woll assent."

Creseide with a sigh, right in this wise  
Answerde, " Ywis, my dere herte trew,  
Ye may well steale away, as ye devise,  
And finden such unthriftly waies new :  
But afterward full sore it woll us rew,  
And helpe me God so at my most nede,  
As causelesse ye suffren al this drede.

" For thilke day that I for cherishing,  
Or drede of father, or for any other wight,  
Or for estate, delite, or for wedding,  
Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight,  
Saturnus daughter Juno, through her might,  
As wood as Achamante do me dwell  
Eternally with Stri in the pit of Hell.

" And this on every God celestiall  
I swere if you and eke on eche goddesse,  
On every nimphe, and deite infernall,  
On satyry and fauny more and lesse,  
That halve goddes ben of wilderness,  
And Atropos my threde of life to brest,  
If I be false, now trowe me if you lest.

" And thou Simois, that, as an arowe, clere  
Through Troy rennest, aie downward to the see,  
Be witness of this word, that said is here,  
That thilke day that I untrew be

To Troilus, mine owne herte fre,  
That thou return backwarde to thy well,  
And I with body and soule sinke to Hell.

"But that ye speake away thus for to go,  
And letten all your frendes, God forbede,  
For any woman that ye shouldest so,  
And namely, sens Troy hath now such ned-  
Of helpe, and eke of o thing taketh hed,  
If this were wist, my life lay in ballaunce,  
And your honor, God shild us fro mischaunce.

"And if so be that peace hereafter be take,  
As all day happeth after angre game,  
Why lord the sorow and wo ye wolden make,  
That ye ne durst come ayen for shame,  
And ere that ye jeoparden so your name,  
Beth nat too hasty in this hotte fare,  
For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

"What trowe ye the people eke all about  
Would of it say? it is full light to arede,  
They wolden say, and swere it out of dout,  
That love ne drave you nat to done this dede  
But lust voluptuous, and coward drede,  
Thus were all lost ywis, mine herte dere  
Your honour, whiche that now shineth clere.

"And also thinketh on mine honeste,  
That floureth yet, how foul I should it shend,  
And with what filth it spotted shulde be,  
If in this forme I should with you wend,  
Ne though I lived unto the worldes end,  
My name should I never ayenward win,  
Thus were I lost, and that were routh and sin.

"And forthy, slee with reason all this hete,  
Men sain, the suffraunt overcommeth parde,  
Eke whoso will have lefe, he lefe mote lete,  
Thus maketh vertue of necessite  
By patience, and thinke that lord is he  
Of fortune aye, that naught woll of her retch,  
And she ne daunteth no wight but a wretch.

"And trusteth this, that certes, herte swete,  
Or Phebus suster, Lucina the shene,  
The Lion passe out of this Aritee,  
I woll been here, withouten any wene,  
I meane, as helpe me Juno, Heavens quene,  
The tenth day, but if that death me assaile  
I woll you seene, withouten any faile."

"And now so this be sooth," (quod Troilus)  
"I shall well suffer unto the tenth day,  
Sens that I see that nede it mote ben thus,  
But for the love of God, if be it may,  
So let us stealen prively away:  
For ever in one, as for to live in rest,  
Mine herte saieih that it woll be the best."

"O mency God, what life is this?" (quod she)  
"Alas, ye slea me thus for very tene,  
I see well now that ye mistrusten me,  
For by your wordes it is well ysene:  
Now for the love of Cinthia the shene,  
Mistrust me nat thus causelesse for routh,  
Sens to be true I have you plight my trouth.

"And thinketh well, that sometime it is wit  
To spend a time, a time for to win,  
Ne parde lorne am I nat fro you yet,  
Though that we ben a day or two atwin:

Drive out the fantasies you within,  
And trusteth me, and leaveth eke your sorow,  
Or here my trouth, I wol nat live til morow.

"For if ye wist how sore it doth me smart,  
Ye would cesse of this, for God thou wost  
The pure spirit weepeth in mine herte  
To seen you weepen, which that I love most,  
And that I mote gone unto the Greekes host,  
Ye, nere it that I wist a remedy  
To com ayen, right here I wolde dy.

"But certes I am not so nice a wight,  
That I ne can imaginen a way  
To come ayen that day that I have hight,  
For who may holden a thing that woll away,  
My father naught, for all his queint play,  
And by my thrift, my wending out of Troy  
Another day shall tourne us all to joy.

"Forthy, with all mine herte I you beseke,  
If that you list done aught for my prayere,  
And for the love which that I love you eke,  
That ere I departs fro you here,  
That of so good a comfort and a chere  
I may you seen, that ye may bring at rest  
My herte, whiche is at point to brete.

"And over all this I pray you," (quod she tho)  
"My owne hertes soothfast suffisaunce,  
Sith I am thine all hole withouten mo,  
That while that I am absent, no pleasureance  
Of other, do me fro your remembrance:  
For I am ever agast, for why? men rede,  
That love is thing aye full of busie drede.

"For in this world there liveth lady none,  
If that ye were untrue, as God defend,  
That so betrayed were, or wo begon,  
As I, that all trouthe in you entend:  
And doubtlesse, if that iche other wend,  
I nere but dead, and ere ye cause find,  
For Goddes love, so beth ye nat unkind."

To this answered Troilus and seide,  
"Now God to whom there n'is no cause ywrie,  
Me glad, as wis I never unto Creseide,  
Sith thilke day I saw her first with eye,  
Was false, ne never shall till that I die,  
At short wordes, well ye may me leve,  
I can no more, it shall be found at preve."

"Graunt mercy, good herte mine, ywis" (quod she)  
"And blisful Venus let me never sterve,  
Er I may stonde of pleasureance in degre,  
To quite him well, that so well can deserve:  
And while that God my wit will me conserve  
I shall so done, so true I have you found,  
That aie honour to meward shall rebound.

"For trusteth well, that your estate royall,  
Ne vain delite, nor onely worthinesse  
Of you in werre or turnay marciall,  
Ne pompe, array, nobley, or eke richesse:  
Ne made me to rue on your distresse,  
But moral vertue, grounded upon trouth,  
That was the cause I first had on you routh.

"Eke gentle herte, and manhood that ye had,  
And that ye had (as me thought) in dispite  
Every thing that sowned in to bad,  
As rudenesse, and peoplish appetite



And that your reason bridled your delite,  
This made aboven every creature,  
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure.

"And this may length of yeres nat fordo,  
Ne remuabest fortune deface,  
But Jupiter, that of his might may do  
The sorowfull to be glad, so yeve us grace,  
Er nightes tenne to meten in this place,  
So that it may your herte and mine suffise,  
And fareth now well, for time is that ye rise."

And after that they long yplained had,  
And oft ikist, and straiten in armes fold,  
The day gan rise, and Troilus him clad,  
And rufully his lady gan behold :  
As he that felt deathea cares cold,  
And to her grace he gan him recommaund,  
Where he was wo, this hold I no demaund.

For mannes hedde imaginen ne can,  
Ne ententement consider, ne tongue tell  
The cruell paines of this sorowfull man,  
That passen every torment doune in Hell :  
For whan he sawe that she ne might dwell,  
Which that his soule out his herte rent,  
Withouten more, out of the chamber he went.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

B. v. v. 1—95

APPROCHEN gan the fatal destine,  
That Joves hath in disposicioun,  
And to you angry Parcas susteren thre,  
Committeth to done execucioun,  
For which Creseide must out of the toun,  
And Troilus shall dwell forth in pine,  
Till Lachesis his threde no longer twine.

The golden tressed Phebus high on loft,  
Thrise had all with his beames clere  
The snowes molte, and Zephirus as oft  
Ibrought ayen the tender leaves grene :  
Sens that the sonne of Ecceba the queene  
Began to love her first, for whom lus sorrow  
Was all, that she departe should a morow.

Full redy was at prime Diomede,  
Creseide unto the Grekes hoste to lede,  
For sorow of which, she felt her herte blede,  
As she that n'iste what was best to rede :  
And truly, as men in bokes rede,  
Men wiste never woman have the care,  
Ne was so lothe out of a tounne to fare.

This Troilus withouten rede or lore,  
As man that hath his joies eke forelore,  
Was waiting on his lady evermore,  
As she that was sothfast crophe and more,  
Of all his lust or joyes here tofore :  
But Troilus, now farwell all thy joie,  
For shalt thou never seen her eft in Troie.

Soth is, that while he bode in this manere,  
He gan his wo full manly for to hide,  
That well unneth it seen was in his chere,  
But at the yate there she should out ride,

With certain folke he hoved her to abide,  
So wo bigon, all would he not him plain,  
That on his horse unneth he sate for pain.

For ire he quoke, so gan his herte gnaw,  
Whan Diomede on horse gan him dight,  
And sayd unto himselfe this ilke saw,  
"Alas," (quod he) "thus foule a wretchednesse  
Why suffre I it ! Why n'll I it redresse !  
Were it nat bet at ones for to die,  
Than evermore in langour thus to crie ?

"Why n'll I make at ones rich and poore,  
To have inough to done er that she go ?  
Why n'll I bring all Troie upon a roore ?  
Why n'll I slaen this Diomede also ?  
Why n'll I rather with a man or two,  
Steale her away ? Why wold I this endure ?  
Why n'll I helpen to mine owne cure ?"

But why he n'olde done so fell a deede,  
That shall I sain, and why him list it spare,  
He had in herte alway a maner drede,  
Lest that Creseide, in rumour of this fare,  
Should have ben slain, lo, this was al his care,  
And eles certain, as I sayed yore,  
He had it done withouten wordes more.

Creseide whan she redy was to ride,  
Full sorowfully she sighed, and sayd "Alas,"  
But forth she mote, for aught that may betide,  
And forth she rideth full sorowfully apas  
Ther is no other remedy in this caas :  
What wonder is, though that her sore smart  
Whan she forgoeth her owne swete herte ?

This Troilus in gise of curtesie,  
With hauke on hond, and with an huge rout  
Of knightes, rode and did her companie,  
Passing all the valey ferre without,  
And fether would have ridden out of doubt,  
Full faine, and wo was him to gone so sone,  
But tourne he must, and it was eke to done.

And right with that was Antenor ycome,  
Out of the Grekes hoste, and every wight  
Was of him glad, and sayd he was welcome,  
And Troilus, al nere his herte light,  
He pained him, with all his full might  
Him to with hold of weping at least,  
And Antenor he kist, and made feast.

And therewithal he must his leave take,  
And cast his eye upon her pitously,  
And nere he rode, his cause for to make,  
To take her by the honde al soberly :  
And Lorde so she gan wepen tenderly,  
And he full soft and slyghly gan her seie,  
"Now hold your day, and doe me not to deie."

With that his courser tourned he about,  
With face pale, and unto Diomede  
No worde he spake, no none of all his rout,  
Of which the sonne of Tideus toke hede,  
As he that kouthe more than the crede,  
In soche a craft, and by the rein hent,  
And Troilus to Troie homewardes went.

This Diomede, that lad her by the bridell,  
Whan that he saw the folke of Troy away,  
Thought, "All my labor shall not been on idell,  
If that I may, for somewhat shall I say :

For at the worst, it short maie our way,  
I have heard say eke, times twise twelve,  
He is a foole that woll foryete him selve."

But athelesse, this thought he well inough  
That "certainly I am about naught,  
If that I speake of love, or make it to tough,  
For doubtlesse, if she have in her thought,  
Him that I gesse, he may not been ybrought  
So sone away, but I shall find a meane,  
That she nat yet wete shall what I meane."

This Diomede, as he that could his good,  
Whan this was done, gan fallen forth in spech  
Of this and that, and aske why she stood  
In soch disease, and gan her eke besech  
That if that he encerasen might or ech  
With any thing her ease, that she should  
Commaunde it him, and said he done it would.

For truly he swore her as a knight,  
That ther n'as thing, with which he might her pleso  
That he nolde done his pain, and al his might  
To done it, for to done her herte an ease :  
And prayed her she woude her sorrow appease,  
And said, "Ywis we Greekes can have joy  
To honouren you, as well as folke of Troy."

He said eke thus, "I wot you thinketh strange,  
No wonder is, for it is to you new,  
Th'acquaintance of these Trojans to change  
For folke of Grece, that ye never knew :  
But would never God, but if as true,  
A Greeke ye should emong us all find,  
As any Trojan is, and eke as kind.

"And because I swore you right now,  
To ben your frende, and helpir to my might,  
And for that more acquaintance eke of you  
Have I had, than an other straunger wight :  
So for this forth, I pray you day and night,  
Commaundeth me, how sore that me smart,  
To done all that may like unto your herte.

"And that ye me wold, as your brother treat,  
And taketh not my frendship in dispite,  
And though your sorowes been for thinges gret,  
Not I nat why, but out of more respite,  
Mind herte hath for to amend it great delite,  
And if I may your harmes nat redresse,  
I am right sorry for your heavinesse.

"For though ye Trojans with us Greekes wroth  
Have many a day been, alway yet parde,  
I got of love, in sothe we serven bothe :  
And for the love of God my lady free,  
Whom so ye hate, as beth not wroth with me,  
For truly there can no wight you serve,  
That half so loth your wraithe would deserve.

"And n'ere it that we been so nere the tent  
Of Calcas, which that seen us bothe may,  
I would of this you tell all mine entent,  
But this ensealed till an other day :  
Yeve me your honde, I am and shall be aie,  
God helpe me so, while that my life may dure,  
Your owne, aboven every creature.

"Thus said I never er now to woman borne,  
For God mine herte as wisely glad so,  
I loved never woman here before,  
As paramours, ne never shall no mo :

And for the love of God be not my fo,  
All can I not to you, my lady dere,  
Complain a right, for I am yet to lere.

"And wondreth nought, mine owne lady bright,  
Though that I speake of love to you thus blive,  
For I have heard or this of many a wight,  
Hath loved thing he never saw his live :  
Eke I am not of power for to strive  
Ayenst the god of love, but him obay  
I woll alway, and mercy I you pray.

"There beeth so worthy knightes in this place,  
And ye so faire, that everiche of hem all  
Woll pain him to stonden in your grace,  
But might to me so faire a grace fall  
That ye me for your servant would call,  
So lowly, ne so truly you serve,  
N'll none of hem, as I shall till I sterve."

Creseide unto that purpose lite answerde,  
As she that was with sorow oppressed so,  
That in effect she naught his tales herde,  
But here and there, now here a word or two :  
Her thought her sorowfull herte brest a two,  
For whan she gan her father ferre espie,  
Well nigh doune of her hors she gan to sie.

But nathelesse she thonketh Diomede,  
Of all his travails and his good chere,  
And that him list his frendship to her bede,  
And she accepeth it in good manere,  
And woll do fain that is him lefe and dere,  
And trusten him she woude, and well she might,  
As saied she, and from her hors she alight.

Her father hath her in his armes nome,  
And twenty times he kist his daughter swete,  
And saied : "O dere daughter mine, welcome,"  
She said eke, she was fain with him to mete :  
And stode forth muet, milde, and mansuete,  
But here I leave her with her father dwell,  
And forth I woll of Troilus you tell.

To Troy is come this wofull Troilus,  
In sorowe aboven all sorowes smert,  
With felon loke, and face dispitous,  
Tho sodainly doune from his hors he stert,  
And through his paleis with swolne herte,  
To chamber he went, of nothing toke he hede  
Ne none to him dare speke o worde for drede.

And there his sorowes that he spared had,  
He yave an issue large, and death lie cride,  
And in his throwes, frenetike and mad  
He curseth Juno, Apollo, and eke Cupide,  
He curseth Bachus, Ceres, and Cipride,  
His birth, himselfe, his fate, and eke nature,  
And save his ladie, every creature.

To bed he goth, and waileth there and turneth,  
In furie, as doth he Ixion in Hell,  
And in this wise he nigh till day sojourneth,  
But tho began his herte alite unswell,  
Through teares, which that gonnun up to wel,  
And pitiously he cried upon Creseide,  
And to him self right thus he spake and seide.

"Where is mine owne lady lefe and dere ?  
Where is her white brest, where is it, where ?  
Where been her armes, and her eyen clere  
That yesterday this time with me were ?

Now may I wepe alone many a teare,  
And graspe about I may, but in this place  
Save a pilow, I find naught to embrace.

"How shal I doon? whan shal she come againe?  
I n'ot alas, why let I her to go?  
As would God I had as tho be slain:  
O herte mine Creseide, O swete fo,  
O lady mine, that I love and no mo,  
To whom for ever more mine herte I vowe,  
See how I die, ye n'll me not rescowe.

"Who seeth you now, my right lodesterre?  
Who sitteth right now in your presence?  
Who can comforten now your hertes werre?  
Now I am gon, whom yeve ye audience?  
Who speaketh for me right now in my absence?  
Alas, no wight, and that is all my care,  
For well wote I, as evil as I ye fare.

"How should I thus ten daies full endure,  
Whan I the firste night have all this tene?  
How shall she eke sorowfull creature,  
For tendernesse, how shall she this sustene,  
Soche wo for me? o pitous, pale, and grene,  
Shall been your freshe womanly face,  
For langour, or ye tourne unto this place."

And whan he fell in any slombringes,  
Anon begin he shoulde for to grone,  
And dreamen of the dreadfullest thinges  
That might been: as mete he were alone  
In place horrible, making aie his mone,  
Or meten that he was emonges all  
His enemies, and in hir hondes fall.

And therewithall his bodie should start,  
And with the start all sodainly awake,  
And soche a tremour fele about his herte,  
That of the feare his bodie should quake:  
And therewithall he should a noise make,  
And seme as though he should fall depe,  
From high alofe, and than he would wepe,

And rowen on himselfe so pitously,  
That wonder was to here his fantasie.  
An other time he should mightely  
Comfort himselfe, and saun it was folie,  
So causelesse, soche drede for to drie,  
And eft begin his aspre sorowes new,  
That every man might on his paines rew.

Who could tell all, or fully discrive  
His wo, his plaint, his langour, and his pine?  
Nat all the men that han or been on live,  
Thou reader mayst thy self full well devine,  
That soche a wo my wit can not define,  
On idell for to write it should I swinke,  
Whan that my wit is werie it to thinke.

On Heaven yet the sterres weren seen  
Although full pale ywoxen was the Mone,  
And whiten gan the orisont shene,  
All eastward, as it was wont to done,  
And Phebus with his rosie carte sone,  
Gan after that to dresse him up to fare,  
Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

This Pandare, that of all the day beforne  
Ne might him comen this Troilus to se,  
Although he on his hedde it had sworne,  
For with the king Iriam alday was he,

So that it lay nat in his liberte,  
No where to gon, but on the morow he went  
To Troilus, whan that he for him sent.

For in his herte he could well devine,  
That Troilus at night for sorow woke,  
And that he would tell him of his pine,  
This knew he well enough without boke:  
For which to chamber streight the way he toke,  
And Troilus tho soberly he grette,  
And on the bedde full sone he gan him sette.

"My Pandarus," (quod Troilus) "the sorow  
Which that I drie, I may not long endure,  
I trowe I shall not liven till to morow,  
For which I would alwaies on aventure  
To thee devisen of my sepulture  
The forme, and of my movable thou dispoen  
Right as thee semeth best is for to doen.

"But of the fire and flambe funerall,  
In which my body brennen shall to giede,  
And of the feast and plaies palestrall,  
At my vigile, I pray thee take good hede  
That that be well: and offer Mars my stede,  
My sword, mine helme: and leve brother dere,  
My shelde to Pallas yeve, that shineth clere.

"The poudre in which min herte ybrend shal turn  
That pray I thee thou take, and it conserve  
In a vessel that men clepeth an urne  
Of gold, and to my lady that I serve,  
For love of whom thus pitously I sterve,  
So yeve it her, and doe me this pleaseunce,  
So praien her to kepe it for a remembrance.

"For well I fele by my maladie,  
And by my dreames, now and yore ago,  
All certainly, that I mote nedes die:  
The oule eke, which thatight Ascapילו,  
Hath after me shrighit, all these nightes two,  
And god Mercurie, now of me wofull wretch  
The soule guide, and whan thee list it fetch."

Pandare answerde and saied, "Troilus,  
My dere frende, as I have told thee yore,  
That it is follie for to sorowen thus,  
And causelesse, for which I can no more:  
But who so woll not trowen rede ne lore,  
I can not seen in him no remedie,  
But let him worchen with his fantasie.

"But, Troilus, I pray thee tell me now,  
If that thou trowe er this that any wight,  
Hath loved paramours as well as thou,  
Ye, God wot, and fro many a worthy knight  
Hath his ladie gon a fourteenight,  
And he nat yet made halvende the fare,  
What nede is the to maken all this care?

"Sons day by day thou maist thy selven see  
That from his love, or eles from his wife  
A man mote twinnen of necessitie,  
Ye though he love her as his owne life:  
Yet nill he with himself thus maken strife,  
For well thou wost, my leve brother dere,  
That alway frendes may not been yfere.

"How done this folke, that seen hir loves wedded  
By frendes might, as it betideth full oft,  
And seen hem in hir spouses bedde ybbed?  
God wote they take it wisely faire and soft:

For why, good hope halt up hir herte aloft,  
And for they can a time of sorow endure,  
As time hem hurteth, a time doth hem cure.

"So shouldest thou endure, and letten slide  
The time, and fonde to been glad and light,  
Ten dayes n'is not so long to abide,  
And sens sho to comen thee hath beight,  
She n'll her hest breken for no wight,  
For drede thee not, that she n'll finde way  
To come ayen, my life that durst I lay.

"Thy swevenes eke, and all such fantasie  
Drive out, and let hem faren to mischaunce,  
For they procede of thy melancolie,  
That doth thee fele in slepe all this penaunce :  
A straw for all swevenes signifaunce,  
God helpe me so, I count hem not a bean,  
There wot no man aright what dremes mean.

"For priestes of the temple tellen this,  
That dremes been the revelacions  
Of Goddes, and als well they tel ywis,  
That they been infernalles illusions  
And leches saine, that of completions  
Proceden they of fast, or glotonie,  
Who wot in sothe thus what they signifie ?

"Eke other saine, that through impressions,  
As if a wight hath fast a thing in mind,  
That thereof cometh soche avisions :  
And other sain, as they in bokes find,  
That after times of the yere by kind,  
Men dreme, and that theeffect goth by the Mone,  
But leve no dreme, for it is nat to done.

Wel worth of dremes aie these old wives,  
And truly eke, augurie of these foules,  
For feare of which, men wenen lese hir lives,  
As ravens qualm, or schriching of these oules :  
To trown on it, hothe false and foule is,  
Alas, alas, that so noble a creature  
As is a man, should drede such ordure.

"For which with al mine herte I thee besече,  
Unto thy self, that all this thou foryeve,  
And rise now up, withouten more speche,  
And let us cast how forth may best be driven  
The time, and eke how freshly we may liven,  
When she cometh, the which shall be right sone,  
God helpe me so, the best is thus to done.

"Rise, let us speake of lustie life in Troy  
That we have lad, and forth the time drive,  
And eke of time coming us rejoy,  
That bringen shall our blisse now to blive,  
And langour of these wise daies five  
We shall therewith so forget or oppresse,  
That well unneth it done shall us duresse.

"This toune is full of lordes al about,  
And truce lasten all this meane while,  
Go we plaien us in some lustie rout,  
To Sarpedon, not hennes but a mile,  
And thus thou shalt the time well beguile,  
And drive it forth unto that blisfull morow,  
That thou her see, that cause is of thy sorow.

"Now rise, my dere brother Troilus,  
For certes it non honour is to thee  
To wepe, and in thy bedde to rouken thus,  
For truly of o thing trust to me,

If thou thus ligge, a day, two or three,  
The folke wll wene, that thou for cowardise,  
Thee faintest sick, and that thou darst not rise."

This Troilus answerde : "O brother dere,  
This folke know that have ysuffred pain,  
That though he wepe, and make sorowful chere  
That feeleth harme and smart in every vein,  
No wonder is : and though I ever plain  
Or alway wepe, I am nothing to blame,  
Sens that I have lost the cause of all my game.

"But sens of fine force I mote arise,  
I shall arise, as sone as ever I may,  
And God, to whom mine herte I sacrifice,  
So send us hastily the tenthe day :  
For was there never foule so faine of May  
As I shall ben, whan that she cometh in Troie,  
That causo is of my tourment and my joie.

"But whider is thy rede," (quod Troilus)  
"That we may play us best in all this toun ?"  
"By God my counsaile is," (quod Pandarus)  
"To ride and play us with king Sarpedoun."  
So long of this they speaken up and down,  
Till Troilus gan at the last assent  
To rise, and forth to Sarpedon they went.

This Sarpedon, as he that honourable  
Was ever his live, and full of hie prowess,  
With all that might yserved been on table,  
That deintie was, all coste it great richesse,  
He fedde hem day by day, that such noblesse  
As sainen both the most and eke the least,  
Was never er that day wiste at any feast.

Nor in this world there is none instrument,  
Delicious, through winde, or touche on corde,  
As ferre as any wight hath ever ywent,  
That tonge tell, or herte may recorde,  
But at that feast, it was well heard recorde :  
Ne of ladies eke so faire a companie,  
On daunce er tho, was never yseen with eye.

But what availleth this to Troilus,  
That for his sorrow, nothing of it rought,  
But ever in one, as herte pitous,  
Full busily Creseide his lady sought :  
On her was ever al that his herte thought,  
Now this, now that, so fast imaginig,  
That glad ywis can him no feasting.

These ladies eke, that at this feast been,  
Sens that he saw his lady was away,  
It was his sorow upon hem for to seen,  
Or for to heare on instrumentes play :  
For she that of his herte hath the kay,  
Was absent, lo, this was his fantasie  
That no wight shulde maken melodie.

Nor there nas houre in al the day or night,  
Whan he was ther as no man might him here,  
That he ne sayd, "O lovesome lady bright,  
How have ye faren sins that ye were there !  
Welcome ywis mine owne lady dere."  
But welaway, all this n'as but a mase,  
Fortune his hove entended bet to glase.

The letters eke, that she of olde time  
Had hum ysent, he would alone rede  
An hundred sith, atwixt noone and prime,  
Refiguring her shape, and her womanhede,

Within his herte, and every worde and dede  
That passed was, and thus he drove to an end,  
The fourth day, and said he wyl wend.

And said, "Leve brother Pandarus,  
Intendest thou that we shall here bleve,  
Til Sarpedon woll forth conveyen us,  
Yet were it fairer that we toke our leve :  
For Goddes love, let us now sone at eve  
Our leave take, and homeward let us turne,  
For trewely I nill nat thus sojourne."

Pandare answerde, "Be we comen hither  
To fetchen fire, and rennen home againe ?  
God helpe me so, I can nat tellen whither  
We might gone, if I shall sotlyly saine :  
There any wight is of us more faine  
Than Sarpedon, and if we hence hie  
Thus sodainly, I hold it vilanie.

"Whan that we saiden we would bleve  
With him a weke, and now thus sodainly  
The fourth day to take of him our leve,  
He would wondren on it trewely :  
Let us holden forth our purpose fermely,  
And sene that ye beligheten him to abide,  
Hold forward now, and after let us ride."

This Pandarus, with all pine and wo  
Made him to dwell, and at the wekes end,  
Of Sarpedon they toke hir leave tho,  
And on hir way they spedden hem to wend :  
(Quod Troilus) "Now Lorde me grace send,  
That I may find at mine home comung,  
Cresseide comen," and therewith gan he sing.

"Ye haselwode," thought this Pandare,  
And to himselfe ful softly he seide,  
"God wotte refroiden may this hotte fare,  
Er Calcas sende Troilus Cresseide :"  
But nathelesse he japed thus and seide,  
And swore ywis, his herte him wel behight,  
She wolde come as sone as ever she might.

Whan they unto the paleis were ycomen,  
Of Troilus, they doun of horse alight,  
And to the chambre hir way have they nomen,  
And unto time that it gan to night,  
They speken of Cresseide the lady bright,  
And after this, whan lem bothe lest,  
They spede hem fro the supper unto rest.

On morow as sone as day began to clere,  
This Troilus gan of his slepe to abride,  
And to Pandarus, his own brother dere,  
"For love of God," full pitously he seide :  
"As go we sene the paleis of Cresseide,  
For sene we yet may have no more feest,  
So let us seine her paleis at the leest."

And therewithall his meine for to blende,  
A cause he fonde in toun for to go,  
And to Cresseides house they gan wende,  
But Lorde, this sely Troilus was wo,  
Him thought his sorowful herte brast atwo,  
For when he saw her doores sparrd all,  
Well nigh for sorow adoun he gan to fall.

Therewith whan he was ware, and gan behold  
How shet was every window of the place,  
As frost him thought his herte gan to cold,  
For which with changed deedly pale face.

Withouten worde, he forth by gan to pace,  
And as God would, he gan so faste ride,  
That no wight of his countenance aspie.

Than said he thus : "O paleis desolate,  
O house of houses, whilom best nyght,  
O paleis empty and desolate,  
O thou lantern, of which quaint is the light,  
O paleis whilom day, that now art night,  
Wel oughtest thou to fall, and I to die,  
Sene she is went, that wont was us to gie.

"O paleis whilom crowne of houses all,  
Enlumined with Sunne of alle blisse,  
O ring, of which the rubie is out fall,  
O cause of wo, that cause hast ben of blisse :  
Yet sene I may no bet, fain would I kisse  
Thy colde doores, durst I for this rout,  
And farewel shrine of which the saint is out."

Therewith he cast on Pandarus his eie,  
With changed face, and pitous to behold,  
And whan he might his time aright aspie,  
Aie as he rode, to Pandarus he told  
His new sorow, and eke his joyes old,  
So pitously, and with so deed an hev,  
That every wight might on his sorow rew.

Fro thence-forth he rideth up and doun,  
And every thing came him to remembrance,  
As he rode forth by the places of the toun,  
In which he whilom had all his pleasure :  
"Lo, yonder saw I mine owne lady dounce,  
And in that temple with her eien clere,  
Me caught first my right lady dere.

"And yonder have I herde full lustely  
My dere herte laugh, and yonder play  
Saw I her ones eke ful blisfully,  
And yonder ones to me gan she say  
'Now good sweete love me well I pray,'  
And yonde so goodly gan she me behold,  
That to the death mine herte is to her hold.

"And at the corner in the yonder house,  
Herde I mine alderlevest lady dere,  
So womanly, with voice melodious,  
Singen so wel, so goodly and so clere,  
That in my soule yet me thinketh I here  
The blisful sowne, and in that yonder place  
My lady first me toke unto her grace."

Than thought he thus, "O blisful lord Cupide,  
Whan I the processe have in memory,  
How thou me hast wried on every side,  
Men might a booke make of it like a story :  
What nede is thee to seeke on me victory,  
Sene I am thine, and holy at thy will,  
What joy hast thou thine owne folke to spill ?

"Wel hast thou, lord, ywroke on me mine ire,  
Thou mighty god, and dredful for to greve,  
Now mercy, lord, thou wost wel I desire  
Thy grace most, of all lustes leve,  
And live and die I wol in thy beleve,  
For which I ne aske in guerdon but a boone,  
That thou Cresseide ayen me sende soone.

"Distraine her herte as faste to returne,  
As thou doest mine to longen her to see,  
Than wote I wel that she n'ill nat sojourne :  
Now blisful lord, so cruel thou ne be

Unto the blood of Troy, I praie thee,  
As Juno was unto the blode Thebane,  
For which the folke of Thebes caught hir bane."

And after this he to the yates went,  
There as Creseide out rode, a full good paas,  
And up and down there made he many a went,  
And to him selfe ful oft he said, "Alas,  
Fro hence rode my blisse and my solas,  
As would blisful God now for his joie,  
I might her sene ayen come to Troie.

"And to the yonder lul I gan her guide,  
Alas, and there I toke of her my leve,  
And yonde I saw her to her father ride,  
For sorow of which mine herte shal to cleve:  
And hither home I come when it was eve,  
And here I dwell, out cast from all joie,  
And shal, til I may sene her eft in Troie."

And of him selfe imagined he oft,  
To ben defaited, pale, and woxen lesse  
Than he was wont, and that men saiden soft,  
"What may it be? who can the sothe gesse,  
Why Troilus hath all this hevinesse?"  
And al this n'as but his melancholie,  
That he had of him selfe such fantasie.

Another time imagined he would,  
That every wight that went by the wey,  
Had of him routh, and that they saine should,  
"I am right sory, Troilus wol dey:"  
And thus he drove a day yet forth or twey,  
As ye have herde, such life gan he lede,  
As he that stode betwixen hope and drede.

For which him liked in his songes shewe  
Thenceson of his wo, as he best might,  
And made a songe, of wordes but a fewe,  
Somwhat his wofull herte for to light:  
And when he was from every mannes sight,  
With softte voice, he of his lady dere,  
That absent was, gan sing as ye may here.

"O sterre, of which I lost have all the light,  
With herte sore, wel ought I to bewaile,  
That ever derke in turment, night by night  
Toward my deth, with winde I stere and saile:  
For which the tenth night, if that I faile,  
The guiding of thy bemes bright an houre,  
My ship and me Caribdes wol devoure."

This song when he thus songen had sone,  
He fel ayen into his sighes old,  
And every night, as was he wont to done,  
He stode the bright Moone to behold:  
And al his sorow he to the Moone told,  
And said, "Ywis when thou art horned new,  
I shal be glad, if al the world be trew.

"I saw thine hornes old eke by that morow,  
Whan hence rode my right lady dere,  
That cause is of my turment and my sorow,  
For whiche, O bright Lucina the clere,  
For love of God ren fast about thy sphere,  
For whan thine hornes newe ginnen spring,  
Than shall she come that may my blisse bring."

The day is more, and lenger every night  
Than they ben wont to be, him thought tho,  
And that the Sunne went his course unright,  
By lenger way than it was wont to go,

And said, "Ywis, I drede me evermo  
The Sunnes sonne Pheton he on live,  
And that his fathers cart amisse he drive."

Upon the walles fast eke would he walke,  
And on the Greekes host he would sec,  
And to himselfe right thus he would talke:  
"Lo, yonder is mine owne lady free,  
Or else yonder, there the tents bee,  
And thence cometh this aire that is so soote,  
That in my soule I fele it doth me boote.

"And hardily, this wind that more and more  
Thus stoundmeale increaseth in my face,  
Is of my ladies deepe sighes sore,  
I preve it thus, for in none other space  
Of all this tounne, save only in this place,  
Feele I no wind, that sunneth so like paine,  
It saith, 'Alas, why twined be we twaine?'"

This longe time he driveth forth right thus,  
Till fully passed was the ninthe night,  
And aye beside him was this Pandarus,  
That busily did all his full might  
Him to comfort, and make his herte light,  
Yeving him hope alway the tenth morow,  
That she shal comen, and stinten all his sorow.

Upon that othre side eke was Creseide,  
With women few among the Greekes strong,  
For which full oft a day, "Alas," she seide,  
"That I was borne, well may mine herte long  
After my death, for now live I too long  
Alas, and I ne may it not amend,  
For now is worse than ever yet I wend.

"My father n'll for nothing doe me grace  
To gone ayen, for aught I can him queme,  
And if so be that I my terme pace,  
My Troilus shall in his herte deme  
That I am false, and so it may well seme,  
Thus shall I have unthouke on every side,  
That I was borne so welaway the tide.

"And if that I me put in jeopardie,  
To steale away by night, and it befall  
That I be caught, I shall be hold aspie,  
Or else lo, this drede I most of all,  
If in the honds of some wretch I fall,  
I n'am but lost, all be mine herte trew:  
Now mightie God, thou on my sorow rew."

Full pale ywoxen was her bright face,  
Her limmes leane, as she that all the day  
Stode when she durst, and loked on the place  
There she was borne, and dwelt had aye,  
And all the night weeping alas, she lay,  
And thus dispeired out of all cure  
She lad her life, this wofull creature.

Full oft a day she sighed eke for distresse,  
And in her selfe she went aye purtraying  
Of Troilus the great worthinesse,  
And all his goodly wordes recording,  
Sens first that day her love began to spring,  
And thus she set her wofull herte afire,  
Through remembrance of that she gan desire.

In all this world there n'is so cruell herte,  
That her had heard complainen in her sorow,  
That n'old have wepten for her paines smart,  
So tenderly she wept, both eve and morow,

Her needed no teares, for to borow,  
And this was yet the worst of all her paine,  
Ther was no wight, to whom she durste plain.

Full refully she looked upon Troy,  
Beheld the toures high, and eke the hallis,  
“Alas,” (quod she) “the pleasaunce and the joy,  
The which that now all turned into gall is,  
Have I had ofte within yonder wallis.  
O Troilus, what doest thou now?” she seide,  
“Lord, whether thou yet thinke upon Creseide.

“Alas, that I ne had ytrowed on your lore,  
And went with you, as ye me redde ere this,  
Than had I now not sighed halfe so sore :  
Who might have said, that I had done amis  
To steale away with such one as he is ?  
But all too late cometh the lectuarie,  
Whan men the corse unto the grave carie.

“Too late is now to speke of that matere,  
Prudence, alas, one of thine eyen three  
Me lacked alway, ere that I came here :  
For on time passed well remembred mee,  
And present time eke could I well see,  
But future time, ere I was in the snare,  
Could I not seene, that causeth now my care.

“But nathelesse, betide what betide,  
I shall to morow at night, by east or west,  
Out of this hoast steale, on some side,  
And gone with Troilus, where as him lest,  
This purpose wold I hold, and this is the best,  
No force of wicked tongues jonglerie,  
For ever on love have wretches had envie.

“For who so wold of every word take hede,  
Or rule hem by every wightes wit,  
Ne shall he never thrive out of drede,  
For that that some men blamen ever yet,  
Lo, other manner folke commend it,  
And as for me, for all such variaunce,  
Felicitie clepe I my suffisaunce.

“For which, withouten any wordes mo,  
To Troy I wold, as for conclusioun.”  
But God it wote, ere fully moneths two,  
She was full ferre fro that ententioun,  
For bothe Troilus and Troie toun  
Shall knotlesse throughout her herte shide,  
For she wold take a purpose for to abide.

This Diomed, of whom I you tell gan,  
Goth now within himselfe aye arguing,  
With all the sleight and all that ever he can  
How he may best with shortest taryng,  
Into his nette Creseides herte bring,  
To this entent he couthe never fine,  
To fishen her, he laid out hooke and line.

But nathelesse, well in his herte he thought,  
That she nas nat without a love in Troy,  
For never sithen he her thence brought,  
Ne couth he seene her laugh, or maken joy,  
He n'is how best her herte for t'acoe,  
But for t'assay, he said nought it ne greveth,  
For he that naught assaieth, naught atcheveth.

Yet saied he to himselfe upon a night,  
“Now am I nat a foolle, that wote well how  
Her wo is, for love of another wight,  
And hereupon to gone assay her now,

I may well wete, it n'll nat ben my prow,  
For wise folke in bookes it expresse,  
Men shall nat wowe a wight in hevinesse.

“But who so might winnen such a flour  
Fro him, for whom she mourneth night and day,  
He might saine he were a conquerour :  
And right anon, as he that bold was aye,  
Thought in his herte, hap how hap may,  
All should I dye, I wold her herte seech,  
I shall no more lesen but my speech.”

This Diomed, as bookes us declare,  
Was in his nedes prest and courageous,  
With sterne voice, and mighty limmes square,  
Hardy, testife, strong, and chevalrous  
Of dedes like his father Tideus,  
And some men saine he was of tonge large,  
And heire he was of Calcidony and Arge.

Creseide meane was of her stature,  
Thereto of shape, of face, and eke of chere,  
There might ben no fairer creature,  
And ofte time this was her manere,  
To gone ytressed with her haire clere  
Downe by her colere, at her backe behind,  
Which with a threde of gold she wold bind.

And save her browes joyneden yfere,  
There nas no lacke, in aught I can espie,  
But for to speaken of her eyen clere,  
Lo, truly they writen that her seien,  
That Paradis stood formed in her eien,  
And with her riche beauty evermore  
Strove love in her, aie which of hem was more.

She sobre was, eke simple, and wise withall,  
The best ynorished eke that might bee,  
And goody of her speech in general,  
Charitable, estate, lusty, and free,  
Ne nevermore, ne lacked her pitee,  
Tender hearted, sliding of corage,  
But truly I can nat tell her age.

And Troilus well woxen was in hight,  
And complete formed by proportion,  
So well that Kind it naught amenden might,  
Young, fresh, strong, and hardy as lioun,  
Trew as steele, in ech conditioun,  
One of the best enteched creature,  
That is or shall, while that the world may dure

And certainly, in story as it is fond,  
That Troilus was never unto no wight  
As in his time, in no degree second,  
In daring do that longeth to a knight,  
All might a giaunt passen him of might,  
His herte aye with the first and with the best,  
Stood peregall to dare done what him lest.

But for to tellen forth of Diomed,  
It fell, that after on the tenthe day,  
Sens that Creseide out of the city yede,  
This Diomed, as fresh as branch in May,  
Came to the tente there as Calcas lay,  
And fained him with Calcas have to done,  
But what he ment, I shall you tellen sone.

Creseide at shorte wordes for to tell,  
Welcommed him, and downe him by her sette.  
And he was ethe ynough to maken dwell,  
And after this, withouten longe lette,

The spices and the wine men forth hem fette,  
And forth they speke of this and that yfere,  
As friendes done, of which some shall ye here.

He gan first fallen of the warre in spech  
Betwixen hem and the folke of Troy toun,  
And of th'assiege he gan eke her beseech,  
To tellen him what was her opinioun :  
Fro that demaund he so descendeth doun,  
To asken her, if that her straunge thought  
The Greekes gise, and werkes that they wrought ?

And why her father tarieth so long  
To wedden her unto some worthy wight ?  
Cresede that was in her paines strong,  
For love of Troilus her owne knight,  
So ferforth as his cunning had or might,  
Answerde him tho, but as of his entent,  
It seemed nat she wiste what he ment.

But nathelesse, this ilke Diomede  
Gan on himselfe assure, and thus he seide :  
" If I aright have taken on you hede,  
Methinketh thus, O lady mine Cresede,  
That sens I first hond on your bridle leide,  
Whan I out came of Troy by the morrow,  
Ne might I never seene you but in sorrow.

" I can nat saine what may the cause be,  
But if for love of some Trojan it were,  
The which right sore would a thinken me,  
That ye for any wight that dwelleth there,  
Shoulden spill a quarter of a tere,  
Or pitously your selven so begile,  
For dredelesse it is nat worth the while.

" The folke of Troy, as who saith all and some,  
In prison ben, as ye your selven see,  
Fro thence shall nat one on live come,  
For all the gold atwixen sunne and see,  
Trusteth well, and understandeth mee,  
There shall nat one to mercy gone on live,  
All were he lord of worldes twise five.

" Such wrech on hem for fetching of Heleine  
There shall be take, ere that we hence wend,  
That Maunes, which that goddes ben of peine,  
Shall ben agast that Grekes wol hem shend,  
And men shall drede unto the worldes end  
From henceforth to ravishen any queene,  
So cruell shall our wrecche on hem be seene.

" And but if Calcas lede us with ambages,  
That is to saine, with double wordes slie,  
Such as men clepen a word with two visages,  
Ye shall well knownen that I nat ne lie,  
And all this thing right sene it with your eie,  
And that anon, ye nil nat trow how soone,  
Now taketh hede, for it is for to doone.

" What wene ye your wise father would  
Have yeven Antenor for you anone,  
If he ne wiste that the city should  
Destructed ben ? why nay so mote I gone,  
He knew full well there shall nat scapen one  
That Trojan is, and for the greates fere  
He durste yat that ye dwelt lenger there.

" What wou sse more, O lovesome lady dere !  
Let Troydely Troians from your herte passe,  
Drive omine hbitter hope, and make good chere,  
And clenst somethe beauteie of your face,

That ye with salte teares so deface,  
For Troy is brought in such a jeopardie,  
That it to save is now no remedie.

" And thinketh well, ye shall in Grekes find  
A more perfite love, ere it be night,  
Than any Trojan is, and more kind,  
And bet to serven you well done his might,  
And if ye vouchsafe my lady bright,  
I woll ben he, to serven you my selve,  
Ye lever than be lord of Greccus twelve."

And with that word he gan to waxen reed,  
And in his spech a little while he quoke,  
And cast aside a little with his heed,  
And stint a while, and afterward he woke,  
And soberly on her he threw his loke,  
And said, " I am, albeit to you no joy,  
As gentill a man as any wight in Troy.

" For if my father Tideus " (he seide)  
" Ylived had, I had been ere this,  
Of Calcidonie and Arge a king, Cresede,  
And so hope I that I shall be ywis :  
But he was slaine alas, the more harme is,  
Unhappily at Thebes all to rathe,  
Polimite, and many a man to seathe.

" But herte mine, sithe that I am your man,  
And ben the first, of whom I seeche grace,  
To serve you as heartely as I can,  
And ever shall, while I to live have space,  
So that, ere I depart out of this place,  
Ye woll me graunte, that I may to morow  
At better leiser tell you of my sorow."

What shuld I tell his wordes that he seide ?  
He spake ynough for o day at the mest  
It preveith well he spake so, that Cresede  
Graunted on the morrow at his request  
For to speake with him at the least,  
So that he n'olde speake of such matere,  
And thus she to him said, as ye mowe here.

As she that had her herte on Troilus  
So fast, that there may it none arace,  
And straungely she spake, and saied thus :  
" O Diomede, I love that ilke place  
There was I borne, and Joves of thy grace  
Deliver it soone of all that doth it care,  
God for thy might so leve it well to fare.

" That Grekes wold hir wrath on Troie wreke  
If that they might, I know it well ywis,  
But it shall naught befallen as ye speke,  
And God toforne, and farther over this,  
I wote my father wise and ready is,  
And that he me hath bought, as ye me told,  
So dere am I the more unto him hold.

" That Greekes ben of high condition,  
I wote eke well, but certaine men shall find  
As worthie folke within Troie toun,  
As conning, as perfite, and as kinde,  
As ben betwixte Orcaedes and Inde,  
And that ye coulde well your lady serve  
I trow eke well, her thonke for to deserve.

" But as to speake of love, ywis " (she seide)  
" I had a lord, to whom I wedded was,  
His whose mine herte was all till he deide,  
And other love, as helpe me now Fallas,



There in mine herte n'is, ne never was,  
And that ye ben of noble and lugh kinrede,  
I have well herde it tellen out of drede.

"And that doth me to have so great a wonder,  
That ye wold scornen any woman so,  
Eke God wote, love and I ben fer asonder,  
I am disposed bet, so mote I go,  
Unto my death plaine and make wo;  
What I shall after done, I can not say,  
But truely as yet me list nat play.

"Mine herte is now in tribulacioun,  
And ye in armes busie day by day,  
Hereafter whan ye women have the toun,  
Paraventure than, so it happen may,  
That whan I see that I never ere sey,  
Than wold I werke that I never ere wrought,  
This word to you ynough suffisen ought.

"To morow eke wol I speken with you faine,  
So that ye touchen naught of this matere,  
And whan you list, ye may come here againe,  
And ere ye gone, thus much I say you here,  
As helpe me Pallas, with her haire clere,  
If that I should of any Greeke have routh,  
It shulde be your selven by my trouthe.

"I say nat therefore that I wold you love,  
Ne say nat nay, but in conclusioun,  
I meane well by God that sit above :"  
And therewithall she cast her eien doun,  
And gan to sigh, and said, "Troilus and Troy toun  
Yet bidde I God, in quiet and in rest  
I may you seene, or do mine herte brest."

But in effect, and shortly for to say,  
This Diomedes all freshly new againe  
Gan preasen on, and fast her mercy pray,  
And after this, the soothe for to saine,  
Her glove he toke, of which he was full faine,  
And fina'ly, whan it was woxen eve,  
And all was well, he rose and tooke his leve.

The bright Venus folowed and aie taught  
The way thero brode Phebus doune alight,  
And Cithera her chare horse over raught,  
To whirle out of the Lion, if she might,  
And Signifer his candles sheweth bright,  
Whan that Creseide unto her bed went,  
Within her fathers faire bright tent.

Retourning in her soule aye up and doun  
The wordes of this suddains Diomedes,  
His great estate, and perill of the toun,  
And that she was alone, and had nede  
Of friendes help, and thus began to brede  
The cause why, the soothe for to tell,  
She tooke fully purpose for to dwell.

The morow came, and ghostly for to speke,  
This Diomedes is come unto Creseide,  
And shortly, least that ye my tale breke,  
So well he for himselfe spake and seide,  
That all her sighes sore doune he leide,  
And finally, the soothe for to saine,  
He refte her the great of all her paine.

And after this, the story telleth us,  
That she him yave the faire bay stede,  
The which she ones wan of Troilus,  
And eke a brooch (and that was little nede)

That Troilus' was, she yave this Diomedes,  
And eke the bet from sorow him to releve,  
She made him weare a pencell of her sleve.

I find eke in stories elsewhere,  
Whan through the body hurt was Diomedes  
Of Troilus, the wept she many a tere,  
Whan that she saw his wide woundes blede,  
And that she tooke to kepen him good hede,  
And for to healen him of his smart,  
Men saine, I n'ot, that she yave him her herte.

But truely the storie tolleth us,  
There made never woman more wo  
Than she, whan that she falsed Troilus,  
She said "Alas, for now is cleene ago  
My name in trouthe of love for evermo,  
For I have falsed one the gentillest  
That ever was, and one the worthiest.

"Alas, of me unto the worldes end  
Shall neither ben ywritten or ysong  
No good worde, for these bokes wold me shend ;  
Yrolled shall I been on many a tong,  
Throughout the world my bell shall be rong,  
And women most wold hate me of all,  
Alas, that such a caas me should fall.

"They wold saine, in as much as in me is,  
I have hem done dishonour welaway,  
All be I not the first that did amis,  
What helpeth that, to done my blame away,  
But sens I see there is no better way,  
And that too late is now for me to rue,  
To Diomedes I wold algate be true.

"But Troilus, sens I no better may,  
And sens that thus departen ye and I,  
Yet pray I God so yeve you right good day,  
As for the gentillest knight truely  
That ever I saw, to serven faithfully,  
And best can aye his ladies honour kepe,"  
And with that word she brast anon to wepe.

"And certes, you ne haten shall I never,  
And friendes love, that shall ye have of me,  
And my good word, all should I liven ever,  
And truely I wold right sorrie be,  
For to seene you in adversite,  
And guiltesse I wot well I you leave,  
And all shall passe, and thus take I my leave."

But truely how long it was bitwene,  
That she forsoke him for this Diomedes,  
There is none authour telleth it I wene,  
Take every man now to his bookes hede,  
He shal no terme finden, out of drede,  
For though that he began to wowe her sone,  
Ere he her wan, yet was there more to done.

Ne me ne list this selie woman chide  
Further than the storie wold devise,  
Her name alas, is published so wide,  
That for her gilt it ought ynough suffice,  
And if I might excuse her in any wise,  
For she so sorrie was for her untrouth,  
Ywis I wold excuse her yet for routh.

This Troilus, as I before have told,  
Thus driveth forth, as wel as he had wold,  
But ofte was his herte hote and cold,  
And namely that ilke ninthe night,

Which on the morrow she had him belight  
To come ayen, God wote full little rest  
Had he that night, nothing to slepe him lest.

The laurer crowned Phebus, with his heat  
Gan in his course aie upward as he went,  
To warmen of the east sea the waves wete,  
And Circes doughtier song, with fresh entent,  
Whan Troilus his Pandare after sent,  
And on the walles of the towne they pleide,  
To looke, if they can seene ought of Creseide.

Till it was noone, they stooden for to see  
Who that there came, and every maner wight  
That came fro ferre, they saiden it was shee,  
Till that they couldnen knowen him aright :  
Now was his herte dull, now was it light,  
And thus bejaped stooden for to stare  
About naught, this Troilus and Pandare.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seide  
"For aught I wot, before noone sikerly,  
Into this toune ne cometh not here Creseide,  
She hath ynough to doen hardely  
To winnen from her father, so trow I,  
Her olde father woll yet make her dine  
Ere that she go, God yove his herte pine."

Pandarus answerd, "It may well ben certain  
And forthy let us dine, I thee beseech,  
And after noone than maist thou come again :"  
And home they go, without more speech,  
And comen ayen, but long may they seech,  
Ere that they finde that they after gape,  
Fortune hem bothe thinketh for to jape.

(Quod Troilus) "I see well now that she  
Is taried with her old father so,  
That ere she come, it woll nigh even be.  
Come forth, I woll unto the yate go,  
These porters ben unkonning evermo,  
And I woll done hem holden up the yate,  
As naught ne were, although she come late."

The day goth fast, and after that came eve,  
And yet came nat to Troilus Creseide,  
He looketh forth by hedge, by tree, by greve,  
And ferre his head over the wall he leide,  
And at the last he tourned him and seide,  
"By God I wote her meaning now Pandare,  
Almost ywis all newe was my care.

"Now doubtesse this lady can her good,  
I wote she commeth riding prively,  
I commend her wisdom by mine hood,  
She woll nat maken people nicely  
Goure on her when she commeth, but softly  
By night into the toune she thinketh ride,  
And, dere brother, thinke nat long to abide,

"We have naught else for to done ywis,  
And Pandarus, now wilt thou trowen me,  
Have here my trowth, I see her, yon she is,  
Heave up thine eyen man, mayst thou nat see ?"  
Pandare answerde, "Nay, so mote I the,  
Al wropp by God, what saist thou man, wher art,  
That I see yonde afarre, n'is but a cart."

"Alas, thou sayst right sooth," (quod Troilus)  
"But hardely it is not all for nought,  
That in mine herte I now rejoyce thus,  
It is ayenst some good, I have a thought,

Not I nat how, but sens that I was wrought,  
Ne felt I such a comfort dare I say,  
She cometh to night, my life that durst I lay."

Pandarus answerde, "It may be well ynough,"  
And held with him of all that ever he saied,  
But in his herte he thought, and soft he lough,  
And to himselfe full soberly he saied,  
"From hasell wood, there jolly Robin plaid,  
Shall come all that thou abidest here,  
Ye, farwell all the snow of ferne yere."

The wardein of the yates gan to call  
The folk, which that without the yates were,  
And bad hem driven in hir benestes all,  
Or all the night they must bleven there,  
And ferre within the night, with many a tere,  
This Troilus gan homeward for to ride,  
For well he seeth it helpeh nat to abide.

But nathelesse, he gladdened him in this,  
He thought he misacompted had his day,  
And saied, "I understand have all amys,  
For thilke night I laste Creseide sey,  
She sayd, 'I shall ben here, if that I may,  
Ere that the Moone, () dere herte swete,  
The Lion passe out of this Ariete."

"For which she may yet hold all her behest,"  
And on the morrow unto the yate he went,  
And up and doune, by west and eke by east  
Upon the walles made he many a went,  
But all for naught, his hope alway him blent,  
For which at night, in sorow and sighe sore,  
He went him home, withouten any more.

This hope all cleanne out of his herte fled,  
He ne hath whereon now longer for to long,  
But for the paine him thought his herte bled,  
So were his throwes sharp, and wonder strong,  
For whan he saw that she abode so long,  
He n'ist what he judgen of it might,  
Sens she hath broken that she him beight.

The thirde, fourth, fifte, and sixt day  
After tho dayes tenne, of which I told,  
Betwixen hope and drede his herte lay,  
Yet somewhat trusting on her hestes old,  
But whan he saw she n'olde her terme hold,  
He can now seene none other remedie,  
But for to shape him soone for to die.

Therwith the wicked spirit, God us blesse,  
Which that men clepen woode jealousye,  
Gan in him crepe, in all this hevinesse,  
For which because he would soone die,  
He ne eat ne dronke for his melancholie,  
And eke from every company he fled,  
This was the life that all this time he led.

He so defaite was, that no manner man,  
Unneth he might knowen there he went,  
So was he leane, and thereto pale and wan,  
And feeble, that he walketh by potent,  
And with his ire he thus himselfe shent :  
But who so asked him whereof him smart,  
He sayd, his harme was all about his herte.

Priam full oft, and eke his mother deie,  
His bretherne and his susteren gan him frain  
Why he so sorrowfull was in all his chere,  
And what thing was the cause of all his pain ;

But all for naught, he n'olde his cause plain,  
But sayd, he felt a grievous maladie  
About his herte, and faine he would die.

So on a day he laid him down to slepe,  
And so befell, that in slepe him thought,  
That in a forrest fast he walked to wepe  
For love of her that him these paines wrought.  
And up and doune as he that forrest sought,  
He met he saw a bore, with tuskes great,  
That slept ayenst the bright Sunnes heat.

And by this bore, fast in her armes fold  
Lay kissing aye his lady bright Creseide,  
For sorrow of which, whan he it gan behold,  
And for dispite, out of his slepe he breide,  
And loude he cried on Pandarus, and seide,  
"O Pandarus, now know I erop and root,  
I n'am but dead, there n'is none other boot.

"My lady bright Crescide hath me betrayed,  
In whom I trusted most of any wight,  
She elsewhere hath now her herte apaid,  
The blisfull goddess, through hir greate might,  
Have in my dreame yshewed it full right,  
Thus in my dreame Crescide have I behold,"  
And all this thing to Pandarus he told.

"O my Creseide, alas, what subtelte ?  
What newe lust ? what beauty ? what science ?  
What wraith of juste cause have ye to me ?  
What guilt of me ? what fell experience  
Hath me rafte, alas, thine advertece ?  
O trust, O faith, O depe assurance,  
Who hath me raft Creseide, all my pleasaunce ?

"Alas, why let I you from hence go ?  
For which well nigh out of my wit I breide,  
Who shall now throw on any othes mo ?  
God wote I wend, O lady bright Creseide,  
That every word was gospel that ye seide,  
But who may bet beguile, if him list,  
Than he on whom men wenen best to trist ?

"What shall I done, my Pandarus, alas ?  
I fele now so sharpe a newe paine,  
Sens that there is no remedy in this caas,  
That bet were it I with mine hondes twaine  
My selven slow than alway thus to plaine,  
For through the death my wo shuld have an end,  
There every day with life my self I shend."

Pandarus answerde and said, "Alas the while  
That I was borne, have I nat saied er this,  
That dreames many a manner man beguile ?  
And why ? For folke expounden hem amis :  
How darcest thou saine that false thy lady is,  
For any dreame, right for thine own drede,  
Let be this thought, thou canst no dreames rede.

"Peraventure there thou dremest of this bore,  
It may so be that it may signifie  
Her father, which that old is and eke hore,  
Ayen the sunne lieth on point to die,  
And she for sorow ginneth wepe and crie,  
And kisseth him, there he lieth on the ground,  
Thus shuldest thou thy dreame aright expound."

"How might I then doen" (quod Troilus)  
"To know of this, yea were never so lite ?"  
"Now sayst thou wisely," (quod this Pandarus)  
"My rede is this, sens thou canst well endite,

That hastily a letter thou her write,  
Through which thou shalt well bringen about  
To know a sooth of that thou art in dout.

"And see now why : for this dare I well sain,  
That if so is, that she untrue be,  
I cannot trowen that she woll write again,  
And if she write, thou shalt full sone ysee,  
As whether she hath any liberte  
To come ayen, or els in some clause  
If she be let, she woll assigne a cause.

"Thou hast not written to her sens she went,  
Nor she to thee, and this I durst lay,  
There may such cause ben in her entent,  
That hardly thou wolt thy selven say,  
That her abode the best is for you tay :  
Now write her than, and thou shalt fele sone  
A sooth of all, there is no more to done."

Accorded ben to this conclusioun,  
And that anon, these ilke lords two,  
And hastily sate Troilus adoun,  
And rolleth in his herte too and fro,  
How he may best descriven her his wo,  
And to Creseide his owne lady dere,  
He wrote right thus, and said as ye may here.

#### THE COPIE OF THE LETTER.

"RIGHT fresh flour, whose I have ben and shall,  
Withouten part of elsewhere servise,  
With herte, body, life, lust, thought, and all,  
I wofull wight in every humble wise  
That tong can tell, or herte may devise,  
As oft as matter occupieth place,  
Me recommaund unto your noble grace.

"Liketh it you to weten, sweete herte,  
As ye well know, how long time agon  
That ye me left in aspre paines smart,  
Whan that ye went, of which yet bote non  
Have I non had, but ever worse bigon,  
Fro day to day am I, and so mote dwell,  
While it you list, of wele and wo my well.

"For which to you, with dredefull herte trew,  
I write (as he that sorow driveth to write)  
My wo, that every houre encreaseth new,  
Complaining as I dare, or can endite,  
And that defaced is, that may ye wite,  
The teares, which that from mine eyen rain,  
That wulden speke, if that they durst, and plain

"You first beseech I, that your eyen clere  
To looke on this defouled ye nat hold :  
And over all this, that ye, my lady dere,  
Woll vouchsafe this letter to behold,  
And by the cause eke of my cares cold,  
That slaeth my wit, if aught amis me start,  
Foryeve it me, mine owne sweet herte.

"If any servaunt durst or ought of right  
Upon his lady pitously complaine,  
Than wene I that I ought be that wight,  
Considred this, that ye these moneths twaine  
Have taried, there ye saiden sooth to saine,  
But tenne daies ye nolde in hoste sojourne,  
But in two moneths yet ye not retourne.

"But for as much as me mote nedes like  
All that you list, I dare nat plaine more,

But humbly, with sorowfull sighes sike,  
You right I mine unrestie sorowes sore,  
Fro day to day, desiring evermore  
To knowen fully, if your will it were,  
How ye have fared and don while ye be there.

"Whose welfare and heale eke God encrease  
In honour such, that upward in degree  
It grow alway, so that it never cease,  
Right as your herte aye can, my lady free,  
Devise, I pray to God so mote it be,  
And graunt it, that you soone upon me rew,  
As wisely as in all I am to you trew.

"And if you liketh knowen of the fare  
Of me, whose wo ther may no wight discrive,  
I can no more, but chest of every care,  
At writing of this letter I was on live,  
All redy out my wofull ghost to drive,  
Which I delay, and hold him yet in hond,  
Upon the sight of matter of your sond.

"Mine eyen two, in vaine with which I see,  
Of sorowfull teres salt arn woxen wellis,  
My song in plaint of mine adversite,  
My good in harm, mine ease eke woxen Hell is,  
My joy in wo, I can sey now nought ellis,  
But tourned is, for which my life I warie,  
Every joy or ease in his contrarie.

"Which with you coming home aye to Troy  
Ye may redresse, and more a thousand sithe,  
Than ever I had encreasen in me joy,  
For was there never herte yet so blithe  
To save his life, as I shall ben as swithe  
As I you see, and though no manner routh  
Can meven you, yet thinketh on your trouth.

"And if so be my gilt hath death deserved,  
Or if you list no more upon me see,  
In guerdon yet of that I have you served,  
Beseech I you, mine owne lady free,  
That hereupon ye wolden write me  
For love of God, my right lodesterre,  
That death may make an end of al my werre.

"If other cause aught doth you for to dwell,  
That with your letter ye may me recomfort,  
For though to me your absence is an Hell,  
With patience I wold my wo comfort,  
And with your letter of hope I wold disport :  
Now writeth, swete, and let me thus nat plaine,  
With hope or deathe delivereth me fro paine.

"Ywis, mine owne dere herte trew,  
I wote that whan ye next upon me see,  
So lost have I mine heale and eke mine hew,  
Creseide shall not conne knowen me,  
Ywis, mine hertes day, my lady free,  
So thursteth aye mine herte to behold  
Your beautie, that unneeth my life I hold.

"I say no more, all have I for to sey  
To you well more than I tel may,  
But whether that ye do me live or dey,  
Yet pray I God so yewe you right good day,  
And fareth well, goodly faire fresh May,  
As ye that life or death me may commaund,  
And to your trouth aye I me recommaund.

"With heale such, that but ye yeven me  
The same heale, I shall none heale have,

In you lieth, whan you list that it so be,  
The day in which me clothen shall my grave,  
And in you my life, in you might for to save  
Me fro disease of all my paines smart,  
And fare now well, mine owne sweet herte.  
"Le vostre T."

This letter forth was sent unto Creseide,  
Of which her answer in effect was this,  
Full pitously she wrote aye, and seide,  
That all so soone as she might ywis,  
She would come, and amend all that was amis,  
And finally, she wrote and saied than,  
She would come, ye, but she nist whan.

But in her letter made she such feasts,  
That wonder was, and swore she loved him best,  
Of which he found but bottomlesse bihests.  
But Troilus thou mayst now east and west  
Pipe in an ivie leaf, if that thou lest :  
Thus goth the world, God shilde us fro mischaunce,  
And every wight that meaneth trouth avaunce.

Encreasen gan the wo fro day to night  
Of Troilus, for taryng of Creseide,  
And lessen gan his hope and eke his might,  
For which all down he in his bedde him leide,  
He ne eat, dronke, ne slept, ne worde seide,  
Imagining aye that she was unkind,  
For which wel nigh he wext out of his mind.

This dreame, of which I told have eke beforne,  
May never come out of his remembraunce,  
He thought aye well he had his lady lorne,  
And that Joves, of his purveyaunce,  
Him shewed had in sleepe the signifaunce  
Of her untrouth, and his disaventure,  
And that the bore was shewed him in figure.

For which he for Sibille his suster sent,  
That called was Cassandre eke all about,  
And all his dreame he told her ere he stont,  
And her besought assoilen him the dout  
Of the strong bore, with tuskes stout,  
And finally, within a little stound,  
Cassandre him gan thus his dreame expound.

She gan first smile, and said, "O brother dere,  
If thou a sooth of this desirest to know,  
Thou must a fewe of old stories here,  
To purpose how that fortune overthrow  
Hath lordes old, through which within a throw  
Thou shalt this bore know, and of what kind  
He comen is, as men in bookes find.

"Diane, which that wroth was and in ire,  
For Greekes n'olde done her sacrifice,  
Ne incens upon her altar set on fire,  
She for that Greekes gon her so dispise,  
Wrake her in a wonder cruell wise,  
For with a bore as great as oxe in stall,  
She made up frete her corne and vines all.

"To slee the bore was all the country raised,  
Emong whiche there came this bore to se  
A maid, one of this world the best ypraised,  
And Meleager, lord of that countre :  
He loved so this freshe maiden free,  
That with his manhood, ere he would stent,  
This bore he slough, and her the hed he sent.

"Of whiche, as olde bookes tellen us,  
There rose a conteke and a great envie,  
And of this lord descended Tideus  
By line, or els old bookes lie :  
But how this Meleager gan to die  
Through his mother, woll I you not tell,  
For all too long it were for to dwell."

She told eke how Tideus, ere she stent,  
Unto the strong cite of Thebes  
(To claimen kingdome of the cite) went  
For his fellowe dan Polimite,  
Of which the brother dan Ethiocles  
Full wrongfully of Thebes held the strength.  
This told she by processe all by length.

She told eke how Hemonides astart,  
Whan Tideus slough fiftie knightes stout,  
She told eke all the propheties by herte,  
And how that seven kinges with hir rout  
Besiegeden the cite all about,  
And of the holy serpent, and the well,  
And of the furies all she gan him tell.

*Associat profugus Tideus primo Polynicem,  
Tideia ligatum docet insidiasque secundo,  
Tertius Ilamoniden canit, et vatem latitantem,  
Quartus habet reges incuntes praelia septem,  
Iemiatum furia quinto narrantur et anguis,  
Archemori bustum sexto ludique sequuntur.  
Dat Thebus vatem Graiorum septimus umbris,  
Octavo occidit Tideus, spes, vita Pelasgum,  
Hippomedon nono moritur cum Parthenopeo,  
Pulmaine percussus decimo Capeneus superatur,  
Undecimo perimunt sese per vulnera fratres,  
Argivum fientem, narrat duodenus et ignem.*

Of Archinories burying, and the plaies,  
And how Amphiorax fill through the ground,  
How Tideus was slaine, lord of Argeis,  
And how Hippomedon in a little stound  
Was dreint, and dead Parthenope of wound;  
And also how Campanus the proud  
With thunder dint was slaine, that cried loud.

She gan eke tell him how that either brother  
Ethiocles and Polinices also  
At a scarnishe eche of hem slouth other,  
And of Argives weeping and her mo,  
And how the toun was brent she told eke tho,  
And tho descended down from gestes old  
To Diomedé, and thus she spake and told.

"This ilke bore betokeneth Diomedé,  
Tideus son, that doun descended is  
Fro Meleager, that made the bore to blede,  
And thy lady, where so she be ywis,  
This Diomedé her herte hath, and she is his :  
Weep if thou wolt or leave, for out of dout  
This Diomedé is in, and thou art out."

"Thou sayst not sooth," (quod he) "thou sor-  
With all thy false ghost of prophecie, [ceresse,  
Thou weneest been a good devineresse,  
Now seest thou nat this foole of fantasie,  
Painen her on ladies for to lie,  
Away," (quod he) "there Joves yeve the sorow,  
That shalt be fals peraventure yet to morow.

"As well thou mightest lien on good Alceste,  
That was of creatures (but men lie)  
That ever weren, kindest, and the best,

For whan her husbond was in jeopardie  
To die himselfe, but if she would die,  
She chese for him to die, and gon to Hell,  
And starfe anon, as us the bookes tell."

Cassandre goeth, and he with cruell herte  
Foryate his wo, for anger of his speech,  
And fro his bedde all suddainly he start,  
As though a hole him had ymade a leech,  
And day by day he gan require and sech  
A sooth of this, with all his full cure,  
And thus he driveth forth his aventure.

Fortune which that permutacion  
Of all things hath, as it is her committed,  
Through purveyaunce and disposition  
Of high Jove, as reignes shall ben flitted  
Fro folk to folk, or whan they shal ben smitted,  
Gan pull away the feathers bright of Troy  
Fro day to day till they ben bare of joy.

Emong all this, the fine of the jeopardie  
Of Hector gan approchen wonder blive,  
The fate would his soule should unbodie,  
And shapen had a meane it out to drive,  
Ayenst which fate him helpeth not to strive,  
But on a day to fighten gan he wend,  
At which alas, he caught his lives end.

For which me thinketh every manner wight  
That haunteth armes, ought to bewaile  
The death of him that was so noble a knight :  
For as he drough a king by th'aventaile  
Unware of this, Achilles through the maile  
And through the bodie gan him for to rive,  
And thus the worthy knight was reft of live.

For whom, as old bookes tellen us,  
Was made such wo, that tong it may nat tell,  
And namely, the sorow of Troilus,  
That next him was of worthinesse the well,  
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwell,  
That what for sorow, love, and for unrest,  
Full oft a day he had his lerte brest.

But nathelesse, tho he gon him dispaire,  
And drede aye that his lady was untrue,  
Yet aye on her his herte gan repaire,  
And as these lovers done, he sought aye new  
To get ayen Creseide bright of hew,  
And in his herte he went her excusing,  
That Calcas caused all her tarying.

And oft time he was in purpose great,  
Himselfen like a pilgrime to disguise,  
To seene her, but he may not counterfeite,  
To ben unknown of folke that weren wise,  
Ne find excuse aright that may suffice,  
If he among the Grekes known were,  
For which he wept full oft many a tere.

To her he wrote yet oft time all new,  
Full pitously, he left it nat for slouth,  
Beseeching her, sens that he was true,  
That she wold come ayen, and hold her trouth,  
For which Creseide upon a day for routh,  
I take it so, touching all this matere,  
Wrote him ayen, and said as ye may here.

"Cupides sonne, ensample of goodlihede,  
O swerde of knighthood, sours of gentillesse,  
How might a wight in turment and in drede,

And healesse, you send as get gladnesse,  
I hertelesse, I sicke, I in distresse,  
Sens ye with me, nor I with you may deale,  
You neither send I herte may nor heale.

"Your letters full the paper all iplained,  
Conceivd hath mine hertes pite,  
I have eke seene with teares all depainted,  
Your letter, and how that ye requiren me  
To come ayen, which yet ne may not be,  
But why, least that this letter founden were,  
No mention ne make I now for fere.

"Grevous to me (God wote) is your unrest,  
Your hast, and that the Goddes ordinaunce  
It seemeth nat ye take it for the best,  
Nor other thing n'is in your remembrance,  
As thinketh me, but only your pleasure,  
But beth not wrath, and that I you beseech,  
For that I tary is all for wicked speech.

"For I have heard well more than I wend  
Touching us two, how things have ystond,  
Which I shall with dissimuling amend,  
And beth nat wroth, I have eke understand,  
How ye ne do but holden me in hond,  
But now no force, I can nat in you gesse,  
But all trouth and all gentillesse.

"Come I woll, but yet in such disjoint  
I stond as now, that what yere or what day  
That this shall be, that can I nat appoint,  
But in effect I pray you as I may  
Of your good word, and of your friendship aye,  
For truly while that my life may dure,  
As for a friend ye may in me assure.

"Yet pray I you, no evill ye ne take  
That it is short which that I to you write,  
I dare nat there I am well letters make,  
Ne never yet ne could I well endite,  
Eke great effect, men write in place lite,  
Th'entent is all, and nat the letters space,  
And fareth well, God have you in his grace.  
"La vostre C."

This Troilus thought this letter all straunge  
Whan he it saw, and sorowfully he sight,  
Him thought it like a kalends of eschaunge,  
But finally he full ne trowen might,  
That she ne would him holden that she hight,  
For with ful evell will list him to leve,  
That loveth well in such case, though him greve.

But nathelesse, men saine that at the last,  
For any thing, men shall the soothe see,  
And such a case betide, and that as fast,  
That Troilus well understood that she  
N'as nat so kind as that her ought to be,  
And finally, he wote now out of dout,  
That all is lost that he hath ben about.

Stood on a day in his melancholy  
This Troilus, and in suspicioun  
Of her, for whom he wend to dye,  
And so befell, that throughout Troie toun,  
As was the guise, yborne was up and down  
A manner cote armoure, as saith the story,  
Before Deiphebe, insigne of his victory.

The whiche cote, as telleth Lollus,  
Deiphebe it hath rent fro Diomedes

The same day, and whan this Troil<sup>us</sup>  
It saw, he gan to taken of it hede,  
Avising of the length and of the brede,  
And all the werke, but as he gan behold,  
Full sodainly his herte gan to cold.

As he that on the coler found within  
A brooch, that he Creseide yave at morow  
That she from Troy must nedes twin,  
In remembrance of him, and of his sorow,  
And she him laid ayen her faith to borow,  
To keepe it aye: but now full well he wist,  
His lady nas no longer on to trist.

He goth him home, and gan full soone send  
For Pandarus, and all this newe chauce,  
And of this broch, he told him word and end,  
Complaining of her hertes variance,  
His longe love, his trouth, and his pennaunce,  
And after Death, without words more,  
Full fast he cried, his rest him to restore.

Than spake he thus, "O lady mine Creseide,  
Where is your faith, and where is your behest?  
Where is your love, where is your trouth?" he seide,  
"Of Diomedes have ye now all the fest?  
Alas, I would have trowed at the least,  
That sens ye n'olde in trouthe to me stond,  
That ye thus n'olde have holden me in hond.

"Who shall now trowen on any othes mo?  
Alas, I never would have wend ere this,  
That ye, Creseide, could have chaunged so,  
Ne but I had agilt, and done amis;  
So cruell wend I nat your herte ywis,  
To slee me thus, alas, your name of trouth  
Is now fordone, and that is all my routh.

"Was there none other broche you list lete,  
To feast with your new love," (quod he)  
"But thilke broche that I with teres wete  
You yave, as for a remembrance of me?  
None other cause alas, ne had ye,  
But for dispite, and eke for that ye ment  
All utterly to shewen your entent.

"Through which I see, that clene out of your mind  
Ye have me cast, and I ne can nor may  
For all this world within mine herte find,  
To unloven you a quarter of a day:  
In cursed time I borne was, welaway,  
That you that done me all this wo endure,  
Yet love I best of any creature.

"Now God" (quod he) "me sende yet the grace,  
That I may meten with this Diomedes,  
And truly, if I had might and space,  
Yet shall I make I hope his sides blede:  
Now God" (quod he) "that oughtest taken hede  
To forthren trouth, and wronges to punice,  
Why n'ilt thou don a vengeance of this vice.

"O Pandarus, that in dremes for to trist  
Me blamed hast, and wont art oft upbreide,  
Now mayst thou seen thy self, if that thee list,  
How trew is now thy nece, bright Creseide:  
In sundry formes (God it wote)" he seide,  
"The gods shewen both joy and tene  
In slepe, and by my dreme it is now sene.

"And certainly, withouten more speech,  
From henceforth, as ferforth as I may,

Mine owne death in armes woll I seech,  
I retche nat how soone be the day,  
But truly Creseide, sweet May,  
Whom I have with all my might iserved,  
That ye thus done, I have it nat deserved."

This Pandarus, that all these thinges herd,  
And wiste well he said a sooth of this,  
He nat a word ayen to him answerd,  
For sorie of his friends sorrow he is,  
And shame for his nece hath done amis,  
And stant astonied of these causes twey,  
As still as stone, o word ne could he sey.

But at the last, thus he spake and seide,  
"My brother dere, I may do thee no more,  
What should I saine, I hate ywis Creseide,  
And God it wote, I woll hate her evermore :  
And that thou me besoughtest done of yore,  
Having unto mine honour ne my rest  
Right no regard, I did all that thee lest.

"If I did aught that might liken thee,  
It is me lefe, and of this treason now,  
God wote that it a sorrow is to me,  
And dredelesse, for hertes ease of you,  
Right faine I would amend it, wist I how :  
And fro this world, Almighty God, I pray  
Deliver her soone, I can no more say."

Great was the sorow and plaint of Troilus,  
But forth her course fortune aye gan hold,  
Creseide loveth the sonne of Tideus,  
And Troilus mote wepe in cares cold,  
Such is this world, who so it can behold,  
In eche estate is little hertes rest,  
God leve us to take it for the best.

In many cruell bataille out of drede,  
Of Troilus, this ilke noble knight,  
(As men may in these old bookes rede)  
Was seen his knighthood and his great might,  
And dredelesse his ire day and night  
Full cruelly the Grekes aye abought,  
And alway most this Diomedes sought.

And oft time (I finde) that they mette  
With bloody strokes, and with wordes great,  
Assaying how hir speares were whette,  
And God it wote, with many a cruell heat  
Gan Troilus upon his helme to beat,  
But nathelesse, fortune it naught ne would  
Of others hond that either dien should.

And if I had ytaken for to write  
The armes of this ilke worthy man,  
Than would I of his batailles endite,  
And for that I to written first began  
Of his love, I have said as I can  
His worthy deedes, who so list hem here,  
Rede Dares, he can tell hem all yfere.

Beseeching every lady bright of hew,  
And every gentill woman, what she be,  
Albeit that Creseide was untrew,  
That for that gilt ye be nat wroth with me  
Ye may her gilt in other bookes see,  
And gladder I would write, if you lest,  
Penelopes trowth, and good Aleeste.

Ne say I nat this all onely for these men,  
But most for women that betrayed be

Through false folk, God yeve hem sorow, amen,  
That with hir great wit and subtilite  
Betrayen you : and this meveth me  
To speake, and in effect you all I pray  
Beth ware of men, and hearkeneth what I say.

Go, little booke, go, my little tragedie,  
There God my maker yet ere that I die,  
So send me might to make some comedie :  
But little booke, make thou none envie,  
But subject ben unto all poesie,  
And kisse the steps whereas thou seest pace  
Of Vergil, Ovid, Homer, Lucan, and Stace.

And for there is so great diversite  
In English, and in writing of our tong,  
So pray I to God, that none miswrite thee,  
Ne the misse-metre, for defaut of tong :  
And redde where so thou be, or eles song,  
That thou be understand, God I beseech,  
But yet to purpose of my rather speech.

The wrath (as I began you for to sey)  
Of Troilus, the Greekes boughten dere,  
For thousandes his hondes madden dey,  
As he that was withouten any pere,  
Save in his time Hector, as I can here,  
But welaway, save onely Goddes will,  
Dispitously him slough the fierce Achill.

And whan that he was slain in this manere,  
His light ghoste full blisfully is went  
Up to the hollownesse of the seventh sphere,  
In his place letting everiche element,  
And there he saw with full avisement  
The erratike sterres, herkenning armonie,  
With sownes full of Heavens melodie.

And down from thence, fast he gan avise  
This little spot of earth, that with the see  
Enbraaced is, and fully gan despise  
This wretched world, and held all vanite  
To respect of the plaine felicitye  
That is in Heaven above : and at the last,  
There he was slaine, his looking doun he cast.

And in himselfe he lough, right at the wo  
Of hem that wepten for his death so fast,  
And dampned all our werkes that followeth so  
The blinde lust, whiche that may nat last,  
And shoulde all our herte on Heaven cast,  
And forth he went, shortly for to tell,  
There as Mercurie sorted him to dwell.

Such fine hath lo, this Troilus for love,  
Such fine hath all his great worthinesse,  
Such fine hath his estate royall above,  
Such fine his lust, such fine hath his noblesse,  
Such fine hath false worldes brotelnesse,  
And thus began his loving of Creseide,  
As I have told, and in this wise he deide.

O young fresh folkes, he or she,  
In which that love up groweth with your age,  
Repaireth home from worldly vanite,  
And of your hertes up casteth the visage  
To thilke God, that after his image  
You made, and thinketh all n'is but a faire,  
This world that passeth sone, as floures faire.

And loveth him the which that right for love  
Upon a crosse our soules for to bey,

First starfe and rose, and sit in Heven above,  
For he nill falsen no wight dare I sey,  
That wol his herte all holy on him ley,  
And sens he best to love is and most meeke,  
What needeth fained loves for to seeke.

Lo, here of painems cursed olde rites,  
Lo, here what all hir goddes may availe,  
Lo, here this wretched worldes appetites,  
Lo, here the fine and guerdon for travaille,  
Of Jove, Apollo, of Mars, and such raskalle,  
Lo, here the forme of olde clerkes speech  
In poetrie, if ye hir bookes seech.

O morall Gower, this booke I direct  
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,

To vouchsafe there need is, to correct,  
Of your benignities and zeales good,  
And to the soothfast Christ that starfe on rood,  
With all mine herte of mercy ever I pray,  
And to the Lord aright, thus I speake and say,

Thou one, two, and three, eterne on live,  
That raignest aie in thre, two, and one,  
Uncircumscrip, and all maist circumscrive,  
Us from visible and invisible fone  
Defend, and to thy mercy everichone,  
So make us, Jesus, to thy mercy digne,  
For love of maide, and mother thine benigne.

THUS ENDETH THE FIFTH AND LAST BOOKE OF TROILUS.

## THE COURT OF LOVE.

This booke is an imitation of the Romaunt of the Rose, shewing that all are subject to love, what impediments soever to the contrary: containing also those twentie statutes which are to be observed in the Court of Love.

### v. 1—70

With temerous herte, and trembling hand of drede,  
Of cunning naked, bare of eloquence,  
Unto the floure of porte in womanhede  
I write, as he that none intelligence  
Of metres hath, ne floures of sentence:  
Saufe that me list my writing to convey,  
In that I can to please her high nobley.

The blosomes fresh of Tullius gardein sote  
Present they not, my matter for to born:  
Poemes of Virgil taken here no rote,  
Ne craft of Galfride may not here sojourn:  
Why n'am I cunning? O well may I mourne  
For lacke of science, that I cannot write  
Unto the princes of my life aright.

No tearmes digne unto her excellence,  
So is she sprong of noble stirpe and high;  
A world of honour and of reverence  
There is in her, this will I testifie:  
Calliope, thou suster wise and slie,  
And thou Minerva, guide me with thy grace,  
That language rude my matter not deface.

Thy suger droppes sweet of Helicon  
Distill in me, thou gentle Muse, I pray,  
And thee Melpomene, I call anone,  
Of ignoraunce the mist to chase away:  
And give me grace so for to write and say,  
That she my lady of her worthinesse  
Accept in gree this little short treatesse,

That is intituled thus, The Court of Love:  
And ye that ben metrichiens me excuse,  
I you beseech for Venus sake above,  
For what I mean in this, ye need not muse:  
And if so be my lady it refuse  
For lacke of ornate speech, I would be wo,  
That I presume to her to written so.

But my entent, and all my busie cure  
Is for to write this treatesse as I can,  
Unto my lady, stable, true, and sure,  
Faithfull and kind, sith first that she began  
Me to accept in service as her man:  
To her be all the plesure of this book,  
That whan her like she may it rede and look.

WHAN I was young, at eightene yeare of age,  
Lusty and light, desirous of plesauce,  
Approching on full sadde and ripe courage,  
Love arted me to do my observaunce  
To his estate, and done him obeisaunce,  
Commaunding me the Court of Love to see,  
Alite beside the mount of Citharee.

There Citherea goddesse was and quene,  
Honoured highly for her majeste,  
And eke her sonne, the mighty god I wene,  
Cupide the blind, that for I is dignitee  
A thousand lovers worship on their knee;  
There was I bid in paine of death to pere,  
By Mercury the winged messengere.

So than I went by strange and fer countrees,  
Enquiring aye what coast had to it drew  
The Court of Love; and thiderward as bees,  
At last I see the people gan pursue;  
And me thought some wight was there that knew  
Where that the court was holden ferre or nie,  
And after them full fast I gan me hie.

Anone as I them overtooke I said,  
"Haile friends, whither purpose ye to wend?"  
"Forsooth," (quod one) that answeredliche a maid,  
"To Loves Court now go we gentle friend."  
"Where is that place," (quod I) "my fellow hend?"  
"At Citheron, sir," said he, "without dout,  
The king of love, and all his noble rout



"Dwelleft within a castle rially."

So than apace I journeyed forth among,  
And as he said, so fond I there truly ;  
For I beheld the toures high and strong,  
And high pinnacles, large of hight and long,  
With plate of gold bespiced on every side,  
And precious stones, the stone worke for to hide.

No saphire in Inde, no rubie rich of price,  
There lacked than, nor emeraud so grene,  
Bales Turkes, ne thing to my device,  
That may the castle maken for to shene :  
All was as bright as sterres in winter bene,  
And Phebus shone to make his peace ageine,  
For trespass done to high estates tweine,

Venus and Mars, the god and goddesse clere,  
Whan he them found in armes cheined fast ;  
Venus was than full sad of herte and chere,  
But Phebus' beames streight as is the mast,  
Upon the castle giuneth he to cast,  
To please the lady, princes of that place,  
In signe he looketh after Loves grace.

For there n'is god in Heaven or Hell ywis,  
But he hath ben right soget unto Love ;  
Jove, Pluto, or whatsoever he is,  
No creature in yearth, or yet above ;  
Of these the revcers may no wight approve.  
But furthermore, the castle to descrite,  
Yet saw I never none so large and hie ;

For unto Heaven it stretcheth, I suppose,  
Within and out depeinted wonderly,  
With many a thousand daisies rede as rose,  
And white also, this saw I verely :  
But who tho daisies might do signifie,  
Can I not tell, safe that the queenes floure,  
Alceste it was that kept thes her sojoure ;

Which under Venus lady was and quene,  
And Admete king and soveraine of that place,  
To whom obeyed the ladies good ninetene,  
With many a thousand othler bright of face :  
And yong men fele came forth with lusty pace,  
And aged eke, their homage to dispose,  
But what they were I couid not well disclose.

Yet nere and nere forth in I gan me dress  
Into an hall of noble apparaile,  
With arras spred, and cloth of gold I gesse,  
And othler silke of esier availle :  
Under the cloth of thir estate, sauns faile,  
The king and quene there sat as I beheld ;  
It passed joy of Helise the field.

There saints have their comming and resort,  
To seeue the king so rially beseeine  
In purple clad, and eke the quene in sort,  
And on their heads saw I crownes twaine,  
With stones fret, so that it was no paine,  
Withouten meat and drink, to stand and see  
The kinges honour and the rialtee.

And for to treat of states with the king,  
That ben of counceel cheef, and with the quene ;  
The king had Danger nere to him standing,  
The quene of love, Disdain, and that was sene :  
For by the faith I shall to God, I wene,  
Was never straunger none in her degree,  
Than was the quene in casting of her eye.

And as I stood perceiving her apart,  
And eke the beames shinning of her eyen,  
Me thought they weren shapen lich a dart,  
Sharpe and persing, and smal and streight of line ;  
And all her haire it shone as gold so fine,  
Dishivil crispe, downe hanging at her backe  
A yard in length : and soothly than I spake.

"O bright regina, who made thee so faire ?  
Who made thy colour vermelet and white ?  
Wher wonneth that god, how far above the aire ?  
Great was his craft, and great was his delite.  
Now marvell I nothing that ye do hight  
The quene of love, and occupie the place  
Of Cithare : now sweet lady thy grace."

In mewet spake I so, that nought astart  
By no condition word, that might be hard ;  
But in my inward thought I gan advert,  
And oft I said "My wit is dull and hard :"  
For with her beauty thus, God wot, I ferde  
As doth the man yravished with sight,  
Whan I beheld her cristall eyen so bright ;

No respect having what was best to doone,  
Till right anone beholding here and there,  
I spied a friend of mine, and that full soome,  
A gentlewoman, was the chamberere  
Unto the quene, that hote as ye shall here,  
Philobone, that loved all her life :  
Whan she me sey, she led me forth as blife ;

And me demanded how and in what wise  
I thither come, and what my errand was ?  
"To seen the court" (quod I) "and all the guise,  
And eke to sue for pardon and for grace,  
And mercy aske for all my great trespae,  
That I none erst come to the Court of Love :  
Foryeve me this, ye goddess all above."

"That is well said," (quod Philobone) "indeed :  
But were ye not assomoned to appere  
By Mercurius, for that is all my drede ?"  
"Yes gentill feire," (quod I) "now am I here ;  
Ye yet what tho though that be true my dere ?"  
"Of your free will ye should have come unsent ;  
For ye did not, I deme ye will be shent :

"For ye that reigne in youth and lustinesse,  
Pampixed with ease, and jalous in your age,  
Your duty is, as ferre as I can gesse,  
To Loves Court to dressen your viage,  
As soone as nature maketh you so sage,  
That ye may know a woman from a swan,  
Or whan your foot is growen halfe a span.

"But sith that ye by wilfull negligence  
This eightene year hath kept your self at large,  
The greater is your trespass and offence,  
And in your neck you mote bere all the charge :  
For better were ye ben withouten barge  
Amidde the sea in tempest and in raine,  
Than biden here, receiving wo and paine

"That ordained is for such as them absent  
Fro Loves Court by yerres long and fele.  
I ley my life ye shall full soone repent,  
For Love will rive your colour, lust, and hele ;  
Eke ye must bait on many an heavy mele ;  
No force ywis : I stirred you long agone  
To draw to court" (quod) little Philobone.

"Ye shall well see how rough and angry face  
The king of love will shew, whan ye him se:  
By mine advise kneel down and ask him grace,  
Eschewing perill and adversite,  
For well I wote, it wold none other be ;  
Comfort is none, ne counsell to your ease,  
Will ye y than the king of love displease?"

"O mercy God," (quod iche) "I me repent,  
Caitife and wretch in herte, in will, and thought,  
And after this shall be mine hole entent  
To serve and please, how dere that love be bought:  
Yet sith I have mine own pennance yought,  
With humble sprite shall I it receive,  
Though that the king of love my life bereive.

"And though that fervent loves qualite  
In me did never worch truly, yet I  
With all obeisaunce and humilite,  
And benigne herte shall serve him till I die:  
And he that lord of might is great and hie,  
Right as him list me chastice and correct,  
And punish me with trespass thus infect."

These words said, she caught me by the lap,  
And led me forth in till a temple round,  
Both large and wide : and as my blessed hap  
And good aventure was, right soone I found  
A tabernacle raised from the ground,  
Where Venus sat, and Cupide by her side:  
Yet halfe for drede I can my visage hide ;

Yet eft againe, I looked and beheld,  
Seeing full sundry people in the place,  
And mistere folke, and some that might not weld  
Their limmes wele, me thought a wonder case :  
The temple shone with windows all of glass,  
Bright as the day with many a fair image ;  
And there I see the fresh queen of Cartage,

Dido, that brent her beauty for the love  
Of false Eneas ; and the waimenting  
Of her, Annelida, true as turtle dove  
To Arcite fals ; and there was in peinting  
Of many a prince, and many a doughty king,  
Whose martirdom was shewed about the wals,  
And how that fele for love had suffred fals.

But sore I was abashed and astonied  
Of all tho folke that there were in that tide,  
And than I askeden where they had wonned :  
"In divers courts" (quod she) "here beside."  
In sundry clothing mantill wise full wide  
They were arraied, and did their sacrifice  
Unto the god and goddess in their guise.

"Lo, yonder folke" (quod she) "that kneele in blew,  
They weare the colour aye and ever shall,  
In signe they were and ever will be trew  
Withouten change ; and soothly yonder all  
That ben in black, and mourning cry and call  
Unto the gods, for their loves bene,  
Som sick, som dede, som all to sharp and kene."

"Yea, than" (quod I) "what done these priests here,  
Nonnes and hermites, freres, and all tho,  
That sit in white, in russet, and in grene ?"  
"Forsooth" (quod she) "they wailen of their wo."  
"O mercy lord, may they so come and go  
Freely to court and have such liberty ?"  
"Yea, men of each condition and degre ;

"And women eke : for, truly, there is none  
Exception made, ne never was ne may ;  
This court is ope and free for everichone,  
The king of love he will not say them nay :  
He taketh all in poore or rich array,  
That meekely sewe unto his excellence  
With all their herte and all their reverence."

And walking thus about with Philobone  
I see where come a messengere in his  
Streight from the king, which let command anone,  
Throughout the court to make an ho and cry :  
"All new come folke abide, and wote ye why ?  
The kings lust is for to seene you sone :  
Come nere let see, his will mote need be done."

Than gan I me present tofore the king,  
Trembling for fere with visage pale of hew,  
And many a lover with me was knecling,  
Abashed sore, till unto the time they knew  
The sentence yeve of his entent full trew :  
And at the last, the king hath me behold  
With sterne visage, and seid, "What doth this oïd

"Thus ferre ystope in yeres come so late  
Unto the court ?" "Forsooth, my liege," (quod I)  
"An hundred time I have ben at the gate  
Afore this time, yet coud I never ospe  
Of mine acquainteauce any in mine eie,  
And shamefastnesse away me gan to chace ;  
But now I me submit unto your grace."

"Well, all is pardoned, with condition,  
That thou be true from henceforth to thy might,  
And serven Love in thine entention ;  
Sweare this, and than, as ferre as it is right,  
Thou shalt have grace here in thy quenes sight."  
"Yea, by the faith I owe to your croun, I swere,  
Though Death therefore me thirlith with his spere."

And whan the king had seene us everychone,  
He let command an officer in his  
To take our fath, and shew us, one by one,  
The statutes of the court full busily :  
Anon the booke was laid before their eie,  
To rede and see what thing we must observe  
In Loves Court, till that we die and sterve.

AND for that I was lettred, there I red  
The statutes hole of Loves Court and hall :  
The first statute that on the booke was spred,  
Was to be true in thought and deedes all  
Unto the king of love, the lord riall,  
And to the quene, as faithfull and as kind,  
As I could think with herte, will, and mind.

The second statute, secretly to kepe  
Councell of love, not blowing every where  
All that I know, and let it sinke and flete ;  
It may not sowne in every wights ere ;  
Exiling slander aye for drede and fere,  
And to my lady which I love and serve,  
Be true and kind her grace for to deserve.

The third statute was clerely writ also,  
Withouten change to live and die the same,  
None other love to take for wele ne wo,  
For blind delite, for earnest, nor for game ;  
Without repent for laughing or for grame,  
To bidden still in full perseverance :  
All this was hole the kings ordinaunce.

The fourth statute, to purchase ever to here,  
And stirren folke to love, and beten fire  
On Venus auter, here about and there,  
And preach to them of love and hote desire,  
And tell how love will quiten well their hire :  
This must be kept, and loth me to displease :  
If love be wroth, passe : for thereby is ease.

The fifth statute, not to be daungerous,  
If that a thought would reve me of my slepe ;  
Nor of a sight to be over squemous ;  
And so verely this statute was to kepe,  
To turne and wallow in my bed and wepe,  
Whan that my lady of her cruelty  
Would from her herte exilen all pity.

The sixt statute, it was for me to use  
Alone to wander, void of company,  
And on my ladies beauty for to muse,  
And to thinke it no force to live or die  
And eft againe to thinke the remedie,  
How to her grace I might anone attaine,  
And tell my wo unto my souveraine.

The seventh statute, was to be patient,  
Whether my lady joyfull were or wroth,  
For words glad or heavy, diligent,  
Wheder that she me helden lefe or loth :  
And hereupon I put was to mine oth,  
Her for to servce, and lowly to obey,  
In shewing her my chere, ye, twenty sithe aday.

The eighth statute, to my remembraunce,  
Was to speaken and pray my lady dere,  
With houres labour and great entendaunce,  
Me for to love with all her herte entere,  
And me desire, and make me joyfull chere,  
Right as she is surmounting every faire,  
Of beauty well and gentle debonaire.

The ninth statute, with letters writ of gold,  
This was the sentence, how that I, and all,  
Should ever dread to be to overbold  
Her to displease ; and truely, so I shall,  
But ben content for thinge that may fall,  
And meekely take her chastisement and yerd,  
And to offend her ever ben aferd.

The tenth statute, was egally to discerne  
Betwene the lady and thine ability,  
And thinke thy selfe art never like to yerne,  
By right, her mercy nor her equity,  
But of her grace and womanly pity ;  
For though thy selfe be noble in thy strene,  
A thousand fold more noble is thy quene,

Thy lives lady and thy souveraine,  
That hath thine herte all hole in governaunce ;  
Thou mayst no wise it taken to disdaine  
To put thee humbly at her ordinance,  
And give her free the reime of her plesauce,  
For liberty is thing that women looke,  
And truly els the matter is a crooke.

The eleventh statute, thy signs for to know  
With eye and finger, and with smiles soft,  
And low to couch, and alway for to show,  
For drede of spies, for to winken oft,  
And secretly to bring up a sight aloft ;  
But still beware of overmuch resort,  
For that paraventure spileth all thy sport.

The twelfth statute remember to observe :  
For all the paine thou hast for love and wo,  
All is too lite her mercy to deserve,  
Thou musten thinke, wherever thou ride or go :  
And mortall woundes suffer thou also,  
All for her sake, and thinke it well besette  
Upon thy love, for it may not be bette.

The thirteenth statute, whilome is to thinke  
What thing may best thy lady like and please,  
And in thine hertes bottom let it sinke ;  
Some thing devise, and take for it thine ease,  
And send it her, that may her herte appease ;  
Some herte, or ring, or letter, or device,  
Or precious stone, but spare not for no price.

The fourteenth statute eke thou shalt assay,  
Formely to keepe the most part of thy life :  
Wish that thy lady in thine armes lay,  
And nightly dreame, thou hast thy nights hertes wife,  
Sweetly in armes, straining her as blife ;  
And whan thou seest it is but fantasie,  
See that thou sing not over merely,

For too much joy hath oft a wofull end :  
It longeth eke this statute for to hold,  
To deme thy lady ever more thy friend,  
And thinke thy selfe in no wise a cokold.  
In every thing she doth but as she should :  
Construe the best, beleeve no tales new,  
For many a lye is told, that seemeth full trew.

But thinke that she, so bounteous and faire,  
Coud not be false ; imagine this algate :  
And think that tonges wicked would her appaie,  
Sclandering her name and worshipfull estate,  
And lovers true to setten at debate :  
And though thou seest a faut right at thine eye,  
Excuse it blive, and glose it preully.

The fifteenth statute, use to swere and stare,  
And counterfeit a lesing hardely,  
To save thy ladies honour every where,  
And put thy selfe for her to fight boldely :  
Say she is good, vertuous, and ghostly,  
Clere of entent, and herte, yea, thought and will,  
And argue not for reason ne for skill,

Againe thy ladies pleasure ne entent ;  
For love will not be countrepleted indee :  
Say as she saith, than shalt thou not be shent,  
The crow is white, ye truly so I rede :  
And aye what thing that she thee will forbede,  
Eschew all that, and give her sovraintee,  
Her appetite followe in all degree.

The sixteenth statute keepe it if thou may :  
Seven sithe at night thy lady fur to please,  
And seven at midnight, seven at morrow day,  
And drinke a caudle earely for thine ease.  
Do this and keep thine head from all disease,  
And win the garland here of lovers all,  
That ever came in court, or ever shall.

Full few, think I, this statute hold and keep :  
But truely, this my reason giveth me fele,  
That some lovers should rather fall asleepe,  
Than take on hand to please so oft and wele.  
There lay none oth to this statute adele,  
But keep who might, as gave him his corage ;  
Now get this garland lusty folke of age :

Now win who may ye lusty folke of youth,  
This garland fresh of floures red and white,  
Purple and blew, and colours fell uncouth,  
And I shall croune him king of all delite.  
In all the court there was not to my sight,  
A lover true, that he ne was adrede  
Whan he expresse hath heard the statute rede.

The seventeenth statute, whan age approacheth on,  
And lust is laid, and all the fire is queint,  
As freshly than thou shalt begin to fonne  
And dote in love, and all her image paint  
In thy remembrance, till thou begun to faint,  
As in the first season thine herte began :  
And her desire, though thou ne may ne can

Performe thy living actuell and lust,  
Register this in thine remembrance :  
Eke whan thou maist not keep thy thing from rust,  
Yet speake and talke of pleasaunt daliaunce,  
For that shall make thine herte rejoice and daunce ;  
And whan thou maist no more the game assay,  
The statute bid thee pray for them that may.

The eighteenth statute, holy to commend  
To please thy lady, is that thou eschew  
With sluttishnesse thy selfe for to offend ;  
Be jollife, fresh, and fete, with things new,  
Courtly with manner, this is all thy due ;  
Gentill of port, and loving cleannlinesse.  
This is the thing, that liketh thy maistresse.

And not to wanderliche a dulled assc,  
Ragged and torne, disguised in array,  
Ribaud in speech, or out of measure passe,  
Thy bound exceeding ; thinke on this alway ;  
For women been of tender hertes aye,  
And lightly set their pleasure in a place,  
Whan they misthinke, they lightly let it passe.

The nineteenth statute, meat and drinke forgete :  
Ech other day, see that thou fast for love,  
For in the court they live withouten mete,  
Save such as cometh from Venus all above,  
They take none hede, in pain of great reprove,  
Of meat and drinke, for that is all in vaine,  
Onely they live by sight of their souveraine.

The twentieth statute, last of everichone,  
Enroll it in thine hertes privitee ;  
To wring and waile, to turne, and sigh and grone,  
Whan that thy lady absent is from thee,  
And eke renew the words all that she  
Between you twain hath said, and all the chere  
That thee hath made, thy lives lady dere.

And see thine herte in quiet, ne in rest  
Sojourne, till time thou seene thy lady eft ;  
But where she wonne, by south, or east, or west,  
With all thy force, now see it be not left ;  
Be diligent, till time thy life be raft,  
In that thou mayest, thy lady for to see :  
This statute was of old antiquitee.

An officer of high authority,  
Clepéd Rigour, made us to swere anone :  
He n'as corrupt with partiality,  
Favour, prayer, ne gold that clerely shone ;  
“ Ye shall ” (quod he) “ now sweren here echone,  
Yong and old, to kepe, in that they may,  
The statutes truly, all after this day.”

O God, thought I, hard is to make this othe,  
But to my power shall I them observe :  
In all this world n'as matter halfe so lothe,  
To swere for all : for though my body sterve,  
I have no might them hole to observe.  
But herken now the case how it befell,  
After my oth was made, the troth to tell.

I tourned leaves, looking on this booke,  
Where other statutes were of women shene,  
And right forthwith Rigour on me gan looke  
Full angerly, and sayed unto the queene  
I traitour was, and charged me let been ;  
“ There may no man ” (quod he) “ the statute know  
That long to women, his degree ne low.

“ In secret wise they kepten been full close ;  
They souned echone to liberty, my friend,  
Pleasant they be, and to their owne purpose ;  
There wote no wight of them, but God and fiend,  
Ne naught shall wite, unto the worlds end.  
The queen hath yeve me charge in pain to die  
Never to rede ne seene them with mine eie.

“ For men shall not so nere of counsaile bene  
With womanhood, ne known of her guise,  
Ne what they think, ne of their wit thengine ;  
I me report to Salomon the wise,  
And mighty Sampson, which beguiled thrise  
With Dalida was, he wote that in a throw,  
There may no man statute of women know.

“ For it peraventure, may right so befell,  
That they be bound by nature to deceive,  
And spinne, and weep, and sugre strew on gall,  
The herte of man to ravish and to reive,  
And whet their tongue as sharpe as swerde or glere ;  
It may betide, this is their ordinance,  
So must they lowly doen their observance.

“ And keepe the statute yeven them of kind,  
Of such as love hath yeve hem in their life.  
Men may not wete why turneth every wind,  
Nor waxen wise, nor been inquisitive  
To know secret of maid, widow, or wife,  
For they their statutes have to them reserved,  
And never man to know them hath deserved.

“ Now dresse you forth, the god of love you guide,”  
(Quod Rigour than) “ and seek the temple bright  
Of Cithera, goddess here beside,  
Beseech her by influence and might  
Of all her vertue, you to teach aright,  
How for to serve your ladies, and to please  
Ye that been sped, and set your herte in easce.

“ And ye that ben unpurveyed, pray her cle  
Comfort you soone with grace and destiny,  
That ye may set your herte there ye may like,  
In such a place, that it to love may be  
Honour and worship, and felicity  
To you for aye, now goeth by one assent.”  
“ Graunt mercy, sir,” (quod we) and forth we went

Devoutly, soft and easie pace, to see  
Venus the goddesse image all of gold :  
And there we found a thousand on their knee,  
Some fresh and faire, some deadly to behold,  
In sundry mantils new and some were old ;  
Some painted were with flames red as fire,  
Outward, to show their inward hote desure.

With dolefull chere, ful fell in their complaint,  
Cried "Lady Venus, rew upon our sore !  
Receive our bilis, with teares all bedreint !  
We may not weepe, there is no more in store,  
But wo and pain us fretteth more and more :  
Thou blisseful planet, lovers sterre so shene,  
Have routh on us, that sigh and carefull bene !

" And punish, lady, grievously we pray,  
The false untrue with counterfeit pleasaunce,  
That made their oth, be true to live or dey,  
With chere assured, and with countenance ;  
And falsely now they footen loves daunce,  
Barraine of routh, untrue of that they said,  
Now that their lust and pleasure is alaid."

Yet eft againe, a thousand million  
Rejoycing love, leading their life in blisse,  
They sayd " Venus, redresse of all division,  
Goddesse eternell, thy name ylires is :  
By loves bond is knit all thing ywis,  
Beast unto beast, the yearth to water wan,  
Bird unto bird, and woman unto man.

" This is the life of joy that we ben in,  
Resembling life of heavenly paradise,  
Love is exiler aye of vice and sinne,  
Love maketh hertes lusty to devise  
Honour and grace, have they in every wise,  
That been to loves law obdient ;  
Love maketh folke benigne and diligent,

" Aye storing them to drede vice and shame :  
In their degree, it maketh them honourable,  
And sweet it is of love to beare the name,  
So that his love be faithfull, true and stable :  
Love pruneth him, to semen amiable,  
Love hath no faute, there it is exercised,  
But sole with them that have all love dispised.

" Honour to thee, celestiall and clere,  
Goddesse of love, and to thy celstude !  
That yevest us light so far down from thy spere,  
Piercing our hertes with thy pulcritude ;  
Comparison none of similitude  
May to thy grace be made in no degree,  
That hast us set with love in unities.

" Great cause have we to praise thy name and thee,  
For thorough thee we live in joy and blisse.  
Blessed be thou, most soveraine to see !  
Thy holy court of gladnesse may not misse ;  
A thousand sithe we may rejoice in this,  
That we ben thine with herte and all yfere,  
Enflamed with thy grace and heavenly fere."

Musing of tho that spaken in this wise,  
I me bethought in my remembrance  
Mine orizon right goodly to devise,  
And pleasantly with hertes obeisaunce,  
Beseech the goddesse vouden my grevaunce,  
For I loved eke, saufe that I wist not where,  
Yet downe I set and said as ye shall here.

" Fairest of all that ever were or bee,  
Licour and light to pensife creature,  
Mine hole affiaunce, and my lady free,  
My goddesse bright, my fortune and my ure,  
I yeve and yeeld my herte to thee full sure,  
Humbly beseeching, lady, of thy grace,  
Me to bestow now in some blessed place.

" And here I vow me, faithful, true, and kind,  
Without offence of mutabilitie,  
Humbly to serve, while I have wit and mind,  
Mine hole affiaunce, and my lady free,  
In thilke place, there ye me signe to be :  
And sith this thing of new is yeve me aye  
To love and serve, needly must I obey.

" Be merciable with thy fire of grace,  
And fix mine herte there beauty is and routh :  
For hote I love, determine in no place,  
Saufe onely this, by God and by my trouth  
Troubled I was, with slumber, slepe, and slouth  
This other night, and in a visoun  
I see a woman romen up and down,

" Of meane stature, and semely to behold,  
Lustie and fresh, demure of countenance,  
Yong and well shape, with hair shone as gold,  
With eyen as cristall, forced with pleasaunce,  
And she gan stirre mine herte a lite to daunce :  
But suddainly she vanish gan right there,  
Thus I may say, I love and wote not where.

" For what she is, ne her dwelling I n'ot,  
And yet I fele that love distreineth me ;  
Might iche her know, her would I faine, God wot,  
Serve and obey with all benigntie,  
And, if that other be my destinie,  
So that no wise I shall her never see,  
Than graunt me her that best may liken me.

" With glad rejoyce to live in parfite hele,  
Devoid of wrath, repent or variance :  
And able me to doe that may be wele  
Unto my lady, with hertes lie pleasaunce :  
And mighty goddess through thy purveiaunce  
My wit, my thought, my lust and love so guide,  
That to thine honor I may me provide

" To set mine herte in place there I may like,  
And gladly serve with all affection :  
Great is the paine which at mine herte doth sticke,  
Till I be sped by thine election ;  
Helpe, lady goddesse ! that possession  
I might of her have that in all my life  
I clepen shall my queene, and hertes wife.

" And in the Court of Love to dwell for aye  
My will it is, and done thee sacrifice :  
Dailly with Diane eke to fight and fraye,  
And holden werre, as might will me suffice  
That goddesse chast I keeplen in no wise  
To serve ; a figge for all her chastity,  
Her law is for religiosity."

And thus gan finish prayer, laud, and preise,  
Which that I gave to Venus on my knee,  
And in mine herte to ponder and to peise,  
I gave anone her image fresh beautie :  
" Heile to that figure sweet, and heile to thee  
Cupide," (quod I) and rose and yede my wey,  
And in the temple as I yede, I sey

A shrine surmounting all in stoness rich,  
Of which the force was pleasaunce to mine ey  
With diamond or saphire, neverliche  
I have none seenne, ne wrought so wonderly :  
So whan I met with Philobone in hie,  
I gan demanda, who is this sepulture ?  
" Forsooth" (quod she) " a tender creature

"Is shrined there, and Pity is her name;  
She saw an egle wreke him on a fle,  
And pluck his wing, and eke him in his game,  
And tender herte of that hath made her die:  
Eke she would weep and mourn right pitously  
To seene a lover suffer great distresse;  
In all the court n'as none, as I do gesse,

"That coud a lover halfe so well avale,  
Ne of his wo the torment or the rage  
Asken, for he was sure withouten faile,  
That of his greef she coud the heat assuage.  
In stced of Pity, speedeth hote courage  
The matters all of court, now she is dead,  
I me report in this to womanhead.

"Forweil, and weep, and cry, and speak, and pray,  
Women would not have pity on thy plaint,  
Ne by that mean, to ease thine herte convay,  
But thee receiven for their owne talent:  
And say that Pity causeth thee in consent  
Of reuth to take thy service and thy paine,  
In that thou maist, to please thy soverane.

"But this is counsaile, keepe it secretly,"  
(Quod she) "I n'old for all the world about,  
The queene of love it wist, and wite ye why?  
For if by me this matter springen out,  
In court no longer should I out of dout  
Dwellen, but shame in all my life endry,  
Now keepe it close" (quod she) "this hardely.

"Well all is well, now shall ye seen" she said,  
"The fairest lady under Sunne that is:  
Come on with me, demean you lich a maid,  
With shamefast drede, for ye shall speak ywis  
With her that is the mirrour joy and blisse:  
But somewhat strange and sad of her demean  
She is; beware your countenance be seen,

"Nor over light, ne rechelesse, ne too bold,  
Ne malapert, ne renning with your tong,  
For she will you obeisen and behold,  
And you demand why ye were hence so long  
Out of this court, without resort among:  
And Rosiall her name is hote aright,  
Whose herte as yet is yeven to no wight.

"And ye also been, as I understand,  
With love but light advanced, by your word,  
Might ye by hap your freedom maken bond,  
And fall in grace with her, and wele accord,  
Well might ye thank the god of love and lord,  
For she that ye saw in your dreame appere,  
To love such one, what are ye than the nere?"

"Yet wote ye what, as my remembrance  
Me yeveth now, ye faine where that ye say,  
That ye with love had never acquaintance,  
Save in your dream right late this other day:  
Why yes parde, my life that durst I lay,  
That ye were caught upon an heath, whan I  
Saw you complain, and sigh full pitously.

"Within an herber, and a garden faire  
Where flowers grow and herbes vertuous,  
Of which the savour swete was and the aire,  
There were your self full hote and amorous:  
Ywis ye been too-nice and daungerous,  
I would ye now repent, and love some new."  
"Nay by my trouth," I said "I never knew

"The goodly wight, whose I shall be for aye:  
Guide me the lord, that love hath made and me."  
But forth we went into a chamber gay,  
There was Rosiall, womanly to see,  
Whose streames sotell piercing of her eye,  
Mine herte gan thrill for beauty in the stound,  
"Alas," (quod I) "who hath me yeve this wound?"

And than I drede to speake, till at the last  
I grete the lady reverently and welc,  
Whan that my sigh was gone and overpast;  
Than down on knees ful humbly gan I knele,  
Beseeching her my fervent wo to kele,  
For there I tooke full purpose in my mind  
Unto her grace my painfull herte to bind.

For if I shall all fully her discrive,  
Her head was round, by compasse of nature,  
Here haire as gold, she passe I all on live,  
And lilly forehed had this creature,  
With liveliche browes, flaw of colour pure,  
Betwene the which was meane disceverance  
From every brow, to shew a due distance.

Her nose directed straight, and even as lue,  
With forme and shape thereto convenient,  
In which the goddes milk white path doth shine,  
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient,  
As is the smaragde, unto my judgement,  
Or yet these sterres Heavenly small and bright,  
Her visage is of lovely rede and white.

Her mouth is short, and shif in little space,  
Flaming somedeale, not over redde I mean,  
With pregnant lips, and thick to kisse percase,  
For lippes thinne not fat, but ever lene,  
They serve of naught, they be not worth a bean,  
For if the hasse been full there is delite,  
Maximian truly thus doth he write.

But to my purpose, I say white as snow  
Been all her teeth, and in order they stond  
Of one stature, and eke her breath I trow  
Surmounteth all odours that ever I found  
In sweetnesse, and her body, face, and hond  
Been sharply slender, so that from the head  
Unto the foot, all is but womanhead.

I hold my peace, of other things hidde  
Here shall my soule and not my tong bewray,  
But how she was arraigned, if ye me bidde,  
That shall I well discover you and say;  
A bend of gold and silke, full fresh and gay,  
With her intresse, brodered full wele,  
Right smoothly kept and shining everydele.

About her necke a flower of fresh devise,  
With rubies set, that lusty were to seene,  
And she in gown was light and summer wise,  
Shapen full wele, the colour was of grene,  
With aureat sent about her sides clene,  
With divers stones precious and rich,  
Thus was she rayed, yet saw I never her lich

For if that Jove had but this lady seine,  
Tho Calixto ne yet Alemanis  
They never hadden in his armes leine,  
Ne he had loved the faire Europa,  
Ye, ne yet Dane ne Antiopa,  
For all their beauty stood in Rosiall,  
She seemed lich a thing celestiall.

In bounty, favour, port, and seemelnesse,  
Pleasaunt of figure, mirrour of delite,  
Gracious to seeene, and root of all gentilnesse,  
With angell visage, lusty redde and white :  
There was not lack, saufe daunger had alite  
This goodly fresh in rule and governaunce,  
And somele strange she was for her pleasaunce.

And truly some I took my leave and went,  
Whan she had me enquired what I was,  
For more and more impressen gan the dent  
Of Loves dart while I beheld her face,  
And eft againe I come to seeken grace,  
And up I put my bill with sentence clere,  
That followeth after, rede and ye shall here.

"O ye fresh, of beauty the root,  
That nature hath formed so wele and made  
Princes and quene, and ye that may do boot  
Of all my languor with your words glad,  
Ye wounded me, ye made me wo bestad;  
Of grace redresse my mortall greefe, as ye  
Of all my harme the very causer be.

"Now am I caught, and unware suddenlyn  
With persuant streames of your eye so clere,  
Subject to been and serven you mekely,  
And all your man, ywis my lady dere,  
Abiding grace, of which I you requere,  
That mercilosse ye cause me not to sterve,  
But guerdon me liche as I may deserve.

"For by my troth, all the days of my breath  
I am and will be your in will and herte,  
Patient and meeko, for you to suffer death  
If it require, now rue upon my smart,  
And this I swere, I never shall out start  
From Loves Court for none adversitie,  
So ye wold rue on my distresse and me.

"My desteny, my fate, and houre I blisse  
That have me set to been obedient  
Onely to you, the floure of all ywis ;  
I trust to Venus never to repent,  
For ever redy, glad and diligent  
Ye shall me find in service to your grace,  
Till death my life out of my body race.

"Humble unto your excellence so digne,  
Enforcing aye my wits and delite  
To serve and please with glad herte and benigne,  
And leen as Troylus Troyes knight,  
Or Antonie for Cleopatre bright,  
And never you me thinkes to renay,  
This shall I keepe unto mine ending day.

"Enprint my speech in your memoriall  
Sadly my princes, salve of all my sore,  
And think, that for I would becommen thrall,  
And been your owne, as I have sayd before,  
Ye must of pity cherish more and more  
Your man, and tender after his desert,  
And give him courage for to been expert.

"For where that one hath set his herte on fire,  
And findeth neither refute ne pleasaunce,  
Ne word of comfort, death will quite his hire,  
Alas, that there is none allegaunce  
Of all their wo, alas, the great grevaunce  
To love unloved, but ye, my lady dere,  
In other wise may governe this matere."

"Truly gramercy friend of your good will,  
And of your profer in your humble wise,  
But for your service, take and keep it still,  
And where ye say, I ought you well to cherise,  
And of your greefe the remedy devise,  
I know not why : I n'am acquainted well  
With you, ne wot not sothly where ye dwell."

"In art of love I write, and songes make,  
That may be song in honour of the king  
And quene of love, and than I undertake,  
He that is sadde shall than full merry sing,  
And daungerous not bon in every thing ;  
Beseech I you but seene my will and rede,  
And let your answer put me out of drede."

"What is your name ? rehearse it here I pray,  
Of whence and where, of what condition  
That ye been of ; let see, come off and say ;  
Faine would I know your disposition ;  
Ye have put on your old entention,  
But what ye mean to serve me I ne wote,  
Saufe that ye say ye love me wonder hote."

"My name, alas my herte, why makes thou straunge ?  
Philogenet I calld am fer and nere,  
Of Cambridge clerk, that never think to chaunge  
Fro you that with your hevonly stremes clere  
Ravish mine herte and ghost, and all infore,  
Since at the first I write my bill for grace,  
Me thinke I see some mercy in your face.

"And what I mene, by gods that all hath wrought,  
My bill now maketh finall mention,  
That ye been lady in my inward thought  
Of all mine herte withouten offencion,  
That I best love, and sith I begon  
To draw to court, lo, than what might I say,  
I yeeld me here unto your nobley.

"And if that I offend, or wilfully  
By pomp of herte your precept disobay,  
Or done again your will unskilfully,  
Or greven you for earnest or for play,  
Correct ye me right sharply than I pray,  
As it is seeme unto your womanhede,  
And rew on me, or els I n'am but dede."

"Nay, God forbede to foffe you so with grace,  
And for a word of sugred eloquence,  
To have compassion in so little space,  
Than were it time that some of us were hens,  
Ye shall not find in me such insolence :  
Eve what is this, may ye not suffice sight ?  
How may ye looke upon the candle light,

"That clerer is and hotter than mine eie ?  
And yet ye sayd the beames perse and frete,  
How shall ye than the candle light endrie ?  
For well wote ye, that hath the sharper hiete ;  
And there ye bid me you correct and bete,  
If ye offend, nay, that may not be done,  
There come but few that speden here so sone.

"Withdraw your eie, withdraw from presens eke :  
Hurt not your selfe, through foly with a look,  
I would be sorry so to make you sicke,  
A woman should beware eke whom she took :  
Ye beth a clerke, go serchen well my book,  
If any women ben so light to winne ;  
Nay, bide a while ; tho ye were all my kinne,

"So sone ye may not win mine herte in truth ;  
The guise of court will seen your steadfastnesse,  
And as you done to have upon you ruth,  
Your owne desert, and lowly gentillesse,  
That will reward you joy for heavinessse ;  
And tho ye waxen pale, and grene, and dede,  
Ye must it use a while withouten drede,

"And it accept and grutchen in no wise ;  
But where as ye me heartely desire  
To lene to love, me thinke ye be not wise ;  
Cease of your language, cease I you require,  
For he that hath this twenty yere ben here  
May not obtaine, than marvaile I that ye  
Be now so bold of love to treat with me."

"Ah mercy herte, my lady and my love !  
My rightwise princesse and my lives guide !  
Now may I plaine to Venus all above,  
That ruthlesse ye me gave this wound so wide ;  
What have I done ? why may it not betide,  
That for my trowth I may received be ?  
Alas than, your daunger and your cruelte !

"In wofull houre I got was welaway,  
In wofull houre fostred and yfedde,  
In wofull houre yborne, that I ne may ;  
My supplication sweetly have I spedde,  
The frosty grave and cold must be my bedde,  
Without ye list your grace and mercy shewe,  
Death with his axe so fast on me doth hewe.

"So great disease and in so littell while,  
So littell joy that felte I never yet,  
And at my wo Fortune ginneth to smile,  
That never earst I felt so hard a fit :  
Confounden ben my spirites and my wit,  
Till that my lady take me to her cure,  
Which I love best of erthly creature.

"But that I like, that may I not come by,  
Of that I plain, that have I habondaunce,  
Sorrow and thought they sit me wonder nie,  
Me is withold that might be my pleasance :  
Yet turne againe my worldly suffisaunce,  
O lady bright, and saufe your faithfull true,  
And, or I die, yet ones upon me reve !"

With that I fell in sound and dede as stone,  
With colour slaine and wanne as asshe pale,  
And by the hand she caught me up anon,  
"Arise," (quod she) "whathave ye drunken dwale ?  
Why slepen ye ? it is no nightortale :"  
"Now mercy sweete," (quod I) "ywis affraied :"  
"What thing?" (quod she) "hath made you so  
dismaid ?

"Now wote I well that ye a lover be,  
Your hew is witness in this thing," she said :  
"If ye were secret, ye might know," (quod she)  
"Curteis and kind, all this shuld be alaid :  
And now mine herte, al that I have missaid,  
I shall amend and set your herte in ease."  
"That word it is," (quod I) "that doth me please."

"But this I charge, that ye the stents keepe,  
And breke them not for slouth nor ignorance."  
With that she gan to smile and laughen depe,  
"Ywis," (quod I) "I will do your pleasance :  
The sixteenth statute doth me great grevaunce,  
But ye must that release or modifie."  
"I graunt," (quod she) "and so I will truly."

And softly than her colour gan appere,  
As rose so red throughout her visage all,  
Wherefore me thinke it is according here,  
That she of right be cleped Rosall :  
Thus have I won with wordes great and small  
Some goodly worde of her, that I love best,  
And trust she shall yet sette mine herte in rest.

"GOTH ON," she said to Philobone, "and take  
This man with you, and lede him all about  
Within the court, and shewe him for my sake  
What lovers dwell within, and all the rout  
Of officers him shew, for he is out of dout  
A stranger yet :—" "Come on," (quod Philobone)  
"Philogenet, with me now must ye gon."

And stalyng soft with easie pace, I saw,  
About the kyng stonden all environ,  
Attendaunce, Diligence, and their felow  
Fortherer, Asperaunce, and many one,  
Dred to offend, there stood, and not alone,  
For there was eke the cruell adversair,  
The lovers foe that cleped is Di-pair.

Which unto me spake angrily and fell,  
And said, "My lady me disceive ne shall :  
Trowest thou," (quod she) "that all that she did tell,  
Is true ? nay, nay, but under hony gall,  
Thy birth and hers they be nothing egall :  
Cast of thine herte for all her words white,  
For in good faith she loveth thee but a lite.

"And eke remembre thine habilitie  
May not compare with her, this well thou wot :"  
Ye then came Hope and said, "My frend, let be,  
Beleve him not ; Dispaire he ginneth dote :"  
"Alas," (quod I) "here is both cold and hote,  
The one me biddeth love, the toder nay ;  
Thus wote I not what me is best to say.

"But well wote I, my lady graunted me  
Truly to be my woundes remedie,  
Her gentillesse may not infected be  
With doublenesse, thus trust I till I die."  
So cast I to voide Dispaire company,  
And taken Hope to counceyl and to friend.  
"Yea, keep that well," (quod Philobone) "in mind."

And there beside within a bay window,  
Stod one in grene ful large of brede and length,  
His beard as black as fethers of the crow,  
His name was Lust, of wonder might and strength,  
And with Delite to argue there he think'th,  
For this was all his opinion,  
That love was sinne : and so he hath begon

To reason fast, and ledge auctoritie :  
"Nay," (quod Delite) "love is a vertue clere,  
And from the soule his progresse holdeth he :  
Blind apete of lust doth often stere,  
And that is sinne : for reason lacketh there,  
For thou dost think thy neighbours wife to win :  
Yet thinke it well that love may not be sinne.

"For God and seint they love right verely,  
Void of all sinne and vice this know I well,  
Affection of flesh is sin truly,  
But verray love is vertue as I fele,  
For love may thy freill desire ackele :



For verray love is love, withouten sinne :  
 "Now stint," (quod Lust) "thou spekest not worth  
 a pinne."

And there I left them in their arguing,  
 Roving further in the castell wide,  
 And in a corner Lier stode talking,  
 Of lesings fast, with Flatery there beside,  
 He said that woman were attire of pride,  
 And men were found of nature variaunt,  
 And could be false and shewen beaun semblaunt.

Than Flatery bespake and said, "Ywis  
 See so she goth on patens faire and fete,  
 It doth right well : what prety man is this  
 That rometh here ? now truly drink no mote  
 Nede I not have, mine herte for joy doth bete  
 Him to behold, so is he goodly freshe :  
 It semeth for love his herte is tender and neshe."

This is the court of lusty folke and glad,  
 And well becommeth their abite and array,  
 O why be some so sory and so sad,  
 Complaining thus in blacke and white and gray ?  
 Freres they ben, and monkes in good fay :  
 Alas, for routh great dole it is to seene,  
 To see them thus bewaile and sory ben.

See how they cry and wring their handes white,  
 For they so sone went to religion,  
 And eke the nonnes with vayle and wimple plight,  
 Their thought is, they ben in confusion :  
 "Alas," they sain, "we fain perfection  
 In clothes wide, and lacke our libertie,  
 But all the sinne mote on our frends be.

"For Venus wote, we wold as faine as ye,  
 That bene attired here and welbesene,  
 Desiren man and love in our degre,  
 Fern and faithful right as wold the quene :  
 Our frends wike in tender youth and grene,  
 Ayenst our will made us religious,  
 That is the cause we mourn and wailen thus."

Than said the monk and freres in the tide,  
 "Wel may we curse our abbes and our place,  
 Our statutes sharpe to sing in copes wide,  
 Chastely to keepe us out of loves grace,  
 And never to fele comfort ne solace :  
 Yet suffre we the heate of loves fire,  
 And after that some other haply we desire.

"O Fortune cursed, why now and wherefore  
 Hast thou," they said, "beraft us libertie,  
 Sith nature yave us instrument in store,  
 And appetite to love and lovers be ?  
 Why mote we suffer such adversite,  
 Diane to serve, and Venus to refuse ?  
 Ful often sithe this matters doth us muse.

"We serve and honour sore ayenst our will,  
 Of chastite the goddess and the queene,  
 Us lescef were with Venus biden still,  
 And have reward for love and soget bene  
 Unto these women courtly, fresh, and shene ;  
 Fortune we curse thy wheele of variance,  
 There were we well thou revest our plesance."

Thus leave I them with voice of plaint and care,  
 In raging wo crying full pitously,  
 And as I yede full naked and full bare,  
 Some I behold looking dispitously,

On poverty that dedly cast their eye,  
 And "Welaway," they cried, and were not faine,  
 For they ne might their glad desire attainc.

For lacke of richesse worldly and good,  
 They banne and curse, and weep, and sain, "Alas,  
 That poverty hath us hent that wilhom stode  
 At hertes ease, and free and in good case,  
 But now we dare not shew our self in place,  
 Ne us embold to dwell in company,  
 There as our herte wold love right faithfully."

And yet againward shried every nonne,  
 The pange of love so straineth them to crie :  
 "Now wo the time," (quod they) "that we be boun  
 This hatefull ordre nise will done us die,  
 We sighe and sobbe, and bleden inwardly,  
 Fretting ourself with thought and mool complaint,  
 That nie for love we waxen wood and faint."

And as I stood beholding here and there,  
 I was ware of a sort full languishing,  
 Savage and wild of loking and of chere,  
 Their mantelles and their clothes ay tering,  
 And oft they were of nature complaining,  
 For they their members lacked, foot and hand,  
 With visage wry, and blind I understand.

They lacked shape and beaauty to preferre  
 Themself in love : and said that God and kind,  
 Hath forged them to worshipping the sterre,  
 Venus the bright, and leften all behind  
 His other werkis clene and out of mind :  
 "For other have their full shape and beaauty,  
 And we" (quod they) "been in deformity."

And nie to them there was a company  
 That have the susters warried and misaide,  
 I meane the three of fatal destiny,  
 That be our workers : sodenly abraide  
 Out gan they cry as they had been affraide,  
 "We curse," (quod they) "that ever hath nature,  
 Yformed us this wofull life to endure."

And there eke was Contrite and gan repent,  
 Confessing hole the wound that Cithere  
 Hath with the darte of hote desire him sent,  
 And how that he to love must subject be ;  
 Than held he all his skornes vanity,  
 And said that lovers held a blisful life,  
 Yong men and old, and widow, maid and wife.

"Bereve me goddess," (quod he) "of thy might  
 My skornes all and skoffes, that I have  
 No power for to moken any wight,  
 That in thy service dwell : for I did rave :  
 This know I well right now so god me save,  
 And I shal be the chief post of thy fath,  
 And love uphold, tho revers who so saith."

Dissemble stode not ferre from him in troth,  
 With party mantil party hode and hose,  
 And said he had upon his lady routh,  
 And thus he wound him in, and gan to glose  
 Of his entent ful double I suppose,  
 In all the world he said he loved her wele,  
 But ay me thought he loved her nere a dele.

Eke Shamfastnesse was there as I tooke hede,  
 That blushed rede, and durst nat ben aknow  
 She lover was, for thereof had she drede ;  
 She stode and hing her visage downe ale,

But such a sight it was to seene I trow,  
As of these roses rody on their stalke,  
There coud no wight her spy to speak or talk.

In loves art so gan she to abashe,  
Ne durst not utter al her previly:  
Many a stripe and many a grevous lashe  
She gaven to them that wolden lovers be,  
And hindered sore the simple comonalty,  
That in no wise durst grace and mercy crave,  
For were not she they need but ask and have,

Where if they now aprochen for to speke,  
Than Shamefastnesse returneth them again:  
They thinke, if we our secrets counsel breke,  
Our ladies will have scorn on us certain,  
And peraventure thinken great disdain:  
Thus Shamefastnesse may bringen in Dispire,  
Whan she is dede the toder will be hoire.

Come forth a Vaunter, now I ring thy bel,  
I spied him sone, to God I make a vowe,  
He loket blacke as fendes doth in Hell,  
"The first," (quod he) "that ever I did wowe,  
Within a worde she come, I wotte not how,  
So that in armes was my lady free,  
And so hath ben a thousand mo than she.

"In England, Britain, Spain, and Picardy,  
Artois, and France, and up in hie Holand,  
In Burgoine, Naples, and Italy,  
Naverne, and Grece, and up in hethen lond  
Was never woman yet that wold withstond,  
To ben at [my] commaundement whan I wold,  
I lacked neither silver, coigne, no gold.

"And there I met with this estate and that,  
And her I broched, her, and her I trow:  
Lo, there goeth one of mine, and wotte ye what?  
You fresh attired have I laid full low,  
And such one yonder eke right well I know:  
I kept the statute whan we lay yfere,  
And yet yon same hath made me right good chero."

Thus hath a Vaunter blownen every where,  
Al that he knoweth, and more a thousand fold;  
His auncestry of kinne was to Liere,  
For first he maketh promise for to hold  
His ladies counsel, and it not unfold,  
Wherefore the secret whan he doth unshutte,  
Than lieth he, that all the world may witte.

For falsing so his promise and behest,  
I wounder sore he hath such fantasie,  
He lacketh wit I trow or is a beast,  
That can no bet himself with reason gie,  
By mine advise love shall be contrary  
To his avails, and him eke dishonour,  
So that in court he shall no more sojour.

"Take heed," (quod she) this little Philobone,  
"Where Envy rocketh in the corner yond,  
And sitteth dirke, and ye shall see anon  
His leane body fading both face and hond,  
Himselfe he fretteth as I understond,  
Witnesses of Ovid methamorphose,  
The lovers so he is, I will not glose.

"For where a lover thinketh him promote  
Envy will grutch, repining at his wele,  
It swelleth sore about his hertes rote,  
That in no wise he cannot live in hele,

And if the faithful to his lady stele,  
Envy will noise and ring it round about,  
And sey much worse than done is out of dout."

And Privy Thought rejoysing of himselfe,  
Stood not ferre thence in abito marvellous,  
"Yon is," (thought I) "some spirit or some elfe.  
His subtilt image is so curious:  
How is," (quod I) "that he is shaded thus  
With yonder cloth, I n'ot of what colour?"  
And nere I went and gan to lere and pore;

And framed him a question full hard,  
"What is," (quod I) "the thing thou lovest best,  
Or what is bote unto thy paines hard?  
Me thinke thou livest here in great unrest,  
Thou wandrest aye from south to cast and west,  
And east to north as ferre as I can see,  
There is no place in court may holden thee.

"Whom followest thou, where is thy herte yset?  
But my demand asoile I thee require."  
"Me thought," (quod he) "no creature may let  
Me to ben here, and where as I desire:  
For where as absence hath done out the fire,  
My mery thought it kindeleth yet againe,  
That bodely me thinke with my soveraine

"I stand and speake, and laugh, and kisse, and haile;  
So that my thought comforteth me ful oft:  
I think god wote, though al the world be false,  
I will be true, I thinke also how soft  
My lady is in speach, and this on loft  
Bringeth min herte with joy and great gladnes,  
This privy thought alayeth mine heavines.

"And what I thinke or where to be, no man  
In all this Earth can tell ywis but I;  
And eke there n'is no swallow swift, ne swan  
So wight of wing, ne half so yerne can fle;  
For I can bene and that right sodenly,  
In Heaven, in Hell, in Paradise, and here,  
And with my lady whan I will desire.

"I am of counsell ferre and wide I wote,  
With lorde and lady, and their privite  
I wotte it all, and be it colde or hote,  
They shall not speake without licence of me,  
I mine in such as seasonable be,  
For first the thing is thought within the hart,  
Ere any word out from the mouth astart."

And with the word Thought bad farewell and yede:  
Eke forth went I to seene the courts guise,  
And at the doore came in, so God me spede,  
Twenty courtoours of age and of assise  
Liche high, and brode, and as I me advise,  
The Golden Love, and Leden Love they hight,  
The tone was sad, the toder glad and light.

"Yes draw your herte with all your force and might,  
To lustinesse and ben as ye have seid,  
And thinke that I no drope of favour hight,  
Ne never had unto your desire obeid,  
Till sodenly me thought me was affraied,  
To seene you waxe so dede of countenance,  
And Pite bade me done you some pleasaunce.

"Out of her shrine she rose from death to live,  
And in mine eare full prively she spake,  
'Doth not your servant hens away to drive,  
Rosial,' (quod she) and than mine herte it brake,

For tenderiche : and where I found moche lacke,  
In your person, than I my selfe bethought,  
And saide, this is the man mine heart hath sought."

"Gramercy Pity, might I but suffice,  
To yewe due laude unto thy shrine of gold,  
God wotte I would : for sith that thou did rise  
From death to live for me, I am behold  
To thanken you a thousand times told,  
And eke my lady Rosial the shene,  
Which hath in comfort set mine herte ywene.

"And here I make mine protestacion,  
And depely swere as mine power to bene  
Faithful, devoide of variacion,  
And her forbear in anger or in tene,  
And serviceable to my worldes quene,  
With all my reason and intelligence,  
To done her honour high and reverence."

I had not spoke so sone the worde, but she,  
My sovaine, did thanke me hertely,  
And said, "Abide, ye shall dwell still with me,  
Till season come of May, for than truly,  
The king of love and all his company,  
Shall hold his feste full rially and well,"  
And there I bode till that the season fell.

On May day when the larks began to rise,  
To matens went the lusty nightingale,  
Within a temple shapen hauthorn wise,  
He might not slepe in all the nightertale,  
But "*Domine labia*," gan he cry and gale,  
"My lippes open lord of love I cry,  
And let my mouth thy preising now bewry."

The egle sang "*Venite* bodies all,  
And let us joy to love that is our health,"  
And to the deske anon they gan to fall,  
And who came late he preessed in by stealth :  
Than sayd the faucon our own hertes wealth,  
"*Domine Dominus noster* I wote,  
Ye be the God that done us brenne thus hote."

"*Celi enarrant*," said the popingay,  
"Your might is told in Heaven and firmanent,"  
And than came in the gold-finch freshe and gay,  
And said this psalme with hertily glad intent  
"*Domini est terra*," this laten intent,  
The God of love hath yerth in governaunce :  
And than the wren gan skippen and to daunce.

"*Jube Domino* O lord of love, I pray  
Command me well this lesson for to rede,  
This legende is of all that woulde deye  
Martyres for love, God yet the souls spede :  
And to thee Venus sing we out of drede,  
By influence of all thy vertue great,  
Besechyng thee to keepe us in our heat."

The second lesson robin redebrest sang,  
"Haile to the god and goddess of our lay,"  
And to the lectorne amorously he sprong,  
"Haile now," (quod eke) "O fresh season of May,  
Our moneth glad that singen on the spray,

Haile to the floures, rede, and white, and blew,  
Which by their vertue maketh our lust new."

The third lesson the turtill dove toke up,  
And thereat lough the mavis in a scorne,  
He said, "O God, as mote I dune or suppe,  
This folish dove will give us al an horne,  
There ben right here a thousand better borne,  
To rede this lesson, which as well as he,  
And eke as hote, can love in all degree."

The turtill dove said, "Welcom, welcom May,  
Gladson and light to lovers that ben trew :  
I thanke thee lord of love that doth purvey,  
For me to rede this lesson al of dewe,  
For in good soth of corage I pursue,  
To serve my make till death us must depart,"  
And than "*Tu autem*" sang he all apart.

"*Te deum amoris*" sang the throstel cocke ;  
Tuball himselfe the first musician,  
With key of armony coude not onlocke,  
So swete tewne as that the throstel can :  
"The lord of love we praysen," (quod he) than,  
And so done al the foules great and lite,  
"Honour we May, in fals lovers dispite."

"*Dominus regnavit*," said the peacocke there,  
"The lord of love that mighty prince ywis,  
He is received here and every where :  
Now *Jubilate* sing : " "What meaneth this?"  
Said than the linet ; "welcome lord of blisse !"   
Out sterte the owle with "*Benedicite*,"  
"What meaneth all this mery fare?" (quod he.)

"*Laudate*," sang the larks with voice ful shril,  
And eke the light "*O admirabile*,  
This quere wil thorow mine ears pers and thril,  
But what, welcome this May season," (quod he)  
"And honour to the lord of love mote be,  
That hath this feste so solempne and so hie,"  
"*Amen*," said al, and so said eke the pie.

And forth the cockow gan procede anon,  
With "*Benedictus*" thanking God in hast,  
That in this May would visite them echon,  
And gladden them all while the feast shal last,  
And therewithal a laughter out he brast,  
"I thanke it God that I should end the song,  
And all the service which hath ben so long."

Thus sang they all the service of the feste, -  
And that was done right erly to my dome,  
And forth goth all the court both most and leste,  
To fetch the floures fresh, and branch and blome,  
And namely hauthorn brought both page and grome  
With fresh garlants party blew and white,  
And than rejoycen in their great delite.

Eke ech at other threw the floures bright,  
The primrose, the violete, and the gold,  
So than as I beheld the royall sight,  
My lady gan me sodenly behold,  
And with a trewe love plited many a fold,  
She smote me through the very heart as blive,  
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

EXPLICIT.

## THE COMPLAINT OF PITIE.

HOW PITIE IS DEAD AND BURIED IN A GENTLE HERTE

v. 1—98

PITIE that I have sought so yore agon  
With herte sore, and full of besie paine,  
That in this worlde was never wight so wo  
Without deathe, and if I shall not faine,  
My purpose was to Pitie to complaine  
Upon the cruelty and tyranny  
Of Love, that for my trouth doth me dye.

And that I by length of certaine yeares  
Had ever in one sought a time to speke,  
To Pitie ran I, all bespreint with teares,  
To prayen her on Crueltie me awreke ;  
But or I might with any word out breake,  
Or tell her any of my paines smerte,  
I found her dead and buried in an herte.

Adowne I fell, whan I saw the herse,  
Dead as a stone, while that swoone me last,  
But up I rose with colour full diverse,  
And pitously on her mine eyen I cast,  
And nearer the corse I gan preasen fast,  
And for the soule I shope me for to pray,  
I was but lorne, there was no more to say.

Thus am I slaine, sith that Pitie is dead,  
Alas, the day that ever it should fall !  
What maner man dare now hold up his head ?  
To whom shall now any sorrowful herte call ?  
Now Crueltie hath cast to slee us all  
In idle hope, folke rechelesse of paine,  
Sith she is dead, to whom shall we complaine ?

But yet encreaseth me this wonder new,  
That no wight wote that she is dead but I,  
So many men as in her time her knew,  
And yet she deyde so suddainly,  
For I have sought her ever full busily,  
Sith I had first wit or mind,  
But she was dead, ere I could her find.

About her herse there stooden lustily  
Withouten any mo, as thoughte me,  
Bounty, perfittely well armed and richely,  
And fresh Beaute, Lust, and Jolite,  
Assured-manner, Youth, and Honeste,  
Wisedome, Estate, Drede, and Governauce,  
Confred both by bond and alliaunce.

A complaint had I written in my honde,  
To have put to Pitie, as a bill,  
But I there all this company fonde,  
That rather would all my cause spill,  
Than do me helpe : I hold my plaint still  
For to those folke withouten faile,  
Without Pitie there may no bill avail

Than leave all vertues, save only Pitie,  
Keping the corse, as ye have heard me saine,  
Confred by honde until Crueltie,  
And be assented whan I shall be slaine ;  
And I have put my complainte up againe,  
For to my foes my bill I dare not shewe  
The effect, which sath thus in wordes fewe.

“Humblest of herte, highest of reverence,  
Benigne floure, croune of vertues all,  
Shewen unto your royall excellence  
Your servaunt, if I durst me so call,  
His mortall harme in which he is yfall,  
And nought all only for his wofull fare,  
But for your renome, as he shall declare.

“It standeth thus, that contraire Crueltie  
Allied is ayenst your regaltie  
Under colour of womanly beautie,  
(For men should not know her tyrannic)  
With Bountie, Gentillesse, and Courtesie,  
And hath deprived you of your place,  
That is hie beautie, appertenant to your grace

“For Kindly, by your heritage right  
Ye be annexed ever unto Bountie,  
And verely ye ought to doe your might  
To helpe Trough in his adversitie :  
Ye be also the croune of beautie,  
And certes, if ye want in these twaine  
The world is lorne, there is no more to saine.

“Eke what availleth manner and gentillesse  
Without you, benigne creature ?  
Shall Crueltie be your governeresse ?  
Alas, what herte may it long endure ?  
Wherefore, but ye rather take cure  
To breake that perillous alliaunce,  
Ye sleen hem that been in your obeysaunce.

“And further, if ye suffer this,  
Your renome is fordo in a throw,  
There shall no man wete what pitie is,  
Alas, that ever your renome is fall so now !  
Ye be also fro your heritage ythrow ;  
But Crueltie, that occupieth your place,  
And we dispaired that seeken your grace.

“Have mercy on me, thou Herenus, queene,  
That you have sought so tenderly and sore ;  
Let some streame of light on me be seene,  
That love and drede you ever lenger the more ;  
For soothly to saine, I heare so sore,  
And though I be not conning for to plaine,  
For Goddes love have mercy on my paine !

"My paine is this, that nought so I desire,  
That have I not, ne nothing like thereto  
And ever setteth Desire mine herte on fire,  
Eke on that other side where that I go,  
What manner thing that may encrease my wo,  
That have I ready unsought every where,  
Me lacketh but my death, and then my bere.

"What nedeth to shew parcell of my paine ?  
Sith every wo, that herte may bethinke,  
I suffer, and yet I dare not to you plaine,  
For well I wote, though I wake or winke,

Ye recke not whether I flete or sinke ;  
And nathelesse yet my trowth I shall susteine  
Unto my death, and that shall well be sene.

"This is to saine, I will be yours ever,  
Though ye me slee by Crueltie your fo,  
Algate my spirit shall never discever  
Fro your service, fro any paine or wo.  
Sith ye be yet dead, alas, that it is so !  
Thus for your death I maye wepe and plaine  
With herte sore, and full of busie paine."

EXPLICIT.

## OF QUEEN ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE.

v. 1—83

"O thou fiers God of armes, Mars the rede,  
That in thy frosty countrey called Thrace,  
Within thy grisly temples full of diede,  
Honoured art as patrone of that place,  
With thee Bellona, Pallas full of grace,  
Be present, and my song continue and gie !  
At my beginning thus to thee I erie.

"For it full depe is sonken in my minde  
With pitous herte, in English to endite  
This old story, in Latine which I finde,  
Of queene Annelida and false Arcite,  
That elde, which all can fete and bite,  
(And it hath fieten many a noble story,)  
Hath nigh devoured out of our memory.

"Be favourable eke thou Polimnia,  
On Pernaso that hath thy sisters glade,  
By Illicon, not far from Cusa,  
Singest with voice memorial in the shade,  
Under the laurer, which that may not fade,  
And do that I my ship to haven winne !  
First follow I Stace, and after him Corunne."

*Janque domos patrias Cithie post aspera gentis,  
Prælia luvigeeo subnecentem Thesea curru,  
Latifici plausus missusque ad sidera vulgi, &c.*

Whan Theseus with warres long and great,  
The aspre folke of Cithie had overcome,  
The Laurer crowned in his chaire gold beat,  
Home to his country houses is ycome,  
For which the people blisful all and some,  
So eriden, that to the sterres it went,  
And him to honouren did all hir entent.

Before this duke in sign of victory,  
The trompes come, and in his baner large,  
The image of Mars, and in token of glory,  
Men might see of treasure many a charge,  
Many a bright helm, and many a spere and targe,  
Many a fresh knight, and many a blisful rout,  
On horse and on foot, in all the field about.

Ipolita his wife, the hardy queene  
Of Cithia, that he conquered had,  
With Emily her young suster shene,  
Fairst in a chaire of gold he with him lad,

That all the ground about her chair she sprad  
With brightness of beauty in her face,  
Fulfilled of largesse and of grace.

With his triumph and laurer crowned thus,  
In all the flour of fortunes yeven,  
Let I this noble prince Theseus  
Toward Athenes in his way riding,  
And fonde I woll in shortly to bring  
The slye way of that I gan to write,  
Of queene Annelida and false Arcite.

Mars, that through his furious course of ire,  
The old wrath of Juno to fulfill,  
Hath set the peoples hertes both on fire  
Of Thebes and Greece, and everich other to kill  
With bloody speres, rested never still,  
But throng now here, now there, among hem both,  
That everich other slue, so were they wroth.

For whan Amphiorax and Tideus,  
Ipomedon and Partinope also  
Were dedde, and slain proud Campaneus,  
And whan the wretched Thebans brethren two  
Were slain, and king Adrastus home ygo,  
So desolate stood Thebes and so bare,  
That no wight could remedy his care.

And whan the old Creon gan espy  
How that the blood royal was brought adewn,  
He held the citee by his tyranny,  
And did the gentils of that regioun  
To been his friends, and dwell in the town,  
So what for love of him, and what for awe,  
The noble folke were to the towne ydrawe.

Among all these, Annelida the queene  
Of Ermony was in that towne dwelling,  
That fairer was than the Sonne sheene,  
Throughout the world so gan her name spring,  
That her to see had every wight liking,  
For as of trowth, is there none her liche  
Of all the women in this world riche.

Yong was this queene, of twenty yere old,  
Of middle stature, and of soch fairnesse,  
That Nature had a joy her to behold,

And for to speken of her stedfastnesse,  
She passed hath Penelope and Lucresse,  
And shortly if she may ben comprehended,  
In her might nothing ben amended.

This Theban knight eke sothe to sain,  
Was young, therto withall a lusty knight,  
But he was double in love, and nothing plain,  
And subtil in that craft over any wight,  
And with his cunning wan this lady bright:  
For so ferforth he gan her trouthe assure,  
That she him trusteth over any creature.

What should I say? she loveth Arcite so  
That whan that he was absent any throw,  
Anone her thought her herte brast atwo,  
For in her sight to her he bare him low,  
So that she wende have all his herte yknow,  
But he was false, it n'as but fayned chere,  
As nedeth not soche crafte men to lere.

But neverthelesse, full mikell businesse  
Had he, er that he might his lady winne,  
And swore he would dien for distresse,  
Or from his witte he said he would twinne:  
Alas, the while! for it was routh and sinne,  
That she upon his sorrowes would rue,  
But nothing thinketh the false as doth the true.

Her fredome found Arcite in soch manere,  
That all was his that she hath, moch or lite,  
Ne to no creature made she cheer,  
Further than it liked to Arcite,  
There was no lack with which he might her wite,  
She was so ferforth yeven him to please,  
That all that liked him did her ease.

There n'as to her no maner letter sent,  
That touched love, from any maner wight,  
That she ne shewed him, or it was brent,  
So plain she was, and did her full might,  
That she n'ill hide nothing from her knight,  
Lest he of any untrouth her upbreide;  
Without bode his herte she obeyd.

And eke he made him jalous over her,  
That what that any man had to her sayd,  
Anon he would praien her to swere  
What was that word, or make him yvell apaid,  
Than wende she out of her wit have braid,  
But all was but sleight and flatterie,  
Without love he fained jealousy.

And all this toke she so debonairly,  
That all his will her thought it skilful thing,  
And ever the longer she loved him tenderly,  
And did him honour as he were a king,  
Her herte was to him wedded with a ring,  
For so ferforth upon trouthe is her entent,  
That where he goth her herte with him went.

Whan she shal eat, on him is so her thought,  
That well unneth of meate toke she keepe,  
And whan she was to her rest brought,  
On him she thought alway till that she slepe,  
Whan he was absent, prively doth she wepe;  
Thus liveth faire Annelida the queene,  
For false Arcite, that did her all this tene,

This false Arcite, of his newfanglenesse,  
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,

Tooke lesse deintee for her stedfastnesse,  
And saw another lady proude and newe,  
And right anon he clad him in her hewe,  
Wote I not whether in white, red, or grene,  
And falsed faire Annelida the queene.

But neverthelesse, great wonder was it none  
Though he were false, for it is the kind of man,  
Sith Lamech was, that is so long ago,  
To be in love as false as ever he can,  
He was the first fathier that began  
To loven two, and was in biganyc.  
And he found tents first, but if men lye.

This false Arcite, somewhat must he faine,  
Whan he was false, to covenen his tratourie,  
Right as an horse, that can both bite and plaine,  
For he bare her in honde of treacherie,  
And swore he coude her doublenesse espye,  
And all was falsenesse that she to him ment;  
Thus swore this theif, and forth his way he went

Alas, what herte might endure it,  
For routh or wo, her sorrow for to tell?  
Or what man hath the cunning or the wit,  
Or what man might within the chambre dwell,  
If I to him rehersen shall the Hell  
That suffreth fayre Annelida the queene,  
For false Arcite, that did her all this tene?

She wepeth, wailleth, and swouneth pitously,  
To ground deed she falleth as a stone  
Crampiseth her limmes crokedy,  
She speketh as her witte were all agone,  
Other colour than ashen hath she none,  
Ne none other word speketh she moch or lite,  
But "Mercy, cruell herte, mine Arcite."

And thus endureth, til that she was so mate  
That she ne hath foot, on which she may sustene,  
But forth languishing ever in this estate,  
Of which Arcite hath neyther routh nor tene,  
His herte was elsewhere newe and grene,  
That on her wo, ne deinteth him not to think,  
Him recketh never whether she flete or sink.

This newe lady holdeth him so narowe,  
Up by the bridel, at the staves end,  
That every word he dred it as an arrowe.  
Her daunger made him both bowe and bend,  
And as her luste, made him turne or wend,  
For she ne graunted him in her living,  
No grace, why that he hath to sing.

But drove him forth, unneth list her know  
That he was servaunt unto her ladyship,  
But lest he were proude, she helde him love,  
Thus serveth he, without meate or sip,  
She sent him now to land, and now to ship,  
And for she yave him daunger all his fill,  
Therfore she had him at her owne will.

Ensample of this, ye thrifty women all,  
Take hede of Annelida and false Arcite,  
That for her list him her dere herte call,  
And was so meke, therefore he loved her lite,  
The kinde of mannes herte is to delite  
On thing that straunge is, al so God me save,  
For what they may not get, that wold they have.

Now turne we to Annelida ayen,  
That pineth day by day in languishing,  
But whan she saw that her ne gate no geyn,  
Upon a day full sorrowfully weying,  
She cast her for to make a complaining,  
And with her owne hand she gan it write,  
And sent it to her Theban knight Arcite.

THE COMPLAINT OF ANNELIDA TO  
FALSE ARCITE.

"So thirled with the point of remembraunce,  
Theswerde of sorowe, whette with false pleasaunce,  
Mine herte bare of blisse, and black of hev  
That turned is to quaking all my daunce,  
My sewerty is a waped countenaunce,  
Sous it avayleth nought to ben trew :  
For who so trew is, it shall her rew,  
That serveth love, and doth her observaunce  
Alway to one, and chaungeyth for no new.

"I wote my selfe as well as any wight,  
For I loved one, with all mine herte and might  
More than my self an hundred thousand sith,  
And called him my hertes life, my knight,  
And was all his, as ferre as it was right,  
And whan that he was glad, than was I blithe,  
And his disease was my death as swithe,  
And he ayen, his trouthe hath me plight,  
For evermore hys lady me to kithen.

"Now is he false alas, and causeles,  
And of my wo he is so routhles,  
That with a worde him list not ones daine,  
To bring ayen my sorowfull herte in pees,  
For he is caught up in another lees ;  
Right as him list, he laugheth at my paine,  
And I ne can mine herte not restraine  
For to love him yet alway nevertheles,  
And of all this I n'ot to whom to plaine.

"And should I plaine, alas, the hard stounde,  
Unto my foe, that yave mine herte a wounde,  
And yet desireth that mine harme be more,  
Now certes fether woll I never found,  
None other helpe, my sores for to sound,  
My destiny hath shaped so full yore,  
I woll none other medicine ne lore,  
I woll ben aye there I was ones bound,  
That I have said, be said for evermore.

"Alas, where is become your gentilnesse,  
Your words full of pleasaunce and humblenesse,  
Your observaunce in so lowe manere,  
Your awayting, and your businesse,  
On me that ye called your maistresse,  
Your souveraine lady in this worlde here ?  
Alas, is there neyther worde ne chere,  
Ye vouchsafe upon mine hevinesse ?  
Alas, your love, I buy it all to dere.

"Now certes swete, though that ye  
Thus causelesse the cause be,  
Of my deedly adversite,  
Your manly reason ought it to respite,  
To slee your frende, and namely me,  
That never yet in no degre  
Offended you, as wisely he  
That all wote, of wo my soule quite.

"But for I was so playne, Arcite,  
In all my workes much and lite,  
And was so besie you to delite,  
Myne honour save, meke, kinde, and fre,  
Therefore ye put in me this wite :  
Alas, ye rethe not a mite,  
Though that the swerde of sorow bite  
My wofull herte, through your cruelty.

"My sweet foe, why do ye so for shame,  
And thinke ye that furthered be your name,  
To love a newe, and ben untrew aye,  
And put you in slander now and blame,  
And do to me adversite and grame,  
That love you most, God thou wost, alwaye ?  
Yet turne ayen, and yet be playne some daye,  
And than shall this that now is mis, ben game,  
And all foryeve, while I lyve may.

"Lo, herte myne, al this is for to saine,  
As whether shall I pray or els plaine,  
Which is the way to done you to be trewe ?  
For either mote I have you in my chaine,  
Or with the deth ye mote depart us twaine,  
There bethe none other meane wayes new,  
For God so wisely on my soule rewe,  
As verily ye slaine me with the paine,  
That mowe ye see unfained on mine hewe.

"For thus ferforth have I my deth sought,  
My selfe I murder with my privie thought,  
For sorow and routh of your unkindnesse,  
I wepe, I waile, I fast, all helpeth naught,  
I voide joy that is to speake of aught,  
I voide company, I file gladnesse ;  
Who may avaunt her better of hevinesse,  
Than I ? and to this plite have ye me brought,  
Without gilte, me needeth no wimmesse.

"And should I pray, and weiven womanhede,  
Nay rather death, than do so foule a dede,  
And aske mercy and giltyesse, what nede ?  
And if I plaine what life I lede,  
You recketh not, that know I out of drede,  
And if I unto you mine othes bede  
For mine excuse, a scorne shall be my mede,  
Your chere flourerth, but it woll not sede,  
Full long agon I might have taken hede.

"For though I had you to morow agayne,  
I might as well hold Aprill from raine,  
As holde you to maken stedfast.  
Almighty God, of trouthe the soverain,  
Where is that trouthe of man, who hath it slayn ?  
She that hem loveth, shall hem find as fast,  
As in a tempest is a rotten mast ;  
Is that a tame beest, that is aye fayne  
To renne away, whan he is lest agast ?

"Now mercy sweete, if I missay,  
Have I aught said out of the way,  
I n'ot, my witte is all away,  
I fare as doth the songe of chantepleure,  
For now I plaine, and now I play,  
I am so mased that I dey,  
Arcite hath borne away the key  
Of all my world, and my good aventure.

"For in this world there is no creature,  
Walking in more discomfiture,  
Than I, ne more sorowe endure,

For if I sleepe a furlonge way or tway,  
 I han thinketh me that your figure  
 Before me stant clad in asure,  
 Efte to profre a newe assure,  
 For to ben trewe, and mercy me to pray.

“The long night, this wonder sight ydrie,  
 That on the day for such affray I die,  
 And of all this right naught ywis ye retche,  
 Ne nevermore mine eyen two ben drye,  
 And to your routh, and to your trouth I erie;  
 But well away, to ferre been they to fetch!  
 Thus holdeth me my desteny a wretch,  
 But me to rede out of this drede or gie,  
 Ne may my wit (so weake is it) not stretch.

“Than end I thus, sith I may do no more,  
 I yeve it up for now and evermore,

For I shall never efto putten in balaunce  
 My sikernesse, ne lerne of love the lore,  
 But as the swan, I have herde say full yore,  
 Ayenst his deth woll sing in his penaunce,  
 So sing I here the destinie and chaunce,  
 How that Arcite, Annelida so sore  
 Hath thrilled with the point of remembrance.”

Whan that Annelida this wofull queene,  
 Hath of her hand written in this wise,  
 With face deed, betwixt pale and greene,  
 She fell a swoone, and sithe she gan to rise,  
 And unto Mars avoweth sacrifice  
 Within the temple, with a sorrowful chere,  
 That shapen was, as ye may plainly here.

EXPLICIT.

## THE ASSEMBLY OF FOULES.

v. 1—70.

THE lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,  
 Th'assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering,  
 The dreadful joy alway that flit so yerne,  
 All this mean I by Love, that my feeling  
 Astonieth with his wonderful werkynge,  
 So sore ywis, that whan I on him think,  
 Naught wete I wel, whether I flete or sink.

For al be that I know not Love in dede,  
 Ne wot how that he quiteth folke hir hire,  
 Yet happeth me full oft in bookes rede  
 Of his myracles, and of his cruell ire,  
 There rede I well, he woll be lorde and sire:  
 I dare not say his strokes be sore,  
 But God save such a lorde, I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust and what for lore,  
 On bookes rede I of, as I you told,  
 Bnt wherfore speake I all this? naught yore  
 Agon, it happed me to behold  
 Upon a booke was ywritten with letter- old,  
 And thereupon a certain thing to lerne,  
 The long day full fast I radde and yerne.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,  
 Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,  
 And out of old bookes, in good faithie,  
 Cometh all this new science that men lere,  
 But now to purpose, as of this mattere,  
 To rede forth it gan me so delite,  
 That all that day me thought it but a lite.

This booke of which I make mencion,  
 Entitled was right thus, as I shall tell,  
 Tullius of the dreame of Scipion:  
 Chapters seven it had, of Heaven and Hell,  
 And Earth, and soules that therein dwell,  
 Of which as shortly as I can it treate,  
 Of his sentence I woll you saine the greate.

First telleth it, whan Scipion was come  
 In Affricke, how he meteth Massinise,  
 That him for joy, in armes hath ynome,  
 Than telleth he hir speach and all the blisse,  
 That was betwixt hem til the day gan misse,  
 And how his auncester Affrikan so dere,  
 Gan in his slepe that night til him appere.

Than telleth it, that from a sterrie place,  
 How Affrikan hath him Cartage shewed,  
 And warned him before of all his grace,  
 And said him, what man lored eyther lewde,  
 That loveth common profite well ithewde,  
 He should into a blissfull place wend,  
 There as the joy is without any end.

Than asked he, if folke that here been dede  
 Have life, and dwelling in another place?  
 And Affrikan said Ye, without any drede,  
 And how our present lives space  
 Ment but a maner death, what way we trace,  
 And rightfull folke, shull gon after they die  
 To Heaven, and shewed him the Galaxie.

Than shewed he him the little earth that here is  
 To regard of the Heavens quantite,  
 And after shewed he hym the nine speris,  
 And after that the melodie heard he,  
 That commeth of thilke speres thrise three,  
 That welles of musicke been and melodie  
 In this world here, and cause of armonie.

Than said he him, sens Earth was so lite,  
 And full of tourment, and of harde grace,  
 That he ne should him in this world delite:  
 Than told he him, in certain yeres space,  
 That every sterre should come into his place,  
 There it was first, and all should out of mind,  
 That in this world is done of all mankind.



Than prayed him Scipion, to tell him all  
The way to come into that Heaven blisse,  
And he said : " First know thy selfe immortall,  
And loke aie besely that thou werche and wisse  
To comon profite, and thou shalt not misse  
To come swiftly unto that place dere,  
That full of blisse is, and of soules clere.

" And breakers of the law, soth to saine,  
And likerous folke, after that they been dede,  
Shall whirle about the world alway in paine  
Till many a world be passed out of drede,  
And than, foryeven all hir wicked dede,  
Than shullen they come to that blisfull place,  
To which to comen, God send thee grace."

The day gan failen, and the darke night  
That revoth beastes from hir businesse,  
Beraft me my booke for lacke of light,  
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,  
Fulfilled of thought and besie heavinesse,  
For both I had thyng, which that I n'old,  
And eke I ne had that thing that I wold.

But finally my spirite at last,  
Forweary of my labour all that day,  
Tooke rest, that made me to slepe fast,  
And in my sleepe I mette, as that I say,  
How Affrikan, right in the selfe aray  
That Scipion him saw, before that tide,  
Was come, and stode right at my beds side

The wearie hunter sleeping in his bedde,  
The wood ayeen his mind goeth anone,  
The judge dremeth how his plees be spedde,  
The carter dremeth how his cartes gone,  
The rich of gold, the knight fights with his fone,  
The sickle mette he drinketh of the tonne,  
The lover mette he hath his lady wonne.

Can I not saine, if that the cause were  
For I had radde of Affrikan beforne,  
That made me to mete that he stood there,  
But thus said he : " Thou hast thee so well borne  
In looking of mine old booke all to torne,  
Of which Macrobie raught not a lite,  
That some dele of thy labour would I quite."

Citherea, thou blisful lady swete,  
That with thy fire brond dauntest whan thee lest,  
That madest me this sweven for to mete,  
Be thou my helpe in this, for thou maist best,  
As wisely as I seigh the north northwest,  
Whan I began my sweven for to write,  
So yeve me might to rime it and endite.

This foresaid Affrikan me hent anone,  
And forthwith him to a gate brought,  
Right of a parke, walled with grene stone,  
And over the gate, with letters large ywrought,  
There were verse ywritten as me thought  
On either halfe, of full great difference,  
Of which I shall you say the playne sentence :

" Through me men gon into the blisful place  
Of hertes heale and dedly woundes cure,  
Through me men gon into the well of grace,  
There grene and lusy May shall ever endure,  
This is the way to all good aventure,  
Be glad thou reader, and thy sorow off cast,  
All open am I, passe in and spede thee fast."

" Through me men gon" (than spake the other si  
" Unto the mortall strokes of the speare,  
Of which Disdaine and Danger is the gide ;  
There never tree shall fruit ne leaves beare,  
This streme you ledeth to the sorowful were,  
There as the fish in pryson is all dry,  
The eschewing is only the remedy."

These verses of gold and asure ywritten weare,  
Of which I gan astonied to behold,  
For with that one encreased all my feare,  
And with that other gan my herte to bolde,  
That one me hette, that other did me colde,  
No wit had I for error for to chese,  
To enter or fle, or me to save or lese.

Right as betwene adamants two,  
Of even weight, a peece of yron set  
Ne hath no might to move ne to ne fro,  
For what that one may hale that other let,  
So fared I, that I n'ist where me was bet  
To entre or leave, till Affrikan my gide,  
Me hent and shove in at the gates wide.

And said, " It standeth written in thy face,  
Thine error, though thou tell it not me,  
But dread thee not to come into this place,  
For this writing is nothing meant by thee,  
Ne by none, but he Love's servaunt bee,  
For thou of love hast lost thy tast of gesse,  
As sickle men hath, of swete and bitternesse.

" But natheles, although thou be dull,  
That thou canst not doe, yet mayst thou see,  
For many a man that may not stand a pull,  
Yet liketh it him at the wrestlyng for to be,  
And demeth yet, whether he doe bet, or he,  
And if thou haddest connyng for t'endite,  
I shall thee shew matter of to write."

And with that my hand in his he toke anon,  
Of which I comfort caught, and went in fast,  
But Lord so I was glad, and well begon,  
For over all, where I mine eyen cast,  
Were tres clad with leaves, that aie shal last  
Eche in his kind, with colour fresh and grene,  
As emeraude, that joy it was to sene.

The bilder oke, and eke the hardy assehe,  
The piller elme, the coffre unto caraine,  
The boxe pipe tree, holme to whippes lasshe,  
The sailing firre, the cipres death to plaine,  
The shooter ewe, the aspe for shaftes plaine,  
The olive of peace, and eke the drunken vine,  
The victor palme, the laurer too divine.

A gardein saw I full of blosomed bowis,  
Upon a river in a grene mede,  
There as sweetnesse evermore inough is,  
With floures white, blew, yelow, and rede,  
And cold welle streames, nothing dede,  
That swommen full of smale fishes light,  
With finnes rede, and scales silver bright.

On every bough the birdes heard I sing,  
With voice of angell in hir armonie,  
That busied hem hir birdes forth to bring,  
The little pretty conies to hir play gan hie,  
And further all about I gan espie  
The dredeful roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,  
Squirrels, and beastes small of gentle kind.

Of instruments of stringes in accorde  
 Heard I so play a ravishing swetnesse,  
 That God, that maker is of all and Lorde,  
 Ne heard never better, as I gesse,  
 Therewith a wind, unneeth it might be lesse,  
 Made in the leaves grene a noise soft  
 Accordant to the foules song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was,  
 That never was ther grevance of hot ne cold,  
 There was eke every holsome spice and gras,  
 Ne no man may there wake sick ne old,  
 Yet was there more joy o thousand fold,  
 Than I can tell or ever could or might,  
 There is ever clere day, and never night.

Under a tree beside a well I sey  
 Cupide, our lorde, his arrowes forge and file,  
 And at his feete his bowe already lay,  
 And well his doughter tempre all the while  
 The heddes in the well, with her wile  
 She couched hem after, as they should serve  
 Some to slee, and some to wound and carve.

Tho was I ware of Pleasaunce anon right,  
 And of Array, Lust, Beauty, and Curtesie,  
 And of the Craft, that can and hath the might  
 To don by force a wight to don folie :  
 Disfigured was she, I will not lie,  
 And by himselfe, under an oke I gesse,  
 Sawe I Delite, that stood with Gentlenesse.

Than saw I Beauty, with a nice attire,  
 And Youth, full of game and jolitee,  
 Foole-hardinesse, Flatterie, and Desire,  
 Messagerie, Mede, and other three,  
 Hir names shall not here be told for me ;  
 And upon pillars great of jasper long,  
 I sawe a temple of brasse yfounded strong.

And about the temple daunced alway  
 Women inow, of which some there were  
 Faire of herself, and some of hem were gay,  
 In kirtils all disheveled went they there,  
 That was their office ever, fro yere to yere ;  
 And on the temple, saw I white and faire,  
 Of doves sitting many a thousand paire.

And before the temple doore full soberly,  
 Dame Peace sat, a curtaine in her honde,  
 And her beside wonder discretly,  
 Dame Pacience, sitting there I fonde,  
 With face pale, upon an hill of sonde,  
 And alther next, within and without,  
 Behest and Arte, and of her folke a rout.

Within the temple, of sighes hote as fire,  
 I heard a swough that gan about ren,  
 Which sighes were engendred with desire,  
 That made every herte for to bren  
 Of newe flambe, and well espied I then,  
 That all the cause of sorowes that they drie  
 Come of the bitter goddess Jalousie.

The god Priapus saw I as I went  
 Within the temple, in soverain place stond,  
 In such array, as when the asse him shent  
 With crie by night, and with sceptre in honde ;  
 Full busilie men gan assay and fonde,  
 Upon his hedde to set of sondrie hewe,  
 Garlandes full of freshe floures newe.

And in a privic corner, in disport  
 Found I Venus, and hir porter Richesse,  
 That was full noble and hautain of her port,  
 Darke was that place, but after lightnesse  
 I sawe a lite, unneeth it might be losse,  
 And on a bed of golde she lay to rest,  
 Till that the hote Sonne gan to west.

Her gilte heeres with a gold threde  
 Ybound were, untressed as she lay,  
 And naked from the brest unto the hede,  
 Men might her see, and sofly for to saie,  
 The remnaunt, covered well to my paie,  
 Right with a little kercheffe of Valence,  
 There was no thicker clothe of defence.

The place gave a thousand savours soote,  
 And Bacchus god of wine sate her beside,  
 And Ceres next, that doeth of hunger boote,  
 And as I said, amidde lay Cupide,  
 To whom on knees, the yonge folkes cride,  
 To be their helpe, but thus I let her lie,  
 And farther in her temple I gan espie.

That in despite of Diane the chaste,  
 Full many a bowe ybroke hing on the wall,  
 Of maidens, such as gone hir times waste  
 In her service : and painted over all,  
 Of many a storie, of which I touch shall  
 A fewe, as of Calixte, and Athalant,  
 And many a maid, of which the name I want.

Semyramus, Candace, and Hercules,  
 Biblis, Dido, Tisbe, and Piramus,  
 Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles,  
 Helaine, Cleopatre, and Troilus,  
 Sylla, and eke the motlier of Romulus,  
 All these were paynted on that other side,  
 And all hir love, and in what plite they dide.

Whan I was commen ayen into the place  
 That I of spake, that was so soote and grene,  
 Forth walked I tho, my selven to solace,  
 Tho was I ware, where there sate a quene,  
 That as of light the sommer Sunne shene  
 Passeth the sterre, right so over mesure,  
 She fairer was than any creature.

And in a launde, upon an hill of floures,  
 Was set this noble goddesse Nature,  
 Of branches were her halles and her boures  
 Ywrought, after her craft and her mesure,  
 Ne there n'as foul that cometh of engendrure,  
 That there ne were prest in her presence,  
 To take hir dome and yeve hir audience.

For this was on saint Valentines day,  
 Whan every foule cometh to chese hir make,  
 Of every kind that men think may,  
 And that so huge a noise gan they make,  
 That earth, sea, and tree, and every lake,  
 So full was, that unneeth there was space  
 For me to stand, so full was all the place.

And right as Alain, in the Plaint of Kinde,  
 Deviseth Nature of such arraie and face,  
 In suche aray men might her there finde.  
 This noble empress full of all grace,  
 Bad every foule take hir owne place,  
 As they were wont alway, fro yere to yere.  
 On saint Valentines day, standen there.

That is to say, the foules of ravine  
Were highest set, and than the foules smale,  
That eaten as that nature would encline,  
As worme or thing, of which I tell no tale,  
But water foule sat lowest in the dale,  
And foules that liveth by seed sat on the grene,  
And that so many, that wonder was to sene.

There might men the royall egle find,  
That with his sharpe looke perseth the Son,  
And other egles of a lower kind,  
Of which that clerkes well devisen con;  
There was the tyrant with his fethers don,  
And grene, I mean the goshaue that doth pine  
To birdes, for his outrageous ravine.

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth  
The kings hand, the hardy sperhauke eke,  
The quales foe, the merlion that peineth  
Himself full oft the larks for to seke,  
There was the dove, with her eyen meke,  
The jelous swan, ayenst his deth that singeth,  
The owl eke, that of deth the hode bringeth.

The crane, the geaunt, with his trompes sounce,  
The thief the chough, and the chattering pie,  
The scorning jaye, the elcs for the heroune,  
The false lapwing, full of trecherie,  
The stare, that the counsaile can bewrie,  
The tame ruddoche, and the coward kite,  
The cocke, that horologe is of thorpes lite.

The sparowe Venus' son, and the nightingale  
That elpeth forth the fresh leaves new,  
The swalowe, murder of the bees smale  
That maken honie of floures fresh of hew,  
The wedded turtell, with his herte true,  
The peckoche, with his angel fethers bright,  
The fesaunt, scorner of the cocke by night.

The wakor gosse, the cuckowe ever unkind,  
The popingeey, full of delicasy,  
The drake, stroier of his owne kind,  
The storke, wreker of aduouty,  
The hote cormeraunt, ful of glotony,  
The ravin and the crowe, with her voice of care,  
The throstell olde, and the frustie feldefare.

What should I say? of foules of every kind,  
That in this world have fethers and stature,  
Men might in that place assembled find,  
Before that noble goddess of Nature,  
And eche of them did his busie cure,  
Benignely to chese, or for to take  
By her accord, his formell or his make.

But to the point: Nature held on her hond,  
A formell egle, of shape the gentillest,  
That ever she among her workes fond,  
The most benigne, and eke the goodliest,  
In her was every vortue, at his rest  
So farforth, that Nature her selfe had blisse,  
To looke on her, and oft her becke to kisse.

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord,  
That hote, colde, hevie, light, moist, and drie,  
Hath knit, by even number of accord,  
In easie voice, began to speake and say,  
"Foules, take heed of my sentence I pray,  
And for your own ease, in furduring of your need,  
As fast as I may speak, I will me speed.

"Ye knowe wel, how on Saint Valentines day,  
By my statute, and though my governance,  
Ye do chese your makes, and after fle away  
With hem, as I pricke you with pleaseance,  
But nathelesse, as by rightfull ordinance,  
May I not let, for all this world to win,  
But he that most worthiest is shall begin.

"The tercell egle, as ye know full wele,  
The foule royall, above you all in degre,  
The wise and worthie, the secret true as stele,  
The which I have formed, as ye may see,  
In every parte as it best liketh mee,  
It nedeth not his shape you to devise,  
He shall first chese, and speken in his gise.

"And after him, by order shall ye chese,  
After your kind, everiche as you liketh,  
And as your hap is, shall ye win or lose,  
But which of you that love most entriketh,  
God sende him her that sorest for him siketh:"  
And therewithall, the tercell gan she call,  
And said, "My sonne, the choise is to thee fall.

"But nathelesse, in this condicion  
Must be the choise of everiche that is here,  
That she agree to his election,  
Who so he be, that should been her fere,  
This is our usage alway, fro yere to yere,  
And who so may at this time have his grace,  
In blisfull time he came into this place."

With hed enclined, and with ful humble clere,  
This roial tercell spake, and taried nought,  
"Unto my sovaine lady, and not my fere,  
I chose and chese, with will, herte, and thought,  
The formell on your hand, so wel ywrought,  
Whose I am all, and ever will her serve,  
Doe what her luste, to doe me live or sterve.

"Besechyng her of mercy, and of grace,  
As she that is my ladie sovaine,  
Or let me die here present in this place,  
For certes long may I not live in paine,  
For in my herte is corven every vaine,  
Having regard onely to my trouth,  
My dere herte, have on my wo some routh.

"And if I be found to her untrue,  
Disobeisant, or wilfull negligent,  
Avauntour, or in processe love a newe,  
I pray to you this be my judgement,  
That with these foules I be all to rent,  
That ilke day that she me ever find  
To her untrue, or in my gite unkind.

"And sith that none loveth her so well as I,  
Although she never of love me behet,  
Than ought she be mine through her mercy,  
For other bonde can I none on her knet:  
For wele nor wo never shall I let  
To serve her, how farre so that she wende,  
Say what you list, my tale is at an ende."

Right as the fresh redde rose newe  
Against the sommer Sunne coloured is,  
Right so for shame all waxen gan the hewe  
Of this formell, whan she heard all this,  
Neither she answerde well, ne said amis,  
So sore abashed was she, till that Nature  
Said, "Daughter drede you not, I you assure."

Another tercell egle spake anon,  
Of lower kind, and said, "That should not be,  
I love her better than ye doe, by saint John,  
Or at the least, I love her as well as ye,  
And longer have served her in my degree,  
And if she should have loved for long loving,  
To me alone had be the guerdoning.

"I dare eke say, if she me finde false,  
Unkind jangler, or rebell in any wise,  
Or jelous, doe me hang by the halse,  
And but I beare me in her servise  
As well as my wit can me suffice,  
Fro point to point, her honour for to save,  
Take she my life, and all the good I have."

The third tercell egle answerde tho,  
"Now sirs, ye see the little leaser here,  
For every foule crieth out to be ago  
Forth with his make, or with his lady dere :  
And eke Nature her self ne will not here  
For tarying her, not half that I would sey,  
And but I speake, I must for sorrow dey.

"Of long service avaunt I me nothing,  
But as possible is me to die to day  
For wo, as he that hath be languishing  
This twenty winter, and wel it happen may,  
A man may serve better, and more to pay,  
In half a year, although it were no more,  
Than some man doth that hath served full yore.

"I ne say not this by me, for I ne can  
Do no service that may my lady please,  
But I dare say I am her trewest man,  
As to my dome, and faintest wolde her please :  
At short wordes, till that death me cease,  
I will be hers, whether I wake or winke,  
And trewe in all that herte may betlinke."

Of al my life, sith that day I was borne,  
So gentle plee in love or other thing,  
Ne herde never no man me beforme,  
Who so that had leiser and conning  
For to rehearse their chere, and their speaking;  
And from the morrow gan this spech last,  
Till downward went the Sunne wonder fast.

The noyse of foules for to be deliverd,  
So loude rang, "Have don and let us wend,"  
That well weend I, the wood had al to shivered :  
"Come off," they cryd. "alas, ye will us shend,  
Whan shal your cursed ploding have an end?  
How should a judge either party leve,  
For ye or nay, without any preve?"

The goos, the duck, and the cuckowe also,  
So cried "Keke, keke, Cuckow, Queke, queke, hie,"  
Through mine eares the noise went tho.  
The goos said than "Al this n's worth a flie,  
But I can shape hereof a remedie,  
And will say my verditte, faire and swithe,  
For water foule, whoso be wroth or blithe."

"And I for worm foule," said the fole cuckow,  
"For I will of mine own autorite,  
For common spede, take on me the charge now,  
For to deliver us it is great charite."  
"Ye may abide a while, yet perde."  
(Quod the turrel) "if it be your will,  
A wight may speak, it were as good be still

"I am a sede foule, one the unwortheist,  
That wote I well, and leest of conning,  
But better is that a wights tonge rest,  
Than entremete him of such doing  
Of which he neither rede can nor sing,  
And who so it doth, full foule himself acloyeth,  
For office uncommitted oft annoyeth."

Nature, which that alway had an eare  
To murmure of the lewdenesse behind,  
With facond voice said, "Hold your tongues there  
And I shall soone, I hope, a counsaile hnd,  
You for to deliver, and fro this noyse unbnd :  
I charge of every flock ye shall one call,  
To say the verditte of you foules all."

Assented were to this conclusion,  
The birdes all : and foules of ravine  
Have chosen first by plaine election,  
The tercelet of the faucon to define  
All hir sentence, and as him lust to termine,  
And to Nature him they did present,  
And she accepteth him with glad entent.

The tercelet said than in this manere,  
"Full hard it were to preve it by reason,  
Who loveth best this gentle formell here,  
For everich hath such replicatioun,  
That by skills may none be brought adoun,  
I cannot see that arguments availle,  
Than seemeth it there must be bataille."

"All ready" (quod these eagle tercells tho :)  
"Nay sirs," (quod he) "if that I durst it say,  
Ye do me wrong, my tale is not ydo :  
For sirs, taketh nat a greefe I pray,  
It may not be as ye would, in this way,  
Ours is the voice, that have the charge in hand,  
And to the judges dome ye must stand.

"And, therefore, peace I say, as to my wit,  
Me would thinke, how that the worthiest  
Of knighthood, and lengest had used it,  
Most of estate, of blood the gentillest,  
Were fitting for her, if that her leest,  
And of these three, she wote her selfe I trow  
Which that he be, for it is light to know."

The water foules have their heads laid  
Togider, and of short avisement,  
Whan everiche had this verditte said,  
They said soothly all by one assent,  
How that the goos, with the facond gent,  
That so desirith to pronounce our nede,  
Shal tel her tale, and praid to God her spede.

And for these water foules tho began  
The goose to speake, and in her caking  
She said, "Peace now, take keep every man,  
And herken which a reason I shall forth bring;  
My witte is sharpe, I love no tarrying,  
I say, I rede him, tho he were my brother,  
But she will love him, let him love another."

"Lo, here a parfite reason of a goose"  
(Quod the sperlauke) "never mote she the,  
Lo, such a thing it is to have a tongue lose :  
Now parde foole, yet were it better for the  
Have held thy peace than shewd thy nicete  
It lieth nat in his wit, nor in his will,  
But sooth is said, a fole cannot be still."

The laughter arose of gentill foules all,  
And right anone the seed foules chosen had  
The turtle true, and gan her to hem call,  
And prayed her to say the sooth sad  
Of this matter, and asked what she rad?  
And she answered, that plainly her entent  
She would shew, and soothly what she ment.

"Nay, God forbode a lover should chaunge,"  
The turtle said (and wex for shame all red)  
"Though that his lady evermore be straunge,  
Yet let him serve her alway, till he be dced,  
Forsooth, I praise not the gooses reed,  
For tho she died, I would none other make,  
I will be hers, till that the death me take."

"Well ybourded" (quod the duck) "hy my hat,  
That men should love alway causeless,  
Who can a reason find, or wit in that?  
Daunceth he merry that is mirthlesse?  
Who should recke of that is retchlesse?  
Ye queke yet," quod the duck, "full well and fair,  
There be no sterres in the skie than a pair."

"Now fie churle," quod the gentle tercelet,  
"Out of the dunghill came that word aright,  
Thou canst not see which thing is well beset,  
Thou farest by love as owles do by light,  
The day hem blindeth, full well they see by night,  
Thy kind is of so low wretchedness,  
That what love is thou canst not see nor gess."

Tho gan the cuckow put him forth in peace,  
For foule that catcheth worme, and said blive:  
"So I," quod he, "may have my make in peace,  
I retch not how long that ye strive,  
Let ech of hem be soleine all hir live,  
This is my rede, sens they may nat accord,  
This short lesson needeth not record."

"Ye, have the glutton filde his paunch  
Than are we well," said the emerlon,  
"Thou murderer of the heysugge on the braunch  
That brought thee forth, thou ruful glutton,  
Live thou solein, wormes corruption,  
For no force is of lack of thy nature,  
Go, leude be thou while the world may dure."

"Now peace," quod Nature, "I commaunde here,  
For I have heard all your opinioun,  
And in effect yet be we never the nere,  
But finally, this is my conclusion,  
That she her selfe shall have her election  
Of whom her list, who so be wrothe or blithe,  
Him that she cheseth, he shall her have as swithe."

"For sith it may not here discussed be  
Who loveth her best, as said the tercelet,  
Than wold I done this favour to her, that she  
Shall have right him on whom her herte is set,  
And he her, that his herte hath on her knet;  
This judge I Nature, for I may not lie  
To none estate, I have none other eye."

"But as for counsaile for to chuse a make,  
If I were reason, than wold I  
Counsaile you the royal tercelet take,  
As said the tercelet full skilfully,  
As for the gentiltest and most worthy,

Which I have wrought so wel to my plesaunce  
That to you it ougth ben a suffisaunce."

With dredeful voice that forme her answerd,  
"My rightful lady, goddess of Nature,  
Sooth is, that I am ever under your yerd,  
As is everich other creature,  
And must be yours while my life may dure,  
And therefore graunt me my first boone,  
And mine entent you wold I say right soone."

"I graunt it you," quod she, and right anone  
This formel eagle spake in this degree:  
"Almighty quene, unto this year be done  
I aske respite for to avisen mee,  
And after that to have my choice all free,  
This all and some that I would speak and sey,  
Ye get no more, although you do me dey."

"I wold not serven Venus ne Cupide,  
Forsooth as yet, by no maner way."  
"Now sens it may none other ways betide"  
(Quod Nature) "here is no more to say.  
Than wold I that these foules were away,  
Ech with his make, for taryng lenger here,"  
And said hem thus, as ye shall after here.

"To you speke I, ye terceleets," (quod Nature)  
"Beth of good herte, and serveth all three,  
A yere is not so long to endure,  
And ech of you paine him in his degree,  
For to do well, for God wote quit is she  
Pro you this year, what after so befall,  
This entremes is dressed for you all."

And whan this werk brought was to an end,  
To every foule Nature yave his make,  
By even accord, and on hir way they wend,  
And Lord the blisse and joy that they make,  
For ech of hem gan other in his wings take,  
And with hir neckes ech gan other winde,  
Thanking alway the noble goddess of kinde.

But first were chosen foules for to sing,  
As yere by yere was alway hir usaunce,  
To sing a roundel at hir departing,  
To do Nature honour and plesaunce;  
The note I trow maked was in Fraunce,  
The words were such as ye may here find,  
The next verse, as I now have in mind.

Qui bien ayme tard oublye

"Now welcome summer, with thy sunnes soft,  
That hast this winter weathers overshake,  
Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,  
Which drivest away the long nights blake;  
Thus singen smale foules for thy sake,  
Well have they cause for to gladen oft,  
Sens each of hem recovered hath his make,  
Full blisful may they sing whan they awake."

And with the shouting whan hir song was do,  
That the foules made at lur flight away,  
I woke, and other bookes took me to  
To rede upon and yet I rede alway,  
I hope ywis to rede so some day,  
That I shall mete something for to fare  
The bet, and thus to rede I will not spare.

EXPLICIT.

## THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

THE HEAUIE COMPLAINT OF A KNIGHT, FOR THAT HE CANNOT WIN HIS LADIES GRACE.

v. 1—98

In May, whan Flora the fresh lusty quene,  
The soile hath cladde in grene, red, and whight,  
And Phebus gan to shede his stremes shene  
Amidde the Bulle, with all the bearnes bright,  
And Lucifer to chace away the night,  
Ayen the morow our orizont hath take,  
To bid all lovers out of hir slepe awake.

And hertes heavy for to recomfort  
From dremilid of heavy night sorowe,  
Nature bad hem rise and hem disport  
Ayen the goodly glad grey morowe,  
And Hope also, with saint Johan to borowe,  
Bad, in dispite of daunger and dispaire,  
For to take the holsome lusty aire.

And with a sigh, I gan for to abreide  
Out of my slumber, and sodainly up starte,  
As he (alas) that nigh for sorow deide,  
My sicknesse sate aye so nic my herte ;  
But for to finde succour of my smart,  
Or at the least some release of my peine,  
That me so sore halte in every veine.

I rose anone, and thought I woulde gone  
Into the woode, to heare the birdes sing,  
Whan that the misty vapour was agone,  
And cleare and faire was the morning,  
The dewe also like silver in shining  
Upon the leaves, as any baume swete,  
Till fily Titan with his persant hete

Had dried up the lusty licour new  
Upon the herbes in the grene mede,  
And that the floures of many divers hew,  
Upon hir stalkes gon for to sprede,  
And for to splay out hir leues in brede  
Againe the Sunne, gold burned in his spere,  
That doune to hem cast his beames clere.

And by a river forth I gan costay,  
Of water clere as birell or cristall,  
Till at the last, I found a little way  
Toward a parke, enclosed with a wall  
In compace rounde, and by a gate small  
Who so that would might freely gone  
Into this parke, walled with grene ston.

And in I went to heare the birdes song,  
Which on the braunches, both in plaine and vale,  
So loud sang that all the wood rong,  
Like as it should shiver in peeces smale  
And, as me thought, that the nightingale  
With so great might her voice gan out wrest,  
Right as her herte for love would brest.

The soile was plaine, smoth, and wonder soft,  
All oversprad with tapettes that Nature  
Had made her selve : covered eke aloft  
With bowes greene the floures for to cure,  
That in hir beauty they may long endure  
From all assaut of Phebus fervent fere,  
Which in lus sphere so hote shone and clere.

The aire attemptre, and the smothe wind  
Of Zepherus, among the blosomes white,  
So holsome was, and so nourishing by kind,  
That smale budde and round blosomes lite  
In maner gan of hir brethe delite,  
To yeve us hope there fruite shall take  
Ayenst autumne redy for to shalke.

I saw the Daphene closed under rinde,  
Greene laurer, and the holsome pine,  
The mirre also that wepeth ever of kinde,  
The cedres hie, upright as a line,  
The filbert eke, that lowe doth encline  
Her bowes grene to the earth adoun,  
Unto her knight called Demophoun.

There sawe I eke the freshe hauthorne  
In white motley, that so swote doth smell,  
Ashe, firre, and oke, with many a yong acorn,  
And many a tree mo than I can tell,  
And me beforne I sawe a little well,  
That had his course, as I gan beholde,  
Under an hill, with quicke stremes colde.

The gravel gold, the water pure as glasse,  
The bankes round the well environyng,  
And soft as velvet the yonge grasse  
That thereupon lustely came springyng,  
The sute of trees about compassyng,  
Hir shadow cast, closing the well round,  
And all the herbes growing on the ground.

The water holsome was, and so vertuous,  
Through might of herbes growing beside,  
Not like the welle where as Narcissus  
Yslaine was, through vengeance of Cupide,  
Where so covertly he did hide  
The graine of death upon eche brinke,  
That death mote folow who that ever drinke

Ne like the pitte of the Pegace,  
Under Pernaso, where poets slept,  
Nor like the welle of pure chastite,  
Which that Diane with her nimphes kept  
Whan she naked into the water lepte,  
That slowe Acteon with her hondes fell  
Onely for he came so nigh the well.

But this welles that I here of rehearse,  
So holsome was, that it would aswage  
Bollen hertes, and the venim pearce  
Of pensifed with all the cruell rage,  
And overmore refresh the viage  
Of hem that were in any werinesse  
Of great labour, or fallen in distresse.

And I that had through daunger and disdain  
So drye a thurst, thought I would assay  
To taste a draught of this welles or twain,  
My bitter languor if it might alay,  
And on the banke anone doune I lay,  
And with mine hed unto the welles I raught,  
And of the water dranke I a good draught.

Wherof me thought I was refreshed wel  
Of the brennyng that sate so nigh my herte,  
That, verily, anone I gan to fele  
An huge parte released of my smart,  
And therewithall, anone, up I start,  
And thought I would walke and see more,  
Forth in the parke, and in the holtes here.

And through a laund as I yede apace,  
And gan about fast to behold,  
I found anone a delectable place,  
That was beset with trees young and old,  
Whose names here for me shall not be told,  
Amidde of which stood an herber greene,  
That benched was, with colours new and clene.

This herber was full of floures gende,  
Into the which, as I beholde gan,  
Betwixt an hulfere and a woodbende,  
As I was ware, I saw where lay a man  
In blacke, and white colour pale and wan,  
And wonder deadly also of his hewe,  
Of hurtes grene and fresh woundes new.

And overmore, distrayned with sicknesse,  
Beside all this, he was full grevously,  
For upon him he had an hote accesse,  
That day by day him shooke full pitously,  
So that for constrayning of his malady  
And hertely wo, thus lying alone,  
It was a death for to hear him grone.

Whereof astonied, my fote I gan withdraw,  
Greatly wondring what it might be,  
That he so lay, and had no felaw,  
Ne that I could no wight with him see,  
Whereof I had routh and eke pite,  
And gan anone, so softly as I coude,  
Among the bushes prively me to shroude.

I that I might in any wise aspy  
What was the cause of his deadly wo,  
Or why that he so pitously gan cry  
On his fortune, and on ure also,  
With all my might I laid an eare to,  
Every word to marke what he said,  
Out of his swough amonge as he abraid.

But first, if I should make mencion  
Of his person, and plainly him discrive,  
He was in sothe, without excepcion,  
To speake of manhood, one the best on live;  
There may no man ayen trouth strive,  
For of his tyme, and of his age also,  
He proved was, there men shuld have ado,

For one of the best therto of brede and length,  
So well ymade by good proporcion,  
If he had be in his deliver strength;  
But thought and sicknesse were occasion  
That he thus lay in lamentacion,  
Gruffe on the ground, in place desolate,  
Sole by himselfe, awhaped and amate.

And for me seemeth that it is fitting  
His wordes all to put in remembrance,  
To me, that heard all his complaining,  
And all the ground of his wofull chaunce,  
If there withall I may you do pleasance,  
I wold to you, so as I can, anone,  
Lyke as he sayd, rehearse everichone.

But who shall helpe me now to complain,  
Or who shall now my stile gie or lede?  
O Niobe, let now thy teares rain  
In to my penne! and helpe eke in nede,  
Thou, wofull Myrre! that felest my herte blede  
Of pitous wo, and mine hand eke quake,  
Whan that I write, for this mannes sake.

For unto wo accordeth complaynyng,  
And dolefull chere unto heavynesse,  
To sorow also, sighing and weping,  
And pitous mourning unto dervynesse,  
And who that shall writte of distresse,  
In party needeth to know feelingly  
Cause and roote of all soch malady.

But I alas, that am of witte but dull,  
And have no knowing of such matere,  
For to discrive, and write at the full  
The wofull complaint, which that ye shall here,  
But even like as doth a skripenere,  
That can no more what that he shall write,  
But as his maister beside doth endite;

Right so fare I, that of no sentement  
Say right naught in conclusion,  
But as I herde whan I was present,  
This man complaine with a pitous soun,  
For, even like, without addicioun,  
Or disencresse, eyther more or lesse,  
For to rehearse anone I wold me dresse.

And if that any now be in this place,  
That fele in love brenning of fervence,  
Or hindred were to his ladies grace  
With false tonges, that with pestilence  
Slee trewe men that never did offence  
In worde nor deed, ne in hir entent,  
If any such be here now present,

Let him of routh lay to audience,  
With doleful chere, and sobre countenance,  
To here this man, by full hie sentence,  
His mortall wo, and his perturbatione  
Complaynyng, now lying in a traunce,  
With lookes upcast and rufull chere,  
Theffect of which was as ye shall here.

“The thought oppressed with inward sighs sore,  
The painful life, the body languishing,  
The wofull ghost, the herte rent and tore,  
The pitous chere pale in complaynyng,  
The deadly face, like ashes in shynning,  
The salte teares that from mine eyen fall,  
Percel declare ground of my paynes all.

" Whose herte is ground to blede in hevynesse,  
The thought receit of wo and of complaint,  
The brest is chest of dole and dremynesse,  
The body eke so feeble and so faint,  
With hote and colde mine accesse is so maint,  
That now I chiver for default of heat,  
And hote as glede now sodainly I sweat.

" Now hote as fire, now colde as ashes deed,  
Now hote for cold, now cold for heat againe,  
Now cold as yse, now as coles reed,  
For heate I brenne, and thus betwixe twaine,  
I possed ain, and all forecast in paine,  
So that my heate plainly as I fele,  
Of grevous colde is cause every lede.

" This is the colde of inward lye disdain,  
Colde of dispite, and colde of cruell hate,  
This is the colde that ever doth his besie pain  
Ayenst trouth to fight and debate,  
This is the colde that the fire abate  
Of trewe meaning, alas, the harde while,  
This is the colde that woll me begile.

" For ever the better that in trouth I ment  
With all my might faithfully to serve,  
With herte and all to be diligent,  
The lesse thanke, alas, I can deserve :  
Thus for my trouth danger doth me sterve,  
For one that should my death of mercy let,  
Hath made dispite new his swerde to whet

" Against me, and his arrowes to file  
To take vengeance of wilfull cruelte ;  
And tonges false, through hir sleightly wile,  
Han gonne a werre that will not stinted be,  
And False Envie, Wiath and Emnite,  
Have conspired against all right and law,  
Of hir malice, that Trouth shall be slaw.

" And Malebouche gan first the tale tell,  
To sclaunder Trouth of indignacion,  
And False-repote so loude range the bell  
That Misbeleefe and False-suspicion  
Have Trouth brought to his dampnacion,  
So that, alas, wrongfully he dieth,  
And Falsenesse now his place occupieth.

" And entred is in to Trouthes londe,  
And hath thereof the full possession.  
O rightfull God, that first the trouth fonde,  
How may thou suffre soch oppression,  
That Falsheed should have jurisdiction  
In Trouthes right to sleeh him giltyes ?  
In his franchise he may not live in pees ;

" Falsly accused, and of his fone forjudged,  
Without answere, while he was absent,  
He damned was, and may not be excused,  
For Cruelte sate in judgement  
Of hastinesse without advisement,  
And badde Disdaine do execute anone,  
His judgement in presence of his fone.

" Attourney may none admitted been  
To excuse Trouth, ne a worde to speke,  
To Faith or othe the judge list not seen,  
There is no game, but he will be wreke :  
O Lord of trouth, to thee I call and clepe !  
How may thou see thus in thy presence,  
Without mercy mured innocence ?

" Now God, that art of trouth soveraine,  
And seest how I lie for trouth bound,  
So sore knit in loves fire chaine,  
Even at the death through girte with many a wound,  
That likely are never for to sound,  
And for my trouth am dampned to the death,  
And not abide, but draw along the breath :

" Consider and see in thine eternal right,  
How that mine herte professed whilom was,  
For to be trewe with all my full might,  
Onely to one the which now, alas,  
Of volunte, without any trespas,  
My accoursors hath taken unto grace,  
And cheriseth hem my death to purchase.

" What meaneth this ? what is this wonder ure  
Of purveyaunce if I shall it call,  
Of god of love, that false hem so assure,  
And trewe, alas, downe of the whele ben fall,  
And yet, in sothe, this is the worst of all,  
That Falsched wrongfully of Troth hath the name,  
And Trouthayenward of Falsched beareth the blame.

" This blind chaunce, this stormy aventure,  
In love hath most his experience,  
For who that doth with trouth most his cure,  
Shall for his mede finde most offence,  
That serveth love with all his diligence :  
For who can faine under lowlyhede,  
Ne fayleth not to finde grace and spede.

" For I loved one, full long sith agone,  
With all mine herte, body, and full might,  
And to be deed my herte can not gone  
From his heste, but hold that he hath hight,  
Though I be banished out of her sight,  
And by her mouthe dampned that I shall dey,  
Unto my hest yet I will ever obey.

" For ever sith that the world began,  
Who so liste looke, and in story rede,  
He shall aye find that the trewe man  
Was put abacke, whereas the falsliede  
Yfurthered was : for Love taketh none hede  
To sleeh the trew, and hath of hem no charge  
Where as the false goeth frely at hir large.

" I take record of Palamides,  
The trewe man, the noble worthy knight,  
That ever loved, and of his paine no reles,  
Notwithstanding his manhood and his might,  
Love unto him did full great unright,  
For aye the bet he did in chevalrie,  
The more he was hindred by envie.

" And aye the better he did in every place,  
Through his knighthood and busie payne,  
The ferder was he from his ladies grace,  
For to her mercy might he never attayne,  
And to his death he couid it not refrayne  
For no daungere, but aye obey and serve,  
As he best coude, plainly till he sterve.

" What was the fine also of Hercules,  
For all his conquest and his worthinesse,  
That was of strength alone peerles,  
For like as bookes of him list expresse,  
He set pillars through his hie prowess,  
Away at Gades, for to signifie,  
That no man might him passe in chevalrie



"The which pillers ferre beyond Inde,  
Be set of gold for a remembrance :  
And for all that was he set behinde,  
With hem that love list feebly avaunce,  
For him set last upon a daunce  
Against whom helpe may no strife,  
For all his trouth he lost his life.

"Phebus also, for his pleasaunt light,  
Whan that he went here in earth lowe,  
Unto the herte with Venus sight  
Ywounded was through Cupides bowe,  
And yet his lady list him not to knowe,  
Though for her love his herte did blede,  
She let him go, and toke of him no hede.

"What shall I say of yonge Piramus ?  
Of trewe Tristram, for all his hie renowne,  
Of Achilles, or of Antonius,  
Of Arcite, or of him Palemounne,  
What was the end of hir passionne,  
But after sorow death, and then hir grave ?  
Lo, here the guerdon that these lovers have !

"But false Jason with his doublesse,  
That was untrewed at Colkos to Medee,  
And Theseus, roote of unkindnesse,  
And with these two eke the false Enee.  
Lo, thus the false aye in one degree,  
Had in love hir lust and all hir will,  
And, save falshood, there was none other skill.

"Of Thebes eke the false Arcite,  
And Demophon eke for his slouth,  
They had hir lust and all that might delite,  
For all hir falshood and great untrowth :  
Thus ever Love, alas, and that is routh,  
His false liesges forthwith what he may,  
And sleeth the trewe ungoodly, day by day.

"For trewe Adon was slaine with the bore,  
Amidde the forest in the grene shade,  
For Venus love he felt all the sore,  
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,  
The foule chorde had many nights glade,  
Where Mars her knight and her man,  
To find mercy comfort none he can.

"Also the yonge fresh Ipomedes,  
So lustly free as of his corage,  
That for to serve with all his herte he ches  
Athalant, so faire of her visage,  
But Love, alas, quite him so his wage  
With cruell daunger plainly at the last,  
That with the death guerdounlesse he past.

"Lo, here the fine of Loves service,  
Lo, how that Love can his servaunts quite,  
Lo, how he can his faithfull men dispise,  
To slee the trewe men, and false to respite !  
Lo, how he doth the swerde of sorow bite  
In hertes, such as most his lust obey,  
To save the false and do the trewe dey.

"For faith nor othe, worde ne assurance,  
Trewe meaning, awaite, or businesse,  
Still porte, ne faithfull attendaunce,  
Manhood ne might in armes worthinesse,  
Pursute of worship nor hie prowesse,  
In straunge land riding ne travaile,  
Full litell or nought in love doth avale.

"Perill of death, nor in see ne land,  
Hunger ne thrust, sorow ne sicknesse,  
Ne great emprises for to take in hand,  
Sheding of blood, ne manfull hardnesse,  
Ne oft wounding at sautes by distresse,  
Nor in parting of life nor death also,  
All is for nought, Love taketh no heed thereto.

"But lesings with hir flatterie,  
Through hir falsshede, and with hir doublesse,  
With tales new, and many fained lie,  
By false semblaunt, and counterfeit humblesse,  
Under colour depaint with stedfastnesse,  
With fraud covered under a pitous face,  
Accept be now ratherest unto grace :

"And can himselfe now best magnifie  
With fained port and presumption,  
They haunce hir cause with false surquedrie,  
Under meaning of double entention,  
To thinke one in hir opinion,  
And say another, to set himselfe aloft,  
And hinder trouth, as it is scene full oft.

"The which thing I buy now all too deare,  
Thanked be Venus and the god Cupide,  
As it is scene by mine oppressed cheare,  
And by his arrowes that stikken in my side,  
That save death I nothing abide,  
Fro day to day, alas, the hard while,  
Whan ever his dart that him list to file,

"My wofull herte for to rive atwo,  
For faut of mercy and lacke of pite  
Of her that causeth all my paine and wo,  
And list not ones of grace for to see  
Unto my trouth through her crueltie ;  
And most of all I me complaine,  
That she hath joy to laugh at my paine ;

"And wilfully hath my death sworne,  
All guiltlesse, and wote no cause why,  
Save for the trouth that I had aforne  
To her alone to serve faithfully.  
O god of love, unto thee I cry,  
And to thy blind double deite,  
Of this great wrong I complaine me !

"And unto thy stormy wilfull variaunce,  
Ymeint with change and great unstablenesse,  
Now up, now down, so renning is thy chance,  
That thee to trust may be no sikernesse,  
I wite it nothing but thy doublesse,  
And who that is an archer, and is blend,  
Marketh nothing, but shooteth by wend.

"And for that he hath no discretion,  
Without advise he let his arrow go,  
For lacke of sight, and also of reason,  
In his shooting it happeth ofte so,  
To hurt his friend rather than his fo,  
So doth this god with his sharpe fione,  
The trewe sleeth, and letteth the false gone.

"And of his wounding this is the worst of all,  
Whan he hurt doeth to so cruell wretch,  
And maketh the sickle for to cry and call  
Unto his foe for to be his leche,  
And hard it is for a man to seche  
Upon the point of death in jeopardy,  
Unto his foe to find a remedie.

" Thus fareth it now even by me,  
That to my foe that gave my herte a wound,  
Mote aske grace, mercy, and pite,  
And namely there where none may be found,  
For now my sore my leche will confound,  
And god of kind so hath set mine ure,  
My lives foe to have my wound in cure.

" Alas the while, now that I was borne,  
Or that I ever saw the bright Sonne!  
For now I see that full long aforne,  
Or I was borne, my desteny was sponne  
By Parcas susterne, to slee me if they conne,  
For they my death shopen or my shert,  
Only for trouth, I may it not astert.

" The mighty goddesse, also, of Nature,  
That under God hath the governaunce  
Of worldly things committed to her cure,  
Disposed have through her wise purveiance,  
To give my lady so much suffisaunce  
Of all vertues, and therewithall purvide  
To murder Trough, hath take Danger to gide.

" For bounte, beaute, shape, and seemelihede,  
Prudence, wit, passingly fairenesse,  
Benigne port, glad chere, with lowlihede,  
Of womanhede right plenteous largenesse,  
Nature did in her fully empresse,  
Whan she her wrought, and alderlast Disdain,  
To hinder Trough, she made her chamberlain.

" Whan Mistrust also, and False-suspection,  
With Misbeleve she made for to be  
Cheefe of counsaile to this conclusion,  
For to exile Trough, and eke Pite,  
Out of her court to make Mercy flee,  
So that despite now holdeth forth her reigne,  
Through hasty bileve of tales that men feigne.

" And thus I am for my trouth, alas,  
Murdred and slain with words sharp and kene,  
Guiltlesse, God wote, of all trespass,  
And lie and blede upon this cold grene,  
Now mercy swete, mercy my lives quene,  
And to your grace of mercy yet I prey,  
In your service that your man may dey.

" But if so be that I shall die algate,  
And that I shall none other mercy have,  
Yet of my death let this been the date,  
That by your wil I was brought to my grave,  
Or hastily, if that you list me save,  
My sharpe wounds that ake so and blede,  
Of mercy charme, and also of womanhede.

" For other charme, plainly, is there none,  
But only mercy to helpe in this case,  
For though my wounds bleed ever in one,  
My life, my death, standeth in your grace,  
And though my guilt be nothing, alas,  
I aske mercy in all my best entent,  
Ready to die, if that ye assent.

" For there against shall I never strive  
In word ne werke, plainly I ne may,  
For lever I have than to be alive,  
To die soothly, and it be to her pay,  
Ye, though it be this same day,  
Or whan that ever her list to devise,  
Suffiseth me to die in your servise.

" And God, that knowest the thought of every wight,  
Right as it is, in every thing thou maist see,  
Yet ere I die, with all my full might,  
Lowly I pray to graunt unto mee,  
That ye goodly, faire, fresh, and free,  
Which onely sle me for default of routh,  
Or that I die, ye may know my trouth.

" For that in sooth sufficeth me,  
And she it know in every circumstance,  
And after I am well paid that she,  
If that her list, of death to do vengeance  
Unto me, that am under her ligeaunce,  
It sit me not her doome to disobey,  
But at her lust wilfully to dey.

" Without grutching or rebellion  
In will or word, holy I assent,  
Or any manner contradiction,  
Fully to be at her commandement,  
And, if I die, in my testament  
My herte I send, and my spirit also,  
What so ever she list with hem to do.

" And alderlast, to her womanhede,  
And to her mercy me I recommaund,  
That lie now here betwixe hope and drede,  
Abiding plainly what she list commaund,  
For utterly this n'is no demandaund  
Welcome to me while me lasteth breath,  
Right at her choice, where it be life or death.

" In this matter more what might I saine,  
Sith in her hand, and in her will is all,  
But life and death, my joy, and all my paine,  
And finally my best hold I shall,  
Till my spirit by desteny fatal,  
Whan that her list fro my body wend,  
Have here my trouth, and thus I make an end."

And with that word he gan sigh as sore,  
Like as his herte rive would atwaine,  
And held his peace, and spake no word more,  
But for to see his wo and mortal paine,  
The teares gonne fro mine eyen raine  
Full pitously, for very inward routh,  
That I him saw so long wishing for trouth.

And all this while my selfe I kepte close  
Among the bowes, and my selfe gonne hide,  
Till at the last the wofull man arose,  
And to a lodge went there beside,  
Where all the May his custome was t'abide,  
Sole to complaine of his paines kene,  
From yere to yere, under the bowes grene;

And for because that it drew to the night,  
And that the Sunne his arke diurnal  
Ypassed was, so that his persuant light,  
His bright beams and his streams all  
Were in the waves of the water fall,  
Under the bordure of our ocean,  
His chaire of gold, his course so swiftly ran:

And while the twilight and the rowes rede  
Of Phebus light were deaurate a lite,  
A penne I tooke, and gan me fast spede  
The wofull plaint of this man to write,  
Word by word, as he did endite,  
Like as I heard, and could hem tho report,  
I have here set, your hertes to disport.

If ought be misse, lay the wite on me,  
For I am worthy for to beare the blame,  
If any thing misse reported be,  
To make this ditie for to seeme lame,  
Through mine unconning, but for to sain the same,  
Like as this manne his complaint did expresse,  
I aske mercy and forgivenessse.

And as I wrote, me thought I saw aferre,  
Ferre in the west lustely appere  
Esperus the goodly bright sterre,  
So glad, so faire, so persaunt eke of chere,  
I mean Venus with her beames clere,  
That heavy hertes only to releve,  
Is wont of custome for to shew at eve.

And I as fast fell adown on my knee,  
And even thus to her gan I to prey :  
"O lady Venus, so faire upon to see,  
Let not this man for his trouthe dey !  
For that joy thou haddest whan thow ley  
With Mars thy knight, whan Vulcanus fond,  
And with a chaine invisible you bond

"Togider both tway in the same while,  
That all the court above celestiall,  
At your shame gan laugh and smile :  
Ah, faire lady, willy foud at all,  
Comfort to carefull, O goddess immortal,  
Be helping now, and do thy diligence  
To let the streames of thine influence

"Descend downe in forthering of the trouthe,  
Namely of hem that lie in sorrow bound,  
Shew now thou might, and on hir wo have routh,  
Ere false d unger sloe hem and confound :  
And specially let thy might be found  
For so to cover, what so that thou may,  
The true man that in the herber lay ;

"And all true forther for his sake,  
O glad sterre, O lady Venus mine,  
And cause his lady him to grace take,  
Her herte of stele to mercy so encline,  
Ere that thy beames go up to decline,

And ere that thou now go fro us adoun,  
For that love thou haddest to Aȝun."

And whan she was gone to her rest,  
I rose anone, and home to bed went,  
Forweary, me thought it for the best,  
Praying thus in all my best entent,  
That all trew, that be with daunger shent,  
With mercy may in release of hir paine,  
Recured be, ere May come efto againe.

And for that I ne may no lenger wake,  
Farewell ye lovers all that be trew,  
Praying to God, and thus my leve I take,  
That ere the Sunne to morrow be risen new,  
And ere he have ayen rosen hew,  
That each of you may have such a grace,  
His owne lady in armes to embrace.

I meane thus, in all honesty,  
Without more ye may togider speake  
What so ye list at good liberty,  
That each may to other hir herte breke,  
On jealousies onely to be wreke,  
That hath so long of his mallice and envy  
Werred trouthe with his tyranny.

## LENYOYL.

Princesse, pleasest it to your benignitie  
This little ditie to have in mind,  
Of womanhede also for to see,  
Your man may your mercy find,  
And pity eke, that long hath be behind,  
Let him againe be provoked to grace,  
For by my trouthe it is against kind  
False daunger to occupy his place.

Go little quaire unto my lives queene  
And my very hertes souveraine,  
And be right glad for she shall thee seene,  
Such is thy grace, but I alas, in paine  
Am left behind, and n'ot to whom to plaine,  
For mercy, ruth, grace, and eke pite  
Exiled be, that I may not attaine  
Recure to find of mine adversite.

## CHAUCER'S A B. C

### CALLED LA PRIERE DE NOSTRE DAME.

Chaucer's A. B. C. called La Priere de Nostre Dame: made, as some say, at the request of Blanch, Luchess of Lancaster, as a pruer for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout.

v. 1.—80

A.

ALMIGHTY and all merciable queene,  
To whom all this world fleeth for succour be,  
To have release of sinne, of sorrow, of tene,  
Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour!  
To thee I flee, confounded in errour,  
Helpe and releeve, almighty debonaire!  
Have mercy of mine perillous langour!  
Venquist me hath my cruell adversaire.

B.

Bounty so fixe hath in my herte his tent,  
That well I wote thou wilt my succour be,  
Thou canst not warn that with good entent,  
Axeth thine helpe, thine herte is aye so free:  
Thou art largesse of plaine felicitye,  
Haven and refute of quite and of rest;  
Lo, how that thevis seven chasen me!  
Helpe, lady bright, or that mine slup to brest!

C.

Comfort is none, but in you, lady dere,  
For lo, mine sinne and mine confusioun,  
Which ought not in thine presence for to apere,  
Han taken on me a greevous actioun,  
Of veray right and desperatioun,  
And, as by right, they mighten well sustene  
That I were worthy mine damnatioun,  
Nere mercy of you, blisfull queene!

D.

Dout is there none, queen of misericord,  
That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy here,  
God vouchesafe through thee with us to accord:  
For certis, Christ is blisful modir dere,  
Were now the bow bent in swiche manere,  
As it was first of justice and of ire,  
The rightfull God would of no mercy here:  
But through thee han we grace as we desire.

E.

Ever hath mine hope of refute in thee be:  
For here before full oft, in many a wise,  
Unto mercy hast thou received me,  
But mercy, lady, at the great assise,  
Whan we shall come before the high justise,  
So little frute shall than in me ben found,  
That but thou or that day correct me,  
Of very right mine werk will me confound.

F.

Flying, I flee for succour to thine tent,  
Me for to hide fro tempest full of drede,  
Beseking you, that ye you not absent,  
Though I be wicke: O help yet at this nede!  
All have I been a beast in wit and dede,  
Yet lady, thou mee close in with thine own grace  
Thine enemy and mine, lady take hede,  
Unto mine death in point is me to chase.

G.

Gracious maid and modir, which that never  
Were bitter nor in earth nor in see,  
But full of sweetness and of mercy ever,  
Help, that mine fader be not wroth with me!  
Speake thou, for I ne dare him not see,  
So have I done in earth, alas the while,  
That certes but if thou mine succour be,  
To sinke eteue he will mine ghost exile.

H.

He vouchesafe, tell him, as was his will,  
Become a man as for our alliaunce,  
And with his blood he wrote that blisfull bill  
Upon the crosse, as generall acquitaunce  
To every penitent in full criaunce:  
And, therefore, lady bright, thou for us prey,  
Than shalt thou stent all his greevaunce,  
And maken our foe to failen of his prey.

I.

I wote well thou wilt ben our succour,  
Thou art so full of bounty in certaine,  
For whan a soule falleth in errour,  
Thine pity goeth, and haleth him againe,  
Than maketh thou his peace with his sovereign,  
And bringest him out of the crooked strete:  
Who so thee loveth shall not love in vaine,  
That shall he find, as he the life shall lete.

K.

Kalenderis enlumined been they,  
That in this world been lighted with thine name,  
And who so goeth with thee the right wey,  
Him that not drede in soule to been lene.  
Now, queen of comfort, sith thou art the same  
To whom I seech for my medicine,  
Let not mine fo no more mine wound entame,  
Mine hele into thine hond all I resine.

## L.

Lady, thine sorrow can I not portrey  
Under that crosse, ne his grevous pennaunce :  
But for your bothis peine, I you prey,  
Let not our alder to make his bostaunce,  
That he hath in his lestis with mischaunce,  
Convict that ye both han bought so dere :  
As I said erst, thou ground of substaunce,  
Continue on us thine pitous eyen clere !

## M.

Moyses that saw the bosh of flambis rede  
Brenning, of which than never a stickes brend,  
Was sign of thine unwemmed maidenhede,  
Thou art the bosh, on which there can descend  
The Holyghost, which that Moyses weend  
Had been on fire : and this was in figure.  
Now lady, from the fire us defend,  
Which that in Hell eternally shall dure !

## N.

Noble princesse, that never haddest pere,  
Certes if any comfort in us bee,  
That commeth of thee, Christis moder dere,  
We han none other melody ne glee,  
Us to rejoyce in our adversite,  
Ne advocat none, that will and dare so prey  
For us, and that for as little hire as ye,  
That helpen for an Avenary or twey.

## O.

O very light of eyen tho been blind,  
O very lust of labour and distresse,  
O treasorer of bounty to mankind,  
The whom God chese to moder for humblesse,  
From his ancelle he made thee maistresse  
Of Heaven and Earth, our bill up to bede,  
This world awaiteth ever on thine goodnes,  
For thou ne failedest never wight at nede.

## P.

Purpose I have, sometime, for to enquire  
Wherefore and why the Holyghost thee sought,  
Whan Gabriellis voice come to thine ere ;  
He not to werre us swich a wonder wrought,  
But for to save us, that sithen bought :  
Than needeth us no weapon us to save,  
But onely there we did not as us ought,  
Do penitence, and mercy aske and have.

## Q.

Queen of comfort, right whan I me bethink,  
That I agilt have both him and thee,  
And that mine soule is worthy for to sinke,  
Alas, I caitive, wheder shall I flee ?  
Who shall unto thine sonne mine mean be ?  
Who, but thine selfe, that art of pity well ?  
Thou hast more routh on our adversitie,  
Than in this world might any tongue tell.

## R.

Redresse me moder, and eke me chastise,  
For certainly my faders chastising  
Ne dare I not abiden in no wise,  
So hideous is his full reckening ;

Moder of whom our joy gan to spring,  
Be ye mine judge, and eke my soules leech !  
For ever in you is pity abounding,  
To each that of pity will you beseech.

## S.

Sooth is, he ne graunteth no pity  
Without thee : for God of his goodnesse  
Forgiveth none, but it like unto thee :  
He hath thee made vicaire and maistresse  
Of all this world, and eke governeresse  
Of Heaven : and represseth his justice  
After thine will ; and, therefore, in wisesse  
He hath thee crowned in so royal wise.

## T.

Temple devout, ther God chese his wonning,  
For which these misbeleeved deprived been,  
To you mine soule penitent I bring,  
Receive me, for I can no further flee.  
With thornis venomous, Heaven queen,  
For which the erth accused was ful sore,  
I am so wounded, as ye may well seene,  
That I am lost almost, it smert so sore.

## V.

Virgine, that art so noble of appaile,  
That ledest us into the high toure  
Of Paradise, thou me wish and counsaile,  
How I may have thy grace and thy succour !  
All have I been in filth and in errour :  
Lady, on that countrey thou me adjourne,  
That cleaped is thine bench of fresh flour,  
There as that mercy ever shall sojourne.

## X.

Xen thine sonne, that in this world alight  
Upon a crosse to suffer his passioun,  
And suffred eke that Longens his hart pight,  
And made his herte blood renne adoun,  
And all this was for my salvatioun :  
And I to him am fals and eke unkind,  
And yet he will not mine dampnatioun :  
This thanke I you, succour of all mankind !

## Y.

Ysaac was figure of his death certaine,  
That so ferre forth his fader would obey,  
That him ne rought nothing for to be slain :  
Right so thy sonne list a lambe to dey :  
Now, lady full of mercy, I you prey,  
Sith he his mercy sured me so large,  
Be ye not scent, for all we sing or say,  
That ye been fro vengeance aye our targe,

## Z

Zacharie you clepeth the open well  
That wisht sinfull soule out of his guilt,  
Therefore this lesson out I will to tell,  
That nere thy tender heart we were spilt.  
Now, lady bright, sith thou canst and wilt  
Been to the seed of Adam merciable,  
Bring us to that paleis that is built  
To penitents, that ben to mercie able.

EXPLICIT.

# THE BOOKE OF THE DUTCHESE,

OR

*The Death of Blanche;*

COMMONLY ENTITLED, CHAUCER'S DREAM.

v. 1—100

I HAVE great wonder by this light,  
How I live, for day ne night  
I may not sleepe weligh nought;  
I have so many an idle thought,  
Purely for default of sleepe,  
That, by my trowth, I take no keepe  
Of nothing, how it commeth or gothe.  
To me n'is nothing lefe nor lothe,  
All is yliche good to me,  
Joy or sorrow, where so it be:  
For I have feeling in nothing,  
But as it were a mased thing,  
All day in point to fall adoun,  
For sorrowfull imaginaicoun  
Is alway wholly in my minde.

And well ye wote, aganst kinde  
It were to liven in this wise,  
For nature would not suffice  
To none earthly creature,  
Not long time to endure  
Without sleepe, and be in sorrow:  
And I ne may, ne night ne morrow,  
Sleepe, and this melancolie  
And drede I have for to die,  
Defaut of sleepe and heavinesse  
Hath slaine my spirit of quickenesse,  
That I have lost all lustyhead;  
Such fantasies ben in mine head,  
So I n'ot what is best to do:  
But men might aske me why so  
I may not sleepe, and what me is?

But nathelesse, who aske this,  
Leseth his asking truely,  
My selven cannot tell why  
The sooth, but truly as I gesse,  
I hold it be a sickennesse  
That I have suffred this eight yere,  
And yet my boot is never the nere:  
For there is phisician but one,  
That may me heale, but that is done:  
Passe we over untill etfe,  
That will not be mote needs be lefte;  
Our first matter is good to keepe.

So whan I saw I might not sleepe,  
Now of late this other night  
Upon my bed I sate upright,  
And bade one reach me a booke,  
A romaunce, and he it me tooke  
To rede, and drive the night away:  
For me thought it better play,

Than either at chesse or tables.

And in this booke were written fables,  
That clerkes had in old time,  
And other poets put in rime,  
To rede, and for to be in mind,  
While men loved the law of Kinde.  
This booke ne spake but of such thinge,  
Of queenes lives, and of kings,  
And many other things smale.  
Among all this I found a tale,  
That me thought a wonder thing.

This was the tale: There was a king  
That hight Seys, and had a wife,  
The best that might beare life,  
And this queene hight Alcione.  
So it befell, thereafter soone  
This king wold wenden over see:  
To tellen shortly, whan that he  
Was in the see, thus in this wise,  
Such a tempest gan to rise,  
That brake her mast, and made it fall,  
And cleft her ship, and dreint hem all,  
That never was found, as it tels,  
Bord, ne man, ne nothing els.

Right thus this king Seys lost his life.

Now for to speake of Alcione his wife  
This lady that was left at home,  
Hath wonder that the king ne come  
Home, for it was a long terme:  
Anon her herte began to yerne,  
And for that her thought evermo  
It was not wele, her thought so,  
She longed so after the king,  
That certes it were a pitous thing  
To tell her heartely sorrowfull life,  
That she had, this noble wife,  
For him, alas! she loved alderbest,  
Anon she sent both east and west  
To seeke him, but they found him nought.

"Alas," (quod she) "that I was wrought,  
Whether my lord my love be dead,  
Certes I nill never eat bread,  
I make a vow to my God here,  
But I mowe of my lord here."

Such sorrow this lady to her tooke,  
That truly I that made this booke,  
Had such pitie and such routh  
To rede her sorrow, that by my trowth,  
I farde the worse all the morrow  
After, to thinken on her sorrow.

So when this lady coud here no word  
That no man might find her lord,  
Full oft she swowned, and said "Alas!"  
For sorrow full nigh wood she was,  
Ne she coud no rede but one,  
But downe on knees she sate anone,  
And wept, that pitie were to here.

"A mercy, sweet lady dere!"  
(Quod she) to Juno her goddessse,  
"Helpe me out of this distresse,  
And yeve me grace my lord to see  
Soone, or wete where so he bee,  
Or how he fareth or in whrt wise,  
And I shall make you sacrifice,  
And holy yours become I shall,  
With good will, body, herte, and all;  
And but thou wolt this, lady swete,  
Send me grace to slepe and mete  
In my sleepe some certain swenen,  
Where through that I may know even  
Whether my lord be quicke or dead."

With that word she hing downe the head,  
And fell in a swowne, as cold as stone;  
Her women caught her up anone,  
And brought her in bed all naked,  
And she, forweped and forwaked,  
Was weary, and thus the dead sleepe  
Fell on her or she tooke keepe,  
Through Juno, that had heard her boone,  
That made her to sleepe soone;  
For as she praide, right so was done  
Indeed, for Juno right anone  
Called thus her messengere  
To do her errand, and he come nere;  
When he was come she bad him thus:

"Go bet" (quod Juno) "to Morpheus,  
"Thou knowest him well, the god of sleepe,  
Now understand well, and take keepe;  
Say thus on my halfe, that hee  
Go fast into the great see,  
And bid him that on all thing  
He take up Seys body the king,  
That lieth full pale, and nothing rody,  
Bid him creepe into the body,  
And do it gone to Alcione,  
The queene, there she lieth alone,  
And shew her shortly, it is no nay,  
How it was dreint this other day,  
And do the body speake right so,  
Right as it was wonted to do,  
The whiles that it was alive;  
Go now fast, and hie thee blive."

This messenger took leve and w<sup>at</sup>  
Upon his way, and never he stent  
Till he came to the darke valley  
That stant betweene rockes twey,  
There never yet grew corne ne gras,  
Ne tree, ne naught that aught was,  
Beast ne man, ne naught els,  
Save that there were a few wels  
Came renning for the cliffes adowne,  
That made a deadly sleeping sowne,  
And rennen downe right by a cave,  
That was under a rocke ygrave  
Anid the valley wonder deepe,  
There these goddes lay asleepe,  
Morpheus and Eclympasteire,  
That was the god of sleepes heire,  
That slept, and did none other werke.  
This cave was also as derke

As Hell pitte, over all about  
They had good leysor for to rout,  
To vye who might sleepe best,  
Some hing hir chin upon hir brest,  
And slept upright hur head yhed,  
And some lay naked in hir bed,  
And slept whiles their daies last.

This messenger come renning fast,  
And cried "Ho, ho, awake anone!"  
It was for nought, there heard him none.  
"Awake!" (quod he) "who lieth there?"  
And blew his horne right in hir ear,  
And cried "Awaketh!" wonder lye.

This god of sleepe, with his one eye,  
Cast up, and asked "Who clepeth there?"  
"It am I," (quod this messengere)  
"Juno bade thou shouldst gone,"  
And told him what he should done,  
As I have told you here before,  
It is no need rehearse it more,  
And went his way whan he had saide:  
Anone, this god of slepe abraide  
Out of his sleepe and gan to go,  
And did as he had bidde him do;  
Tooke up the dead body soone,  
And bare it forth to Alcione,  
His wife the queene, there as she lay,  
Right even a quarter before day,  
And stood right at her beds fete,  
And called her right as she hete  
By name, and said, "My swete wife,  
Awake! let be your sorrowfull life,  
For in your sorrow there lyeth no rede,  
For certes, sweet love, I am but dede,  
Ye shall me never on live ysee.  
But, good sweet herte, looke that yee  
Bury my body, for such a tide  
Ye mowe it find the see beside,  
And farewell sweet, my worlds blisse,  
I pray God your sorrow lisse;  
Too little while our blisse lasteth."

With that her eyen up she casteth,  
And saw naught: "Alas!" (quod she) for sorrow  
And died within the third morrow.

But what she said more in that swowe,  
I may not tell it you as now,  
It were too long for to dwell;  
My first mattere I will you tell,  
Wherefore I have told you this thing,  
Of Alcione, and Seis the king.

For thus much dare I say wele,  
I had be dolven every dele,  
And dead, right through default of sleepe,  
If I ne had red, and take kepe  
Of this tale next before,  
And I will tell you wherefore,  
For I ne might for bote ne bale  
Sleepe, or I had redde this tale  
Of this dreint Seis the king,  
And of the gods of sleeping.

Whan I had red this tale wele,  
And overlooked it everydele,  
Me thought wonder if it were so,  
For I had never heard speake or tho  
Of no gods, that coud make  
Men to sleepe, ne for to wake,  
For I ne knew never God but one,  
And in my game I said anone,  
And yet me list right evill to play,  
Rather than that I should dey

Through default of sleeping thus,  
I would give thilke Morpheus,  
Or that goddesse dame Juno,  
Or some wight els, I ne rought who,  
To make me slepe and have some rest,  
I will give him the alther best  
Yeft, that ever he abode his live,  
And here onward, right now as blive,  
If he woll make me sleepe alite,  
Of downe of pure doves white,  
I woll yeve him a featherbed,  
Raied with gold, and right well cled,  
In fine blacke sattin d'outremere,  
And many a pillow, and every bere,  
Of cloth of raines to slepe on soft,  
Him there not need to turne oft,  
And I woll yeve him all that fals  
To his chamber and to his hals,  
I woll do paint with pure gold,  
And tapite hem full manyfold,  
Of one sute this shall he have  
If I wist where were his cave,  
If he can make me sleepe soone,  
As did the goddesse queene Alcyone,  
And thus this ilke god Morpheus  
May win of me mo fees thus  
Than ever he wad : and to Juno,  
That is his goddesse, I shall so do,  
I trowe that she shall hold her paid.

I had unneth that word ysaid,  
Right thus as I have told you,  
That suddainly I n'ist how,  
Such a lust anone me tooke  
To sleepe, that right upon my booke  
I fell a sleepe, and therewith even  
Me mette so inly such a sweven,  
So wonderfull, that never yet  
I trowe no man had the wit  
To come wylly my sweven rede.

No, not Joseph without drede  
Of Egypt, he that rad so  
The kinges meting, Pharao,  
No more than could the least of us.

Ne nat scarcely Macrobeus,  
He that wrote all the avision  
That he mette of king Scipion,  
The noble man, the Affrican,  
Such mervailles fortunied than,  
I trow arede my dreames even,  
Lo, thus it was, this was my sweven.

Me thought thus, that it was May,  
And in the dawning there I lay,  
Me mette thus in my bed all naked,  
And looked forth (or I was waked,  
With smale foules a great hepe,  
That had afraied me out of my slepe,  
Through noise and sweetnesse of hir song,  
And as me mette, they sat among  
Upon my chamber rooffe without  
Upon the tyles over all about.  
And everiche song in his wise  
The most solemne servise  
By note, that ever man I trow  
Had heard, for some of hem sung low,  
Some high, and all of one accord,  
To tell shortly at o word,  
Was never heard so sweet steven,  
But it had be a thing of Heven,  
So merry a sowne, so sweet entunes,  
That certes for the towne of Tewnes

I n'olde but I had heard hem sing,  
For all my chamber gan to ring,  
Through singing of hir ermony,  
For instrument nor melody  
Was no where heard yet halfe so swete,  
Nor of accord halfe so mete,  
For there was none of hem that fained  
To sing, for ech of hem him pained  
To find out many crafty notes,  
They ne spared nat hir throtes ;  
And, sooth to saine, my chamber was  
Full well depainted, and with glas  
Were all the windowes well yglased  
Full clere, and nat an hole ycrased,  
That to behold it was great joy,  
For holy all the story of Troy  
Was in the glaising ywrought thus,  
Of Hector, and of king Priamus,  
Of Achilles, and of king Laomedon,  
And eke of Medea and Jason,  
Of Paris, Heleine, and of Lavine,  
And all the wals with colours fine  
Were paint, both text and glose,  
And all the Romaunt of the Rose ;  
My windowes weren shit echone,  
And through the glasse the Sunne shone  
Upon my bed with bright bemes,  
With many glad glidy stremes,  
And eke the welkin was so faire,  
Blew, bright, clere was the aire,  
And full attempre, for sooth it was,  
For neyther too cold ne hote it n'as,  
Ne in all the welkin was no cloud.

And as I lay thus, wonder loud  
Me thought I heard a hunte blow  
T'assay his great horne, and for to know  
Whether it was clere, or horse of sowne.

And I heard going both up and downe  
Men, horse, hounds, and other thing,  
And all men speake of hunting,  
How they would slee the hart with strength,  
And how the hart had upon length  
So much embosed, I n'ot now what.

Anon right whan I heard that,  
How that they would on hunting gone,  
I was right glad, and up anone,  
Tooke my horse, and forth I went  
Out of my chamber, I never stent  
Till I come to the field without,  
There overtooke I a great rout  
Of hunters and eke forresters,  
And many relaies and limers,  
And highed hem to the forrest fast,  
And I with hem, so at the last

I asked one lad, a lymere,  
" Say, fellow, who shall hunte here ?"  
" (Quod I) and he answered ayen,  
" Sir, the emperour Octavien"  
" (Quod he) " and is here fast by." (quod I)

" A goddes halfe, in good time," (quod I)  
Go we fast, and gan to ride ;  
Whan we come to the forrest side,  
Every man did right soone,  
As to hunting fell to done.

The maister hunte, anone, fote hote  
With his horne blew three mote  
At the uncoupling of his houndis,  
Within a while the hart found is,  
Yhallowed, and rechased fast  
Long time, and so, at the last,



This hart rouzed and stale away  
 Fro all the hounds a previe way.  
 The hounds had overshot him all,  
 And were upon a default yfall,  
 Therewith the hunte wonder fast  
 Blew a forloyn at the last;  
 I was go walked fro my tree,  
 And as I went, there came by me  
 A whelp, that fawned me as I stood,  
 That had yfollowed, and coud no good,  
 It came and crept to me as low,  
 Right as it had me yknow,  
 Held downe his head, and joynd his eares,  
 And laïd all smooth downe his heares.

I would have caught it anone,  
 It fled and was fro me gone,  
 As I him followed, and it forth went  
 Downe by a floury grene it went  
 Full thicke of grasse, full soft and sweet.  
 With floures fele, faire under feet,  
 And litle used, it seemed thus,  
 For both Flora and Zepherus,  
 They two, that make floures grow,  
 Had made hir dwelling there I trow,  
 For it was on to behold,  
 As though the earth envye wold  
 To be gayer than the heaven,  
 To have mo floures such seven  
 As in the welkin sterres be,  
 It had forgot the povertie  
 That winter, through his cold morrowes,  
 Had made it suffer, and his sorrowes;  
 All was foryeten, and that was seene,  
 For all the wood was woxen greene,  
 Sweetnesse of dewe had made it waxe.

It is no need eke for to axe  
 Where there were many greene greves,  
 Or thicke of trees so full of leves,  
 And every tree stood by himselfe  
 Fro other, well tenne foot or twelve,  
 So great trees, so huge of strength,  
 Of fortie or fiftie fadome length,  
 Cleane without bowe or sticke,  
 With croppes brode, and eke as thicke,  
 They were not an inch asunder,  
 That it was shadde over all under,  
 And many an hart and many an hind  
 Was both before me and behind,  
 Of fawnes, sowers, buckes, does,  
 Was full the wood, and many roes,  
 And many squirrels, that sete,  
 Full high upon the trees and ete,  
 And in hir mannr made feasts:  
 Shortly, it was so full of beasts,  
 That though Argus, the noble countour,  
 Sate to reckon in his countour,  
 And reckon with his figures ten,  
 For by tho figures newe all ken  
 If they be crafte, reckon and nombre,  
 And tell of every thing the nombre,  
 Yet should he faile to reckon even  
 The wonders me met in my sweven:  
 But forth I romed right wonder fast  
 Downe the wood, so at the last  
 I was ware of a man in blacke,  
 That sate, and had tyurned his backe  
 To an oke, an huge tree:  
 "Lord," thought I, "who may that bee?  
 What eyleth him to sitten here?"  
 Anon right I went nere,

Than found I sitte, even upright,  
 A wonder welfaring knight,  
 By the manner me thought so,  
 Of good mokel, and right yonge thereto,  
 Of the age of foure and twentie yeere,  
 Upon his beard but litle heere,  
 And he was clothed all in blacke.  
 I stalked even unto his backe,  
 And there I stood as still as ought,  
 The sooth to say, he saw me nought,  
 For why he hing his head adowne,  
 And with a deadly sorrowfull sowne,  
 He made of rime ten verses or twelve,  
 Of a complaint to himselfe,  
 The most pitie, the most routh,  
 That ever I heard, for, by my trouth,  
 It was great wonder that nature  
 Might suffer any creature  
 To have such sorrow, and he not ded.  
 Full pitous pale, and nothing red,  
 He said a lay, a manner song,  
 Without note, without song  
 And was this, for full well I can  
 Rehearse it, right thus it began.

"I have of sorrow so great wone,  
 That joy get I never none,  
 Now that I see my lady bright,  
 Which I have loved with all my might,  
 Is fro me dead, and is agone,  
 And thus in sorrow left me alone.  
 Alas, Death, what eyleth thee,  
 That thou n'oldest have taken me,  
 Whan that thou tooke my lady swete?  
 Of all goodnesse she had none mete,  
 That was so faire, so fresh, so free,  
 So good, that men may well see."  
 Whan he had made thus his complaint,  
 His sorrowfull herte gan fast faint,  
 And his spirits waxen dead,  
 The blood was fled for pure dread  
 Down to his herte, to maken him warme,  
 For well it feeled the herte had harme,  
 To wete eke why it was adrad  
 By kinde, and for to make it glad,  
 For it is member principall  
 Of the body, and that made all  
 His hewe chaunge, and wexe grene  
 And pale, for there no blood is seene  
 In no manner limme of his.

Anon, therewith, whan I saw this,  
 He farde thus evill there he sete,  
 I went and stood right at his fete,  
 And grette him, but he spake nought  
 But argued with his owne thought,  
 And in his wit disputed fast,  
 Why, and how his life might last,  
 Him thought his sorrowes were so smart,  
 And lay so cold upon his herte.

So, through his sorrow, and holy thought,  
 Made him that he heard me nought,  
 For he had welnigh lost his minde,  
 Though Pan, that men clepeth god of kinde,  
 Were for his sorrowes never so wroth.

But at the last, to faine right sooth,  
 He was ware of me, how I stood  
 Before him and did off my hood,  
 And had ygret him, as I best coud  
 Debonairly, and nothing loud,  
 He said, "I pray thee, be not wroth,  
 I heard thee not, to saïne the sooth,

Ne I saw the not, sir, truly."

"Ah, good sir, no force," (quod I)

"I am right sorry, if I have ought  
Distroubled you out of your thought,  
Forve me, if I have misse-take."

"Yes, thamends is light to make"  
(Quod he) "for there litle none thereto,  
There is nothing mis-saide, nor do."

Lo, how goodly spake this knight,  
As it had be another wight,  
And made it neyther tough ne queint,  
And I saw that, and gan me acqueint  
With him, and found him so trefable,  
Right wonder skilfull and reasonable,  
As me thought, for all his bale,  
Anon right I gan find a tale  
To him, to looke where I might ought  
Have more knowledging of his thought.

"Sir," (quod I) "this game is done,  
I holde that this hart be gone,  
These huntes can him no where see."

"I do no force thereof," (quod he)  
"My thought is thereon never adele."  
"By our lord," (quod I) "I trow you wele,  
Right so me thinketh by your chere,  
But, sir, o thing woll ye here,  
Me thinkin in great sorrow I you see,  
But certes, sir, if that ye  
Would aught discovre me your wo,  
I would, as wise God helpe me so,  
Amend it, if I can or may,  
Ye mowe prove it by assay,  
For, by my trouth, to make you hole,  
I woll do all my power whole,  
And telleth me of your sorrowes smart,  
Paraunter it may ease your herte,  
That semeth full sickle under your side."

With that he looked on me aside,  
As who saith nay, that n'll not be.

"Graunt mercy, good friend," (quod he)

"I thanke thee that thou wouldest so,  
But it may never the rather be do,  
No man may my sorrow glade,  
That maketh my hew to fall and fade,  
And hath my understanding lorne,  
That me is wo that I was borne,  
May nought make my sorrowes slide,  
Not all the remedies of Ovide,  
Ne Orpheus, god of melodie,  
Ne Dedalus with his playes slie,  
Ne heale me may no phisicien,  
Nought Ipcras, ne Galien,  
Me is wo that I live houres twelve,  
But who so woll assay hemselve,  
Whether his herte can have pite  
Of any sorrow let him see me,  
I wretch that death hath made all naked  
Of all the blisse that ever was maked,  
Ywroth werste of all wights,  
That hate my dayes and my nights,  
My life, my lustes, be me loth,  
For all fare and I be wroth,  
The pure death is so full my fo,  
That I would die, it will not so,  
For whan I follow it, it will fle,  
I would have him, it n'll not me,  
This is pain without reed,  
Alway dying, and be not deed,  
That Tesiphus, that lieth in Hell,  
May not of more sorrow tell :

And who so wist all, by my trouth,

My sorrow, but he had routh

And pitie of my sorrowes smart,

That man hath a fiendly herte :

For whoso seeth me first on morrow,

May saine he hath met with sorrow,

For I am sorrow, and sorrow is I,

Alas, and I will tell thee why,

My sorrow is tourned to plaining,

And all my laughter to weeping,

My glad thoughts to heavynesse,

In travaille is mine idlenesse,

And eke my rest, my wele is wo,

My good is harme, and evermo

In wrath is tourned my playing,

And my delite into sorrowing,

Mine heale is tourned into sicknesse,

In dred is all my sikernesse,

To derke is turned all my light,

My witte is foly, my day is night,

My love is hate, my slepe wakynge,

My mirth and meales is fastynge,

My countenance is nicete,

And all abawed, where so I be,

My peace pleding, and in werre

Alas, how might I fare werre ?

"My boldnesse is turned to shame,

For false Fortune hath played a game

At the chesse with me, alas the while,

The trayteresse false, and full of gile,

That al behoteth, and nothing halte,

She gothe upright, and yet she halte,

That baggeth foule, and loketh fayre,

The dispitous debonaire,

That scorneth many a creature,

An ydole of false purtrairure

Is she, for she woll sone wryen,

She is the monstres heed ywryen,

As filth over ystrowed with floures,

Her most worship and her floures

To lyen, for that is her nature,

Without faith, lawe, or mesure,

She false is, and ever laughing

With one eye, and that other weping,

That is brought up, she set al downe :

I liken her to the scorpionne,

That is a false flattering beest,

For with his head he maketh feest,

But all amid his flatering,

With his taile he will sting

And envenim, and so will she :

She is the envious Charite,

That is aye false, and semeth wele,

So turneth she her false whele

About, for it is nothing stable,

Now by the fire, now at table,

Full many one hath she thus yblent,

She is play of enchantment,

That seemeth one, and is not so,

The false thefe, what hath she do,

Trowest thou ? by our Lord, I will thee say ;

At the chesse with me she gan to play,

With her false draughtes full divers

She stale on me, and toke my fers,

And whan I sawe my fers away,

Alas, I couth no lenger play,

But said, " Farewell sweet ywis,

And farewell all that ever there is : "

Therewith Fortune said, " Checke here, "

And mate in the mid point of the checkere,

With a paune errant, alas,  
Full craftier to play she was  
Than Athalus, that made the game  
First of the chesse, so was his name :  
But God wolde I had ones or twise,  
Yconde, and know the jeopardise,  
That coude the Greke Pythagores,  
I shulde have plaide the bet at ches,  
And kept my fers the bet thereby,  
And though whereto, for trewly,  
I hold that wishe not worthe a stre,  
It had be never the bet for me,  
For Fortune can so many a wyle,  
There be but few can her begile,  
And eke she is the lasse to blame,  
My selfe I wolde have do the same,  
Before God, had I been as she,  
She ought the more excused be,  
For this I say yet more thereto,  
Had I be God, and might have do,  
My will, whan she my fers caught,  
I wold have drawe the same draught :  
For also wise, God give me reste,  
I dare well swere, she toke the best,  
But through that draught I have lorne  
My blisse, alas, that I was borne !  
For evermore, I trowe trewly,  
For all my will, my lust wholly  
Is turned, but ye, what to done,  
By our Lorde it is to die sone :  
For nothing I leave it nought,  
But live and die, right in this thought.  
For there n'is planet in firmament,  
Ne in ayre ne in erth none element,  
That they ne yeve me a yeft echone,  
Of weping whan I am alone :  
For whan that I advise me v e le,  
And bethinke me everydele,  
How that there lieth in rekening,  
In my sorrow for nothing,  
And how there liveth no gladnesse  
May glad me of my distresse,  
And how I have lost suffisaunce,  
And thereto I have no pleasaunce,  
Than may I say, I have right nought ;  
And whan all this falleth in my thought,  
Alas, than am I overcome,  
For that is done, is not to come ;  
I have more sorrow than Tantale."

And I herde him tell this tale  
Thus pitously, as I you tell,  
Unneth might I lenger dwell :  
It did mine herte so much wo.  
"A good sir," (quod I) "say nat so,  
Have some pitie on your nature,  
That fourmed you to creature,  
Remembreth you of Socrates,  
For he counted not three strees  
Of nought that Fortune coude do."  
"No," (quod he) "I can not so."  
"Why, good sir, yes parde," (quod I)  
"Ne say not so for truely,  
Though ye had lost the feesres twelve  
And ye for sorrow murdered your selve,  
Ye should be dampned in this cas,  
By as good right as Medea was,  
That slough her children for Jason,  
And Phyllis also for Demophon  
Hing her selfe, so velayay,  
For he had broke his terme day

To come to her: another rage  
Had Dido, the quene eke of Cartage,  
That slough her selfe for Eneas  
Was false, which a foole she was :  
And Ecquo died for Nareissus  
N'olde nat love her, and right thus  
Hath many another folly done,  
And for Dalida died Sampson,  
That slough himselfe with a pillere,  
But there is no man alive here  
Would for hie fers make this wo."

"Why so?" (quod he) "it is not so,  
Thou wotest full little what thou menest,  
I have lost more than thou wenest :"

"How may that be" (quod I)

"Good sir, tell me all holy,  
In what wise, how, why and wherefore,  
That ye have thus your blisse lorn?"

"Blithely," (quod he) "come sit doun,

I tell thee upon a conditioun,  
That thou shalt holy with all thy wit  
Doe thine entent to hearken it."

"Yes sir :—" "Swere thy trouth thereto,

Gladly do, than hold here to."

"I shall right blithely, so God me save,  
Holy with all the wit I have,  
Here you as well as I can :"

"A goddes halfe," (quod he) and began.

"Sir," (quod he) "sith first I couth

Have any manner wit fro youth,  
Or kindly understanding,  
To comprehend in any thing  
What Love was, in mine owne wit,  
Dredelesse I have ever yet  
Be tributarie, and yeve rent  
To Love holy, with good entent.  
And through pleasaunce become his thrall,  
With good will, body, herte, and all,  
All this I put in his servage,  
As to my lord, and did homage,  
And full devoutly I praide him tho,  
He should beset mine herte so,  
That it pleasaunce to him were,  
And worship to my lady dere.

"And this was long, and many a yere  
(Ere that mine herte was set o where)  
That I did thus, and n'ist why,  
I trowe it came me kindly,  
Paraunter I was thereto most able,  
As a white wall, or a table,  
For it is ready to catch and take  
All that men will therein make,  
Whether so men will portrey or paint,  
Be the werkes never so quaint.

"And thilke time I fared right so,  
I was able to have learned tho,  
And to have conde as well or better  
Paraunter either art or letter,  
But for love came first in my thought,  
Therefore I forgate it naught,  
I chees love to my first craft,  
Therefore it is with me left,  
For why, I tooke it of so yong age,  
That malice had my courage ;  
Not that time turned to nothing,  
Through too mokell knowledging,  
For that time youth my maistre-esse  
Governed me in idleness,  
For it was in my first youth,  
And tho full little good I couth,

For all my werkes were fitting  
That time, and all my thought varying,  
All were to me yliche good,  
That knew I tho, but thus it stood.

"It happed that I came on a day  
Into a place, there that I sey  
Truly, the fairest companie  
Of ladies, that ever man with eie  
Had scene together in o place,  
Shall I clepe it hap either grace,  
That brought me there ? not but Fortune,  
That is to lien full commune,  
The false tratieresse perverse,  
God would I could clepe her werse,  
For now she worceth me full wo,  
And I wold tell soone why so.

"Amonge these ladies thus echone,  
Sooth to saine, I saw one  
That was like none of the rout,  
For I dare swere, without dout,  
That as the summers Sunne bright  
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more light  
Than any other planet in Heven,  
The Moone, or the sterres seven,  
For all the world so had she  
Surmounten hem all of beaute,  
Of maner, and of comlinesse,  
Of stature, and of well set gladnesse,  
Of goodly heed, and so wel besey,  
Shortly what shall I more sey ?  
By God and by his halowes twelve,  
It was my swete, right all her selve,  
She had so stedfast countenance,  
So noble porte, and maintenance :  
And Love, that well harde my bone,  
Had espied me thus sone,  
That she full soone in my thought,  
As helpe me God, so was I cought  
So sodainly, that I ne toke  
No maner counsaile, but at her loke,  
And at mine herte, for why her eyen  
So gladly I trowe mine herte seyne,  
That purely tho, mine owne thought,  
Said, it were better serve her for nought,  
Than with another to be wele,  
And it was soth, for every dele,  
I will anone right tell thee why.

"I sawe her daunce so comely,  
Carol and sing so swetely,  
Laugh, and play so womanly,  
And looke so debonairely,  
So goodly speke and so frendly,  
That certes I trowe that evermore,  
Nas sene so blisfull a tresore :  
For every heer on her heed,  
Sothe to say, it was not reed,  
Ne neither yelowne ne browne it nas,  
Me thought most like gold it was,  
And which eyen my lady had,  
Debonaire, good, glad, and sad,  
Simple, of good mokel, not to wide,  
Thereto her loke nas not aside,  
Ne overtwhart, but beset so wele,  
It drewe and tooke up everydele  
All that on her gan behold,  
Her eyen semed anone she wold  
Have mercy, folly wenden so,  
But it was never the rather do,  
It nas no counterfeted thing,  
It was her owne pure loking,

That the goddesse, dame Nature,  
Had made hem open by measure,  
And close, for were she never so glad,  
Her looking was not folish sprad,  
Ne wildly, though that she plaid,  
But ever me thought, her eyen said,  
By God my wrath is al foryeve.  
Therewith her list so weil to live,  
That dulnesse was of her adrad,  
She n'as to sobre ne to glad,  
In all things more measure,  
Had never I trowe creature,  
But many one with her loke she herte,  
And that sate her full lital at herte :  
For she knew nothing of hir thought,  
But whether she knew, or knew it nought,  
Algate she ne rought of hem a stree,  
To get her love no nere n'as he  
That woned at home, than he in Inde,  
The formest was alway behinde ;  
But good folke over all other,  
She loved as man may his brother,  
Of which love she was wonder large,  
In skilfull places that bere charge :  
But which a visage had she thereto,  
Alas, my herte is wonder wo,  
That I ne can discrive it ;  
Me lacketh both English and wit,  
For to undo it at the full,  
And eke my spirites bene so dull  
So great a thing for to devise,  
I have not wit that can suffice  
To comprehend her beaute,  
But thus much I dare sain, that she  
Was white, rody, fresh, and lifely hewed,  
And every day her beaute newed,  
And nigh her face was alderbest,  
For certes Nature had soch lest  
To make that faire, that truly she  
Was her chiefe patron of beaute,  
And chiefe ensample of all her werke  
And monster : for be it never so derke,  
Me thinketh I see her ever mo,  
And yet more over, though all tho  
That ever lived were now a live,  
Ne would have found to discrive  
In all her face a wicked signe,  
For it was sad, simple, and benigne.

"And soch a goodly swete speech,  
Had that swete, my lives leech,  
So frendely, and so well ygrounded  
Upon all reason, so well yfounded,  
And so tretable to all good,  
That I dare swere well by the rood,  
Of eloquence was never fonde  
So swete a souning faconde,  
Ne trewer tonged, ne scorned lasse,  
Ne bet coude heale, that by the masse,  
I durst swere though the pope it songe,  
That there was never yet through her tonge,  
Man ne woman greatly harmid,  
As for her, was all harme hid :  
Ne lasse flattering in her worde,  
That purely her simple recorde,  
Was found as trewe as any bond,  
Or trouth of any mans hond.

"Ne chide she could never a dele,  
That knoweth all the world ful wele.  
But such a fairenesse of a necke,  
Had that swete, that bone nor brecke

Nas there none seen that mis-satte,  
It was white, smoth, streight, and pure flatte,  
Without hole or canel bone,  
And by seming, she had none.

"Her throte, as I have now memoire,  
Semed as a round toure of yvoire,  
Of good greatnesse, and not to grute,  
And faire white she hete,  
That was my ladies name right,  
She was thereto faire and bright,  
She had not her name wrong,  
Right faire shoulders, and body long  
She had, and armes ever lith  
Fattish, fleshy, nat great therewith,  
Right white hands, and nailes rede,  
Round brestes, and of good brede  
Her lippes were, a streight flatte backe,  
I knew on her none other lacke,  
That all her limmes n'ere pure sewing,  
In as ferre as I had knowing;  
Thereto she could so well play  
What that her list, that I dare say  
That was like to torch bright,  
That every man may take of light  
Ynough, and it hath never the lesse  
Of maner and of comelnesse.

"Right so fardre my lady dere,  
For every wight of her manere  
Mought catehe ynough, if that he wold  
If he had cyeen her to behold,  
For I dare sweare well, if that she  
Had among tenne thousand be,  
She wolde have be at the beste,  
A chefe myrrour of all the feste,  
Though they had stonde in a rowe,  
To mens eyen, that could have knowe,  
For where so men had plaide or waked,  
Me thought the felowship as naked  
Without her, that I saw ones,  
As a crowne without stones,  
Trewly, she was to mine eye,  
The solcin fenix of Arabie,  
For there liveth never but one,  
Ne such as she no know I none:  
To speake of goodnesse, trewly she  
Had as moch debonaire  
As ever had Hester in the Bible,  
And more, if more were possible,  
And soth to sayne, therewithall  
She had a witte so generall,  
So whole enclined to all good,  
That al her witte was sette by the rood,  
Without malice upon gladnesse,  
And thereto I sawe never yet a lesse  
Harmefull than she was in doying,  
I say not that she ne had knowyng  
What harme was, or els she  
Had coulede no good, so thinketh me,  
And trewly, for to speake of trouth,  
But she had had, it had be routh;  
Thereof she had so moch her dele,  
And I dare saine, and swere it wele,  
That Trouth himselfe, over al and al,  
Had chose his maner principall  
In her, that was his resting place,  
Thereto she had the most grace,  
To have stedfast perseveraunce,  
And easy attempe governaunce,  
That ever I knew, or wist yet,  
So pure suffraunt was her wit,

And reason gladly she understood,  
It folowed wel, she coulede good,  
She used gladly to do wele,  
These were her maners every dele.

"Therewith she loved so wel right,  
She wrong do would to no wight,  
No wight might do her no shame,  
She loved so wel her own name.

"Her lust to hold no wight in hond,  
Ne be thou siker, she wold not fond,  
To holde no wight in balauce,  
By halfe word ne by countenance,  
But if men wold upon her lye,  
Ne sende men into Walakie,  
To Pruiise, and to Tartarie,  
To Alisaundrie, ne into Turkie,  
And bidde him fast, anone that he  
Go hoodlesse into the drie see,  
And come home by the Carrenare.

"And sir, be now right ware,  
That I may of you here saine,  
Worship, or that ye come againe.

"She ne used no soch knackes smaile,  
But therfore that I tell my tale,  
Right on this same I have said,  
Was wholly all my love laid,  
For certes she was that swete wife,  
My suffisaunce, my lust, my life,  
Mine hope, mine heale, and all blesse,  
My worlds welfare, and my goddesse,  
And I wholv hers, and every dele."

"By our Lorde," (quod I) "I trowe you wele,  
Hardly, your love was wel beset,  
I n'ot how it might have do bet."

"Bet, ne not so wel," (quod he)  
"I trowe sir," (quod I) "parde."

"Nay, leve it well:"—"Sir, so do I,  
I leve you wel, that trewly  
You thought that she was the best,  
And to behold the alderfairest,  
Who so had loked her with your eyen."

"With mine? nay, all that her seyen,  
Said and swore it was so,  
And though they ne had, I would tho  
Have loved best my lady free,  
Though I had had al the beaute  
That ever had Alcibiades,  
And al the strength of Hercules,  
And thereto had the worthinesse  
Of Alisaunder, and all the richesse  
That ever was in Babiloine,  
In Cartage, or in Macedoine,  
Or in Rome, or in Ninive,  
And thereto also hardy be  
As was Hector, so have I joy,  
That Achilles slough at Troy,  
(And therefore was he slayne also  
In a temple, for both two  
Were slaine, he and Antilegius,  
And so sath Dares Frigius  
For love of Polixena),  
Or ben as wise as Minerva,  
I would ever, without drede,  
Have loved her, for I must nede.

"Nede? Nay, trewly I gabbe now,  
Nought nede, and I woll tellen how,  
For of good will mine herte it wold,  
And eke to love her, I was holde,  
As for the fayrest and the best,  
She was as good, so have I rest,

As ever was Penelope of Greece,  
Or as the noble wife Lucrece,  
That was the best, he telleth thus  
The Romaine, Titus Livius,  
She was as good, and nothing like,  
Though hir stories be autentike,  
Algate she was as trewe as she.

"But wherefore that I tell thee ?

Whan I first my lady sey,  
I was right yong, soth to sey,  
And full great need I had to lerne,  
Whan mine herte wolde yerne,  
To love it was a great emprise,  
But as my wit wolde best suffice,  
After my yong childely wit,  
Without drede I beset it,  
To love her in my best wise  
To do her worship and the servise  
That I coude tho, by my trouth,  
Without faining, eyther slouth,  
For wonder faine I wolde her see,  
So mokell it amended mee,  
That whan I sawe her amorowe  
I was warished of all my sorowe  
Of all day after, till it were eve,  
Me thought nothing might me greve,  
Were my sorowes never so smert,  
And yet she set so in mine herte,  
That by my trouth, I n'old nought  
For all this world, out of my thought  
Leave my lady, no trewly."

"Now, by my trouth, sir," (quod I)  
"Me thinketh ye have such a chaunce,  
As shrift, without repentance."

"Repentance, nay fie !" (quod he)

"Shuld I now repent me

To love, nay certes, than were I well  
Worse than was Achitofell,  
Or Antenor, so have I joy,  
The traitour that betrayed Troy :  
Or the false Ganellion,  
He that purchased the trayson  
Of Rouland and of Olivere :  
Nay, while I am alive here,  
I n'll foryet her never mo."

"Now good sir," (quod I tho)  
Ye have well told me here before,  
It is no need to rehearse it more,  
How ye saw her first, and where,  
But would ye tell me the manere,  
To her which was your first speche,  
Thereof I would you beseeche,  
And how she knew first your thought,  
Whether ye loved her or nought,  
And telleth me eke, what ye have lore,  
I herde you tell here before,  
Ye said, 'thou n'otest what thou meanest,  
I have lost more than thou weenest :'  
What losse is that ?" (quod I tho)  
"N'il she not love you, is it so ?  
Or have ye ought done amis,  
That she hath left you, is it this ?  
For Goddes love tell me all."

"Before God," (quod he) "and I shall,

I say right as I have said,  
On her was all my love laid,  
And yet she n'ist it not never a dele,  
Not longe time, leve it wele,  
For by right siker, I durst nought  
For all this wrld tell her my thought,

Ne I wolde have trothed her trewly,  
For worst thou why, she was lady  
Of the body that had the herte,  
And whoso hath that may not asterte.

"But for to keepe me fro ydenesse,  
Trewly I did my businesse  
To make songes, as I best coude,  
And oft time I song hem loude,  
And made songes, this a great dele,  
Although I coude nat make so wele  
Songes, ne knew the arte al,  
As coude Lamekes son, Tubal,  
That found out first the arte of songe,  
For as his brothers hammers ronge,  
Upon his anvelt, up and downe,  
Thereof he toke the first sowne.

"But Grekes saine of Pithagoras,  
That he the first finder was  
Of the art, Aurora telleth so,  
But thereof no force of hem two :  
Algates songes thus I made,  
Of my feling, mine herte to glade ;  
And lo, this was alther first,  
I n'ot where it were the worst.

"Lord, it maketh mine herte light,  
Whan I think on that swete wight,  
That is so semely one to se,  
And wish to God it might so be  
That she wold hold me for her knight,  
My lady, that is so fayre and bright."

"Now have I told thee, soth to say  
My first song : upon a day,  
I bethought me what wo  
And sorowe that I suffred tho,  
For her, and yet she wist it nought,  
Ne tell her durst I not my thought :  
Alas, thought I, I can no rede,  
And but I tell her I am but dede,  
And if I tel her, to say right soth,  
I am adradde she wold be wroth,  
Alas, what shal I than do ?  
In this debate I was so wo,  
Me thought mine herte brast atwain,  
So at the last, sothe for to saine,  
I bethought me that Nature  
Ne formed never in creature  
So much beauty, trewly,  
And bounty without mercy.

"In hope of that, my tale I tolde,  
With sorowe, as that I never sholde,  
For nedes, and maugre mine heed  
I must have tolde her, or be deed :  
I n'ot well how that I began,  
Full yvell reherce it I can,  
And eke, as helpe me God withall,  
I trow it was in the dismall,  
That was the ten woundes of Egipt,  
For many a word I overskippt  
In my tale for pure fere,  
Lest my wordes mis-set were,  
With sorowfull herte and woundes dede,  
Soft and quaking for pure drede,  
And shame, and stinting in my tale,  
For ferde, and mine hew al pale,  
Full oft I wexte both pale and red,  
Bowling to her I hing the hed,  
I durst not ones loke her on,  
For wit, manner, and all was gone ;  
I said, 'Mercy,' and no more,  
It n'as no game, it sate me sore.

"So at the last, soth to saine,  
Whan that mine herte was com againe,  
To tell shortly all my speech,  
With hole herte I gan her beseech  
That she wolde be my lady swete,  
And swore, and hertely gan her hete,  
Ever to be stedfast and trewe,  
And love her alway freshly newe,  
And never other lady have,  
And all her worship for to save,  
As I best coude, I sware her thus,  
'For yours is all that ever there is,  
For evermore, mine herte swete,  
And never to false you, but I mete  
I n'il, as wise God helpe me so.'

"And whan I had my tale ydo,  
God wote, she acompted not a stre  
Of all my tale, so thought me,  
To tell shortly right as it is,  
Tiewly her answer it was this,  
I can not now well countrefete  
Her wordes, but this was the grete  
Ot her answer, she said nay  
All utterly: alas that day!  
The sorow I suffered and the wo,  
That trewly Cassandra that so  
Bewayled the destruction  
Of Troy, and of Ilion,  
Had never such sorow as I tho;  
I durst no more say thereto  
For pure feare, but stale away,  
And thus I lived full many a day,  
That trewly, I had no need,  
Ferther than my beddes heed,  
Never a day to seche sorow,  
I found it ready every morrow,  
For why I loved in no gere.

"So it befell another yere,  
I thought onis I would fonde,  
To doe her know and understonde  
My wo, and she well understood,  
That I ne wilned thing but good,  
And worship, and to keepe her name,  
Ove all things, and drede her shame,  
And was so busie her to serve,  
And pitie were that I should sterve,  
Sith that I wilned no harme ywis.

"So whan my lady knew all this,  
My lady yave me all holy,  
The noble yeff of her mercy,  
Saying her worship by all ways,  
Dredelesse, I mene none other ways,  
And therewith she yave me a ring,  
I trowe it was the first thing,  
But if mine herte was ywaxe  
Glad that it is no need to axe.

"As helpe me God, I was as blive  
Raised, as to death to live,

Of all happes the alderbest,  
The gladdest and the most at rest,  
For truly that swete night,  
Whan I had wrong, and she the right,  
She would alway so goodly  
Foryeve me so debouarly,  
In all my youth, in all chaunce,  
She tooke in her governaunce,  
Therewith she was alway so true,  
Our joy was ever yliche newe,  
Our hertes were so even a pane,  
That never n'as that one contrarie  
To that other, for no wo  
For soth yliche they suffred tho.  
O blisse, and eke o sorow bothe,  
Yliche they were both glad and wrothe,  
All was us one, without were,  
And thus we lived full many a yere,  
So well, I can not tell how."

"Sir," (quod I) "where is she now?"  
"Now?" (quod he) and stinte anone,  
Therewith he woxe as dedde as stone,  
And saied, "Alas, that I was bore!  
That was the losse, that herebefore  
I tolde thee that I had lorne.

"Bethinke thee how I said here before,  
Thou woste full litle what thou menest,  
I have loste more than thou weneest

"God wote alas, right that was she."  
"Alas sir, how, what may that be?" [trouth."  
"She is dedde:"—"Nay?"—"Yes, by my  
"Is that your losse? by God it is routhe."

And with that worde right anone,  
They gan to strake forth, all was done  
For that tyme, the hart huntynge.

With that me thought that this kyng,  
Gan homeward for to ride  
Unto a place was there beside,  
Which was from us but a lile,  
A long castell with walles white,  
By saunct Johan, on a rich hill,  
As me mette, but thus it fill.

Right thus me mette, as I you tell,  
That in the castell there was a bell,  
As it had smitte houres twelve,  
Therewith I awoke my selve,  
And found me lyng in my bedde,  
And the booke that I had redde,  
Of Alcione and Seis the kyng,  
And of the goddess of sleping,  
Yfound it in mine hond full even;  
Thought I, this is so quent a swoven,  
That I would by processe of tyme,  
Fonde to put this sweven in ry me,  
As I can best, and that anon,  
This was my sweven, now it is done.

EXPLICIT.

## THE HOUSE OF FAME.

In this booke is shewed how the doedes of all men and women, be they good or bad, are carried by report to posteritie

B. I. v. I—108

God tourne us every dream to good,  
 For it is wonder thing, by the 100d,  
 To my wit, what causeth swevens  
 On the morrow, or on evens,  
 And why the effect followeth of some,  
 And of some it shal never come,  
 Why that it is an avision,  
 And why this is a revelation,  
 Why this a dreame, why that a sweven,  
 And not to every man like even;  
 Why this a fantome, why that oracles;  
 I n'ot; but whoso of these miracles  
 The causes know bet than I,  
 Define he, for I certainly  
 Ne can hem not, ne never thinke  
 To busie my wit for to swinke  
 To know of hir significacions  
 The gendres, ne distinctions  
 Of the times of hem, ne the causes,  
 Or why this is more than that is,  
 Or yve folkes complexions,  
 Make hem dreame of reflections,  
 Or else thus, as other saine,  
 For the great feeblenesse of hir brain,  
 By abstinence, or by sicknesse,  
 Prison, strife, or grent distresse,  
 Or els by disordinaunce,  
 Or natural accustomaunce,  
 That some men be too curious  
 In studie, or melancolious,  
 Or thus, so inly full of drede,  
 That no man may him bote rede,  
 Or els that devotion  
 Of some, and contemplation  
 Causen such dreames oft,  
 Or that the cruell life unsoft  
 Of hem that loves leden,  
 Oft hopen much or dreden,  
 That purely hir impressions  
 Causen hem to have visions,  
 Or if spirits han the might  
 To make folke to dreame on night,  
 Or if the soule of proper kind  
 Be so perfit as men find,  
 That it wote what is to come,  
 And that he warneth all and some  
 Of everiche of hir adventures,  
 By avisions, or by figures,  
 But that our flesh hath no might  
 To understand it aright,  
 For it is warned too derkely,  
 But why the cause is, not wote I.  
 Well worth of this thing clerkes  
 That treaten of that and of other werkes,

For I of none opinion  
 N'll as now make mention,  
 But only that the holy rood  
 Tourne us every dreame to good,  
 For never sith I was boine,  
 Ne no man els me beforen,  
 Mette, I trow stedfastly,  
 So wonderfull a dreame as I.

The tenth day now of December,  
 The which, as I can remember,  
 I woll you tellen everydele,  
 But at my beginning, trusteth wele,  
 I woll make invocation,  
 With a devout speciall devotion,  
 Unto the god of sleepe anone,  
 That dwelleth in a cave of stone,  
 Upon a streame that commeth fro Lete,  
 That is a flood of Hell unsweate,  
 Beside a fulke, that men clepe Cimerie,  
 There slepeth aye this god unmerre,  
 With his slepie thousand sonnys,  
 That alway to sleepe hir wonne is;  
 And to this god that I of rede,  
 Pray I, that he woll me spede  
 My sweven fur to tell aight,  
 If every dreame stand in his might,  
 And he that mover is of all  
 That is and was, and ever shall,  
 So give hem joy that it here,  
 Or all that they dreame to yere,  
 And for to stand all in grace  
 Of hir loves, or in what place  
 That hem were levest for to stonde,  
 And shield hem from povertie and shonde,  
 And from every unhappe and disease,  
 And send hem that may hem please,  
 That taketh well and scorneth nought,  
 Ne it misdeme in hir thought,  
 Through malicious entention,  
 And who so through presumption,  
 Or hate, or scorne, or through envie,  
 Dispite, or jape, or fellonie,  
 Misdeme it, pray I Jesus good,  
 Dreame he barefoot, or dreame he shood,  
 That every harme that any man  
 Hath had sith the world began,  
 Befall him thereof, or he sterve,  
 And graunt that he may it deserve.  
 Lo, with right such a conclusion,  
 As had of his avision  
 Cresus, that was king of Lide,  
 That high upon a gibbet dide,  
 This praiser shall he have of me,  
 I am no bette in charite.



Now herken, as I have you saied,  
 What that I mette or I abraied,  
 Of December the tenth day,  
 Whan it was night, to slepe I lay,  
 Right as I was wout to doone,  
 And fell asleepe wonder soone,  
 As he that was weary forgo  
 On pilgrimage miles two  
 To the corpes of salut Leonard,  
 To maken lithe that erst was hard.

But as I slept, me mette I was  
 Within a temple ymade of glas,  
 In which there were mo images  
 Of gold, standing in sundry stages,  
 In mo rich tabernacles,  
 And with perrie mo pinales,  
 And mo curious portraictures,  
 And queint manner of figures  
 Of gold worke than I saw ever.

But certainly I n'ist never  
 Where that it was, but well wist I,  
 It was of Venus redely  
 This temple, for in portreiture  
 I saw anon right her figure  
 Naked, fleeing in a sec,  
 And also on her head, parde,  
 Her rose garland white and red,  
 And her combe to kembe her hed,  
 Her doves, and dan Cupido,  
 Her blind sonne, and Vulcano,  
 That in his face was full browne.

But as I romed up and downe,  
 I found that on the wall there was  
 Thus written on a table of bras.

"I woll now sing, if that I can,  
 The armes, and also the man,  
 That first came through his destinie  
 Fugitive fro Troy the countrie,  
 Into Italle, with full much pine,  
 Unto the stronds of Lavine :"  
 And tho began the story anone,  
 As I shall tellen you cehone.

First, saw I the destruction  
 Of Troy, through the Greeke Sinon,  
 With his false untrue forswearings,  
 And with his chere and his lesings  
 Made a horse brought into Troy,  
 By which Troyans lost all hir joy.

And after this was graved, alas,  
 How Ilions castle assailed was  
 And won, and king Priamus slaine,  
 And Polites his sonne certaine,  
 Dispitously of dan Pirus.

And next that saw I how Venus,  
 Whan that she saw the castle brend,  
 Downe from Heaven she gan descend,  
 And bad her sonne Eneas to flee,  
 And how he fled, and how that he  
 Escaped was from all the prees,  
 And tooke his father, old Anchises,  
 And bare him on his backe away,  
 Crying "Alas, and welaway!"  
 The which Anchises in his hand  
 Bare tho the gods of the land,  
 Thilike that unbrenned were.

Than saw I next all in fere,  
 How Crusa, dan Eneas wife,  
 Whom that he loved all his life,  
 And her yong sonne Iulo,  
 And eke Ascanius also,

Fledden eke with drierie chere,  
 That it was pitie for to here,  
 And in a forrest as they went,  
 At a turning of a went,  
 How Crusa was ylost, alas!  
 That rede not I, how that it was,  
 How he her sought, and how her ghost  
 Bad him fle the Greekes host,  
 And said he must into Italle,  
 As was his destinie, sauns faile,  
 That it was pitie for to heare,  
 Whan her spirit gan appeare,  
 The words that she to him saied,  
 And for to keepe her sonne him praied

There saw I graven eke how he,  
 His father eke, and his meine,  
 With his ships gan to saile  
 Toward the countrie of Italle,  
 As streight as they mighten go.

There saw I eke the cruell Juno,  
 That art dan Jupiters wife,  
 That hast yhated all thy life  
 All the Troyan blood,  
 Ren and cry as thou were wood  
 On Eolus, the god of winds,  
 To blown out of all kinds  
 So loud, that he should drench  
 Lord, lady, groome, and wench  
 Of all the Troyans nation,  
 Without any of hir salvation.

There saw I such tempest arise,  
 That every herte might agrise  
 To see it painted on the wall.

There saw I eke graven withall  
 Venus, how ye my lady dere,  
 Weeping with full wofull chere,  
 Praying Jupiter on hie  
 To save and keepe that navie  
 Of that Troyan Eneas,  
 Sith that he her sonne was.

There saw I Joves Venus kisse,  
 And graunted was the tempest lisse.

There saw I how the tempest stent,  
 And how with all pine he went,  
 And prively tooke a rivage  
 Into the countrie of Carthage,  
 And on the morow how that he  
 And a knight that height Achate,  
 Metten with Venus that day,  
 Going in a queint array,  
 As she had be an hunteresse,  
 With wind blowing upon her tresse,  
 And how Eneas began to plaine,  
 Whan he knew her, of his paine,  
 And how his ships dreint were,  
 Or els ylost, he n'ist where ;  
 How she gan him comfort tho,  
 And bade him to Cartage go,  
 And there he should his folke find,  
 That in the sea were left behind,  
 And shortly of this thing to pace,  
 She made Eneas so in grace  
 Of Dido, queene of that countrie,  
 That shortly for to tellen, she  
 Became his love, and let him do  
 All that wedding lengthen to.  
 What should I speake it more quaint,  
 Or paine me my words to paint ?  
 To speake of love, it woll not be,  
 I cannot of that faculte :

And eke to tellen of the manere  
How they first acquainted were,  
It were a long processe to tell,  
And over long for you to dwell.

There saw I grave, how Eneas  
Told to Dido every caas,  
That him was tidde upon the see.

And eft graven was how that she  
Made of him shortly at a word,  
Her life, her love, her lust, her lord,  
And did to him all reverence,  
And laid on him all the dispençe,  
That any woman might do,  
Wening it had all be so,  
As he her swore, and hereby demed  
That he was good, for he such seemed.

Alas, what harme doth apparence,  
Whan it is false in existense !  
For he to her a traitour was,  
Wherefore she slow her selfe, alas !

Lo, how a woman doth amis  
To love him that unknown is,  
For by Christ, lo, thus it fareth,  
It is not all gold that glareth,  
For also brouke I well mine head,  
There may be under goodlihead  
Covered many a shreud vice,  
Therefore, be no wight so nice  
To take a love onely for chere,  
Or speech, or for friendly manere,  
For this shall every woman find,  
That some man of his pure kind  
Woll shewen outward the fairest,  
Till he have caught that what him lest,  
And than woll he causes find,  
And swere how she is unkind,  
Or false, or privie, or double was,  
All this say I by Eneas  
And Dido, and her nice lest,  
That loved all to soone a guesst ;  
Wherefore, I woll say o proverbe,  
That he that fully knoweth the herbe,  
May safely lay it to his eie,  
Withouten drede this is no lie.

But let us speake of Eneas,  
How he betrayed her, alas,  
And left her full unkindly.

So whan she saw all utterly,  
That he would her of trouth faile,  
And wenden from her into Itaille,  
She gan to wring her handes two.

"Alas," (quod she) "that me is wo !

Alas, is every man thus true,  
That every yere woll have a new,  
If it so long time endure,  
Or els three paraventure,  
And thus of one he woll have fame  
In magnifyng of his owne name,  
Another for friendship sayeth he,  
And yet there shall the third be,  
That is taken for delite,  
Lo, or els for singular profite :"  
In such words can complaine  
Dido of her great paine,  
As me mette dreaming readily,  
None other authour alledged woll I.

"Alas," (quod she) "my sweet herte,  
Have pitie on my sorrowes smart,  
And slee me not, go not away  
"O wofull Dido, welaway !"

(Quod she) unto her selfe tho :

"O Eneas, what woll ye do ?

O that your love ne your bond,  
That ye swore with your right hond,  
Ne my cruell death" (quod she)

"May hold you still here with me !

"O, have ye of my death no pite ?

Ywis mine owne deare herte ye

"Now full well that never yet,

As farre as ever I had wit,

Agilt you in thought ne in dede.

"O, have ye men such goodlihed

In speech, and never a deie of trouth ?

Alas, that ever had routh

Any woman on a false man !

"Now I see well, and tell can,

We wretched women can no art,

For certaine, for the more part ;

Thus we been served everichone ;

How sore that ye men can grone,

Anon, as we have you received,

Certainly we been deceived,

For though your love last a season,

Wait upon the conclusion,

And eke how ye determine,

And for the more part define,

O welaway, that I was borne !

For through you my name is lorne,

And mine actes redde and song

Over all this land in every tong.

"O wicked Fame ! for there n'is

Nothing so swift lo, as she is,

O sooth is, every thing is wist,

Though it be coverde with the mist,

Eke though I might duren ever,

That I have done recover I never,

That it ne shall be said, alas,

I shamed was through Eneas,

And that I shall thus judged be :

"Lo, right as she hath done, now she

Woll done eftsoones hardely,

Thus say the people prively."

But that is done, n'is not to done,

But all her complaint ne her mone

Certaine availeth her not a stre,

And whan she wist soothly he

Was forth into his ship agone,

She into chamber went anone,

And called on her suster Anne,

And gan her to complaine than,

And said, that she cause was

That she first loved him, alas,

And first counsaile her thereto

But what, whan this was said and do,

She rofte her selven to the herte,

And deide through the wounds smart :

But all the manner how she deide

And all the words how she seide,

Who so to know it hath purpose,

Rede Virgile in Eneidos,

Or the Pistels of Ovide,

What that she wrote or that she deide,

And nere it too long to edite,

By God, I would it here write.

But welaway, the harme and routh

That hath betide for such untrouth,

As men may oft in bookes rede,

And all day seene it yet in dede,

That for to thinke it tene is.

Lo, Demophon, duke of Athenis,

How he forswore him falsely,  
 And 'traied Phillis wickedly,  
 That kings daughter was of Thrace,  
 And falsely gan his tearme pace,  
 And whan she wist that he was false,  
 She hong her selfe right by the halse,  
 For he had done her such untrouth,  
 Lo, was not this a wo and routh?  
 Eke, looke, how false and recheles  
 Was to Briseida Achilles,  
 And Paris to Oenone,  
 And Jason to Hipsiphile,  
 And eft Jason to Medea,  
 And Hercules to Dianira,  
 For he left her for Iolee,  
 That made him take his death, parde.

How false was eke Theseus,  
 That as the storie telleth us,  
 How he betrayed Adriane,  
 The devill be his soules hane,  
 For had he laughed or joured,  
 He must have been all devoured,  
 If Adriane ne had be,  
 And, for she had of him pite,  
 She made him fro the death escape,  
 And he made her a full false jape,  
 For after this within a while,  
 He left her sleeping in an isle,  
 Desart alone right in the see,  
 And stalc away, and let her bec,  
 And tooke hir suster Phedra tho  
 With him and gan to ship go,  
 And yet he had sworne to here,  
 On all that ever he could swere,  
 That so she saved him his life,  
 He would taken her to his wife,  
 For she desired nothing els,  
 In certaine, as the booke us tels.

But for to excuse this Eneas  
 Fulliche of all his great trespas,  
 The booke saith, sauns faile,  
 The gods bad him go to Itaile,  
 And leaven Affrikes regioun  
 And faire Dido and her toun.  
 Tho saw I grave how to Itaile  
 Dan Eneas gan for to saile,  
 And how the tempest all began,  
 And how he lost his steresman,  
 Which that the sterne, or he tooke keepe,  
 Smote over the bord as he sleepe.

And also saugh I how Sibile  
 And Eneas beside an isle,  
 To Hell went for to see  
 His father Anchises the free,  
 And how he there found Palinurus,  
 And also Dido, and Deiphobus,  
 And everiche tourment eke in Hell  
 Saw he, which long is for to tell,  
 Which paines who so list to know,  
 He must rede many a row  
 In Vergile or in Claudian,  
 Or Dante, that it tellen can.

Tho saw I eke, all the arivaile  
 That Eneas had made in Itaile,  
 And with king Latin his treate,  
 And all the batailles that he  
 Was at himselfe and his knights,  
 Or he had all ywonne his rights,  
 And how he Turnus reft his life,  
 And wan Lavinia to his wife,

And all the marvellous signals  
 Of the gods celestials,  
 How maugre Juno, Eneas,  
 For all her sleight and her compas,  
 Acheved all his aventure,  
 For Jupiter tooke on him cure,  
 At the prayer of Venus,  
 Which I pray alway save us,  
 And us aye of our sorrowes light.

Whan I had seene all this sight  
 In this noble temple thus,  
 "Hey, lord," thought I, "that madest us,  
 Yet saw I never such noblesse  
 Of images, nor such richesse  
 As I see graven in this church,  
 But nought wote I who did hem worth,  
 Ne where I am, ne in what coundree,  
 But now will I out gone and see  
 Right at the wicket if I can  
 Seene ought where sterring any man,  
 That may me tellen where I am."

Whan I out of the dore came,  
 I fast about me beheld,  
 Than saw I but a large field,  
 As farre as ever I might see,  
 Without toun, house, or tree,  
 Or bush, or grasse, or eared land,  
 For all the field was but of sand,  
 As small as men may see at eye  
 In the desart of Lybye,  
 Ne no manner creature,  
 That is yformed by nature,  
 Ne saw I, me to rede or wisse:  
 "O Christ," thought I, "that are in blisse,  
 From fantome and illusion  
 Me save," and with devotion  
 Mine eyen to the Heaven I cast,  
 Tho was I ware, lo, at the last,  
 That fast by the Sunne on hie,  
 As kenne might I with mine eye,  
 Me thought I saw an egles sore,  
 But that it seemed much more  
 Than I had any egles ysein;  
 This is as sooth as death certain,  
 It was of gold, and shone so bright,  
 That never saw men such a sight,  
 But if the Heav en had ywonne  
 All new of God another sonne,  
 So shone the egles fethers bright,  
 And somewhat downward gan it light.

EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

B II. v. 1—10

Now hearken every manner man  
 That English understand can,  
 And listeth of my dreame to here,  
 For nowe at erst shall ye lere  
 So seely and so dredefull a vision,  
 That I say neither Scipion,  
 Ne king Nabugodonosore,  
 Pharao, Turnus, ne Alcanore,  
 Ne metten such a dreame as this,  
 Now faire blisfull, O Cipris,

So be my favour at this time,  
That ye me t'endite and rime  
Helpeth, that in Pernaso dwell  
Beside Elicon the clere well.

O thought, that wrote all that I met,  
And in the tresorie it set  
Of my braine, now shall men see  
If any vertue in thee bee,  
To tell all my dreame aright ;  
Now kithes thy engine and thy might !

This eggle of which I have you told,  
That with feathers shone all of gold,  
Which that so high gau to sore,  
I gan behold more and more,  
To seene her beauty and the wonder  
But never was that dent of thunder,  
Ne that thing that men call soudre,  
That smite sometime a toure to poudre,  
And in his swift comming brend,  
That so swithe gan downward descend,  
As this foule, when it beheld  
That I a rounge was in the field,  
And with his grim pawes stroug,  
Within his sharpe nailes long,  
Me fleyng at a swappe he hent,  
And with his sours againe up went,  
Me caryng in his clawes starke,  
As lightly as I had ben a larke,  
How high I cannot tellen you,  
For I came up I n'ist never how,  
For so astonied and asweved  
Was every vertue in my heved,  
What with his sours and my dread,  
That all my feeling gan to dead,  
For why? it was a great affray.

Thus I long in his clawes lay,  
Till at the last he to me spake  
In mans voice, and said "Awake,  
And be not agast so for shame,"  
And called me tho by my name,  
And, for I should better abraid,  
Me to awake thus he said,  
Right in the same voice and stevin,  
That useth one that I can nevin,  
And with that voice, sooth to saine,  
My mind came to me again,  
For it was goodly said to me,  
So nas it never went to be ;  
And, herewithal, I gan to stere,  
As he me in his feet bere,  
Till that he felt that I had heat,  
And felt eke tho mine herte beat,  
And tho gan he me to disport,  
And with gentle wordes me comfort,  
And said twice, "Saint Mary,  
Thou art a noyous thing to cary,  
And nothing needeth it, parde,  
For also, wise God helpe me,  
As thou no harme shalt have of this,  
And this case that betiddeth thee is  
For thy lore and for thy prow ;  
Let see, darst thou looke yet now ?  
Be full ensured boldely,  
I am thy friend : " and therewith I  
Gan for to wonder in my mind.  
O God," quod I : " that madest all kind,  
Shall I none otherwise die,  
Whether Jove will me stelliffe,  
Or what thing may this signifie ?  
I am neither Enocke, ne Helie,

Ne Romulus, ne Ganimede,  
That were bore up, as men rede,  
To Heaven with dan Jupiter,  
And made the gods boteler : "  
Lo, this was tho my fantasie,  
But he that bare gan aspie  
That I so thought, and said this,  
" Thou deemest of thy selfe amis,  
For Jove is not thereabout,  
I dare thee put full out of doubt,  
To make of the yet a sterre,  
But ere I beare thee much ferre,  
I will thee tell what I am,  
And whider thou shalt, and why I came  
To do this, so that thou take  
Good herte, and not for feare quake."  
" Gladly," quod I : " Now well," quod he .  
" First, I that in my feet have the,  
Of whom thou hast feare and wonder,  
I am dwelling with the god of thounder,  
Which men callen Jupiter,  
That doth me fien full oft fer,  
To do all his commaundement,  
And for this cause he hath me sent  
To thee : herke now by thy trouth,  
Certaine he hath of thee routh,  
That thou hast so truly  
Long served ententifely  
His blind newew Cupido,  
And faire Venus also,  
Without guerdon ever yet,  
And nathelesse hast set thy wit,  
Although in thy head full little is,  
To make bookes, songs, and ditties  
In rime, or else in cadence,  
As thou best canst, in reverence  
Of Love, and of his servaunts eke,  
That have his service sought and seke,  
And painest thee to praise his art,  
Although thou haddest never part,  
Wherefore also, God me blesse,  
Jovis halt it great humblesse,  
And vertue eke, that thou wilt make  
A night full oft thine head to ake,  
In thy study so thou writest,  
And evermore of Love enditest,  
In honour of him and praisings,  
And in his folkes furtherings,  
And in hir matter all devisest,  
And not him ne his folke dispisest,  
Although thou maist go in the daunce  
Of hem that him list not avance ;  
Wherefore, as I said ywis,  
Jupiter considreth well this,  
And also beausire, of other things,  
That is, thou haste no tidings  
Of Loves folke, if they be glade,  
Ne of nothing else that God made  
And not onely fro ferre countree  
That no tidings comen to thee,  
Not of thy very neighbours,  
That dwellen almost at thy dores,  
Thou hearest neither that ne this,  
For whan thy labour all done is,  
And hast made all thy rekenings,  
In stead of rest and of new things,  
Thou goest home to thine house anone,  
And also dombe as a stone  
Thou sittest at another booke,  
Till fully dased is thy looke,

And livest thus as an hermite,  
 Although thine abstinence is lite,  
 And therefore Jovis, through his grace,  
 Will that I beare thee to a place  
 Which that hight the House of Fame,  
 And to do the sport and game  
 In some recompensation  
 Of thy labour and devotion  
 That thou hast had, lo, causelesse,  
 To god Cupido the rechelesse ;  
 And thus this god through his merite  
 Will with some manner thing thee quite,  
 So that thou wilt be of good chere,  
 For trust well that thou shalt here,  
 When we ben comen there as I say,  
 Mo wonder things dare I lay,  
 And of Loves folke mo tidings,  
 Both soothsawes and lesings,  
 And mo loves new begon,  
 And long served till love is won,  
 And mo lovers casuelly,  
 That ben betide, no man wote why,  
 But as a blind man starteth an hare,  
 And more jolite and welfare,  
 While they find love of steele,  
 As thinke men, and over all wele,  
 Mo discords, and mo jealousies,  
 Mo murmures, and mo novelries,  
 And also mo dissimulations,  
 And eke fained reparations,  
 And mo berdes in two houres  
 Without rasour or sours  
 Ymade, than graines be of sands,  
 And eke mo holding in mo hands,  
 And also mo renouvellances  
 Of old forletten acquaintaunces,  
 Mo love-daies, and mo accords  
 Than on instruments ben cords,  
 And eke of love mo exchaunges,  
 Than ever corne were in graunges,  
 Unneth maist thou trowen this,  
 Quod he. "No, so helpe me God as wis,"  
 Quod I. "Now why?" quod he. "For it  
 Were impossible to my wit,  
 Though Fame had all the pries  
 In all a realme and all aspies,  
 How that yet he should heare all this,  
 Or they espieen :?"—"O yes, yes,"  
 Quod he, to me, "that can I preve  
 By reason, worthy for to leve,  
 So that thou give thine advertence  
 To understand my sentence.  
 "First shalt thou here where she dwelleth,  
 Right so as thine owne booke telleth,  
 Her palais standeth, as I shall say,  
 Right even amiddes of the way  
 Betweene Heaven, Earth, and see,  
 That whatsoever in all these three  
 Is spoken in prive or apert,  
 The way thereto is so overt,  
 And stant eke in so just a place,  
 That every sowne mote to it pace,  
 Or what so cometh from any tong,  
 Be rowned, red, or song,  
 Or spoken in suertie or drede,  
 Certaine it mote thider nede.  
 "Now hearken well, for why? I will  
 Tellen thee a proper skill,  
 And a worthy demonstration  
 In mine imagination.

"Geffray, thou wotest well this,  
 That every kindly thing that is,  
 Hath a kindly stede there he  
 May best in it conserved be,  
 Unto which place every thing,  
 Through his kindly enclining,  
 Meveth for to come to,  
 Whan that it is away therefro,  
 As thus, lo, how thou maist al day see,  
 Take any thing that heavie bee,  
 As stone or lead, or thing of weight,  
 And beare it never so he on height,  
 Let go thine hand, it falleth downe,  
 Right so say I by fire or sowne  
 Or smoke, or other things light,  
 Alway they seeke upward on height,  
 Light things up, and downward charge,  
 While everich of hem be at large,  
 And for this cause thou maist well see,  
 That every river unto the see  
 Enclined is to go by kind,  
 And by these skilles, as I find,  
 Have fishes dwelling in flood and see,  
 And trees eke on the earth be ;  
 Thus every thing by his reason  
 Hath his own proper mansion,  
 To which he seeketh to repaire,  
 There as it should nat appaire.

"Lo, this sentence is knowne couth  
 Of every philosophers mowth,  
 As Aristotle and dan Platone,  
 And other clerkes many one,  
 And to confirme my reason,  
 Thou wost well that speech is soun,  
 Or else no man might it here,  
 Now herke what I woll thee lere.

"Sowne is not but eyre ybroken,  
 And every spech that is spoken,  
 Loud or prive, foule or faire,  
 In his substance is but eyre,  
 For as flame is but lighted smoke,  
 Right so is sowne eyre ybroke,  
 But this may be in many wise,  
 Of which I will thee devise ;  
 As sowne commeth of pipe or harpe  
 For when a pipe is blown sharpe,  
 The eyre is twist with violence,  
 And rent ; lo, this is my sentence :  
 Eke, whan men harpe strings smite,  
 Wheder it be much or lite,  
 Lo, with a stroke the eyre it breketh,  
 And right so breaketh it whan men speaketh,  
 Thus, wost thou well, what thing is speach,  
 Now henceforth, I will thee teach  
 How everich spech, voice, or soun,  
 Through his multiplicatioun,  
 Though it were piped of a mouse,  
 Mote needs come to Fames House ;  
 I prove it thus, take heed now  
 By experience, for it that thou  
 Threw in a water now, a stone,  
 Well wost thou it will make, anone,  
 A little roundell as a circle,  
 Paraventure as broad as a covercle,  
 And right anone, thou shalt see wele,  
 That whele cercle wil cause another whele,  
 And that the third, and so forth brother,  
 Every cercle causing other,  
 Broader than himselfe was,  
 And thus from roundell to compas,

Ech about other going,  
 Causeth of others stering  
 And multiplying evermo,  
 Til it be so farre go  
 That it at both brinkes bee,  
 Although thou may it not see  
 Above, yet gothe it alway under,  
 Though thou thinke it a great wonder,  
 And who so saith of trouth I vary,  
 Bid him prove the contrary ;  
 And right thus every word ywis,  
 That loud or privie yspoken is,  
 Moveth first an eyre about,  
 And of his moving, out of dout,  
 Another eyre anone is moved ;  
 As I have of the water proved,  
 That every cercele causeth other,  
 Right so of eyre, my leve brother ;  
 Everich eyre in other stereth  
 More and more, and speech up beareth,  
 Or voice of noise, word or soun,  
 Aye through multiplication,  
 Till it be at the House of Fame ;  
 Take it in earnest or in game,  
 Now have I told, if thou have mind,  
 How speech or sowne, of pure kind  
 Enclined is upward to mere ;  
 This maiest thou fele well by preve,  
 And that same stede ywis,  
 That every thing enclined to is,  
 Hath his kindliche stede,  
 That sheweth it without drede,  
 That kindly the mansioun  
 Of everich speche of every soun,  
 Be it either foule or faire,  
 Hath his kind place in aire,  
 And sith that every thing ywis,  
 Out of his kind place ywis,  
 Moveth thider for to go,  
 If it away be therefro,  
 As I have before proved thee,  
 It sheweth every soun, parde,  
 Moveth kindly to pace,  
 As up into his kind place ;  
 And this place of which I tell,  
 There as Fame list to dwell,  
 It sette amidde of these three,  
 Heaven, Earth, and eke the see,  
 As most conservatife the soun ;  
 Than is this the conclusion,  
 That every speech of every mau,  
 As I thee tell first began,  
 Moveth up on height to pace  
 Kindly to Fames place.  
 "Tell me this now faithfully,  
 Have I not proved thus simply,  
 Without any subtelte  
 Of speech, or great prolixite  
 Of termes of philosophy,  
 Of figures of poetry,  
 Or colours of rhetorike ?  
 Perde, it ought thee to like,  
 For hard language, and hard matere  
 Is incombrous for to here  
 At ones, wost thou not well this ?"  
 And I answered and said "Yes."  
 "Ah, ah," quod he, "lo, so I can,  
 Leudly unto a leud man  
 Speke, and shew him such skilles,  
 That he may shake hem by the billes,

So palpable they shoulde be ;  
 But tel me this now pray I thee,  
 How thinketh thee my conclusioun ?"  
 "A good persuasioun,"  
 Quod I, "it is, and lyke to be,  
 Right so as thou hast proved me,"  
 "By God," quod he, "and as I leve,  
 Thou shalt have it or it be eve,  
 Of every word of this sentence,  
 A profe by experience,  
 And with thine cares hearken well  
 Toppe and taile, and everidell,  
 That every word that spoken is,  
 Commeth into Fames House ywis,  
 As I have said, what wilt thou more ?"  
 And with this word upper to sore,  
 He began and said, "By saint Jame,  
 Now will we speake all of game.  
 How farest thou now ?" quod he, to me.  
 "Well," quod I. "Now see," quod he,  
 "By thy trouth, yond adowne,  
 Where that thou knowest any towne,  
 Or house, or any other thing,  
 And whan thou hast of ought knowing,  
 Look that thou warne me,  
 And I anon shall tell thee  
 How farre that thou art now therefro."  
 And I adowne gan to loken tho,  
 And beheld fields and plaines,  
 Now hills, and now mountaines,  
 Now valeis, and now forests,  
 And now unneth great beests,  
 Now rivers, now citees,  
 Now townes, now great trees,  
 Now shippes sayling in the see.  
 But thus soone in a while hee,  
 Was flouen fro the ground so hye,  
 That all the world, as to mine eye,  
 No more seemed than a pricke,  
 Or else was the eyre so thicke  
 That I might it not discerne :  
 With that he spake to me so yerne,  
 And said : "Seest thou any token,  
 Or ought that in this world of spoken ?"  
 I said "Nay."—"No wonder is,"  
 Quod he, "for never halfe so hye as this,  
 N'as Alexander of Macedon  
 King, ne of Rome dan Scipion,  
 That saw in dreame at point devise,  
 Heaven and Earth, Hell and Paradise,  
 Ne eke the wretch Dedalus,  
 Ne his childe nice Icharus,  
 That fiewe so hie that the hete  
 His wyngs molte, and he fell wete  
 In midde the sea, and there he dreint,  
 For whom was made a great complaint.  
 "Now tourne upward," quod he, "thy face,  
 And behold this large place,  
 This eyre, but looke that thou ne bee  
 Adrad of hem that thou shalt see,  
 For in this regioun certayne,  
 Dwelleth many a citezeine,  
 Of which speaketh dan Plato,  
 These ben the eyryshe beests, lo,"  
 And tho sawe I all the menie,  
 Both gone and also fie.  
 "Lo, quod he, cast up thyne eye,  
 See yonder lo, the galaxie,  
 The which men clepe the milky way,  
 For it is white : and some, parfay,

Callen it Watling streete,  
That ones was brent with the hete,  
When the Sunnes sonne the rede,  
That hight Pheton, would lede  
Algate his fathers cart, and gie.

"The cart horse gan well aspie,  
That he coud no gouernaunce,  
And gan for to leape and prounce,  
And beare him up, and now down,  
Till he saw the Scorioun,  
Which that in Heaven a signe is yet,  
And he for fere lost his wit  
Of that, and let the reynes gone  
Of his horse, and they anone,  
Soon up to mount and downe discende,  
Till both eyre and Earth brende,  
Till Jupiter, lo, at the last,  
Him slew and fro the carte cast.

"Lo, is it not a great mischaunce  
To let a foole have gouernaunce  
Of things that he cannot demaine?"

And with his word, sothe for to saine,  
He gan alway upper to sore,  
And gladded me than more and more,  
So faithfully to me spake he.

Tho gan I to looke under me,  
And beheld the eyrisl beests,  
Cloudes, mistes, and tempests,  
Snowes, hayles, raynes, and windes,  
And than gendring in hir kindes,  
All the way through which I came;  
"O God," quod I, "that made Adame,  
Moch is thy might and nobles!"

And tho thought I upon Boece,  
That writeth a thought may fle so hie  
With fethers of philosophy  
To passen everich element,  
And when he hath so far ywent,  
Than may be seen behind his backe,  
Cloude, and earth, and all that I of spake.

Tho gan I wexe in a were,  
And said, "I wote well I am here,  
But whether in body or in goost,  
I n'ot ywis, but God thou woost;"  
For more clere entementement,  
N'as mo never yet ysent;  
And than thought I on Marcian,  
And eke of Anticlaudian,  
That sothe was hir descripcion  
Of all the Heavens region,  
As far as that I saw the preve,  
And, therefore, I can hem leve.

With that the egel gan to crie,  
"Let be," quod he, "thy fantasie,  
Wilt thou learne of sterres ought?"

"Nay certainly," quod I, "right nought."

"And why?" quod he. "For I am old."

"Or els would I thee have told,"  
Quod he, "the sterres names, lo,  
And all the Heavens signs to,  
And which they be."—"No force," quod I.

"Yes, parde," quod he, "wost thou why?"

For whan thou redest poetry,  
How the goddes can stellify  
Birde, fishe, or him, or her,  
As the ravin and other,  
Or Ariones harpe fine,  
Castor, Polixe, or Delphine,  
Or Athalantes doughters seven,  
How all these are set in Heaven,

For though thou have hem ofte in hand,  
Yet n'ost thou nat where they stand."

"No force," quod I, "it is no need,  
As well I leve, so God me speed,  
Hem that writen of this matere,  
As though I knew hir places here,  
And eke they semen here so bright,  
It shoud shenden all my sight,  
To look on hem:"—"That may well be,"  
Quod he, and so forth bare he me  
A while, and tho he gan to cry,  
(That never herde I thung so hie)  
"Hold up thy thine heed, for all is well,  
Saint Julian, lo, bonne hostell,  
See here the House of Fame, lo,  
Mayst thou not here that I do?"

"What?" quod I. "The great sowne"  
Quod he, "that rombleth up and downe  
In Fames House full of tidings,  
Both of fayre speech and chidings,  
And of false and sothe compouned,  
Herken well, it is not rowned.

Herest thou not the great swough?"  
"Yes, perde," quod I, "wel ynough."

"And what sowne is it like?" quod he.

"Parde, lyke the beating of the see,"

Quod I, "against the roches holow,  
Whan tempests done her shippes swolow,  
And that a man stand out of doute,  
A myle thens, and here it route.

"Or els lyke the humbling  
After the clappe of a thundring,  
When Jovis hath the eyre ybete,  
But it doth me for feare swete."

"Nay, drede thee not thereof," quod he,  
"It is nothing that will biten thee,  
Thou shalt have no harme truly."

And with that worde both he and I  
As nigh the place arrived were,  
As men might cast with a speere,  
I n'ist how, but in a strete

He set me faire on my feete,  
And said, "Walke forth a pace  
And telle thine adventure and case,  
That thou shalt finde in Fames place."

"Now," quod I, "while we have space  
To speake, or that I go fro thee,  
For the love of God tell me,  
In sothe, that I will of thee lere,  
If this noyse that I here

Be as I have herde thee tell,  
Of folke that done in earth dwell,  
And commeth here in the same wise,  
As I thee herd or this devise,  
And that here lives body n'is  
In all that house that yonder is,  
That maketh all this loude fare."

"No," quod he, "by saint Clare,  
And also wise God rede me,  
But o thing I will warne thee,  
Of the which thou wilt have wonder.

"Lo, to the House of Fame yonder,  
Thou woste how commeth every speach,  
It needeth not the ofte to teach,  
But understand now right well this,  
When any speach ycomen is,  
Up to the palais anone right,  
It wexeth like the same wight,  
Which that the worde in earth spake,  
Be he clothed in reed or blake,

And hath so very his likenesse,  
 And spake the worde that thou wilt gesse,  
 That it the same body be,  
 Man or woman, he, or she.  
 And is not this a wonder thing ? ”  
 “ Yes,” quod I tho, “ by Heaven king : ”  
 And with this worde, “ Farewell,” quod he,  
 “ And here will I abide thee,  
 And God of Heaven send thee grace  
 Some good to learne in this place : ”  
 And I of him tooke leave anone,  
 And gan forth to the palais gone.

EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

## LIBER TERTIUS.

B. III. v. 1—118

God of science and of light,  
 Apollo, through thy great might,  
 This littell last booke now thou gie,  
 Now that I will for maistrie  
 Here art potencial be shewde,  
 But for the rime is light and lewde,  
 Yet make it somewhat agreeable,  
 Though some verse fayle in a syllable,  
 And that I do no diligence,  
 To shewe crafte, but sentence,  
 And if devine vertue thou  
 Wilt helpe me to shewe now,  
 That in my heed ymarked is,  
 Lo, that is for to meane this,  
 The House of Fame for to discrive,  
 Thou shalt see me go as blive  
 Unto the next laurer I see,  
 And kisse it, for it is thy tree ;  
 Now entre in my brest, anone !  
 When I was from the Egle gone,  
 I gan behold upon this place,  
 And certaine, or I further passe,  
 I wold you all the shape devise,  
 Of house and citee, and all the wise  
 How I gan to this place approche,  
 That stood upon so hie a roche,  
 Hier standeth none in Spaine ;  
 But up I clambe with moch payne,  
 And though to climbe greved mee,  
 Yet I ententif was to see,  
 And for to poren wondre low,  
 If I coude any wise yknow  
 What maner stone this roche was,  
 For it was like a limed glas,  
 But that it shone full more clere,  
 But of what congeled matere  
 It was, I n'iste redely,  
 But at the last espied I,  
 And found that it was everydele,  
 A roche of yse and not of stele :  
 Thought I, “ By saint Thomas of Kent,  
 This were a feeble fondement  
 To builden on a place hie,  
 He ought him little to glorifie,  
 That hereon bilte, God so me save.”  
 Tho sawe I all the hall ygrave  
 With famous folkes names fele,  
 That had been in moch wele,

And hir fames wide yblow,  
 But well unneth might I know  
 Any letters for to rede  
 Hir names by, for, out of drede,  
 They weren almost of thawed so,  
 That of the letters one or two  
 Were molte away of every name,  
 So unfamous was wexe her fame ;  
 But men say, what may ever last ?  
 Tho gan I in mine herte cast,  
 That they were molte away for heate,  
 And not away with stormes beate,  
 For on that other side I sey,  
 Of this hill, that northward ley,  
 How it was written full of names  
 Of folke that had afore great fames,  
 Of old time, and yet they were  
 As fresh as men had written hem there  
 The self-day, or that houre  
 That I on hem gan to poure,  
 But well I wiste what it made,  
 It was conserved with the shade,  
 All the writing that I sie,  
 Of a castell that so stode on lie,  
 And stode eke in so cold a place  
 That heate might it not deface.  
 Tho gan I on this hill to gone,  
 And found on the coppe a wone,  
 That all the men that been on live  
 Ne han the conning to discrive  
 The beaute of that ilke place,  
 Ne coud caste no compace  
 Soch another for to make,  
 That might of beauty be his make,  
 Ne so wonderly ywrought,  
 That it astonieth yet my thought,  
 And maketh all my witte to swinke  
 On this castell for to thinke,  
 So that the great beantie,  
 The caste, crafte, and curiositie,  
 Ne can I not to you devise,  
 My witte ne may me not suffice ;  
 But nathelesse all the substaunce  
 I have yet in my remembraunce,  
 For why ? me thought, by saint Gile,  
 All was of stone of berile,  
 Both the castell and the toure,  
 And eke the hall, and every boure,  
 Without peeces or joynings,  
 But many subtell compassings,  
 As babeuries and pinnacles,  
 Imageries and tabernacles,  
 I saw, and full eke of windowes,  
 As flakes fallen in great snowes ;  
 And eke in each of the pinnacles  
 Weren sundry habitacles,  
 In which stooden, all withouten,  
 Full the castle all abouten,  
 Of all manner of minstrales,  
 And jestours, that tellen tales  
 Both of weeping and of game ;  
 And of all that longeth unto Fame  
 There heard I play on an harpe,  
 That souned both well and sharpe,  
 Him Orpheus full craftely,  
 And on this side, fast by,  
 Sat the harper Orion,  
 And Gacides Chirion,  
 And other harpers many one,  
 And the Briton Glaskirion,



And smale harpers with hir glees,  
Sate under hem in divers sees,  
And gone on hem upward to gape,  
And counterfeited hem as an ape,  
Or as craft counterfeit kind.

Tho saw I standen hem behind,  
A farre from hem, all by hemselve,  
Many a thousand times twelve,  
That made loud minstralcies,  
In cornemuse and shalmies,  
And many another pipe,  
That craftely began to pipe,  
Both in douced and in rede,  
That ben at feasts with the brede,  
And many a floyte and liding horne,  
And pipes made of greene corne,  
As have these little heerd gromes,  
That keepen beastes in the bromes.

There saw I than dan Citherus,  
And of Athenes dan Proserus,  
And Mercia that lost her skiinne,  
Both in face, body, and chinne,  
For that she would envien, lo,  
To pipen bette than Apollo.

There saw I eke famous old and yong,  
Pipers of all the Dutch tong,  
To learne love daunces, springs,  
Reyes, and the straunge things.

Tho saw I in another place,  
Standing in a large space  
Of hem that maken bloody soun,  
In trumpe beme, and clarioun,  
For in fight and bloodsheddings  
Is used gladly clarionings.

There heard I trumpe Messenus,  
Of whom that speaketh Vergilius.

There heard I Joab trumpe also,  
Theodomas, and other mo,  
And all that used clarion,  
In Casteloigne and Aragon,  
That in hir times famous were,  
To learnen saw I trumphen there

There saw I sit in other sees,  
Playing upon other sundry glees,  
Which that I cannot never,  
Mo than sterres ben in Heven,  
Of which I n'ill as now not rime,  
For ease of you, and losse of time :  
For time ylost, this know ye,  
By no way may recovered be.

There saw I playing jogelours,  
Magiciens, and tragetours,  
And phetonisses, charmeresses,  
Old witches, sorceresses,  
That usen exorsiations,  
And eke subfumigations,  
And clerkes eke, which conne well  
All this magike naturell,  
That craftely doe hir entents  
To maken in certaine ascendents,  
Images, lo, through which magike  
To maken a man ben hole or sike.

There saw I the queene Medea,  
And Circes eke, and Calipsea.

There saw I Hermes Ballenus,  
Limote, and eke Simon Magus.

There saw I, and knew by name,  
That by such art done men have fame.

There saw I Coll Tragetour  
Upon a table of sicamour

Play an uncouth thing to tell,  
I saw him carry a wind-mell  
Under a walnote shale.

What should I make lenger tale ?  
Of all the people that I sey,  
I could not tell till domisdey.

Whan I had all this folke behold,  
And found me loose and not hold,  
And I amused a long while  
Upon this wall of berile,  
That shone lighter than a glas  
And made well more than it was,  
As kinde thing of fame is,  
And than anone, after this,  
I gan forth romen till I fonde  
The castell yate on my right honde,  
Which so well corven was,  
That never such another n'as,  
And yet it was by aventure  
Ywrought by great and subtil cure ;  
It needeth not you more to tellen  
To make you too long dwellen  
Of these yates florishings,  
Ne of compases, ne of karvings,  
Ne how the hacking in masonries,  
As corbettes, and imageries.

But Lord, so faire it was to shewe,  
For it was all with gold beheve ;  
But in I went, and that anone,  
There met I crying many one,  
“ A larges, a larges, hold up well !  
God save the lady of this pelli,  
Our owne gentill lady Fame,  
And hem that willen to have a name  
Of us !” thus heard I crien all,  
And fast comen out of the hall,  
And shoke nobles and starlings,  
And crowned were as kings,  
With crownes wrought full of losinges,  
And many ribans, and many fringes  
Wore on hir clothes truly.

Tho at the last, espied I  
That pursevautes and heraudes,  
That crien riche folkes laudes,  
It weren, all and every man  
Of hem, as I you tell can,  
Had on him throwe a vesture  
Which men clepe a coate armure,  
Embroudred wonderly riche,  
As though they were not yliche,  
But nought will I, so mote I thrive,  
Be about to discrive  
All these armes that there weren,  
That they thus on hir coates weren,  
For to me were impossible,  
Men might make of hem a bible,  
Twenty foote thicke as I trowe,  
For certain who so could know,  
Might there all the armes seen  
Of famous folke that had been  
In Affrike, Europe, and Asie,  
Sith first began chevalrie.

Lo, how should I now tell all this ?  
Ne of the hall, eke whar need is  
To tellen you that every wall  
Of it, and rofe and flore with all,  
Was plated halfe a foote thicke  
Of golde, and that n'as not wicke,  
But for to prove in all wise,  
As fine as ducket in Venise,

Of which to lite all in my pouche is,  
 And they were set as thicke of ouches  
 Fine, of the finest stones faire,  
 That men reden in the lapidaire,  
 Or as grasses growen in a mede,  
 But it were all to long to rede  
 The names, and therefore I pace,  
 But in this lustie and riche place,  
 That Fames hall called was,  
 Full moch prees of folke there n'as,  
 Ne crouding, for to moch prees,  
 But all on hie above a dees,  
 Satte in a see imperiall,  
 That made was of rubie royall,  
 Which that a carbuncle is ycalled,  
 I sawe perpetually stalled,  
 A feminine creature,  
 That never formed by nature  
 Was such another thing I saie :  
 For alderfirst, soth to saie,  
 Me thought that she was so lite,  
 That the length of a cubite,  
 Was lenger than she seemed be,  
 But thus soone in a while she,  
 Her self tho wonderly streight,  
 That with her feet she th'erthe reight,  
 And with her hedde she touched Heaven,  
 There as shineth the sterres seven,  
 And thereto yet, as to my wit,  
 I saw a great wonder yet,  
 Upon her eyen to behold,  
 But certainly I hem never told,  
 For as fele eyen had she,  
 As fethers upon foules be,  
 Or weren on the beasts foure,  
 That Goddes trone can honour,  
 As writeth John in the Apocalips,  
 Her heer that was oundie and cripes,  
 As burned gold it shone to see.

And sothe to tellen, also shee  
 Had also fele up standing eares,  
 And tonges, as on beast been heares,  
 And on her feete woxen saw I,  
 Partriche winges redily.

But Lord the perrie and the richesse  
 I saw sitting on the goddesse,  
 And the heavenly melodie  
 Of songes full of armonie  
 I heard about her trone ysong,  
 That all the palais wall rong,  
 So song the mighty Muse, she  
 That cleped is Caliope,  
 And her seven sisterne eke,  
 That in hir faces seemen meke,  
 And evermore eternally  
 They song of Fame, tho heard I,  
 "Heried be thou and thy name,  
 Goddes of renoun and of Fame!"

Tho was I ware at the last,  
 As I mine eyen gan up cast,  
 That this ilke noble queene,  
 On her shoulders gan sustene  
 Both the armes and the name  
 Of tho that had large fame,  
 Alisander, and Hercules,  
 That with a sherte his life did lese,  
 And thus found I sitting this goddesse,  
 In noble honour and richesse,  
 Of which I stinte a while now,  
 Other thing to tellen you

Tho saw I stande on thother side,  
 Streight doune to the doores wide,  
 From the deis many a pillere  
 Of metall, that shone not full clere,  
 But though they were of no richesse,  
 Yet were they made for great noklesse,  
 And in hem great sentence,  
 And folke of hie and digne reverence,  
 Of which to tell will I fonde.

Upon a piller sawe I stonde,  
 Alderfirst there I sie,  
 Upon a piller stonde on hie,  
 That was of lede and of iron fine,  
 Him of the secte Saturnine,  
 The Ebraike Josephus the old,  
 That of Jewes gestes told,  
 And he bare on his shulders hie  
 The fame up of the Jewrie,  
 And by him stoden other seven,  
 Wise and worthy for to nevern,  
 To helpen him beare up the charge,  
 It was so heavy and so large,  
 And for they written of batailles,  
 As well as of other marvayles,  
 Therefore was lo, this pillere,  
 Of which I you tell here,  
 Of leade and iron both ywis,  
 For iron Martes metall is,  
 Which that god is of bataille,  
 And the leade withouten faile,  
 Is lo, the metall of Saturne,  
 That hath full large whele to turne,  
 To stand forth on either rowe  
 Of hem, which I could knowe,  
 Though I by order hem not tell,  
 To make you to long to dwell.

These, of which I gan rede,  
 There saw I stand, out of drede,  
 Upon an iron piller strong,  
 That painted was all endlong  
 With tigris blood in every place,  
 The Tholason that height Stace,  
 That bare of Thebes up the name  
 Upon his shoulders, and the fame  
 Also of cruell Achilles,  
 And by him stode, withouten lees,  
 Full wonder hie upon a piller  
 Of iron, he the great Omer,  
 And with him Dares and Titus  
 Before, and eke he Lollus,  
 And Guido eke the Colempnis,  
 And English Galfride eke ywis,  
 And ech of these, as I have joy,  
 Was busie to beare up Troy,  
 So heavy thereof was the fame,  
 That for to beare it was no game,  
 But yet I gan full well espie,  
 Betwene hem was a little envie,  
 One said that Omer made lies,  
 Feyning in his poetries,  
 And was to the Greekes favourable,  
 Therefore held he it but fable.

Tho saw I stand on a pillere,  
 That was of tinned iron clere,  
 The Latine poete Virgile,  
 That hath bore up a long while  
 The fame of pius Eneas.

And next him on a piller was,  
 Of copper, Venus' clerke, Ovide,  
 That hath sown wondrous wide

The great god of loves fame,  
And there he bare up well his name,  
Upon this pillar also he,  
As I might see it with mine eye :  
For why this hall whereof I rede,  
Was woxe on height, length and brede,  
Well more by a thousand deale  
Than it was erst, that saw I weale.

Tho saw I on a pillar by,  
Of iron wrought full sternely,  
The great poet dan Lucan,  
That on his shoulders bare up than,  
As he as that I might see,  
The fame of Julius and Pompee,  
And by him stoden all these clerkes,  
That write of Romes mighty werkes,  
That if I would hir names tell,  
All to long must I dwell.

And next him on a pillar stood,  
Of sulphure, liche as he were wood,  
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell  
That bare up all the fame of Hell,  
Of Pluto, and of Proserpine,  
That queene is of the derke pine,  
What should I more tell of this ?  
The hall was all full, ywis,  
Of hem that written old jestes,  
As been on trees rokes nestes,  
But it a full confuse mattere  
Were all these jestes for to here,  
That they of write, and how they hight.  
But while that I beheld this sight,  
I herde a noise approchen blive,  
That fareth as bees dono in an hive,  
Ayenst hir time of out flying,  
Right soch a maner murmuring,  
For all the world it seemed mee.

Tho gan I looke about and see,  
That there come entreng into the hall  
A right great company withall,  
And that of sondry regions,  
Of all kind of condicions,  
That dwell in yearth under the Moone,  
Poore and riche ; and all so soone  
As they were come into the hall,  
They gan on knees doune to fall,  
Before this ilke noble queene,  
And said, "Graunt us lady sheene,  
Eche of us of thy grace a bone,"  
And some of hem she graunted some,  
And some she warned well and faire,  
And some she graunted the contraire  
Of hir asking utterly :  
But this I say you truly,  
What her grace was, I n'ist,  
For of these folke full well I wist,  
They had good fame eche deserved,  
Although they were diversly served,  
Right as her sister, dame Fortune,  
Is wont to serve in commune.

Now herken how she gan to pay  
Hem that gan her of grace pray,  
And yet, lo, all this companie  
Saiden soth, and not a lie.

"Madame," said they, "we bee  
Folke that here besechen thee,  
That thou graunt us now good fame,  
And let our werkes have good name,  
In full recompensacioun  
Of good worke, give us good renoun."

"I warne it you," quod she, "anone,  
Ye get of me good fame none,  
By God, and therefore go your way."

"Alas," quod they, "and welaway !  
Tell us what your cause may be."

"For me list it not," quod she,  
"No wight shall speake of you, ywis,  
Good ne harme, ne that ne this."

And with that worde she gan to call  
Her messenger that was in hall,  
And bad that he should faste gone,  
Upon paine to be blunde anone,  
For Eolus the god of winde,  
"In Trace there ye shall him finde,  
And bid him bring his claroun,  
That is full divers of his soun,  
And it is cleped clare laude,  
With which he wont is to heraude  
Hem that me list ypraised bee ;  
And also bid him how that hee  
Bring eke his other claroun,  
That height sclander in every toun,  
With which he wont is to diffame  
Hem that me list, and doe hem shame."

This messenger gan fast to gone,  
And found where in a cave of stone,  
In a countree that height Trace,  
This Eolus with harde grace,  
Helde the windes in distresse,  
And gan hem under him to presse,  
That they gonne as the beres rore,  
He bound and pressed hem so sore.

This messenger gan fast crie,  
"Rise up," quod he, "and fast thee hie  
Till thou at my lady bee,  
And take thy clarions eke with thee,  
And speed thee fast : " and he, anone,  
Tooke to one that hight Tritone,  
His clarions to bearen tho,  
And let a certaine winde go,  
That blew so hidously and hie,  
That it ne left not a skie  
And all the welkin long and brode.

This Eolus no where abode,  
Till he was come to Fames feete,  
And eke the man that Triton heete,  
And there he stode as still as stone,  
And herewithall, there came anone,  
Another huge companie  
Of good folke and gan to crie,  
"Lady, graunt us now good fame  
And let our werkes have that name,  
Now in honour of gentillesse,  
And also God your soule blesse,  
For we han well deserved it,  
Therefore is right that we be quit."  
"As thrive I," quod she, "ye shall faile,  
Good werkes shall you not availe,  
To have of me good fame as now,  
But wote ye what, I graunt you,  
That ye shall have a shrewd name,  
And wicked loos and worse fame,  
Though ye good loos have well deserved,  
Now goeth your way for you been served :  
And thou dan Eolus," quod she,  
"Take forth thy trumpe anone, let see,  
That is ycleped sclander light,  
And blow hir loos, that every wight  
Speake of hem harme and shreudnesse,  
In stede of good and worthinesse,

For thou shalt trumpe all the contrarie,  
Of that they have done well and faire."

Alas, thought I, what adventures  
Have these sory creatures,  
That they among all the pres,  
Should thus be shamed gildes?  
But what, it must needes be.  
What did this Eolus, but he  
Tooke out his blacke trumpe of bras,  
That fouler than the Devil was,  
And gan this trompe for to blow,  
As all the world should overthrow.  
Throughout every region,  
Went this foule trumpe soun,  
As swifte as a pellet out of a gonne,  
When fire is in the poudre ronne,  
And soch a smoke gan out wende,  
Out of the foule trumpe ende,  
Blacke, blue, grenishe, swartish, red,  
As doth where that man melte led,  
Lo, all on hie from the tewell;  
And thereto, one thing saw I well,  
That the ferther that it ranne,  
The greater wexen it beganne,  
As doth the river from a well,  
And it stanke as the pitte of Hell:  
Alas, thus was hir shame yrong,  
And gilllesse on every tong.

Tho came the third companie,  
And gone up to the dees to hie,  
And doune on knees they fell anone,  
And saiden, "We been everichone  
Folke that han full truly  
Deserved fame rightfully,  
And prayed you it might be know,  
Right as it is and forth blow."

"I graunt," quod she, "for now me list  
That your good workes shall be wist,  
And yet ye shall have better loos,  
Right in despite of all your foes,  
Than worthy is, and that anone:  
Let now," quod she, "thy trumpe gone,  
Thou Eolus that is so blacke,  
And out thine other trumpe take  
That hight laude, and blow it so  
That through the world hir fame go,  
All easely and not too fast,  
That it be known at the last."

"Full gladly, lady mine," he saied,  
And out his trumpe of gold he braied  
Anone, and set it to his mouth,  
And blew it east, west, and south,  
And north, as loude as any thonder,  
That every wight hath of it wonder,  
So brode it ran or that it stent,  
And certes, all the breath that went  
Out of his trumpe's mouth smelde  
As men a pottle full of baume helde  
Among a basket full of roses,  
This favour did he to hir loses.

And right with this I gan espie,  
There came the fowerth companie,  
But certaine they were wonder fewe,  
And gonne to standen on a rewe,  
And saiden, "Certes, lady bright,  
We have done well with all our might,  
But we ne keepe to have fame;  
Hide our workes and our name,  
For Goddes love, for certes wee  
Have surely done it for bountee,

And for no manner other thing."

"I graunt you all your asking,"  
Quod she, "let your workes be dedde."

With that about I tourned my hedde,  
And sawe anone the fifth rout  
That to this lady gan lout,  
And doune on knees, anone, to fall,  
And to her tho besoughten all,  
To hidden hir good workes eke,  
And said, they yeve not a leke  
For no fame, ne "och renoun,  
For they for contemplacioun,  
And Goddes love had it wrought,  
Ne of fame would they nought.

"What?" quod she, "and be ye wood?  
And wene ye for to do good,  
And for to have of that no fame?  
Have ye despite to have my name?  
Nay, ye shall lien everichone:  
Blowe thy trumpe and that anone."  
Quod she, "thou Eolus I hote,  
And ring these folkes workes by note,  
That all the world may of it here:"  
And he gan blowe hir loos so cleare  
In his golden clarioun,  
Through the worlde went the soun,  
Also kindly, and eke so soft,  
That their fame was blowe aloft.

Tho came the sixt companie,  
And gan fast to Fame crie,  
Right verely in this manere,  
They saiden, "Mercy, lady dere,  
To tell certain as it is,  
We have done neither that ne this,  
But idell all our life hath be,  
But nathelesse, yet pray we,  
That we may have as good a fame,  
And great renome and knowen name,  
As they that have do noble jestes,  
And achieved all hir questes,  
As well of love as other thing,  
All was us never broche ne ring,  
Ne els what fro women sent,  
Ne ones in hir herte yment,  
To maken us onely frendly chere,  
But mought temen us on bere,  
Yet let us to the people seeme  
Soch as the world may of us deeme,  
That women loven us for wood,  
It shall do us as moch good,  
And to our herte as moch availle,  
The counterpeise, ease, and travaile,  
As we had won with labour,  
For that is dere bought honour,  
At regard of our great ease:  
And yet ye must us more please,  
Let us be hold eke therto,  
Worthy, wise, and good also,  
And rich, and happy unto love.  
For Goddes love that sitteth above,  
Though we may not the body have  
Of women, yet so God me save,  
Let men glewe on us the name,  
Suffiseth that we have the fame."

"I graunt," quod she, "by my trouth,  
Now Eolus, withouten slouth,  
Take out thy trumpe of gold," quod she,  
"And blowe as they have asked me,  
That every man wene hem at ease,  
Though they go in full badde lease."

This Eolus gan it so blowe,  
That through the world it was yknow.

Tho came the seventh route anone,  
And fill on knees everichone,  
And sayed, "Lady, graunt us soone  
The same thing, the same boone,  
That this nexte folke have done."

"Fie on you," quod she, "everichone,  
Ye nastic swine, ye idle wretches,  
Full of rotten slow tetches,  
What false theeves where ye wold,  
Been famed good, and nothing n'old  
Deserve why, ne never thought,  
Men rather you to hangen ought,  
For ye be like the slepie cat,  
That would have fish; but wost thou what?  
He wold nothing wette his clawes;  
Evil thrifte come to your jawes,  
And on mune, if I it graunt,  
Or do favour you to avaunt.

"Thou Eolus, thou king of Thrace,  
Go blowe this folke a sorie grace,"  
Quod she, "anone, and wost thou how,  
As I shall tell thee right now,  
Say these ben they that would honour  
Have, and do no kund labour,  
Ne do no good, and yet have laude,  
And that men wende that belle Isaude,  
Ne coude hem not of love werne,  
And yet she that grint at querne,  
Is all too good to ease hir herte."

This Eolus anone up sterte,  
And with his blacke clarioun  
He gan to blasen out a soun,  
As loude as belleth winde in Hell,  
And eke therewith, sothe to tell,  
This sowne was so full of japes  
As ever mowes were in apes,  
And that went all the world about,  
That every wight gan on hem shout,  
And for to laugh as they were wood,  
Such game found they in hir hood.

Tho came another company,  
That had ydone the trechery,  
The harme and great wickednesse,  
That any herte coulden gesse,  
And prayed her to have good fame,  
And that she n'olde do hem no shame,  
But give hem loos and good renoun,  
And do it blowe in clarioun.

"Nay wis," quod she, "it were a vice,  
Al be there in me no justice,  
Me list not to do it now,  
Ne this I n'll graunt it you."

Tho came there leaping in a rout,  
And gan clappen all about,  
Every man upon the crowne  
That all the hall gan to sowne,  
And said, "Lady lefe and dore,  
We ben soch folkes as ye may here,  
To tell all the tale aright,  
We ben shrewes every wight,  
And have delite in wickednesse,  
As good folke have in goodnesse,  
And joy to been knownen shrewes,  
And full vice and wicked thewes,  
Wherefore we pray you on a rowe,  
That our fame be such yknow,  
In all things right as it is."

"I graunt it you," quod she, "ywys,

But what art thou that saiest this tale,  
That wearest on thy hose a pale,  
And on thy tuppet soch a bell?"

"Madame," quod he, "sothe to tell,  
I am that ilke shrew ywis,  
That brent the temple of Isidis  
In Athenes, lo, that ctee."

"And wherefore diddest thou so?" quod she.

"By my trouth," quod he, "madame,  
I wolde faine have had a name,  
As other folke had in the towne,  
Although they were of great renowne  
For hir vertue and hir thewes,  
Thought I, as great fame have shrewes,  
(Though it be nought) for shrewednesse,  
As good folke have for goodnesse,  
And sithen I may not have that one,  
That other n'll I not forgone,  
As for to get a fame here,  
The temple set I all on fire.

"Now done our loos be blowe swithu,  
As wisely be thou ever blithe."

"Gladly," quod she, "thou Eolus,  
Herest thou not what they prayen us?"  
"Madame yes, full well," quod he,  
"And I will trumpen it, parde:"  
And tooke his blacke trumpe fast,  
And gan to puffen and to blast,  
Till it was at the worlds end.

With that I gan about wend,  
For one that stode right at my backe,  
Me thought full goodly to me spake,  
And said, "Frende, what is thy name?  
Arte thou come hider to have fame?"

"Nay forsothe, frende," quod I,  
"I come not hither, graunt mercy,  
For no soch cause by my heed,  
Suffiseth me as I were deed,  
That no wight have my name in honde,  
I wot my selfe best how I stonde,  
For what I drie or what I thinke,  
I woll my selfe all it drinke,  
Certaine for the more part,  
As ferforth as I can nine art."

"What dost thou here than?" quod he:

Quod I, "that woll I tell thee,  
The cause why I stand here  
Some new tidings for to lere,  
Some new thing, I not what,  
Tidings eyther this or that,  
Of love, or such things giade,  
For certainly he that me made  
To come hyder, said to mee  
I sholde bothe heare and see,  
In this place wonder things,  
But these be no soch tidings  
As I meant of:"—"No!" quod he.

And I answerde "No, parde,  
For well I wote ever yet,  
Sith that first I had wit,  
That some folke han desired fame,  
Diversly, and loos and name,  
But certainly I n'ist how,  
Ne where that Fame dwelled or now,  
Ne eke of her descripcion,  
Ne also her condicion,  
Ne the order of her dome,  
Knew I not till I hider come."

"Why than be, lo, these tidings,  
That thou now hether brings,

That thou hast herde," quod he to mee;  
 "But now, no force, for well I see  
 What thou deservest for to lere,  
 Come forth and stande no lenger here,  
 And I woll thee without drede,  
 Into soch another place lede,  
 There thou shalt here many one."

Tho gan I forth with him gone,  
 Out of the castell, sothe to sey.

Tho sawe I stand in a valey,  
 Under the castell fast by,  
 An house, that domus Dedali,  
 That Laborintus cyeleped is,  
 N'as made so wonderly ywis,  
 Ne halfe so quaintly ywrought,  
 And evermo, as swift as thought,  
 This quaint house about went,  
 That nevermo it still stent,  
 And there came out so great a noise,  
 That had it stonde upon Oise,  
 Men might have heard it easily  
 To Rome, I trowe silykly,  
 And the noise which that I herde,  
 For all the world right so it ferde,  
 As doth the routing of the stone,  
 That fro th'engin is letyn gone.

And all this house of which I rede,  
 Was made of twiggis, salow, rede,  
 And green eke, and some were white,  
 Such as men to the cages twite,  
 Or maken of these paniers.  
 Or els hutes or doffers,  
 That for the swough and for the twiggis,  
 This house was also full of gigges,  
 And also full eke of chirkinges,  
 And of many other werkings,  
 And eke this house hath of entrees  
 As many as leves ben on trees,  
 In sommer when they been greene,  
 And on the rofe yet men may seene  
 A thousand holes, and wel mo,  
 To letten the sowne out go,  
 And by day in every tide  
 Bene all the dores open wide,  
 And by night eche one unshet,  
 Ne porter is there none to let  
 No maner tidings in to pace,  
 Ne never rest is in that place,  
 That it n'is filled full of tidings,  
 Eyther loude or of whisperings,  
 And ever al' the houses angles  
 Is ful of rowys and of jangles,  
 Of werres, of pace, of mariages,  
 Of restes, and of labour, of viages,  
 Of abode, of death, and of lyfe,  
 Of love, of hate, accord, of strife,  
 Of losse, of lore, and of winnings,  
 Of heale, of sicknesses, or of lesings,  
 Of faire wether, and eke of tempests,  
 Of qualme, of folke, and of beests,  
 Of divers transmutacions,  
 Of estates and eke of regions,  
 Of trust, of drede, of jalousie,  
 Of witte, of winning, of folie,  
 Of plenty, and of great famine,  
 Of chepe, derth, and of ruine,  
 Of good or misgoverment,  
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

And lo, this house of which I write,  
 Syker be ye it n'as not liche,

For it was sixtie mile of length,  
 Al was the timber of no stengill,  
 Yet it is founded to endure,  
 While that it list to aventure,  
 That is the mother of tidings,  
 As the sea of welles and springs,  
 And it was shaped lyke a cage.

"Certes," quod I, "in all mine age,  
 Ne saw I soch an house as this,"  
 And as I wondred me, ywis,  
 Upon this house tho ware was I  
 How mine egle, fast by,  
 Was perched hie upon a stone,  
 And I gan streight to him gone,  
 And said thus, "I pray thee,  
 That thou a while abide mee  
 For goddes love, and let me seene  
 What wonders in that place bene,  
 For yet, paraunter, I may lere  
 Some good therein, or somewhat here,  
 That lefe me were, or that I went."

"Parde, that is now mine entent,"  
 Quod he to me, "therefore I dwell,  
 But certaine one thing I thee tell,  
 That but I bring thee therin,  
 Ne shall thou never conne the gin  
 To come into it out of doubt,  
 So faste it whirleth, lo, about,  
 But sith that Joves of his grace,  
 As I have said, will the solace  
 Finally with these things,  
 Uncouth sighes and tidings,  
 To passe with thine hevinesse,  
 Soch routh hath he of thy distresse,  
 That thou suffrest debonairly,  
 And woste they selven utterly,  
 Desperate of all blisse,  
 Sith that fortune hath made a misse,  
 The swete of all thine hertes rest,  
 Languish and eke in point to brest,  
 But he through his mighty merite,  
 Wil do thee ease, al be it lite,  
 And gave in expresse commaundement,  
 To which I am obedient,  
 To forther thee with all my might,  
 And wish and teach thee aright,  
 Where thou maist most tidings here,  
 Thou shalt here many one lere."  
 With this word he right anone,  
 Hent me up bytwene his tone,  
 And at a window in me brought,  
 That in this house was at me thought,  
 And therewithall me thought it stent,  
 And nothing it about went,  
 And me set in the floore adoun;  
 But such a great congregacioun  
 Of folke as I sawe rome about,  
 Some within and some without,  
 N'as never seene, ne shall be efte,  
 That certes, in this world n'is lefte  
 So many formed by nature,  
 Ne need so many a creature,  
 That wel unneth in that place  
 Had I a foote brede of space;  
 And every wight that I sawe there,  
 Rowned everich in others eere,  
 A new tidng prively,  
 Or els he told it all openly  
 Right thus, and said, "N'ost nat thou  
 That is betidde, lo, right now!"

"No," quod he, "tell me what:"  
 And than he told him this and that,  
 And swore thereto that it was soth,  
 Thus hath he said, and thus he doth,  
 And this shal be, and thus herde I say,  
 That shal be found that dare I lay:  
 That all the folke that is on live,  
 Ne have the conning to disrive  
 Tho thinges that I herde there,  
 What a loude, and what in eere;  
 But all the wonder most was this,  
 Whan one had herd a thing y wis,  
 He came streight to another wight  
 And gan him tellen anon right,  
 The same that him was told  
 Or it a forlong way was old,  
 And gan somewhat for to eche  
 To this tiding in his speche,  
 More than ever it spoken was,  
 And nat so some departed n'as  
 Tho fro him that he ne mette  
 With the third, and ere he lette  
 Any stound he told hym also,  
 Where the tidings sothe or false,  
 Yet wold he tell it natheles,  
 And evermore with mo encrees,  
 Than it was erst: thus north and south,  
 Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,  
 And that encreasing evermo,  
 As fire is wont to quicken and go  
 From a sparcle spongen amis,  
 Till a citie brent up is.  
 And whan that was full up sprong,  
 And waxen more on every tonge  
 Than ever it was, and went anone,  
 Up to a window out to gone,  
 Or but it might out there passe,  
 It gan out crepe at some crevasse,  
 And flewe forth fast for the nones.  
 And sometime I saw there at ones,  
 A leasing and a sadde sothe sawe,  
 That gonnen of aventure drawe,  
 Out at a window for to pace,  
 And whan they metten in that place,  
 They were achecked both two,  
 And neyther of them might out go,  
 For ech other they gonne so croude  
 Til ech of hem gan crien loude,  
 "Let me gone first!"—"nay, but let mee!"  
 And here I wold ensuren thee,  
 With voves that thou wolt do so,  
 That I shall never fro thee go,  
 But be thine owne sworne brother,  
 We wold meddle us eche in other,  
 That no man be he never so wrothe,  
 Shall have one two, but bothe  
 At ones, as beside his love,  
 Come we a morrowe or on eve,  
 But we cride or still yrownde:"  
 Thus saw I false and soth compowned.  
 Togider fle for o tiding.  
 Thus out at holes gonne wring,

Every tidying streight to Fame,  
 And she gan yeve eche his name,  
 After her disposicion,  
 And yeve hem eke duracion;  
 Some to wexe and wane soone,  
 As doth the faire white Moone,  
 And let hem gonne, there might I seen  
 Winged wonders fast fleen,  
 Twenty thousand in a route  
 As Eolus hem blewe aboute,  
 And lord! this house in all times  
 Was full of shipmen and pilgrims,  
 With scrippes bret-full of leasings,  
 Entermelled with tidings,  
 And eke alone by hemselfe.  
 O many thousand times twelve  
 Saw I eke of these pardoners,  
 Currours, and eke messangers,  
 With boxes crommed full of lies  
 As ever vessell was with lies.  
 And as I alder-fastest went  
 About, and did all mine entent,  
 Me for to playen and for to lere,  
 And eke a tiding for to here,  
 That I had herde of some countree  
 That shall not now be told for mee,  
 For it no need is, redely  
 Folke can sing it bet than I,  
 For al mote out late or rathe,  
 All the sheves in the lathe.  
 I herde a great noise withall,  
 In a corner of the hall;  
 There men of love tidings told  
 And I gan thitherward behold,  
 For I saw renning every wight,  
 As fast as that they hadden might,  
 And everich cride, "What thing is that?"  
 And some said, "I n'ot never what,"  
 And whan they were all on a hepe,  
 Tho behind gone up lepe,  
 And clamben up on other faste,  
 And up the noyse on highen caste,  
 And treden fast on others heles,  
 And stampe as men done after eles.  
 At the last I saw a man,  
 Which that I nought ne can,  
 But he seemed for to be  
 A man of great auctorite.  
 And therewithall I abraide  
 Out of my slepe halte afraide,  
 Remembring well what I had sene,  
 And how he and ferre I had bene  
 In my gost, and had great wonder  
 Of that the god of thonder  
 Had let me known, and began to write  
 Like as ye have herd me endite,  
 Wherefore to study and rede alway,  
 I purpose to do day by day.  
 Thus in dreaming and in game,  
 Endeth this luvell booke of Fame.

HERE ENDETH THE BOOKE OF FAMES.

## CHAUCER'S DREAM,

FIRST PRINTED IN 1597.

WHAT WHICH HERETOFORE HATH GONE UNDER THE NAME OF HIS DREAM, IS THE BOOKE OF THE DUTCHESS: OR  
THE DEATH OF BLANCH, DUTCHESS OF LANCASTER.

### v. 1—104

WHAN Flora the queene of pleasaunce,  
Had whole achieved thobesaunce  
Of the fresh and new season,  
Thorow out every region,  
And with her mantle whole covert  
That winter made had discover  
Of aventure, withoute light,  
In May, I lay upon a night  
Alone, and on my lady thought,  
And how the lord that her wrought,  
Couth well entaile in imagery  
And shewed had great maistry,  
Whan he in so little space  
Made such a body and a face,  
So great beaute with swiche features  
More than in other creatures;  
And in my thoughtes as I lay  
In a lodge out of the way,  
Beside a well in a forest,  
Where after hunting I tooke rest,  
Nature and kind so in me wrought,  
That halfe on sleepe they me brought,  
And gan to dreame to my thinking,  
With mind of knowliche like making,  
For what I dreamed, as me thought,  
I saw it, and I slept nought;  
Wherefore is yet my full beleeve,  
That some good spirit that eve,  
By meane of some curious port,  
Bare me, where I saw paine and sport;  
But whether it were I woke or slept,  
Well wot I of, I lough and wept,  
Wherefore I woll in remembrance,  
Put whole the paine, and the pleasaunce,  
Which was to me axen and hele,  
Would God ye wist it every dele,  
Or at the least, ye might o night  
Of such another have a sight,  
Although it were to you a paine,  
Yet on the morow ye would be faine,  
And wish it might longe dure;  
Than might ye say ye had good cure,  
For he that dreames and venes he see,  
Much the better yet may hee  
Wite what, and of whom, and where,  
And eke the lasse it woll hindere  
To thinke I see this with mine eene,  
Ywis this may not dreame kene,  
But signe or signifaunce  
Of hasty thing sounning pleasaunce.  
For on this wise upon a night,  
As ye have heard, without light,

Not all waking, ne full on sleepe,  
About such houre as lovers weepe  
And cry after their ladies grace,  
Befell me this wonder cace,  
Which ye shall heare and all the wise,  
So wholly as I can devise,  
In plaine English evill written,  
For sleepe writer, well ye witten,  
Excused is, though he do mis,  
More than one that waking is,  
Wherefore here of your gentillesse,  
I you require my boistousnesse  
Ye let passe, as thinge rude,  
And heareth what I woll conclude;  
And of the enditing taketh no heed,  
Ne of the tearmes, so God you speed,  
But let all passe as nothing were,  
For thus befell, as you shall here.

Within an yle me thought I was,  
Where wall and yate was all of glasse,  
And so was closed round about  
That leavelesse none come in no out,  
Uncouth and straunge to behold,  
For every yate of fine gold  
A thousand fanes, aie turning,  
Entuned had, and briddes singing,  
Divers, and on each fane a paire,  
With open mouth again thaire;  
And of a sute were all the toures,  
Subtily corven after floures,  
Of uncouth colours during aye,  
That never been none seene in May,  
With many a small turret hie,  
But man on live could I non sie,  
Ne creatures, save ladies play,  
Which were such of their array  
That, as me thought, of goodlihead  
They passeden all and womanhead;  
For to behold them daunce and sing,  
It seemed like none earthly thing,  
Such was their uncouth countinaunce  
In every play of right usance;  
And of one age everichone  
They seemed all, save onely one,  
Which had of yeeres suffisaunce,  
For she might neither sing ne daunce,  
But yet her countenaunce was so glad,  
As she so fewe yeeres had had  
As any lady that was there,  
And as little it did her dere  
Of lustines to laugh and tale  
As she had full stuffed a male



Of disports and new playes :  
 Faire had she been in her daies,  
 And maistresse seemed well to be  
 Of all that lusty companie ;  
 And so she might, I you ensure,  
 For one the conningest creature  
 She was, and so said everichone,  
 That ever her knew, there failed none,  
 For she was sober and well advised,  
 And from every fault disguised,  
 And nothing used but faith and truth ;  
 That she n'as young it was great ruth,  
 For every where and in ech place,  
 She governed her, that in grace  
 She stode alway with poore and riche,  
 That, at a word, was none her liche,  
 Ne halfe so able maistres to be  
 To such a lusty companie.

Befell me so, when I avised  
 Had the yle that me suffised,  
 And whole the state every where,  
 That in that lusty yle was there,  
 Which was more wonder to devise  
 Than the joieux paradise,  
 I dare well say, for floure ne tree,  
 Ne thing wherein plesaunce might bee  
 There failed none, for every wight  
 Had they desired, day and night,  
 Riches, heale, beauty, and ease,  
 With every thing that them might please,  
 Thinke and have, it cost no more ;  
 In such a country there before,  
 Had I not bene, ne heard tell  
 That lives creature might dwell.  
 And when I had thus all about  
 The yle avised throughout  
 The state, and how they were arrayed,  
 In my heart I were well payed,  
 And in my selfe I me assured  
 That in my body I was well ured,  
 Sith I might have such a grace  
 To see the ladies and the place,  
 Which were so faire, I you ensure,  
 That to my dome, though that nature  
 Would ever strive and do her paine,  
 She should not con ne mow attaine  
 The least feature to amend,  
 Though she would all her conning spend,  
 That to beauty might availe,  
 It were but paine and lost travaile,  
 Such part in their nativity  
 Was them alarged of beauty,  
 And eke they had a thing notable  
 Unto their death, ay durable,  
 And was, that their beauty should dure,  
 Which was never seene in creature,  
 Save onely there (as I trow)  
 It hath not be wist ne know,  
 Wherefore I praise with their conning,  
 That during beauty, rich thing,  
 Had they been of their lives certaine,  
 They had bene quite of every paine.

And when I wende thus all have seene,  
 The state, the riches, that might beene,  
 That me thought impossible were  
 To see one thing more than was there,  
 That to beauty or glad conning  
 Serve or availe might any thing ;  
 All sodainly, as I there stood,  
 This lady that couth so much good,

Unto me came with smiling chere,  
 And said, "*Benedicite*, this yere  
 Saw I never man here but you,  
 Tell me how ye come hider now ?  
 And your name, and where ye dwell ?  
 And whom ye seeke eke mote ye tell,  
 And how ye come be to this place,  
 The soth well told may cause you grace,  
 And else ye mote prisoner be  
 Unto the ladies here, and me,  
 That have the governaunce of this yle :"  
 And with that word she gan to smile,  
 And so did all the lusty rout  
 Of ladies that stood her about.  
 "Madame," (quod I) "this night past,  
 Lodged I was and slept fast  
 In a forest beside a well,  
 And now am here, how should I tell ?  
 Wot I not by whose ordinance,  
 But onely Fortunes purveiance,  
 Which puts many, as I gesse,  
 To travaile, paine, and busnesse,  
 And lettes nothing for their truth,  
 But some sleeth eke, and that is ruth,  
 Wherefore, I doubt her brittilnes,  
 Her variance and unsteadfastnes,  
 So that I am as yet afraid,  
 And of my being here amaid,  
 For wonder thing seemeth me,  
 Thus many fresh ladies to see,  
 So faire, so cunning, and so yong,  
 And no man dwelling them among :  
 N'ot I not how I hider come,  
 Madame," (quod I) "this all and some,  
 What should I faine a long processe  
 To you that seeme such a princesse ?  
 What please you commaund or say,  
 Here I am you to obey,  
 To my power, and all fulfill,  
 And prisoner bide at your will,  
 Till you duly enformed be  
 Of every thing ye aske me."

This lady there, right well apaid,  
 Me by the hand tooke, and said,  
 "Welcome prisoner adventurous,  
 Right glad am I ye have said thus,  
 And for ye doubt me to displease,  
 I will assay to do you ease :"  
 And with that word, ye anon,  
 She, and the ladies everichon  
 Assembled, and to counsaile went,  
 And after that soone for me sent,  
 And to me said on this manere,  
 Word for word, as ye shall here.

"To see you here us thinke marvaile,  
 And how without bote or saile,  
 By any subtilty or wyle,  
 Ye get have entre in this yle ;  
 But not for that, yet shall ye see  
 That we gentill women bee,  
 Loth to displease any wight,  
 Notwithstanding our great right,  
 And for ye shall well understand  
 The old custome of this lond,  
 Which hath continued many yere,  
 Ye shall well wete that with us here  
 Ye may not bide, for causes twaine,  
 Which we be purposed you to saine.

"Th'one is this, our ordinance,  
 Which is of long continuance,

Woll not, sothly ye you tell,  
That no man here among us dwell,  
Wherefore ye mote needs retourne,  
In no wise may you here sojourne.

"Th'other is eke, that our queene  
Out of the realme, as ye may seene,  
Is, and may be to us a charge,  
If we let you goe here at large,  
For which cause the more we doubt,  
To doe a fault while she is out,  
Or suffer that may be noysaunce,  
Againe our old accustomaunce."

And whan I had these causes twaine  
Heard, O God ! what a paine  
All sodainly about mine herte  
There came at ones and how smart,  
In creeping soft as who should steale,  
Or doe me robbe of all mine heale,  
And made me in my thought so fraid,  
That in courage I stode dismayd.  
And standing thus, as was my grace,  
A lady came more than apace,  
With huge prease her about,  
And told how the queene without  
Was arived and would come in,  
Well were they that thider might twin,  
They hied so they would not abide  
The bridling their horse to ride,  
By five, by sixe, by two, by three,  
There was not one abode with me,  
The queene to meet everichone,  
They went, and bode with me not one :  
And I, after a liff pase,  
Imagining how to purchase  
Grace of the queene, there to bide,  
Till good fortune some happy guide  
Me send might, that would me bring  
Where I was borne to my wonning,  
For way ne foot knew I none,  
Ne witherward I nist to gone,  
For all was sea about the yle,  
No wonder though me list not smile,  
Seeing the case uncouth and straunge,  
And so in like a perilous change ;  
Imagining thus walking alone,  
I saw the ladies everichone,  
So that I might somewhat offer,  
Sone after that I drew me nere,  
And tho I was ware of the queene,  
And how the ladies on their kneene,  
With joyous words, gladly advised,  
Her welcomed so that it suffised,  
Though she princes hole had be  
Of all environed is with see :  
And thus avising, with chere sad,  
All sodainly I was glad,  
That greater joy, as mote I thrive,  
I trow had never man on live,  
Than I tho, ne heart more light,  
Whan of my lady I had sight,  
Which with the queene come was there,  
And in one clothing both they were,  
A knight also there well besene,  
I saw that come was with the queene,  
Of whome the ladies of that yle  
Had huge wonder longe while,  
Till at the last right soberly,  
The queene her selfe full cunningly,  
With soft words in good wise,  
Said to the ladies young and nise,

" My sisters, how it hath befall,  
I trow ye know it one and all,  
That of long time here have I beene,  
Within this yle biding as queene,  
Living at ease, that never wight  
More parfit joy have ne might,  
And to you been of governaunce,  
Such as you found in whole pleasaunce,  
In every thing as ye know,  
After our custome and our low,  
Which how they first found were,  
I trow ye wote all the manere,  
And who queene is of this yle,  
As I have been long while,  
Ech seven yeeres not of usage,  
Visit the heavenly armitage,  
Which on a rocke so high stonds,  
In strange sea out from all londs,  
That to make the pilgrimage  
Is called a long perillous viage,  
For if the wind be not good friend,  
The journey dures to the end  
Of him that it undertakes,  
Of twenty thousand one not scapes ;  
Upon which rock growth a tree,  
That certaine yeeres beares apples thre,  
Which three apples who may have,  
Been from all displeasaunce save,  
That in the seven yeere may fall,  
This wote you well one and all,  
For the first apple and the hext,  
Which growth unto you next,  
Hath three vertues notable,  
And keepeth youth aie durable,  
Beauty and looke, ever in one,  
And is the best in everichone.

" The second apple red and grene,  
Onely with lookes of your yene,  
You nourishes in pleasaunce  
Better than partridge or fesaunce,  
And feeds every lives wight  
Pleasantly with the sight.

" The third apple of the three,  
Which groweth lowest on the tree,  
Who it beares may not faile  
That to his pleasaunce may availe.  
So your pleasure and beauty rich,  
Your during youth ever liche,  
Your truth, your cunning, and your weale,  
Hath aye floured, and your good heale,  
Without sicknes or displeasaunce,  
Or thing that to you was noysaunce,  
So that you have as goddesses,  
Lived above all princesses :  
Now is befall, as ye may see ;  
To gather these said apples thre,  
I have not failed againe the day,  
Thitherward to take the way,  
Wening to speed as I had oft,  
But whan I come, I find aloft  
My sister which that here stands,  
Having those apples in her hands,  
Avising them and nothing said,  
But looked as she were well paid :  
And as I stood her to behold,  
Thinking how my joyes were cold,  
Sith I those apples have ne might,  
Even with that so came this knight,  
And in his armes of me aware,  
Me tooke, and to his ship me bare,

And said, though him I never had seen,  
 Yet had I long his lady been,  
 Wherefore I should with him wend,  
 And he would to his lives end  
 My servant be, and gan to sing  
 As one that had woune a rich thing ;  
 Tho were my spirits fro me gone,  
 So sodainly everichone,  
 That in me appeared but death,  
 For I felt neither life ne breath,  
 Ne good ne harme none I knew,  
 The sodaine paine me was so new,  
 That had not the hasty grace be  
 Of this lady, that fro the tree  
 Of her gentilnesse so hied  
 Me to comfort, I had died,  
 And of her three apples, one  
 In mine hand there put anone,  
 Which brought againe mind and breath,  
 And me recovered from the death,  
 Wherefore, to her so am I hold,  
 That for her all things do I wold,  
 For she was lech of all my smart,  
 And from great paine so quite mine hart,  
 And, as God wote, right as ye heare,  
 Me to comfort with friendly cheare  
 She did her prowess and her might,  
 And truly eke so did this knight,  
 In that he couth, and oft said,  
 That of my wo he was ill paid,  
 And cursed the ship that them there brought  
 The mast, the master that it wrought ;  
 And as ech thing mote have an end,  
 My sister here your brother frend,  
 Con with her words so womanly  
 This knight entreat, and cunningly,  
 For mine honour and his also,  
 And said that with her we should go  
 Both in her ship, where she was brought,  
 Which was so wonderfully wrought,  
 So cleane, so rich, and so araid,  
 That we were both content and paid,  
 And me to comfort and to please,  
 And mine herte to put at ease,  
 She toke great paine in litte while,  
 And thus hath brought us to this yle,  
 As ye may see, wherefore echone,  
 I pray you thanke her, one and one,  
 As heartily as ye can devise,  
 Or imagine in any wise.”  
 At once there tho men might seen  
 A world of ladies fall on knee  
 Before my lady, that there about  
 Was left none standing in the rout,  
 But altogether they went at ones  
 To kneele, they spared not for the stones,  
 Ne for estate, ne for their blood,  
 Well shewed there they couth much good,  
 For to my lady they made such feast,  
 With such words, that the least,  
 So friendly and so faithfully  
 Said was, and so cunningly,  
 That wonder was, seing their youth,  
 To here the language they couth,  
 And wholly how they governed were,  
 In thanking of my lady there,  
 And said by will and maundement,  
 They were at her commaundement,  
 Which was to me as great a joy,  
 As winning of the towne of Troy

Was to the hardy Greekes strong,  
 Whan they it wan with siege long,  
 To see my lady in such a place  
 So received as she was :  
 And whan they talked had a while  
 Of this and that, and of the yle,  
 My lady, and the ladies there,  
 Altogether as they were,  
 The queene her selfe began to play,  
 And to the aged lady say :  
 “ Now seemeth you not good it were,  
 Sith we be altogether here,  
 To ordaine and devise the best,  
 To set this knight and me at rest ?  
 For woman is a feble wight  
 To rere a warre against a knight,  
 And sith he here is in this place,  
 At my list, danger or grace,  
 It were to me great villany  
 To do him any tyranny,  
 But faine I would, now will ye here,  
 In his owne country that he were,  
 And I in peace, and he at ease,  
 This were a way us both to please,  
 If it might be ; I you beseech,  
 With him hereof you fall in speech.”  
 This lady tho began to smile,  
 Advising her a litte while,  
 And with glad chere she said anone,  
 “ Madam, I will unto him gone,  
 And with him speake, and of him fele  
 What he desires every dele : ”  
 And soberly this lady tho,  
 Her selfe and other ladies two  
 She tooke with her, and with sad clere,  
 Said to the knight on this manere,  
 “ Sir, the princes of this yle,  
 Whom for your pleasaunce many mile  
 Ye sought have, as I understand,  
 Till at the last ye have her fond,  
 Me sent hath here, and ladies twaine,  
 To heare all thing that ye saue,  
 And for what cause ye have her sought,  
 Faine would she wote, and whol your thought,  
 And why you do her all this wo,  
 And for what cause you be her fo ?  
 And why, of every wight unware,  
 By force ye to your ship her bare,  
 That she so nigh was agone,  
 That mind ne speech had she none,  
 But as a painfull creature,  
 Dying, abode her adventure,  
 That her to see indure that paine,  
 Here well say unto you plane,  
 Right on your selfe ye did amisse,  
 Seeing how she a princes is.”  
 This knight, the which couth his good,  
 Right of his truth meved his blood,  
 That pale he woxe as any lead,  
 And lookt as he would be dead,  
 Blood was there none in nother cheke,  
 Wordlesse he was and semed sicke,  
 And so it proved well he was,  
 For without moving any paas,  
 All sodainly as thung dýing,  
 He fell at once downe sowning,  
 That for his wo this lady fraid,  
 Unto the queene her hued and said,  
 “ Cometh on anon as have you blisse,  
 But ye be wise, thung is amisse,

This knight is dead or will be soone,  
 Lo, where he lyeth in a swoone,  
 Without word, or answering  
 To that I have said, any thing :  
 Wherefore, I doubt that the blame  
 Might be hindering to your name,  
 Which floured hath so many yere,  
 So long, that for nothing here,  
 I would in no wise he died,  
 Wherefore good were that ye hied  
 His life to save at the least,  
 And after that his wo be ceast,  
 Commaund him void, or dwell,  
 For in no wise dare I more mell  
 Of thing wherein such perill is,  
 As like is now to fall of this.”  
 This queene right tho full of great feare,  
 With all the ladies present there,  
 Unto the-knight came where he lay,  
 And made a lady to him say :  
 “Lo, here the queene, awake for shame !  
 What will you doe, is this good game ?  
 Why lye you here, what is your mind ?  
 Now is well seene your wit is blurd,  
 To see so many ladies here,  
 And ye to make none other chere,  
 But as ye set them all at nought ;  
 Arise, for his love that you bought :”  
 But what she said, a word not one  
 He spake, ne answer gave her none.  
 The queene of very pity tho,  
 Her worship, and his like also,  
 To save there she did her paine,  
 And quoke for feare, and gan to saune  
 For woe, “Alas, what shall I doe !  
 What shall I say this man unto ?  
 If he die here, lost is my name,  
 How shal I play this perillous game ?  
 If any thing be here amisse,  
 It shall be said it rigour is,  
 Whereby my name impayre might,  
 And like to die eke is this knight :”  
 And with that word her hand she laid  
 Upon his brest, and to him said,  
 “Awake my knight ! lo, I am I  
 That to you speake, now tell me why  
 Ye fare thus, and this paine endure,  
 Seeing ye be in country sure,  
 Among such friends that would you heale,  
 Your hertes ease eke and your weale,  
 And if I wist what you might ease,  
 Or know the thing that you might please,  
 I you ensure it should not faile,  
 That to your heale you might avail :  
 Wherefore, with all my herte I pray  
 Ye rise, and let us talke and play ;  
 And see ! how many ladies here  
 Be comen for to make good chere.”  
 All was for nought, for still as stone  
 He lay, and word spoke none.  
 Long while was or he might braid,  
 And of all that the queene had said,  
 He wist no word, but at the last,  
 “Mercy,” twice he cried fast,  
 That pity was his voice to heare,  
 Or to behold his painefull cheare,  
 Which was not fained well was to sein,  
 Both by his visage and his cyn,  
 Which on the queene at once he cast,  
 And sighed as he would to brast,

And after that he shrighit so  
 That wonder was to see his wo,  
 For sith that paine was first named,  
 Was never more wofull paine attained,  
 For with voice dead he gan to plaine,  
 And to himselfe these words said,  
 “I wofull wight full of malure,  
 Am worse than dead, and yet dure,  
 Maugre any paine or death,  
 Against my will I fell my breath :  
 Why n’am I dead sith I ne serve,  
 And sith my lady will me sterve !  
 Where art thou Death, art thou agast !  
 Well, shall we meete yet at the last,  
 Though thou thees hide, it is for nought,  
 For where thou dwelst thou shalt be sought ;  
 Maugre thy subtil double face,  
 Here will I die right in this place,  
 To thy dishonour and mine ease ;  
 Thy manner is no wight to please,  
 What needs thee, sith I thee seche,  
 So thee to hide my paine to eche !  
 And well wost thou I will not live,  
 Who would me all this world here give,  
 For I have with my cowardise,  
 Lost joy, and heale, and my servise,  
 And made my soveraigne lady so,  
 That while she lives I trow my fo  
 She will be ever to her end,  
 Thus have I neither joy ne frend ;  
 Wote I not whether hast or sloth  
 Hath caused this now by my troth,  
 For at the hermitage full hie,  
 Whan I her saw first with mine eye,  
 I hied till I was aloft,  
 And made my pace small and soft,  
 Till in mine armes I had her fast,  
 And to my ship bare at the last,  
 Whereof she was displeased so,  
 That endlesse there seemed her wo,  
 And I thereof had so great fere,  
 That me repent that I come there,  
 Which hast I trow gan her displease,  
 And is the cause of my disease :”  
 And with that word he gan to cry,  
 “Now Death, Death ! twy or thry,  
 And motred wot I not what of slouth,  
 And even with that the queene, of routh,  
 Him in her armes tooke and said,  
 “Now mine owne knight, be not evill apaid  
 That I a lady to you sent  
 To have knowledge of your entent,  
 For, in good faith, I meant but well,  
 And would ye wist it every dele,  
 Nor will not do to you ywis ;”  
 And with that word she gan him kisse,  
 And prayed him rise, and said she would  
 His welfare, by her truth, and told  
 Him how she was for his disease  
 Right sorry, and faine would him please,  
 His life to save : these words tho  
 She said to him, and many mo  
 In comforting, for from the paine  
 She would he were delivered faine.  
 The knight tho up cast his een,  
 And whan he saw it was the queen,  
 That to him had these words said,  
 Right in his wo he gan to braid,  
 And him up dresses for to knele,  
 The queene avising wonder wele :

But as he rose he overthrew,  
Wherefore the queene, yet eft anew,  
Him in her armes anon tooke,  
And pitiously gan on him looke,  
But for all that nothing she said,  
Ne spake not like she were well paid,  
Ne no chere made, nor sad ne light,  
But all in one to every wight  
There was seene conning, with estate,  
In her without noise or debate,  
For save onely a looke piteous,  
Of womanhead undispiteous,  
That she showed in countenance,  
For seemed her herte from obeisance,  
And not for that she did her reine  
Him to recure from the peine,  
And his herte to put at large,  
For her entent was to his barge  
Him to bring against the eve,  
With certaine ladies and take leve,  
And pray him of his gentillesse,  
To suffer her thenceforth in peace,  
As other princes had before,  
And from thenceforth for evermore,  
She would him worship in all wise,  
That gentillesse might devise,  
And paine her wholly to fulfyll,  
In honour, his pleasure and will.  
And during thus this knights wo,  
Present the queene and oth'er mo,  
My lady, and many another wight,  
Ten thousand ships at a sight,  
I saw come over the wayy flood,  
With saile and ore, that as I stood  
Them to behold, I gauz marvaile  
From whom might come so many a saile,  
For sith the time that I was bore,  
Such a navy there before  
Had I not seene, ne so arayed,  
That for the sight my herte played  
To and fro within my brest  
For joy, long was or it would rest,  
For there was sailles full of flour'es,  
After castels with huge toures,  
Seeming full of armes bright,  
That wonder lusty was the sight,  
With large toppes, and mastes lough,  
Richly depeint, and rear among  
At certain times gan repaire  
Small birds downe from th'aire,  
And on the ships bounds about  
Sate and song with voice full out,  
Ballades and layes right joyously,  
As they couth in their harmony,  
That you to write that I there see,  
Mine excuse is it may not be,  
For why? the matter were to long  
To name the birds and write their song:  
Whereof, anon, the tidings there  
Unto the queene soone brought were,  
With many alas, and many a doubt,  
Shewing the ships there without.  
Tho gan the aged lady weepe,  
And said, "Alas, our joy on sleepe  
Soone shall be brought, ye, long or night,  
For we descried been by this knight,  
For certes, it may none other be,  
But he is of yond companie,  
And they be come him here to seehe,"  
And with that word her failed speche.

"Without remedy we be destroid,"  
Full oft said all, and gan conclude,  
Holy at once at the last,  
That best was shitt their yates fast,  
And arme them all in good langage,  
As they had done of old usage,  
And of faire wordes make their shot,  
This was their counsaile and the knot,  
And other purpose tooke they none,  
But armed thus forth they gone  
Toward the walles of the yle,  
But or they come there long while,  
They met the great lord of bove,  
That called is the god of love,  
That them avised with such chere,  
Right as he with them angry were:  
Availed them not their walls of glasse,  
This mighty lord let not to passe,  
The shutting of their yates fast,  
All they had ordaind was but wast,  
For whan his ships had found land,  
This lord anon, with bow in hand,  
Into this yle with huge prease  
Hied fast, and would not cease  
Till he came there the knight lay;  
Of queene ne lady by the way  
Tooke he no heed but forth past,  
And yet all followed at the last;  
And whan he came where lay the knight,  
Well shewed he he had great might,  
And forth the queene called anone,  
And all the ladies everichone,  
And to them said, "Is not thus routh,  
To see my servaunt for his trouth,  
Thus leane, thus sicke, and in this paine,  
And wot not unto whom to plaine,  
Save onely one without mo,  
Which might him him heale and is his fo?"  
And with that word his heavy brow  
He shewed the queene and looked row;  
This mighty lord forth tho anone,  
With a looke her faults echone  
He can her shew in little speech,  
Commanding her to be his leech,  
Withouthen more, shortly to say,  
He thought the queene soone should obay,  
And in his hond he shoke his bow,  
And said right soone he would be know,  
And for she had so long refused  
His service, and his lawes not used,  
He let her wit that he was wroth,  
And bent his bow and forth he goth  
A pace or two, and even there  
A large draught, up to his eare,  
He drew, and with an arrow ground  
Sharpe and new, the queene a wound  
He gave, that pierced unto the herte,  
Which afterward full sore gan smart,  
And was not whole of many a yeare;  
And even with that, "Be of good cheare,  
My knight," (quod he) "I will thee hele,  
And thee restore to parfit wele,  
And for each paine thou hast endured,  
To have two joys thou art cured:"  
And forth he past by the rout,  
With sober cheare walking about,  
And what he said I thought to heare,  
Well wist he which his servaunts were,  
And as he passed anon he fond,  
My lady, and her tooke by the hond,

And made her chere as a goddes,  
 And of beaute called her princes,  
 Of bounte eke gave her the name,  
 And said there was nothing blame  
 In her, but she was vertuous,  
 Saving she would no pity use,  
 Which was the cause that he her sought,  
 To put that far out of her thought,  
 And sith she had whole richesse  
 Of womanhead, and friendlinesse,  
 He said it was nothing fitting  
 To void pity his owne legging,  
 And gan her preach and with her play,  
 And of her beauty told her aie,  
 And said she was a creature  
 Of whom the name should endure,  
 And in bookes full of pleasaunce  
 Be put for ever in remembrance,  
 And, as me thought, more friendly  
 Unto my lady, and goodly  
 He spake, than any that was there,  
 And for th' apples I trow it were,  
 That she had in possession;  
 Wherefore, long in procession,  
 Many a pace, arme under other,  
 He welke, and so did with none other,  
 But what he would commaund or say,  
 Forthwith needs all must obey,  
 And what he desired at the lest,  
 Of my lady, was by request;  
 And whan they long together had beens,  
 He brought my lady to the queene,  
 And to her said, "So God you speed,  
 Shew grace, consent, that is need."  
 My lady tho, full conningly,  
 Right well avised and womanly  
 Downe gan to kneele upon the floures,  
 Which April nourished had with shoures,  
 And to this mighty lord gan say,  
 "That pleaseth you, I woll obey,  
 And me restraine from other thought.  
 As ye woll all thing shall be wrought."  
 And with that word kneeling she quoke;  
 That mighty lord in armes her tooke,  
 And said, "You have a servaunt one,  
 That truer living is there none,  
 Wherefore, good were, seeing his trouth,  
 That on his paines ye had routh,  
 And purpose you to heare his speech,  
 Fully avised him to leech,  
 For of one thyng ye may be sure,  
 He will be yours while he may dure."  
 And with that word, right on his game,  
 Me thought he lough, and told my name,  
 Which was to me marvaile and fere,  
 That that to do I n'ist there,  
 Ne whether was me bet or none,  
 There to abide, or thus to gone,  
 For well wend I my lady wold  
 Imagen or deme that I had told  
 My counsaile whole, or made complaint  
 Unto that lord, that mighty saint,  
 So verily each thing unsought  
 He said, as he had knowne my thought,  
 And told my trouth and mine unease  
 Bet than I couth have for mine ease,  
 Though I had studied all a weeke,  
 Well wist that lord that I was seeke,  
 And would be leched wonder faine,  
 No man me blame, mine was the paine •

And whan this lord had all said,  
 And long with my lady plaid,  
 She gan to smile with spirit glade,  
 This was the answer that she made,  
 Which put me there in double peine,  
 That that to do, ne what to scine  
 Wist I not, ne what was the best,  
 Ferre was my herte than fro his rest,  
 For, as I thought, that smiling signe  
 Was token that the herte encline  
 Would to requests reasonable,  
 Because smiling is favorable  
 To every thing that shall thrive,  
 So thought I tho; anon, blive,  
 That worldlesse answer in no toun  
 Was tane for obligatioun,  
 Ne called surety in no wise,  
 Amongst them that called been wise.  
 Thus was I in a joyous dout,  
 Sure and unrest of that rout,  
 Right as mine herte thought it were,  
 So more or lesse wexe my fere,  
 That if one thought made it wele  
 Another shent it every dele,  
 Till, at the last, I couth no more,  
 But purposed, as I did before,  
 To serve truly my lives space,  
 Awaiting ever the yeare of grace,  
 Which may full yet or I sterve,  
 If it please her that I serve,  
 And served have, and wold do ever,  
 For thing is none that me is lever  
 Than her service, whose presence  
 Mine Heaven is whole, and her absence  
 An Hell, full of divers paines,  
 Which to the death full oft me straines.  
 Thus in my thoughts as I stood,  
 That unneth felt I harme ne good,  
 I saw the queene a little paas  
 Come where this mighty lord was,  
 And kneeled downe in presence there  
 Of all the ladies that there were,  
 With sober countenance avised,  
 In few words that well suffised,  
 And to this lord, anon, present  
 A bill, wherein whole her entent  
 Was written, and how she besought,  
 As he knew every will and thought,  
 That of his godhead and his grace  
 He would forgive all old trespass,  
 And undispleased be of time past,  
 For she would ever be stedfast,  
 And in his service to the death  
 Use every thought while she had breath;  
 And sight and wept, and said no more;  
 Within was written all the sore,  
 At which bill the lord gan smile,  
 And said he would within that yle  
 Be lord and sire, both east and west,  
 And cald it there his new conquest,  
 And in great counceill toke the queene,  
 Long were the tales them betweene,  
 And over her bill he read thrise,  
 And wonder gladly gan devise  
 Her features faire and her visage,  
 And bad good thrift on that image,  
 And sayd he trowed her complaint  
 Should after cause ber be corseint,  
 And in his sleeve he put the bill,  
 Was there none that knew his will,

And forth he walke apace about  
 Beholding all the lusty rout,  
 Halfe in a thought with smiling chere,  
 Till at the last, as ye shall here,  
 He turned unto the queene ageine,  
 And said, "To mornre, here in this plei e,  
 I woll ye be. and all yours,  
 That purposed ben to weare flours,  
 Or of my lusty colour use,  
 It may not be to you excuse,  
 Ne none of yours in no wise,  
 That able be to my servise,  
 For as I said have here before,  
 I will be lord for evermore  
 Of you, and of this yle, and all,  
 And of all yours, that have shall  
 Joy, peace, ease, or in pleasaunce  
 Your lives use without noysaunce ;  
 Here will I in state be seene,"  
 And turned his visage to the queene,  
 "And you give knowledge of my will,  
 And a full answer of your bill,"  
 Was there no nay, ne words none,  
 But very obeisaunt seemed echone,  
 Queene and other that were there,  
 Well seemed it they had great fere,  
 And there tooke lodging every night,  
 Was none departed of that night,  
 And some to read old romances,  
 Them occupied for their pleasaunces,  
 Some to make verelies and laies,  
 And some to other diverse plaies :  
 And I to me a romance tooke,  
 And as I reading was the booke,  
 Me thought the sphere had so run,  
 That it was rising of the Sun,  
 And such a prees into the plaine  
 Assemble gone, that with great paine  
 One might for other go ne stand,  
 Ne none take other by the hand,  
 Withouten they distourbed were,  
 So huge and great the prees was there.  
 And after that within two houres,  
 This mighty lord all in flouris  
 Of divers colours many a paire,  
 In his estate up in the aire,  
 Well two fathom, as his hight,  
 He set him there in all their sight,  
 And for the queene and for the knight,  
 And for my lady, and every wight  
 In hast he sent, so that never one  
 Was there absent, but come echone :  
 And when they thus assembled were,  
 As ye have heard me say you here,  
 Without more tarrying, on light,  
 There to be seene of every wight,  
 Up stood among the prees above  
 A counsayler, servaunt of Love,  
 Which seemed well of great estate,  
 And shewed there how no debate  
 Owe ne goodly might be used  
 In gentillesse, and be excused,  
 Wherefore, he said, his lordes will  
 Was every wight there should be still,  
 And in pees, and one accord,  
 And thus commaunded at a word,  
 And can his tongue to swiche language  
 Turne, that yet in all mine age  
 Heard I never so comingly  
 Man speake, ne halfe so faithfully,

For every thing he said there  
 Seemed as it insealed were,  
 Or approved for very trew :  
 Swiche was his cunning language new,  
 And well according to his chere,  
 That where I be, me think I here  
 Him yet alway, whan I mine one  
 In any place may be alone :  
 First con he of the lusty yle  
 All thastate in little while  
 Rehearse, and wholly every thing  
 That caused there his lordes comming,  
 And every wele and every wo,  
 And for what cause ech thing was so,  
 Well shewed he there in easie speech,  
 And how the sickle had need of leech :  
 And that whole was, and in grace,  
 He told plainly why each thing was,  
 And at the last he con conclude,  
 Voided every language rude,  
 And said, "That prince, that mighty lord,  
 Or his departing, would accord  
 All the parties there present,  
 And was the fine of his entent,  
 Witnesse his presence in your sight,  
 Which sits among you in his might :"  
 And kneeled downe withouten more,  
 And not o word spake he more.  
 Tho gan this mighty lord him dresse,  
 With cheare avised, to do largesse,  
 And said unto this knight and me,  
 "Ye shall to joy restored be,  
 And for ye have ben true, ye twaine,  
 I graunt you here for every paine  
 A thousand joys every weeke,  
 And looke ye be no lenger seeke.  
 And both your ladies, lo, hem here  
 Take ech his own, beeth of good chere,  
 Your happy day is new begun,  
 Sith it was rising of the Sun,  
 And to all other in this place  
 I graunt wholly to stand in grace,  
 That serveth truly, without slouth,  
 And to avaunced be by trouth."  
 Tho can this knight and I downe kneele,  
 Wening to doe wonder wele,  
 "Seeing, O Lord, your great mercy,  
 Us hath enriched so openly,  
 That we deserve may never more  
 The least part, but evermore  
 With soule and body truly serve  
 You and yours till we sterve."  
 And to their ladies there they stood,  
 This knight that couth so mikel good,  
 Went in hast, and I also,  
 Joyous, and glad were we tho,  
 And also rich in every thought,  
 As he that all hath and ought nought,  
 And them besought in humble wise,  
 Us t'accept to their service,  
 And shew us of their friendly chieares,  
 Which in their treasure many yeaes,  
 They kept had, us to great paine,  
 And told how their servants twaine,  
 Were and would be, and so had ever,  
 And to the death change would we never,  
 Ne doe offence, ne think like ill,  
 But fill their ordinance and will :  
 And made our othes fresh new,  
 Our old service to renew,

And wholly theirs for evermore,  
We there become, what might we more ?  
And well awaiting, that in slouth  
We made ne fault, ne in our trouth,  
Ne thought not do, I you ensure,  
With our will, where we may dure.

This season past, againe an eve,  
This lord of the queene tooke leve,  
And said he would hastely returne,  
And at good leisure there sojourne,  
Both for his honour and for his ease,  
Commanding fast the knight to please,  
And gave his statutes in papers,  
And ordent divers officers,  
And forth to ship the same night  
He went, and soone was out of sight.  
And on the morrow, whan the aire  
Attempted was and wonder faire,  
Early at rising of the Sun,  
After the night away was run,  
Playing us on the rivage,  
My lady spake of her voyage,  
And said she made small jurnies,  
And held her in straunge countries,  
And forthwith to the queene went,  
And shewed her wholly her entent,  
And tooke her leave with cheare weeping,  
That pitty was to see that parting :  
For to the queene it was a paine,  
As to a martyr new ysleine,  
That for her woe, and she so tender,  
Yet I weepe oft whan I remember ;  
She offred there to resigne,  
To my lady eight times or nine,  
Th'astate, the yle, shortly to tell,  
If it might please her there to dwell,  
And said for ever her linage  
Should to my lady doe homage,  
And hers be hole withouten more,  
Ye, and all theirs for evermore :  
" Nay, God forbid," my lady oft,  
With many conning word and soft,  
Seid, " that ever such thing should beene,  
That I consent should, that a queene  
Of your estate, and so well named,  
In any wise should be attamed ;  
But would be faine with all my herte,  
What so befell, or how me smert,  
To doe thing that you might please,  
In any wise, or be your ease : "  
And kissed there, and bad good night,  
For which leve wept many a wight ;  
There might men here my lady praised,  
And such a name of her araised,  
What of cunning and gentlinesse,  
What of beauty with friendlinesse,  
What of glad and friendly cheares,  
That she used in all her yeares,  
That wonder was here every wight,  
To say well how they did their might ;  
And with a prees, upon the morrow,  
To ship her brought, and what a sorrow  
They made, whan she should under saile,  
That, and ye wist, ye would mervaile.  
Forth goeth the ship, out goeth the sond,  
And I as a wood man unbond,  
For doubt to be behind there,  
Into the sea withouten fere,  
Anon I ran, till with a waw,  
All sodenly I was overthraw,

And with the water to and fro,  
Backward and forward travailed so,  
That mind and breath nigh was gone  
For good ne harme knew I none,  
Til at the last with hookes tweine,  
Men of the ship with mikel peine,  
To save my life, did such travaile,  
That, and ye wist, ye would mervaile,  
And in the ship me drew on hie,  
And saiden all that I would die,  
And laid me long downe by the mast,  
And of their clothes on me cast,  
And there I made my testament,  
And wist my selfe not what I ment,  
But whan I said had what I would,  
And to the mast my wo all told,  
And tane my leave of every wight,  
And closed mine eyen, and lost my sight,  
Avised to die, without more speech,  
Or any remedy to seech  
Of grace new, as was great need :  
My lady of my paine tooke heed,  
And her bethought how that for trouth  
To see me die it were great routh,  
And to me came in sober wise,  
And softly said, " I pray you rise,  
Come on with me, let be this fare,  
All shall be wel, have ye no care,  
I will obey ye and fulfill  
Holy in all that lords will,  
That you and me not long ago,  
After his list commanded so,  
That there againe no resistance  
May be without great offence,  
And, therefore, now loke what I say,  
I am and will be friendly aye,  
Rise up, behold this avauntage,  
I graunt you inheritage,  
Peaceably without strive,  
During the daies of your leve."  
And of her apples in my sleve  
One she put, and took her leve  
In words few and said, " Good hele,  
He that all made, you send and wele : "  
Wherewith my paines, all at ones,  
Tooke such leave, that all my bones,  
For the new duranse pleasance,  
So as they couth, desired to dounce,  
And I as whole as any wight,  
Up rose, with joyous herte and light,  
Hole and unsicke, right wele at ease,  
And all forget had my disease,  
And to my lady, where she plaid,  
I went anone, and to her said :  
" He that all joies persons to please  
First ordained with parfitte ease,  
And every pleasure can depart,  
Send you madame, as large a part,  
And of his goods such plenty,  
As he has done you of beauty,  
With hele and all that may be thought,  
He send you all as he all wrought :  
Madame," (quoth I) " your servaunt trew,  
Have I ben long, and yet will new,  
Without change or repentance,  
In any wise or variaunce,  
And so will do, as thrive I ever,  
For thing is none that me is lever  
Than you to please, how ever I fare,  
Mine hertes lady and my welfare,



My life, mine hele, my lech also,  
 Of every thing that doth me wo,  
 My helpe at need, and my surete  
 Of every joy that longs to me,  
 My succours whole in all wise,  
 That may be thought or man devise,  
 Your grace, madame, such have I found,  
 Now in my need that I am bound  
 To you for ever, so Christ me save,  
 For heale and live of you I have,  
 Wherefore is reasoun I you serve,  
 With due obeisaunce till I sterve,  
 And dead and quicke be ever yours,  
 Late, early, and at all hours."  
 Tho came my lady small alite,  
 And in plaine English con consite  
 In words few, whole her entent  
 She shewed me there, and how she ment  
 To meward in every wise,  
 Wholly she came at their devise,  
 Without processe or long travell,  
 Charging me to keepe counsell,  
 As I would to lier grace attaine,  
 Of which commaundement I was faine,  
 Wherefore I passe over at this time,  
 For counsell cords not well in rime,  
 And eke the oth that I have swore,  
 To breake me were better unbore,  
 Why for untrue for evermore  
 I should be hold, that nevermore  
 Of me in place should be report  
 Thing that avails might, or comfort  
 To mewards in any wise,  
 And ech wight would me dispise  
 In that they couth, and me reprevee,  
 Which were a thing sore for to greeve,  
 Wherefore hereof more mencion  
 Make I not now ne long sermon,  
 But shortly thus I me excuse,  
 To rime a counsell I refuse.  
 Sailing thus two dayes or three,  
 My lady towards her countree,  
 Over the waves high and greene,  
 Which were large and deepe betweene,  
 Upon a time me called, and said  
 That of my hele she was well paid,  
 And of the queene and of the yle,  
 She talked with me long while,  
 And of all that she there had seene,  
 And of the state, and of the queene,  
 And of the ladies name by name,  
 Two houres or mo, this was her game,  
 Till at the last the wind gan rise,  
 And blew so fast, and in such wise,  
 The ship that every wight can say,  
 "Madame, er eve be of this day,  
 And God tofore, ye shall be there  
 As ye would fainest that ye were,  
 And doubt not within sixe hours,  
 Ye shall be there, as all is yours."  
 At which words she gan to smile,  
 And said that was no long while,  
 That they her set, and up she rose,  
 And all about the ship she gose,  
 And made good cheare to every wight,  
 Till of the land she had a sight,  
 Of which sight glad, God it wote,  
 She was abashed and abote,  
 And forth goeth, shortly you to tell,  
 Where she accustomed was to dwell,

And received was, as good right,  
 With joyous cheere and hertes light,  
 And as a glad new aventure,  
 Pleasaunt to every creature,  
 With which landing tho I woke,  
 And found my chamber full of smoke,  
 My cheekes eke unto the eares,  
 And all my body wet with teares,  
 And all so feeble and in such wise,  
 I was, that unneth might I rise,  
 So fare travailed and so faint,  
 That neither knew I kirke ne saint,  
 Ne what was what, ne who was who,  
 Ne avised what way I would go,  
 But by a venturous grace,  
 I rise and walkt, sought pace and pace,  
 Till I a winding staire found,  
 And held the vice aye in my hond,  
 And upward softly so gan creepe,  
 Till I came where I thought to sleepe  
 More at mine ease, and out of preace,  
 At my good leisure, and in peace,  
 Till somewhat I recomfort were  
 Of the travell and great feare  
 That I endured had before,  
 This was my thought without more,  
 And as a wight witlesse and faint,  
 Without more, in a chamber paint  
 Full of stories old and divers,  
 More than I can now rehearse,  
 Unto a bed full soberly,  
 So as I might full sothly,  
 Pace after other, and nothing said,  
 Till at the last downe I me laid,  
 And as my mind would give me leve,  
 All that I dreamed had that eve,  
 Before all I can rehearse,  
 Right as a child at schoole his verse  
 Doth after that he thinketh to thrive,  
 Right so did I for all my live,  
 I thought to have in remembrance,  
 Both the paine and the pleasaunce,  
 The dreame whole, as it me befell,  
 Which was as ye here me tell.  
 Thus in my thoughts as I lay,  
 That happy or unhappy day,  
 Wot I not, so have I blame,  
 Of the two which is the name:  
 Befell me so, that there a thought,  
 By processe new on sleepe me brought,  
 And me governed so in a while,  
 That againe within the yle,  
 Methought I was, whereof the knight,  
 And of the ladies I had a sight,  
 And were assembled on a greene,  
 Knight and lady, with the queene,  
 At which assembly there was said,  
 How they all content and paid  
 Were wholly as in that thing,  
 That the knight there should be king,  
 And they would all for sure wisesse  
 Wedded be both more and lesse,  
 In remembrance without more,  
 Thus they consent for evermore,  
 And was concluded that the knight  
 Depart should the same night,  
 And forthwith there tooke his voiage,  
 To journey for his marriage,  
 And returne with such an host,  
 That wedded might be least and most,

This was concluded, written and sealed,  
 That it might not be repealed  
 In no wise, but aie be firme,  
 And all should be within a tearme,  
 Without more excusation,  
 Both feast and coronation.  
 This knight which had thereof the charge,  
 Anon into a little barge  
 Brought was late against an eve,  
 Where of all he tooke his leave;  
 Which barge was as a mans thought,  
 After his pleasure to him brought,  
 The queene her selfe accustomed aye  
 In the same barge to play,  
 It needeth neither mast ne rother,  
 I have not heard of such another,  
 No maister for the governaunce,  
 He sayled by thought and pleasaunce,  
 Without labour, east and west,  
 All was one, calme or tempest,  
 And I went with at his request,  
 And was the first prayed to the fest.  
 Whan he came in his countree,  
 And passed had the way se,  
 In an haven deepe and large  
 He left his rich and noble barge,  
 And to the court, shortly to tell,  
 He went, where he wont was to dwell,  
 And was received as good right,  
 As heire, and for a worthy knight,  
 With all the states of the lond,  
 Which came anon at his first sond,  
 With glad spirits full of trouth,  
 Loth to do fault or with a slouth,  
 Attaint be in any wise;  
 Their riches was their old servise,  
 Which ever trew had be fond,  
 Sith first inhabit was the lond,  
 And so received there hir king,  
 That forgotten was no thing,  
 That owe to be done ne might please,  
 Ne their souveraine lord do ease,  
 And with them, so shortly to say,  
 As they of custome had done aye,  
 For seven yere past was and more,  
 The father, the old wise and hore  
 King of the land tooke his leve  
 Of all his barons on an eve,  
 And told them how his dayes past  
 Were all, and comen was the last,  
 And hertily prayed hem to remember  
 His sonne, which yong was and tender,  
 That borne was their prince to be,  
 If he returne to that countree  
 Might, by adventure or grace,  
 Within any time or space,  
 And to be true and friendly aye,  
 As they to him had bene alway:  
 Thus he them prayd, without more,  
 And tooke his leave for evermore.  
 Knownen was how, tender in age,  
 This young prince a great viage  
 Uncouth and straunge, honours to seeche,  
 Tooke in hond with little speche,  
 Which was to seeke a princes  
 That he desired more than riches,  
 For her great name that flourd so,  
 That in that time there was no mo  
 Of her estate ne so well named,  
 For borne was none that ever her blamed:

Of which princes somewhat before,  
 Here have I spoke, and some will more.  
 So thus befell as ye shall heare,  
 Unto their lord they made such cheare,  
 That joy was there to be present  
 To see their troth and how they ment,  
 So very glad they were ech one,  
 That them among there was no one,  
 That desired more riches,  
 Than for their lord such a princes,  
 That they might please, and that were faire,  
 For fast desired they an heire,  
 And said great surety were ywis  
 And as they were speaking of this,  
 The prince himselfe him avised,  
 And in plaine English undisguised,  
 Them shewed hole his journey,  
 And of their counsell gan them prey,  
 And told how he ensured was,  
 And how his day he might not passe,  
 Without diffame and great blame,  
 And to him for ever shame,  
 And of their counsell and avise,  
 There he prayth them once or twice,  
 And that they would within ten daies,  
 Avise and ordaine him such waies,  
 So that it were no displeasaunce,  
 Ne to this realme over great grievance,  
 And that he have might to his feast,  
 Sixty thousand at the least,  
 For his intent within short while  
 Was to returne unto his yle  
 That he came fro, and kepe his day,  
 For nothing would he be away.  
 To counsaile tho the lords anon,  
 Into a chamber everychone,  
 Together went, them to devise,  
 How they might best and in what wise,  
 Purvey for their lords pleasaunce  
 And the realmes continuance  
 Of honor, which in it before  
 Had continued evermore.  
 So, at the last, they found the waies,  
 How within the next ten daies,  
 All might with paine and diligence  
 Be done, and cast what the dispence  
 Might draw, and in conclusion,  
 Made for ech thing provision.  
 Whan this was done, wholly tofore  
 The prince, the lords all before  
 Come, and shewed what they had done,  
 And how they couth by no reason  
 Find that within the ten daies,  
 He might depart by no waies,  
 But would be fifteene, at the least,  
 Or he returne might to his feast:  
 And shewed him every reason why  
 It might not be so hastily,  
 As he desired, ne his day  
 He might not keepe by no way,  
 For divers causes wonder great:  
 Which, whan he heard, in such an heat  
 He fell, for sorow and was seke,  
 Still in his bed whole that weke,  
 And nigh the tother for the shame,  
 And for the doubt, and for the blame  
 That might on him be aret,  
 And oft upon his brest he bet,  
 And said, "Alas, mine honour for aye,  
 Have I here lost cleane this day,

Dead would I be ! alas, my name  
 Shall aye be more henceforth in shame,  
 And I dishonoured and reprieved,  
 And never more shall be beleved : ”  
 And made swich sorow, that in trouthe,  
 Him to behold it was great routh :  
 And so endured the dayes fiftene,  
 Till that the lords on an even  
 Him come, and told they ready were,  
 And shewed in few words there,  
 How and what wise they had purveyed  
 For his estate, and to him said,  
 That twenty thousand knights of name,  
 And fourty thousand without blame,  
 All come of noble lignee,  
 Togider in a compaee,  
 Were lodged on a rivers side,  
 Him and his pleasure there t’abide.  
 The prince tho for joy up rose,  
 And where they lodged were, he goes  
 Without more that same night,  
 And these his supper made to dight,  
 And with them bode till it was dey,  
 And forthwith to take his journey,  
 Leving the streight, holding the large,  
 Till he came to his noble barge ;  
 And when this prince, this lusty knight,  
 With his people in armes bright,  
 Was comen where he thought to pas,  
 And knew well none abiding was  
 Behind, but all were there present,  
 Forthwith anon all his intent  
 He told them there, and made his cries  
 Through his hoste that day twise,  
 Commanding every lives wight,  
 There being present in his sight,  
 To be the morow on the rivage,  
 Where he begin would his viage.  
 The morrow come, the cry was kept,  
 Few was there that night that slept,  
 But trussed and purveyed for the morrow,  
 For fault of ships was all their sorrow,  
 For save the barge, and other two,  
 Of ships there saw I no mo :  
 Thus in their doubts as they stood,  
 Waxing the sea, comming the flood,  
 Was cried, “ To ship goe every wight,”  
 Than was but hie, that hie might,  
 And to the barge me thought echone  
 They went, without was left not one,  
 Horse, male, trusse, ne bagage,  
 Salade, speare, gard-brace, ne page,  
 But was lodged and roomed ynough,  
 At which shipping me thought I lough,  
 And gan to marvel in my thought,  
 How ever such a ship was wrought,  
 For what people that can encrease,  
 Ne never so thicke might be the prease,  
 But all had roomed at their will,  
 There was not one was lodged ill,  
 For as I trow, my selfe the last  
 Was one, and lodged by the mast,  
 And where I looked I saw such rome,  
 As all were lodged in a towne.  
 Forth goth the ship, said was the creed,  
 And on their knees for their good speed,  
 Downe kneeled every wight a while,  
 And prayed fast that to the yle  
 They might come in safety,  
 The prince and all the company.

With worship and without blame,  
 Or disclaunder of his name,  
 Of the promise he should retourne,  
 Within the time he did sojourne,  
 In his lond bidding his host,  
 This was their prayer of least and most ;  
 To keepe the day it might not been,  
 That he appointed had with the queen,  
 To retourne without slouth.  
 And so assured had his trouthe,  
 For which fault this prince, this knight,  
 During the time slept not a night,  
 Such was his wo and his disease,  
 For doubt he should the queene displease.  
 Forth goth the ship with such speed,  
 Right as the prince for his great need  
 Desire would after his thought,  
 Till it unto the yle him brought,  
 Where in hast upon the sand,  
 He and his people tooke the land,  
 With hertes glad, and chere light,  
 Weening to be in Heaven that night :  
 But or they passed a while,  
 Entring in toward that yle,  
 All clad in blacke with chere piteous,  
 A lady which never dispiteous  
 Had be in all her life tofore,  
 With sory chere, and herte to tore,  
 Unto this prince where he gan ride,  
 Come and said, “ Abide, abide,  
 And have no hast, but fast retourne,  
 No reason is ye here sojourne,  
 For your untruth hath us discried,  
 Wo worth the time we us allied  
 With you, that are so soone untrew,  
 Alas, the day that we you knew !  
 Alas, the time that ye were bore,  
 For all this lond by you is lore !  
 Accursed be he you hider brought,  
 For all your joy is turnd to nought,  
 Your acquaintance we may complaine,  
 Which is the cause of all our paine.”  
 “ Alas, madame,” quoth this knight,  
 And with that from his horse he light,  
 With colour pale, and cheekes lene,  
 “ Alas, what is this for to mene ?  
 What have ye said, why be ye wroth ?  
 You to displease I would be loth,  
 Know ye not well the promessee  
 I made have to your princesse,  
 Which to perfourme is mine intent,  
 So mote I speed, as I have ment,  
 And as I am her very trew,  
 Without change or thought new,  
 And also fully her servand,  
 As creature or man livand  
 May be to lady or princesse,  
 For she mine Heaven and whole richessee  
 Is, and the lady of mine heale,  
 My worlds joy and all my weale,  
 What may this be, whence comes this speech  
 Tell me, madame, I you beseech,  
 For sith the first of my living,  
 Was I so fearfull of nothing,  
 As I am now to heare you speake ;  
 For dout I feele mine herte breake ;  
 Say on, madame, tell me your will,  
 The remenaunt is it good or ill ? ”  
 “ Alas,” (quod she) “ that ye were bore,  
 For, for your love this land is lore !

The queene is dead, and that is ruth,  
 For sorrow of your great untruth ;  
 Of two partes of the lusty rout  
 Of ladies that were there about,  
 That wont were to talke and play,  
 Now are dead and cleane away,  
 And under earth tane lodging new ;  
 Alas, that ever ye were untrew !  
 For whan the time ye set was past,  
 The queene to counsaile sone in hast,  
 What was to doe, and said great blame  
 Your acquaintaunce cause would and shame,  
 And the ladies of their avise  
 Prayed, for need was to be wise,  
 In eschewing tales and songs,  
 That by them make would fill tongs,  
 And sey they were lightly conquest,  
 And prayed to a poore feast,  
 And foule had their worship weived,  
 Whan so unwisely they conceived,  
 Their rich treasour, and their heale,  
 Their famous name, and their weale,  
 To put in such an aventure,  
 Of which the sclauder ever dure  
 Was like, without helpe of appele,  
 Wherefore they need had of counsele,  
 For every wight of them would say  
 Their closed yle an open way  
 Was become to every wight,  
 And well apprevyd by a knight,  
 Which he alas, without paysaunce,  
 Had soone achieved thobeisaunce :  
 All this was moved at counsell thrise,  
 And concluded daily twice,  
 That bet was die without blame  
 Than lose the riches of their name,  
 Wherefore, the deaths acquaintaunce  
 They chese, and left have their pleasaunce,  
 For doubt to live as repreved,  
 In that they you so soone beleaved,  
 And made their othes with one accord,  
 That eat, ne drinke, ne speake word,  
 They should never, but ever weping  
 Bide in a place without parting,  
 And use their dayes in penaunce,  
 Without desire of allegaunce,  
 Of which the truth, anon, con prove,  
 For why ? the queen forthwith her leve  
 Toke at them all that were present,  
 Of her defaults fully repent,  
 And died there withouten more :  
 Thus are we lost for evermore ;  
 What should I more hereof rehearse ?  
 Comen within, come see her herse,  
 Where ye shall see the piteous sight,  
 That ever yet was shewen to knight,  
 For ye shall see ladies stond,  
 Ech with a great rod in hond,  
 Clad in black, with visage white,  
 Ready each other for to smite,  
 If any be that will not wepe,  
 Or who that makes countenance to slepe ;  
 They be so bet, that all so blew  
 They be as cloth that died is new,  
 Such is their parfite repentance ;  
 And thus they kepe their ordinance,  
 And will do ever to the death,  
 While them endures any breath."

This knight tho in armes twaine,  
 This lady tooke and gan her saine,

" Alas, my birth ! wo worth my life !"  
 And even with that he drew a knife,  
 And through gowne, doublet, and shert,  
 He made the blood come from his herte,  
 And set him downe upon the greene,  
 And full repent closed his eene,  
 And save that ones he drew his breath,  
 Without more thus he tooke his death.  
 For which cause the lusty hoast,  
 Which in a battaile on the coast,  
 At once for sorrow such a cry  
 Gan rere thorow the company,  
 That to the Heaven heard was the sowne,  
 And under therth als fer adowne,  
 That wild beasts for the feare  
 So sodainly atrayed were,  
 That for the doubt, while they might dure,  
 They ran as of their lives unsure,  
 From the woods unto the plaine,  
 And from the valleys the high mountaine  
 They sought, and ran as beastes blind,  
 That cleane forgotten had their kind.  
 This wo not ceased, to counsaile went  
 These lords, and for that lady sent,  
 And of avise what was to done,  
 They her besought she say would sone.  
 Weeping full sore, all clad in blake,  
 This lady softly to them spake,  
 And said, " My lords, by my trouth,  
 This mischief it is of your slouth,  
 And if ye had that judge would right,  
 A prince that were a very knight,  
 Ye that ben of astate, echone,  
 Die for his fault should one and one ;  
 And if he hold had the promesse,  
 And done that longs to gentilnesse,  
 And fulfilled the princes behest,  
 This hasty farme had bene a feast,  
 And now is unrecoverable,  
 And us a slaunder aye durable ;  
 Wherefore, I say, as of counsaile,  
 In me is none that may availe,  
 But, if ye list, for remembrance  
 Purvey and make such ordinaunce,  
 That the queene, that was so meke,  
 With all her women, dede or seke,  
 Might in your land a chappell have,  
 With some remembrance of her grave,  
 Shewing her end with the pity,  
 In some notable old city,  
 Nigh unto an high way,  
 Where every wight might for her pray,  
 And for all hers that have ben trew ;"  
 And even with that she changed hew.  
 And twice wished after the death,  
 And sight, and thus passed her breath.  
 Than said the lords of the host,  
 And so conclude least and most,  
 That they would ever in houses of thacke  
 Their lives lead, and weare but blake,  
 And forsake all their pleasaunces,  
 And turn all joy to penaunces,  
 And beare the dead prince to the barge,  
 And named them should have the charge ;  
 And to the hearse where lay the queen,  
 The remenaunt went, and down on kneen,  
 Holding their hands on high, gon cried,  
 " Mercy, mercy," everich thrie,  
 And cursed the time that ever slouth  
 Should have such masterdome of trouth.

And to the barge a long mile,  
 They bare her forth, and in a while  
 All the ladies one and one,  
 By companies were brought echone,  
 And past the sea and tooke the land,  
 And in new herres on a sand,  
 Put and brought were all anon,  
 Unto a city closed with stone,  
 Where it had been used aye  
 The kings of the land to lay,  
 After they raigned in honours,  
 And writ was which were conquerours,  
 In an abbey of nunnes which were blake,  
 Which accustomed were to wake,  
 And of usage rise ech a night  
 To pray for every lives wight;  
 And so befell as in the guise,  
 Ordeint and said was the servise,  
 Of the prince and of the queen,  
 So devoutly as might been,  
 And after that about the herres,  
 Many orisons and verses,  
 Without note full softly,  
 Said were and that full heartily,  
 That all the night till it was day,  
 The people in the church con pray  
 Unto the holy Trinity,  
 Of these soules to have pity.

And whan the night past and ronne  
 Was, and the new day begonne,  
 The yong morrow with rayes red,  
 Which from the Sunne over all con spred,  
 Atempered clere was and faire,  
 And made a time of wholesome aire,  
 Befell a wonder case and strange,  
 Among the people and gan change  
 Soone the word and every woo  
 Unto a joy, and some to two:  
 A bird, all fedred blew and greene,  
 With bright rayes like gold betweene,  
 As small thurd over every joyn,  
 All full of colour strange and coint,  
 Uncouth and wonderfull to sight,  
 Upon the queens herse con light,  
 And song full low and softly,  
 Three songs in her harmony,  
 Unletted of every wight,  
 Till, at the last, an aged knight  
 Which seemed a man in great thought  
 Like as he set all thing at nought,  
 With visage and eyen all forewept  
 And pale, as man long unslept,  
 By the herse, as he stood  
 With hasty handling of his hood  
 Unto a prince that by him past  
 Made the bridde somehat agast,  
 Wherefore he rose and kft his song,  
 And depart from us among,  
 And spread his wings for to passe  
 By the place he entred was,  
 And in his hast, shortly to tell,  
 Him hurt, that back ward downe he fell,  
 From a window richly peint  
 With lives of many divers seint,  
 And bet his wings and bled last,  
 And of the hurt thus died and past,  
 And lay there well an houre and more,  
 Till, at the last, of briddes a score  
 Come and sembled at the place  
 Where the window broken was,

And made swiche waimentacioun,  
 That pity was to heare the soun,  
 And the warbles of their throtes,  
 And the complaint of their notes,  
 Which from joy cleane was reversed,  
 And of them one the glas some persed,  
 And in his beke of colours nine,  
 An herbe he brought floureslesse, all greene,  
 Full of small leaves and plaine,  
 Swart and long with many a vaine,  
 And where his fellow lay thus dede,  
 This hearbe down laid by his hede,  
 And dressed it full softly,  
 And hong his head and stood thereby,  
 Which hearb, in lesse than halfe an houre,  
 Gan over all knit, and after floure  
 Full out and wexe ripe the seed,  
 And right as one another feed  
 Would, in his beake he tooke the graine,  
 And in his fellows beake certaine  
 It put, and thus, within the thurd,  
 Up stood and pruned him the bird,  
 Which dead had be in all our sight,  
 And both together forth their flight  
 Tooke singing from us, and their leve,  
 Was none disturb hem would ne greve;  
 And whan they parted were and gone  
 Th'abbesse the seeds soome echone  
 Gadred had, and in her hand  
 The herb she tooke, well avisand  
 The leafe, the seed, the stalk, the floure,  
 And said it had a good savour,  
 And was no common herb to find,  
 And well approved of uncouth kind,  
 And than other more vertuose,  
 Who so have it might for to use  
 In his need, floure, leafe, or graine,  
 Of their heale might be certaine;  
 And laid it downe upon the herse  
 Where lay the queene, and gan reherse,  
 Echone to other that they had sene,  
 And taling thus the sede wex greene,  
 And on the dry herse gan spring,  
 Which me thought a wondrous thing,  
 And after that floure and new seed,  
 Of which the people all tooke heed,  
 And said, it was some great miracle,  
 Or medicine fine more than triacle,  
 And were well done there to assay,  
 If it might ease in any way  
 The cors, which with torch light,  
 They waked had there all that night.  
 Soone did the lords there consent,  
 And all the people thereto content,  
 With easie words and litle fare,  
 And made the queenes visage bare,  
 Which shewed was to all about,  
 Wherefore in swoone fell whole the rout,  
 And were so sory, most and least,  
 That long of weeping they not ceast,  
 For of their lord the remembraunce  
 Unto them was such di-pleasaunce,  
 That for to live they called a paine,  
 So were they vey true and plaine;  
 And after this, the good abbesse  
 Of the graine gan chese and dresse  
 Three, with her fingers cleane and small,  
 And in the queenes mouth by tale,  
 One after other full easily,  
 She put and full conningly,

Which shewed soone such vertue,  
 That preved was the medicine true,  
 For with a smiling countenance  
 The queene uprose, and of usance,  
 As she was wont, to every night  
 She made good cheere, for which sight  
 The people kneeling on the stones,  
 Thought they in Heaven were soule and bones:  
 And to the prince where he lay,  
 They went to make the same assay;  
 And whan the queene it understood,  
 And how the medicine was good,  
 She prayed she might have the graines  
 To releve him from the paines  
 Which she and he had both endured,  
 And to him went, and so him cured,  
 That within a little space,  
 Lusty and fresh on live he was  
 And in good hele, and hole of speech,  
 And lough, and said, "Gramercy leech,"  
 For which the joy throughout the town,  
 So great was that the bels sown  
 Afraid the people, a journey  
 About the city every way,  
 And come and asked cause and why,  
 They rongen were so stately?  
 And after that the queene, th'abbesse  
 Made diligence, or they would cesse,  
 Such, that of ladies soone a rout  
 Shewing the queene was all about,  
 And called by name echone and told,  
 Was none forgotten young ne old;  
 There might men see joyes new,  
 Whan the medicine fine and trew,  
 Thus restored had every wight,  
 So well the queene as the knight,  
 Unto perfit joy and hele,  
 That fleting they were in such wele  
 As folke that would in no wise,  
 Desire more perfit paradise.  
 And thus, whan passed was the sorrow,  
 With mikel joy soone on the morrow,  
 The king, the queene, and every lord,  
 With all the ladies by one accord,  
 A generall assembly  
 Great cry through the country,  
 The which after as their intent  
 Was turned to a parliament,  
 Where was ordained and avised  
 Every thing and devised,  
 That please might to most and least,  
 And there concluded was the feast,  
 Within the yle to be hold  
 With full consent of young and old,  
 In the same wise as before,  
 As thing should be withouten more;  
 And shipped and thither went,  
 And into straunge realmes sent  
 To kings, queenes, and duchesses,  
 To divers princes and princesses,  
 Of their linage, and can pray  
 That it might like them at that day  
 Of mariage, for their sport,  
 Come see the yle and them disport,  
 Where should be jousts and turnaes,  
 And armes done in other waies,  
 Signifying over all the day,  
 After Aprill within May;  
 And was avised that ladies tweine,  
 Of good estate and well beseine,

With certaine knights and squiers,  
 And of the queenes officers,  
 In manner of an embassade,  
 With certain letters closed and made,  
 Should take the barge and depart,  
 And seeke my lady every part,  
 Till they her found for any thing,  
 Both charged have queene and king,  
 And as their lady and maistres,  
 Her to beseke of gentilles,  
 At the day there for to becn,  
 And off her recomaund the queen,  
 And prayes for all loves to hast,  
 For, but she come, all will be wast,  
 And the feast a businesse  
 Without joy or lustinesse:  
 And tooke them tokens and good speed  
 Praid God send, after their need.  
 Forth went the ladies and the knights,  
 And were out fourteene daies and nights,  
 And brought my lady in their barge,  
 And had well sped and done their charge;  
 Whereof the queene so hartly glad  
 Was, that, in soth, such joy she had  
 Whan the ship approached lond,  
 That she my lady on the sond  
 Met, and in armes so constraine,  
 That wonder was behold them twaine,  
 Which to my dome during twelve houres,  
 Neither for heat ne watry shoures,  
 Departed not no company,  
 Saving themselves but none them by,  
 But gave them leisir at their ease,  
 To rehearse joy and disease,  
 After the pleasure and courages  
 Of their young and tender ages:  
 And after with many a knight  
 Brought were, where, as for that night,  
 They parted not, for to plesaunce,  
 Content was herte and countenance  
 Both of the queene and my maistresse,  
 This was that night their businesse:  
 And on the morrow with huge rout,  
 This prince of lords him about,  
 Come and to my lady said  
 That of her coming glad and well apaid  
 He was, and full conningly  
 Her thanked and full heartily,  
 And lough and smiled, and said, "ywis,  
 That was in doubt in safety is:"  
 And commanded do diligence,  
 And spare for neither gold ne spence,  
 But make ready, for on the morow  
 Wedded, with saint John to borrow,  
 He would be, withouten more,  
 And let them wite this lesse and more.  
 The morow come, and the service  
 Of mariage, in such a wise  
 Said was, that with more honour  
 Was never prince ne conquerour  
 Wedde, ne with such company  
 Of gentillesse in chivalry,  
 Ne of ladies so great routs,  
 Ne so beseen, as all abouts  
 They were there, I certifie  
 You on my life withouten lie.  
 And the feast hold was in tentis,  
 As to tell you mine entent is,  
 In a rome, a large plaine  
 Under a wood in a champaine,  
 D D 2

Betwixt a river and a welle,  
Where never had abbay, ne selle  
Ben, ne kirke, house, ne village,  
In time of any mans age :  
And dured three months the feast,  
In one estate and never ceast,  
From early the rising of the Sonne,  
Till the day spent was and yronne,  
In justing, dauncing, and lustinesse,  
And all that sowned to gentillesse.

And, as me thought, the second morrow,  
Whan ended was all old sorrow,  
And in surety every wight  
Had with his lady slept a night,  
The prince, the queene, and all the rest,  
Unto my lady made request,  
And her besought oft and praied  
To mewards to be well apaid,  
And consider mine old trouth,  
And on my paines have routh,  
And me accept to her servise,  
In such forme and in such wise,  
That we both might be as one,  
Thus prayed the queene, and everichone :  
And, for there should be no nay,  
They stint justing all a day,  
To pray my lady and requere  
Be content and out of fere,  
And with good herte make friendly cheare,  
And said it was a happy yeare :  
At which she smiled and said, ywis,  
“ I trow well he my servaunt is,  
And would my welfare, as I trist,  
So would I his, and would he wist  
How, and I knew that his trouth  
Continue would without slouth,  
And be such as ye here report,  
Restraining both courage and sport,  
I couth consent at your request,  
To be named of your fest,  
And do after your usaunce,  
In obeying your pleasaunce ;  
At your request this I consent,  
To please you in your entent,  
And eke the souverain above  
Commanded hath me for to love,  
And before other him prefer,  
Against which prince may be no wer,  
For his power over all raigeth,  
That other would for nought him paineth,  
And sith his will and yours is one,  
Contrauy in me shall be none.”  
Tho (as me thought) the promise  
Of marriage before the mese  
Desired was of every wight  
To be made the same night,  
To put away all maner douts  
Of every wight thereabouts,  
And so was do; and on the morrow,  
Whan every thought and every sorrow  
Dislodged was out of mine herte,  
With every wo and every smert,  
Unto a tent prince and princes,  
Me thought, brought me and my maistres,  
And said we were at full age  
There to conclude our marriage,  
With ladies, knights, and squiers,  
And a great host of ministers,  
With instruments and sonnes diverse,  
That long were here to rehearse,

Which tent was church percheiall,  
Ordaint was in especiall,  
For the feast and for the sacre,  
Where archbishop, and archdiacre  
Song full out the servise,  
After the custome and the guise,  
And the churches ordinaunce ;  
And after that to dine and daunce  
Brought were we, and to divers playes,  
And for our speed ech with prayes,  
And merry was most and leas,  
And said amended was the feast,  
And were right glad lady and lord,  
Of the marriage and th' accord,  
And wished us hertes pleasaunce,  
Joy, hele, and continuance,  
And to the ministrils made request,  
That in increasing of the fest,  
They would touch their cords,  
And with some new joyeux accords,  
Moove the people to gladnesse,  
And praiden of all gentillesse,  
Ech to paine them for the day,  
To shew his cunning and his play.  
Tho began sowies marvelous  
Entuned with accords joyous,  
Round about all the tents,  
With thousands of instruments,  
That every wight to daunce them pained,  
To be merry was none that fained,  
Which sowne me troubled in my sleepe,  
That fro my bed forth I lepe,  
Wening to be at the feast,  
But whan I woke all was ceast,  
For there n'as lady ne creature,  
Save on the wals old portraiture  
Of horsmen, haukes, and hounds,  
And hurt deere full of wounds,  
Some like bitten, some hurt with shot,  
And, as my dreame, seemed that was not ;  
And whan I wake, and knew the trouth,  
And ye had seen, of very routh,  
I trow ye would have wept a weke,  
For never man yet halfe so seke ;  
I went escaped with the life,  
And was for fault that sword ne knife  
I find ne might my life t'abridge,  
Ne thing that kerved, ne had edge,  
Wherewith I might my woful pains  
Have voided with bleeding of my vains.  
Lo, here my blisse, lo, here my paine,  
Which to my lady I do complaine,  
And grace and mercy her requere,  
To end my wo and busie fere,  
And me accept to her servise,  
After her service in such advise,  
That of my dreame the substance  
Might turne once to cognisaunce,  
And cognisaunce to very preve  
By full consent and good leve,  
Or els without more I pray,  
That this night, or it be day,  
I mote unto my dreame returne,  
And sleeping so, forth aie sojourn  
About the yle of pleasaunce,  
Under my ladies obeisaunce,  
In her servise, and in such wic,  
As it please her may to devise,  
And grace ones to be accept,  
Like as I dreamed whan I slept,

And dure a thousand yere and ten,  
In her good will, amen, amen.

FAIREST of faire, and goodhest on live,  
All my secret to you I plaine and shrive,  
Requiring grace and of complaint,  
To be healed or martyred as a saunt,  
For by my trowth I sweare, and by this booke,  
Ye may both heale and slee me with a looke.

Go forth mine owne true herte innocent,  
And with humblesse, do thine observaunce,  
And to thy lady on thy knees present  
Thy servise new, and thynk how great pleasaunce  
It is to live under th'obeisaunce  
Of her that may with her looks soft  
Give thee the blisse that thou desirest oft.

Be diligent, awake, obey, and drede,  
And not too wild of thy countenaunce,  
But meeke and glad, and thy nature feed,  
To do each thing that may her pleasaunce,  
Whan thou shalt sleep, have aie in remembrance  
Th'image of her which may with looks soft  
Give thee the blisse that thou desirest oft.

And if so be that thou her name find  
Written in booke, or els upon wall,  
Looke that thou, as servaunt true and kind,  
Thine obeisaunce, as she were there withall;  
Faining in love is breeding of a fall  
From the grace of her, whose looks soft  
May give the blisse that thou desirest oft.

Ye that this ballade read shall,  
I pray you keepe you from the fall.

## THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

A gentlewoman out of an abour in a grove, seeth a great compaignie of knyghts and ladies in a daunce upon the greene grasse: the which being ended, they all kneele cowne, and do honour to the daunce, some to the flower, and some to the leafe. After ward this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as looke after beauteie and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leafe, which abideth with the roote, notwithstanding the frosts and winter stormes, are they which follow vertue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

### v. 1—56

WHAN that Phebus his chair of gold so hie  
Had whirled up the sterry sky aloft,  
And in the Boole was entred certainly,  
When shoures sweet of raine descended soft,  
Causing the ground fele times and oft,  
Up for to give many an wholesome aie,  
And every plaine was clothed faire

With new greene, and maketh small floures  
To springen here and there in field and in mede,  
So very good and wholesome be the shoures,  
That it renueth that was old and dede,  
In winter time; and out of every sede  
Springeth the hearbe, so that every wight  
Of this season wexeth glad and light.

And I so glad of the season swete,  
Was happed thus upon a certain night,  
As I lay in my bed, sleepe full unmete  
Was unto me, but why that I ne might  
Rest, I ne wist: for there n'as earthly wight  
As I suppose had more herts ease  
Than I; for I n'ad sicknesse nor disease.

Wherefore I mervaille greatly of my selfe,  
That I so long withouten sleepe lay,  
And up I rose three houres after twelfe,  
About the springing of the day,  
And on I put my geare and mine array,  
And to a pleasaunt grove I gan passe,  
Long er the bright Sunne up risen was.

In which were okes great, streight as a line,  
Under the which the grasse so fresh of hew,  
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine  
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,  
With branches brode, laden with leves new,  
That sprongen out ayen the sunne-shene,  
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

Which as me thought was right a pleasant sight,  
And eke the briddes songe for to here,  
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight,  
And I that coult not yet in no manere  
Heare the nightingale of all the yere,  
Ful busily herkened with herte and with eare,  
If I her voice perceive coud any where.

And, at the last, a path of little brede  
I found, that greatly had not used be,  
For it forgrowen was with grasse and weede,  
That well unneth a wighte might it se:  
Thought I, this path some whider goth, parde;  
And so I followed, till it me brought  
To right a pleasaunt herber well ywrought,

That benched was, and with turfes new  
Freshly turved, whereof the grene gras,  
So small, so thicke, so short, so fresh of hew,  
That most like unto green wool wot I it was:  
The hegge also that yede in compas,  
And closed in all the greene herbere,  
With sicamour was set and eglitere:



Wrethen in fere so well and cunningly,  
That every branch and leafe grew by mesure,  
Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by,  
I sie never thing I you ensue,  
So well done ; for he that tooke the cure  
It to make ythrow, did all his peine  
To make it passe all tho that men have seine.

And shapen was this herber rooffe and all  
As a prety parlour ; and also  
The hegge as thicke as a castle wall,  
That who that list without to stond or go,  
Though he would all day prien to and fro,  
He should not see if there were any wight  
Within or no ; but one within well might

Perceive all tho that yeden there without  
In the field, that was on every side  
Covered with corn and grasse, that out of doubt,  
Though one would seeke all the world wide,  
So rich a fiede could not be espide  
On no coast, as of the quantity,  
For of all good thing there was plenty.

And I that all this pleasaunt sight sie,  
Thought sodainly I felt so sweet an aire  
Of the eglentere, that certainly  
There is no hert, I deme, in such dispaire,  
Ne with thoughts froward and contraire,  
So overlaid, but it should soone have bote,  
If it had ones felt this savour sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,  
I was ware of the fairest medler tree,  
That ever yet in all my life I sie,  
As full of blossomes as it might be,  
Therein a goldfinch leaping prettie  
Fro bough to bough ; and, as him list, he eet  
Here and there of buds and floures sweet.

And to the herber side was joyning  
This faire tree, of which I have you told,  
And at the last the brid began to sing,  
Whan he had eaten what he eat wold ;  
So passing sweetly, that by manifold  
It was more pleasaunt than I could devise,  
And whan his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so merry a note  
Answered him, that all the wood rong  
So sodainly, that as it were a sote,  
I stood astoned, so was I with the song  
Thorow ravished, that till late and long,  
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where ;  
And ayen, me thought, she song ever by mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about busily  
On every side, if I her might see ;  
And, at the last, I gan full well aspy  
Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree,  
On the further side even right by me,  
That gave so passing a delicious smell,  
According to the eglentere full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleastre,  
That, as me thought, I surely ravished was  
Into Paradise, where my desire  
Was for to be, and no ferther passe  
As for that day, and on the sote grasse  
I sat me downe, for as for mine entent,  
The birdes soug was more convenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by many fold,  
Than meat or drinke, or any other thing,  
Thereto the herber was so fresh and cold,  
The wholesome savours eke so comforting,  
That, as I demed, sith the beginning  
Of the world was never seeme or than  
So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly man.

And as I sat the birds harkening thus,  
Me thought that I heard voices sodainly,  
The most sweetest and most delicious  
That ever any wight I trow truly  
Heard in their life, for the armory  
And sweet accord was in so good musike,  
That the voice to angels most was like.

At the last, out of a grove even by,  
That was right goodly and pleasaunt to sight,  
I sie where there came singing lustily  
A world of ladies ; but, to tell aright  
Their great beauty, it lieth not in my might,  
Ne their array ; neverthelesse I shall  
Tell you a part, though I speake not of all.

The surcotes white of velvet wele sitting,  
They were in claddle ; and the semes echone,  
As it were a manere garnishing,  
Was set with emerauds one and one,  
By and by ; but many a riche stone  
Was set on the purples, out of dout,  
Of colors, sleeves, and traines round about.

As great pearles round and orient,  
Diamonds fine, and rubies red,  
And many another stone of which I went  
The names now ; and everich on her head  
A rich fret of gold, which without dread  
Was full of stately riche stones set,  
And every lady had a chapelet

On her head of [branches] fresh and grene,  
So wele wrought and so marvelously,  
That it was a noble sight to sene,  
Some of laurer, and some full pleasauntly  
Had chapelets of woodbind, and sadly  
Some of *agnus castus* were also  
Chapelets fresh ; but there were many of the

That daunced, and eke song full soberly,  
But all they yede in manner of compace,  
But one there yede in mid the company,  
Sole by her selfe, but all followed the pace  
That she kepte, whose heavenly figured face  
So pleasaunt was, and her wele shape person,  
That of beauty she past hem everichon.

And more richly beeseen, by many fold  
She was also in every maner thing,  
On her head full pleasaunt to behold,  
A crowne of golde rich for any king,  
A branch of *agnus castus* eke bearing  
In her hand ; and so my sight truly,  
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundell lustely,  
That "*Suse le foyle, devers moy,*" men call,  
"*Sene et mon joly couer est endormy,*"  
And than the company answered all,  
With voices sweet entuned, and so small,  
That me thought it the sweetest melody  
That ever I heard in my life soothly.

And thus they came, dauncing and singing  
 Into the middes of the mede celone,  
 Before the herber where I was sitting,  
 And, God wot, me thought I was wel bigone,  
 For than I might avise hem one by one,  
 Who fairest was, who coude best dance or sing,  
 Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not daunced but a little throw,  
 Whan that I hearde ferre off sodainly,  
 So great a noise of thundering trumpes blow,  
 As though it should have departed the skie;  
 And after that within a while I sie,  
 From the same grove where the ladies come out,  
 Of men of armes comming such a rout,

As all the men on earth had been assembled  
 In that place, vele horsed for the nonces,  
 Stering so fast, that all the earth trembled:  
 But for to speake of riches and [of] stones,  
 And men and horse, I trow the large wonces,  
 Of Pretir John, ne all his tresory,  
 Might not unneeth have boght the tenth party

Of their array: who so list heare more,  
 I shall rehearse, so as I can, a lite.  
 Out of the grove, that I spake of before,  
 I sie come first all in their clokes white,  
 A company, that ware for their delite,  
 Chapelets fresh of okes seriall,  
 Newly sprong, and trumpets they were all.

On every trumpe hanging a broad banere  
 Of fine tartarium were full richly bete,  
 Every trumpet his lords armes bere,  
 About their neckes with great pearles sete  
 Collers brode, for cost they would not lete,  
 As it would seem, for their schochones echone,  
 Were set about with many a precious stone.

Their horse harneis was all white also,  
 And after them next in one company,  
 Came kings of armes, and no ipp,  
 In clokes of white cloth of gollu richly;  
 Chapelets of greene on their heads on hie,  
 The crowns that they on their scochones bere,  
 Were set with pearle, ruby, and saphere,

And eke great diamondes many one;  
 But all their horse harneis and other geare  
 Was in a sute according everichone,  
 As ye have heard the foresaid trumpets were;  
 And by seeming they were nothing to lere,  
 And their guiding they did so manerly,  
 And after hem came a great company

Of heraudes and pursevauntes eke,  
 Arraied in clothes of white velvet,  
 And hardly they were no thing to seke,  
 How they on them should the harneis set;  
 And every man had on a chapelet;  
 Scochones and eke horse harneis indede,  
 They had in sute of hem that fore hem yede.

Next after hem came in armour bright  
 All save their heades, seemely knightes nine,  
 And every claspe and naile, as to my sight,  
 Of their harneis were of red golde fine,  
 With cloth of gold, and furred with ermine  
 Were the trappoures of their stedes strong,  
 Wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And every bosse of bridle and paitrell  
 That they had, was worth, as I would wene,  
 A thousand pound; and on their heades well  
 Dressed were crownes of laurer grene,  
 The best made that ever I had sene,  
 And every knight had after him riding  
 Three henchemen on him awaiting.

Of which every [first] on a short tronchoun  
 His lordes helme barc, so richly dight,  
 That the worst was worthe the ransoun  
 Of [any] king; the second a shield bright  
 Bare at his backe; the thred bare upright  
 A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and kene,  
 And every childe ware of leaves grene

A fresh chapelet upon his haire bright;  
 And clokes white of fine velvet they ware,  
 Their steeds trapped and raied right  
 Without difference as their lordes were,  
 And after hem on many a fresh corsere,  
 There came of armed knights such a rout,  
 That they bespred the large field about.

And all they ware after their degrees  
 Chapelets newe made of laurer grene,  
 Some of [the] oke, and some of other trees,  
 Some in their honds bare boughes shene,  
 Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,  
 Some of hauthorne, and some of [the] woodbind,  
 And many mo which I had not in mind.

And so they came, their horses freshly stering,  
 With bloody sownes of hir trompes loud;  
 There sie I many an uncouth disguising  
 In the array of these knightes proud,  
 And at the last as evenly as they coude,  
 They took their places in middes of the mede,  
 And every knight turned his horses hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a spere  
 In the rest; and so justes began  
 On every part about here and there;  
 Some brake his spere, some drew down hors and  
 About the field astray the stedes ran; [man,  
 And to behold their rule and governaunce,  
 I you ensue it was a great pleasaunce.

And so the justes last an houre and more;  
 But tho, that crowned were in laurer grene,  
 Wan the prise; their dintes were so sore,  
 That there was none ayenst hem might sustene,  
 And the justing all was left off clene,  
 And fro their horse the ninth alight anone,  
 And so did all the remnant everichone.

And forth they yede togider, twain and twain,  
 That to behold it was a worthy sight,  
 Toward the ladies on the greene plain,  
 That song and daunced as I said now right:  
 The ladies as soone as they goodly might,  
 They brake of both the song and dance  
 And yede to meet hem with ful glad semblaunce.

And every lady tooke full womanly  
 By the hond a knight, and forth they yede  
 Unto a faire laurer that stood fast by,  
 With leves lade the boughes of great brede; •  
 And to my dome there never was indede  
 Man, that had seene halfe so faire a tre;  
 For underneath there might it well have be

An hundred persons at their owne plesauce  
Shadowed fro the heat of Plebus bright,  
So that they should have felt no grevaunce  
Of raine ne haile that hem hurte might,  
The savour, eke, rejoyce would any wight  
That had be sicke or melancolious ;  
It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reverence they enclined low  
To the tree so soot and faire of hew ;  
And after that, within a little throw,  
They began to sing and daunce of new,  
Some song of love, some plainning of untrew,  
Environing the tree that stood upright ;  
And ever yedo a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eye aside,  
And was ware of a lusty company  
That came roming out of the field wide,  
Hond in hond a knight and a lady ;  
The ladies all in surcotes, that richely  
Purfyled were with many a rich stone,  
And every knight of green ware mantles on,

Embrouded well so as the surcotes were,  
And everich had a chapelet on her hed,  
Which did right well upon the shining here,  
Made of goodly floures white and red,  
The knightes eke, that they in honde led,  
In sute of hem ware chapelets everichone,  
And before hem went minstrols many one,

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry  
Alle in greene ; and on their heades bare  
Of divers floures made full craftely,  
All in a sute goodly chapelets they ware ;  
And so dauncing into the mede they fare,  
In mid the which they found a tuft that was  
All oversprad with floures in camys.

Whereto they enclined everichone  
With great reverence, and that full humbly ;  
And, at the last, there began, anone,  
A lady for to sing right womanly,  
A bargaret in praising the daisie ;  
For as me thought among her notes swete,  
She said "*Si douce est la Margarete.*"

Than they alle answered her in fere,  
So passingly well, and so pleasantly,  
That it was a blisful noise to here,  
But I n'ot how it happed, suddainly,  
As about noone, the Sunne so fervently  
Waxe hote, that the pretty tender floures  
Had lost the beauty of hir fresh colours.

Forslronke with heat, the ladies eke to-brent,  
That they ne wist where they hem might bestow ;  
The knightes swelt for lack of shade ne shent,  
And after that, within a little throw,  
The wind began so sturdily to blow,  
That down goeth all the floures everichone,  
So that in all the mede there left not one ;

Save such as succoured were among the leves  
Fro every storme that might hem assaile,  
Growing under [the] hegges and thicke greves ;  
And after that, there came a storme of haile,  
And raine in fere, so that withouten faile,  
The ladies ne the knightes n'ade o threed  
Drio on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed away  
Tho in white that stood under the tree,  
They felt nothing of the great affray,  
That they in greene without had in ybe,  
To them they yede for routh and pite,  
Them to comfort after their great disease,  
So faine they were the helpesse for to case.

Than I was ware how one of hem in grene  
Had on a crowne rich and well sitting,  
Wherefore I demed well she was a quene,  
And tho in greene on her were awaiting ;  
The ladies then in white that were comming  
Toward them, and the knights in fere  
Began to comfort hem, and make hem chere.

The queen in white, that was of great beauty,  
Took by the hond the queen that was in grene,  
And said, "Suster, I have right great pity  
Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,  
Wherein ye and your company have bene  
So long, alas ! and if that it you please  
To go with me, I shall do you the ease,

"In all the pleasure that I can or may ;"  
Whereof the other humbly as she might,  
Thanked her ; for in right ill array  
She was with storm and heat I you behight,  
And every lady then anone right  
That were in white, one of them took in grene  
By the hond, which whan the knights had sene,

In like wise ech of them tooke a knight  
Cladde in greene, and forth with hem they fare,  
To an hegge, where they anon right,  
To make their justs they would not spare  
Boughes to hew down, and eke trees square,  
Wherwith they made hem stately fires great,  
To dry their clothes that were wringing weat.

And after that of hearbes that there grew,  
They made for blisters of the Sunne brenning,  
Very good and wholesome ointments new,  
Where that they yede the sick fast anointing ;  
And after that they yede about gadering  
Pleasant salades which they made hem cat,  
For to refresh their great unkindly hat.

The lady of the Leaf than began to pray  
Her of the Floure (for so to my seeming  
They should be as by their array)  
To soupe with her, and eke for any thing,  
That she should with her all her people bing ;  
And she ayen in right goodly manere,  
Thanketh her of her most friendly chere,

Saying plainly, that she would obay  
With all her hert all her commaundement ;  
And then, anon, without longer delay  
The lady of the Leaf hath one ysent  
For a palfrey, after her intent,  
Arayed well and faire in harnais of gold,  
For nothing acked, that to him long shold.

And after that to all her company  
She made to purvey horse and every thing  
That they needed, and than full lustily,  
Even by the herber where I was sitting  
They passed all so pleasantly singing,  
That it would have comforted any wight ;  
But then I sie a passing wonder sight.

For then the nightingale, that all the day  
Had in the laurer sate, and did her might  
The whole service to sing longing to May,  
All sodainly began to take her flight;  
And to the lady of the Leafe forthright  
She flew, and set her on her hond softly,  
Which was a thing I marveled of greatly.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medler tree  
Was fled for heat into the bushes cold,  
Unto the lady of the Flower gan flee,  
And on her hond he set him as he wold,  
And pleasauntly his winges gan to fold;  
And for to sing they pained him both as sore,  
As they had do of all the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great pace,  
And all the rout of knightes eke in fere;  
And I that had seen all this wonder case,  
Thought I would assay in some manere,  
To know fully the trouth of this matere;  
And what they were that rode so pleasauntly:  
And whan they were the herber passed by,

I drest me forth, and happed to mete, anon,  
Right a faire lady, I do you ensure;  
And she came riding by herself alone,  
Alle in white, with semblance ful demure;  
I salued her, and bad good aventure  
Might her befall, as I could most humbly;  
And she answered, "My doughter, gramercy!"

"Madame," quoth I, "if that I durst enquire  
Of you, I wold faine of that company  
Wite what they be that past by this arbere?"  
And she ayen answered right friendly;  
"My faire doughter, all tho that passed here by  
In white clothing, be servaunts everichone  
Unto the Leafe, and I my selfe am one.

"See ye not her that crowned is," quoth she,  
"All in white?"—"Madame," quoth I, "yes:"  
"That is Diane, goddess of chastite,  
And for because that she a maiden is,  
In her hond the braunch she beareth this,  
That *agnus castus* men call properly;  
And all the ladies in her company,

"Which ye se of that hearbe chapelets weare,  
Be such as han kept alway hir maidenheed:  
And all they that of laurer chapelets beare,  
Be such as hardy were and manly in deed,  
Victorious name which never may be dede!  
And all they were so worthy of hir hond,  
In hir time that none might hem withstond.

"And tho that weare chapelets on their hede  
Of fressh woodbind, be such as never were  
To love untrue in word, thought, ne dede,  
But aye stedfast, ne for pleasaunce, ne fere,  
Though that they should their hertes all to-tere,  
Would never flit but ever were stedfast,  
Till that their lives there asunder brast."

"Now faire madame," quoth I, "yet I wold pray  
Your ladship, if that it mighte be,  
That I might knowe by some maner way,  
Sith that it hath liked your beaute,  
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me,  
What that these knightes be in rich armour,  
And what tho be in grene and weare the flour?"

"And why that some did reverence to that tre,  
And some unto the plot of floures faire?"  
"Withright good will my fair doughter," quoth she.  
"Sith your desire is good and debonaire:"  
"Tho nine crowned be very exemplaire,  
Of all honour longing to chivalry,  
And those certaine be called the Nine Worthy,

"Which ye may see [now] riding all before,  
That in hir time did many a noble dede,  
And for their worthines full oft have bore  
The crowne of laurer leaves on their hede,  
As ye may in your old bookes rede;  
And how that he that was a conquerour,  
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

"And tho that beare bowes in their hond  
Of the precious laurer so notable,  
Be such as were, I wold ye understond,  
Noble knightes of the round table,  
And eke the Douseperis honourable,  
Which they beare in signe of victory;  
It is witness of their deeds mightily.

"Eke there be knightes old of the garter,  
That in hir time did right worthily,  
And the honour they did to the laurer,  
Is for by it they have their laud wholly,  
Their triumph eke, and martial glory;  
Which unto them is more parfit richesse,  
Than any wight imagine can or gesse.

"For one leafe given of that noble tree  
To any wight that hath done worthily,  
And it be done so as it ought to be,  
Is more honour than any thing earthly;  
Witness of Rome that founder was truly  
Of all knighthood and deeds marvelous,  
Record I take of Titus Livius.

"And as for her that crowned is in greene,  
It is Flora, of these floures goddess,  
And all that here on her awaiting beene,  
It are such folk that loved idlenesse,  
And not delite in no businesse,  
But for to hunt and hauke, and pley in medes,  
And many other suchlike idle dedes.

And for the great delite and pleasaunce  
They have to the flour, and so reverently  
They unto it do such obeisaunce  
As ye may se."—"Now faire Madame," quoth I,  
"If I durst aske what is the cause and why,  
That knightes have the ensigne of honour,  
Rather by the leafe than the flour?"

"Soothly doughter," quod she, "this is the trouth;  
For knightes ever should be persevering,  
To seeke honour without feintise or slouth;  
Fro wele to better in all manner thing;  
In signe of which with leaves aye lasting,  
They be rewarded after their degre,  
Whose lusty green May may not appaired be,

"But aie keping their beauteie fressh and greene,  
For there n'is storme that may hem deface,  
Haile nor snow, winde nor frosts kene,  
Wherfore they have this property and grace;  
And for the flour, within a little space  
Woll be [all] lost, so simple of nature  
They be, that they no grievance may endure.

"And every storme will blow them soone away,  
Ne they last not but for a season ;  
That is the cause, the very trouth to say,  
That they may not by no way of reason  
Be put to no such occupation."  
"Madame," quoth I, "with all mine whole servise  
I thanke you now, in my most humble wise,

"For now I am ascertained throughly,  
Of every thing [that] I desired to know."  
"I am right glad that I have said sothly,  
Ought to your pleasure, if ye will me trow,"  
Quod she ayen, "but to whom do ye owe  
Your service ? and which will ye honour,  
Tel me I pray, this yere ! the Leafe or the Flour?"

"Madame," quoth I, "though I least worthy,  
Unto the Leafe I owe mine observance :"  
"That is," quod she, "right well done certainly ;  
And I pray God to honour you avance,

And kepe you fro the wicked remembraunce  
Of Malebouch, and all his crueltie,  
And all that good and well conditioned be.

"For here may I no lenger now abide,  
I must follow the great company,  
That ye may see yonder before you ride."  
And forth as I couth most humbly,  
I tooke my leve of her, as she gan hie,  
After them as fast as ever she might,  
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night.

And put all that I had seene in writing,  
Under support of them that lust it to rede.  
O little booke, thou art so unconning,  
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede ?  
It is wonder that thou wexest not rede !  
Sith that thou wost full lite who shall behold  
Thy rude langage, full boistoously unfold.

EXPLICIT.

## THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

v. 1—71

### PROLOGUE.

A THOUSAND times I have heard men tell,  
That there is joy in Heaven, and pain in Hell,  
And I accord it wele that it is so,  
But nathelesse yet wote I wele also,  
That there n'is non dwelling in this cowntre,  
That either hath in Heaven or in Hell ybe,  
Ne may of it none other waies witten,  
But as he heard sayd, or found it written,  
For by assay there may no man it preve.

But God forbode but men should leve  
Wel more thing than they have seen with eye,  
Men shall nat wenen every thing a lie  
But if himself he seeth, or els it dooth,  
For, God wote, thing is never the lesse soth,  
Though every wight ne may it not ysee.  
Bernarde the monke ne saugh all, parde,  
Than mote we to bookes that we find,  
(Through which that old things ben in mind)  
And to the doctrine of the old wise,  
Yeve credence, in every skilful wise,  
That tellen of the old apprevd stories,  
Of holines, of reignes, of victories,  
Of love, of hate, and other sundry things,  
Of which I may not make rehearsings :  
And if that old bookes were away,  
Ylorne were of all remembraunce the kay.

Well ought us than, honouren and beleve  
These bookes, there we han none other preve.

And as for me, though that I can but lite,  
On bookes for to rede I no delite,  
And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,  
And in mine herte have hem in reverence  
So hertely, that there is game none,  
That fro my bookes maketh me to gone,

But it be seldome on the holy daie,  
Save certainly, whan that the month of May  
Is comen, and that I heare the foules sing,  
And that the floures ginnen for to spring,  
Farwell my booke, and my devotion.

Now have I than eke this condition,  
That of all the floures in the mede,  
Than love I most these floures white and rode,  
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun,  
To hem I have so great affectioun,  
As I sayd erst, whan comen is the May,  
That in my bedde there daweth me no day,  
That I nam up and walking in the mede,  
To seen this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede,  
Whan it up riseth early by the morrow,  
That blisfull sight softeneth all my sorow,  
So glad am I, whan that I have presence  
Of it, to done it all reverence,  
As she that is of all floures the floure,  
Fulfilled of all vertue and honoure,  
And every ylike faire, and fresh of hewe,  
And ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,  
And ever shall, till that mine herte die,  
All swere I not, of this I woll not lie.

There loved no wight hotter in his life,  
And whan that it is eve I renne blithe,  
As sone as ever the Sunne ginneth west,  
To seen this floure, how it woll go to rest,  
For feare of night, so hateth she derkenesse,  
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse  
Of the Sunne, for there it woll unclose :  
Alas, that I ne had English rime, or prose  
Suffisaunt this floure to praise aright,  
But helpeth ye, that han conning and might,  
Ye lovers, that can make of sentement,  
In this case ought ye be diligent,  
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,

Whether ye been with the lefe or with the flour,  
 For well I wote, that ye han here beforne  
 Of making ropen, and had alway the corne,  
 And I come after, gleyning here and there,  
 And am full glad if I may find an eare,  
 Of any goodly word that ye han left,  
 And though it happen me to reharsen eft,  
 That ye han in your freshe songes sayd,  
 Forbareth me, and beth not evill apayd,  
 Sith that ye se, I doe it in the honour  
 Of love, and eke of service of the flour,  
 Whom that I serve, as I have wit or might,  
 She is the clerenesse and the very light,  
 That in this derke world me wint and ledeth ;  
 The herte within my sorowfull brest you dredeth,  
 And loveth so sore, that ye ben verily  
 The maistres of my wit, and nothing I,  
 My word, my workes, is knit so in your bonde  
 That as an harpe obeieth to the honde,  
 And make it soume after his fingring,  
 Right so mowe ye out of mine herte bring,  
 Soch voice, right as you list, to laugh or pam ;  
 Be ye my guide, and lady soverain !  
 As to mine yearthly God, to you I call,  
 Both in this werke, and my sorowes all.  
 But wherefore that I spake to yve credence  
 To old stories, and done hem reverence,  
 And that men musten more thing bileve  
 That men may sein at eye or els preve,  
 That shall I sein, whan that I see my time,  
 I may nat all atones speake in rime ;  
 My busie ghost, that thursteth alway new,  
 To seon this flour so yong, so fresh of hew,  
 Constrained me, with so gredy desire,  
 That in my herte I fele yet the fire,  
 That made me rise ere it were day,  
 And this was now the first morow of May,  
 With dreadfull herte and glad devotion  
 For to been at the resurrection  
 Of this flour, whan that it should uncloze  
 Again the Sunne, that rose as redde as rose,  
 That in the brest was of the beast that day,  
 That Angenores daughter lude away :  
 And doune on knees, anon, right I me sette,  
 And as I could, this fresh flour I grette,  
 Kneeling alway, till it unclosed was,  
 Upon the small, soft, swete gras,  
 That was with floures swete embrouded all,  
 Of such swetenesse, and soch odour over all,  
 That for to speake of gomme, herbe, or tree,  
 Comparison may not ymakid be,  
 For it surmounteth plainly all odoures,  
 And of riche beaute of floures :  
 Forgotten had the yearth his poore estate  
 Of Winter, that him naked made and mate,  
 And with his sword of cold so sore greved ;  
 Now hath the attempre sunne al that releved  
 That naked was, and clad it new again ;  
 The small foules of the season faine,  
 That of the panter and the net been scaped,  
 Upon the fouler, that hem made awaped  
 In Winter, and destroyed had hir brood,  
 In his dispite hem thought it did hem good  
 To sing of him, and in hir song dispise  
 The foule chorle, that for his covetise,  
 Had hem betraied with his sophistrie,  
 This was hir song, " The fouler we defie,  
 And all his craft : " and some songen clere,  
 Lanes of love, that joy it was to here,  
 In worshipping and praysing of hir make,

And for the new blisfull Somers sake,  
 Upon the braunches full of blosmes soft,  
 In hir dilite, they touned hem ful oft,  
 And songen, " Blissed be Sainet Valentine,  
 For on his day I chese you to be mine,  
 Withouthen repenting mine herte swete : "  
 And therewithall hir bekens gonnen mete,  
 Yelding honour, and humble obeissance  
 To love, and didden hir other observance  
 That longeth unto love, and unto nature,  
 Constrewe that as you list, I do no cure :  
 And tho that had done unkindnesse,  
 As doeth the tidife, for new fanglenesse,  
 Besought mercy of hir trespassing,  
 And humbly song hir repenting,  
 And sworn on the blosmes to be true,  
 So that hir makes wold upon hem rue,  
 And at the last maden hir acorde,  
 All found they Daunger for the time a lord,  
 Yet Pite, through his strong gentill might,  
 Foryave, and made Mercy passen right  
 Through Innocence, and ruled Curtesie :  
 But I ne cleape it nat innocence folie,  
 Ne false pite, for vertu is the meane,  
 As eticke sayth, in soch maner I meane.  
 And thus these foule, voide of all malice,  
 Acordeden to love, and laften vice  
 Of hate, and song all of one acorde,  
 " Welcome Sommer, our gouverour and lorde,"  
 And Zephirus, and Flora gentelly,  
 Yave to the floures soft and tenderly,  
 Hir swote breth, and made hem for to sprede,  
 As god and goddesse of the flourie mede,  
 In which me thoughte I might day by day,  
 Dwellen alway, the joly month of May,  
 Withouthen slepe, withouthen meat or drinke :  
 Adowne full softly I gan to smike,  
 And leaning on my elbow and my side,  
 The long day I shope me for to abide,  
 For nothing els, and I shall nat lie,  
 But for to looke upon the daisie,  
 That well by reason men it call may  
 The daisie, or els the eye of the day,  
 The emprise, and flour of floures all,  
 I pray to God that faire mote she fall,  
 And all that loven floures, for her sake :  
 But nathelesse, ne wene nat that I make  
 In praising of the flour againe the lefe,  
 No more than of the corne againe the shefe :  
 For as to me a'is lever none ne lother,  
 I n'am witholden yet with never nother,  
 Ne I not who serveth lefe, ne who the flour,  
 Well brouken they hir service or labour,  
 For this thing is all of another tonne,  
 Of old storie, er soch thing was begonne.  
 Whan that the Sunne out the south gan west,  
 And that this flour gan close, and gau to rest,  
 For derknes of the night, the which she dred,  
 Home to mine house full swiftly I me sped  
 To gone to res., and early for to rise,  
 To seene this flour to sprede, as I devise.  
 And in a little herber that I have,  
 That benched was on urves fresh ygrave,  
 I bad men shoulde me my couche make,  
 For deintie of the newe Sommers sake,  
 I bad hem strawen floures on my bedde ;  
 Whan I was laid, and had mine eyen dedde,  
 I fell a slepe, and slept an houre or two,  
 Me met how I lay in the meadow tho,  
 To seon this flour, that I love so and drede,

And from a ferre came walking in the mede  
 The god of love, and in his hand a queene,  
 And she was clad in royall habite grene,  
 A fret of golde she had next her heere,  
 And upon that a white croune she beare,  
 With flourouns small, and I shall not lie,  
 For all the world right as a daisie  
 Ycrouned is, with white leaves lite,  
 So were the flourouns of her croune white,  
 For of o perle fine orientall,  
 Her white croune was ymakd all,  
 For which the white croune above the grene  
 Made her like a daisie for to seme,  
 Considred eke her fret of gold above :  
 Yclothed was this mighty god of love  
 In silke, embroided full of grene greves,  
 In which a fret of redde rose leves,  
 The freshest sens the world was first begun ;  
 His gilt heere was crouned with a sun,  
 In stede of gold, for hevinesse and weight,  
 Therwith, me thought, his face shone so bright  
 That well unnethes might I him behold,  
 And in his hand, me thought, I saw him hold  
 Two firis dartes, as the gledes rede,  
 And angelike his winges saw I sprede :  
 And all be that men sain that blinde is he,  
 Algate, me thought, that he might se,  
 For sternely on me he gan behold,  
 So that his loking doeth mine herte cold,  
 And by the hand he held this noble queene,  
 Crouned with white, and clothed all in greene,  
 So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,  
 That in this worlde though that men wold seke,  
 Halfe her beaute should they not finde  
 In creature that formed is by kinde,  
 And therefore may I sain as thinketh me,  
 This song in praising of this lady fre.

" Hide, Absolon, thy gylte tresses clere,  
 Hester lay thou thy mekenesse all adoun,  
 Hide, Jonathas, all thy frendly manere,  
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,  
 Make of your wifehode no comparisoun,  
 Hide your beauties, Isoude and Helein,  
 My lady cometh, that all this may distain.

" Thy faire body let it not appere,  
 Lavine, and thou Lucrece of Rome toun,  
 And Polixene, that boughten love so dere,  
 And Cleopatras, with all thy passioun,  
 Hide your trouthe of love, and your renoun,  
 And thou Tisbe, that hast of love such pain,  
 My lady cometh, that all this may distain.

" Hero, Dido, Laodomia, al yfere,  
 And Phillis, hanging for Demophoun,  
 And Canace, espied by thy chere,  
 Hipsiphile betrayed with Jasoun,  
 Maketh of your trouth neither boste ne soun,  
 Nor Hipermistire, or Ariadne, ye twain,  
 My lady cometh, that all this may distain."

This balade may full well ysongen be,  
 As I have sayd erst, by my lady fre,  
 For certainly, all these mowe not suffice,  
 To apperen with my lady in no wise,  
 For as the Sunne wold the fire distain,  
 So passeth all my lady sovereign,  
 That is so good, so faire, so debonaire,  
 I pray to God that ever fall her faire,  
 For nad comforte nen of her presence,

I had ben dead, withouten any defence,  
 For drede of Lovcs wordes, and his chere,  
 As whan time is, hereafter ye shall here.

Behind this god of love upon the grene,  
 I saw coming of ladies ninetene,  
 In roiall habit, a full casie pace,  
 And after hem came of women such a trace,  
 That sens that God Adam had made of yerth,  
 The third part of mankinde, or the ferth,  
 Ne wende I nat by possibilite,  
 Had ever in this wide world ybe,  
 And true of love, these women were echon :  
 Now, whether was that a wonder thing or non,  
 That right anon, as that they gonne espie  
 This flour, which that I clepe the daisie,  
 Full sodainly they stinten all at ones,  
 And kneled doune, as it were for the nones,  
 And songen with o voice, " Heale and honour  
 To trouth of womanhede, and to this flour,  
 That beareth our alderprise in figuring,  
 Her white croune beareth the witnessing."  
 And with that word, a compas enviroun,  
 They sitten hem ful softly adoun :  
 First sat the god of love, and sith his queene,  
 With the white croune, clad all in grene,  
 And sitten all the remnaunt by and by,  
 As they were of estate, full curtesly,  
 Ne nat a worde was spoken in the place  
 The mountenance of a furlong way of space.

I, kneling by this flour, in good entent  
 Abode to knowen what this people ment,  
 As still as any stone, till, at the last,  
 This god of love, on me his eyen cast,  
 And said, " Who kneleth there ?" and I answerde  
 Unto his asking, whan that I it herde,  
 And sayd, " Sir, it am I," and come him nere,  
 And salued him : quod he, " What doest thou here,  
 So nigh mine owne flour, so boldly ?  
 It were better worthy truly,

A worme to nighen nere my flour than thou."

" And why sir," quod I, " and it like you ?"  
 " For thou," quod he, " art therto nothing able,  
 It is my relike, digne and delitable,  
 And thou my fo, and all my folke werriest,  
 And of mine old servaunts thou missauest,  
 And hindrest hem with thy translation,  
 And lettest folke from hir devocioun,  
 To serve me, and holdest it folie  
 To serve Love, thou mayst it nat denie,  
 For in plain text, withouten nede of glose,  
 Thou hast translated the Romaunt of the Rose,  
 That is an heresie ayenst my law,  
 And makest wise folke fro me withdraw ;  
 And of Cresiede, thou hast said as the list,  
 That maketh men to women lesse trist,  
 That ben as trewe as ever was any stele :  
 Of thine answerse avise thee right wele,  
 For though thou remed hast my lay,  
 As other wretches have done many a day,  
 By saint Venus, that my mother is,  
 If that thou live, thou shalt repenten this,  
 So cruelly, that it shall well be sene."

Tho spake this lady, clothed all in greene,  
 And said, " God, right of your curtesie,  
 Ye mote herken if he can replie  
 Ayenst all this that ye have to him meved ;  
 A God ne shulde nat be thus agreved,  
 But of his deite he shal be stable,  
 And there gracious and merciable :  
 And if ye n're a God that knowen all,

Than might it be as I you tellen shall,  
 This man to you may falsely ben accused,  
 That as by right him ought ben excused,  
 For in your court is many a losengeour,  
 And many a queinte toloter accousour,  
 That tabouren in your eares many a soun,  
 Right after hir imaginatioun,  
 To have your dalaunce, and for envie,  
 These ben the causes, and I shall nat lie,  
 Envie is lavender of the court alway,  
 For she ne parteth neither night ne day,  
 Out of the house of Cæsar, thus saith Dant,  
 Who so that goeth algate she wol nat want.

“And eke, perauunter, for this man is nice,  
 He might done it, gessing no malice,  
 But for he useth thinges for to make,  
 Him recketh nought of what mater he take,  
 Or him was boden make thilke twey,  
 Of some persone, and durst it nat withsey :  
 Or him repenteth utterly of this,  
 He ne hath nat done so greuously amis,  
 To translaten that old clerkes writen,  
 As though that he of malice would enditen,  
 Dispite of Love, and had himself it wrought :  
 This shold a rightwise lord have in his thought,  
 And nat be like tiraunts of Lombardie,  
 That lian no reward but at tyrannie,  
 For he that king or lorde is naturell,  
 Him ought nat be tiraunt ne cruell,  
 As is a fermour, to done the harme he can,  
 He must think it is his liege man,  
 And is his tresour, and his gold in cofer,  
 This is the sentence of the philosopher :  
 A king, to kepe his lieges in justice,  
 Withouten doute that is his office,  
 All wolle he kepe his lordes in hir degree,  
 As it is right and skil, that they bee  
 Enhaunsed and honoured, and most dere,  
 For they ben halfe goddess in this world here,  
 Yet mote he done both right to poore and riche,  
 All be that hir estate be nat both yliche,  
 And have of poore folke compassion,  
 For lo, the gentill kinde of the lion,  
 For whan a flie offendeth him or biteth,  
 He with his taile away the flie smiteth,  
 Al easily, for of his gentrie  
 Him deiñeth nat to wreke him on a flie,  
 As doeth a curre, or els another beest ;  
 In noble corage ought ben areest,  
 And waien every thing by equite,  
 And ever have regard unto his owne degree :  
 For, sir, it is no maistrie for a lord  
 To dampne a man, without answer of word,  
 And for a lorde, that is full foule to use ;  
 And it so be, he may him nat excuse,  
 But asketh mercy with a dreadful herte,  
 And profereth him, right in his bare sherte,  
 To ben right at your owne judgement,  
 Than ought a God by short avisement,  
 Consider his owne honour, and his trespass,  
 For sikh no cause of death lieth in this case,  
 You ought to ben the lightlier merciable,  
 Letteth your ire, and bethe somewhat tretable :  
 The man hath served you of his conninges,  
 And forthred well your law in his makinges,  
 All be it that he can nat well endite,  
 Yet hath he made leude folke delite  
 To serve you, in preising of your name,  
 He made the boke, that hight, the House of Fame,  
 And eke the Death of Blaunche the Duchesse,

And the Parliament of Foules, as I gesse,  
 And al the Love of Palamon and Arcite  
 Of Thebes, though the storie is knownen lite,  
 And many an himpne, for your holy daies,  
 That highten Balades, Rondels, Virelaies ;  
 And for to speake of other holinesse,  
 He hath in prose translated Boece,  
 And made the Life also of Saint Cecile :  
 He made also, gone is a great while,  
 Origenes upon the Maudelaine :  
 Him ought now to have the lesse paine,  
 He hath made many a ley, and many a thing.

“Now as ye be a God, and eke a king,  
 I your Alceste, whilom quene of Trace,  
 I aske you this man right of your grace,  
 That ye him never hurt in al his live,  
 And he shal swaeren to you, and that blive,  
 He shal never moie agilen in this wise,  
 But shal maken as ye wolle devise,  
 Of women trewe in loving al hir life,  
 Where so ye wolle, of maiden or of wife,  
 And forthren you as much as he misseide,  
 Or in the Rose, or eles in Cresseide.”

The god of love answerde her thus anon,  
 “Madame,” quod he, “it is so long agon,  
 That I you knew, so charitable and trewe,  
 That never yet, sens the world was newe,  
 To me ne found I better none than ye,  
 If that I wolle save my degree :

I may nor wolle nat werne your request,  
 Al lieth in you, doth with him as you lest.

“I al foryeve withouten lenger space,  
 For who so yeveth a yefte or doth a grace,  
 Do it betime, his thanke shall be the more ;  
 And demeth ye what ye shal do therfore ?

“Go thanke now my lady here,” quod he.  
 I rose, and doun I set me on my knee,  
 And said thus : “Madame, the God above  
 Foryelde you that the god of love  
 Have made me his wrath to foryeve,  
 And grace so longe for to live,  
 That I may know sothely what ye be,  
 That have me holpen, and put in this degre :  
 But trewly I wende, as in this caas  
 Nought have a gilte, ne done to love trespass,  
 For why ? a trewe man withouten drede  
 Hath nat to parten with a theves dede.

“Ne a trewe lover ought me nat to blame,  
 Though that I speke a false lover some shame :  
 They ought rather with me for to hold,  
 For that I of Cresseide wrote or told,  
 Or of the Rose, what so mine author ment,  
 Algate, God wotte, it was mine entent  
 To forthren trouth in love, and it cherice,  
 And to ben ware fro falsenesse and fro vice,  
 By which ensample, this was my mening.”

And she answerde, “Let be thine arguing,  
 For love ne wol not counterpleted be,  
 In right ne wrong, and lerne that of me :  
 Thou hast thy grace, and hold the right thereto .  
 Now wolle I saine what penance thou shalt do  
 For thy trespass, understand it here :  
 Thou shalt while that thou livest, yere by yere,  
 The most partie of thy time spende,  
 In making of a glorious legende,  
 Of good women, maidenes and wives,  
 That weren trewe in loving al hir lives,  
 And tell of false men that hem betraien,  
 That al hir life ne do nat but assaien  
 How many women they may done a shame,



For in your world that is now hold a game :  
 And though thee like nat a lover be,  
 Speke wel of love, this penance yeve I thee,  
 And to the god of love I shal so pray,  
 That he shal charge his servaunts by any way,  
 To forthen thee, and wel thy labour quite,  
 Go now thy waie, this penance is but lite :  
 And whan this boke is made, yeve it the queene  
 On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Shene."  
 The god of love gan smile, and than he said :  
 "Wost thou," quod he, "where this bewfe or maid,  
 Or queene, or countesse, or of what degree,  
 That hath so littell penance yeven thee,  
 That hast deserved sore for to smart,  
 But pite renneth sone in gentle herte :  
 That maist thou sene, she kitheth what she is."  
 And I answerde, "Naie, sir, so have I blis,  
 No more, but that I see well she is good."

"That is a trewe tale, by mine hood."  
 Quod Love, "and thou knowest wel, parde,  
 If it be so that thou avise the :

Hast thou nat in a booke in thy cheste,  
 The great goodnesse of the queene Alceste,  
 That turned was into a dayesie,  
 She that for her husband chese to die,  
 And eke to gone to Hell, rather than he,  
 And Hercules rescued her, parde,  
 And brought her out of Hel againe to blis ?"

And I answerde againe, and said "Yes,  
 Now know I her, and is this good Alceste,  
 The dayesie, and mine owne hertes reste ?  
 Now fele I well the goodnesse of this wife,  
 That both after her death, and in her life,  
 Her great bounte doubleth her renoun,  
 Wel hath she quit me mine affection,  
 That I have to her floure the dayesie,  
 No wonder is though Jove her stellife,  
 As telleth Agaton, for her great goodnesse,  
 Her white coronne beareth of it witness :  
 For all so many vertues had she,  
 As smal florounes in her coronne be,  
 In remembrance of her, and in honour,  
 Cibylla made the dayesie and the floure,  
 Yecrowned al with white, as men may se,  
 And Mars yave to her a coronne reed, parde,  
 In stede of rubies set among the white :"  
 Therewith this queene woxxe red for shame alite,  
 Whan she was prayssed so in her presence,  
 Than said Love, "A full great negligence  
 Was it to thee, that ilke time thou made,  
 'Hide Absolon thy tresses,' in balade,  
 That thou forget in thy songe to sette,  
 Sith that thou art so greatly in her dette,  
 And wost well that kalender is she  
 To any woman, that woll lover be :  
 For she taught all the craft of trewe loving,  
 And namely of wifehode the living,  
 And all the bondes that she ought keepe ;  
 Thy litel witte was thilke time asleepe :  
 But now I charge thee upon thy life,  
 That in thy legende thou make of this wife,  
 Whan thou hast other smale ymade before :  
 And fare now well, I charge thee no more,  
 But er I go, thus much I will the tell,  
 Ne shal no trewe lover come in Hell."

"These other ladies sitting here a rowe,  
 Ben in thy balade, if thou const hem know,  
 And in thy bokes al thou shalt hem find,  
 Have hem now in thy legende al in mind,  
 I meane of hem that ben in thy knowing,

For here ben twenty thousand mo sitting  
 Than thou knowest, good women all,  
 And trewe of love, for ought that may befall :  
 Make the metres of hem as thee lest,  
 I mote gone home, the Sunne draweth west,  
 To Paradis, with all this companie,  
 And serve alway the fresh dayesie.  
 At Cleopatras I woll that thou begin,  
 And so forth, and my love so shalt thou win ;  
 For let see now, what man, that lover be,  
 Wol done so strong a paine for love as she.  
 I wote well that thou maist nat all it rime,  
 That suche lovers did in hir time :  
 It were too long to reden and to here,  
 Suffiseth me thou make in this manere,  
 That thou reherce of al her life the great,  
 After these oold authours listen for to treat,  
 For who so shall so many a story tell,  
 Sey shortly or he shall too longe dwell :"  
 And with that worde my bookes gan I take,  
 And right thus on my legende gan I make.

THUS ENDETH THE PROLOGUE.

HERE BEGINNETH

### THE LEGENDE OF CLEOPATRAS, Queene of Egypt.

AFTER the death of Ptholome the king,  
 That all Egypt had in his governing,  
 Reigned his queene Cleopatras,  
 Till on a time bifel there such a caos,  
 That out of Rome was sent a senatour,  
 For to conqueren realmes and honour,  
 Unto the toune of Rome, as was usaunce,  
 To have the world at her obeisaunce,  
 And soth to say, Antonius was his name,  
 So fil it, as fortune him ought a shame,  
 Whan he was fallen in prosperite,  
 Rebel unto the toune of Rome is he,  
 And over al this, the suster of Cesare  
 He left her falsely, er that she was ware,  
 And would algates han another wife,  
 For which he toke with Rome and Cesar strife

Nathelesse, forsoth, this ilke senatour,  
 Was a full worthy gentill werriour,  
 And of his deth it was ful great damage,  
 But Love had brought this man in such a rage  
 And him so narrow bounden in his laas,  
 And all for the love of Cleopatras,  
 That al the world he set at no value,  
 Him thought there was nothing to him so due,  
 As Cleopatras for to love and serve ;  
 Him thought that in armes for to sterve  
 In the defence of her, and of her right.

This noble queene, eke loved so this knight,  
 Through his desert, and for his chevalrie,  
 As certainly, but if that bokes lie,  
 He was of person, and of gentillesse,  
 And of discretion, and of hardinesse,  
 Worthy to any wight that liven may,  
 And she was faire, as is the rose in May ;  
 And, for to maken shorte is the best,  
 She woxxe his wife, and had him as her lest.

The wedding and the feast to devise,  
 To me that have ytake such emprise,  
 And so many a storie for to make,  
 It were to longe, lest that I should slake

Of thing that beareth more effect and charge,  
For men may overlade a ship or barge,  
And forthy, to effect than woll I skippe,  
And al the remnaunt I woll let it slippe.

Octavian, that wood was of this dede,  
Shope him an hooste on Antony to lede,  
Al utterly for his destruction,  
With stoute Romaines, cruell as lion ;  
To ship they went, and thus I let hem saile.

Antonius was ware, and woll nat faile  
To meten with these Romaines, if he may,  
Toke eke his rede, and both upon a day,  
His wife and he, and all his host forth went  
To ship anone, no lenger they ne stent,  
And in the see it happed hem to mete ;  
Up goeth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,  
And painen hem to set on with the Sunne,  
With grisly sown out goeth the great gunne,  
And hertely they hurlen in all at ones,  
And fro the top doune cometh the great stones,  
In goeth the grapnel so full of crokes,  
Among the ropes ran the shering hokes,  
In with the polaxe preaseth he and he,  
Behind the maste beginneth he to flee,  
And out againe, and driveth him over borde,  
He sticketh him upon his speares orde,  
He rent the saile with hookes like a sith,  
He bringeth the cup, and biddeth hem be blith,  
He poureth peeson upon the hatches slider,  
With pottes full of lime, they gone togider,  
And thus the longe day in fight they spend,  
Till at the last, as every thing hath end,  
Antony is shent, and put him to the flight,  
And all his folke to go, that best go might,  
Fleeth eke the queene, with all her purple saile,  
For strokes which that went as thicke as haile,  
No wonder was, she might it nat endure :  
And whan that Antony saw that aventure,  
“ Alas,” quod he, “ the day that I was borne,  
My worship in this day thus have I lorne,”  
And for dispaire out of his wit he start,  
And rofe himselfe, anon, throughout the herte,  
Ere that he fertlier went out of the place :  
His wife, that coulde of Cesar have no grace,  
To Egypt is fled, for drede and for distresse,  
But herkeneth ye that speken of kindnesse.

Ye men that falsely swearen many an oth,  
That ye wold die if that your love be wroth,  
Here may ye seene of women such a trouth.  
This woful Cleopatra had made such routh,  
That there n’is tonge none that may it tell,  
But on the morow she wold no lenger dwell,  
But made her subtyll werkmen make a shrine  
Of all the rubies and the stones fine  
In all Egypt that she coulde espie,  
And put full the shrine of spicerie,  
And let the corse enbaume, and forth she fette  
This dead corse, and in the shrine it shette,  
And next the shrine a pit than doth she grave,  
And all the serpentes that she might have,  
She put hem in that grave, and thus she seid :  
“ Now love, to whom my sorowfull herte obeid,  
So forforthly, that fro that blisful hour  
That I you swore to ben all freely your,  
I meane you, Antonius my knight,  
That never waking in the day or night,  
Ye n’ere out of mine hertes remembraunce,  
For wele or wo, for carole, or for daunce,  
And in my selfe this covenant made I tho,  
That right such as ye felten wele or wo.

As ferforth as it in my power lay,  
Unreprovable unto my wifehood aye,  
The same wold I felen, life or death,  
And thilke covenant while me lasteth breath  
I woll fulfill, and that shall well be seene,  
Was never unto her love a truer queene : ”  
And with that word, naked, with full good herte,  
Among the serpents in the pit she start,  
And there she chese to have her burying,  
Anone the neders gonne her for to sting,  
And she her death receiveth with good chere,  
For love of Antony that was her so dere.  
And this is storial, sooth it is no fable :  
Now ere I find a man thus true and stable,  
And woll for love his death so freely take,  
I pray God let our hedes never ake.

### THE LEGEND OF TISBE OF BABILON.

Ar Babiloine whylome fill it thus,  
The whiche toun the queen Simiramus  
Let dichen al about, and walles make  
Full hie, of harde tiles well ybake :  
There were dwelling in this noble toun,  
Two lordes, which that were of great renoun,  
And woneden so nigh upon a grene,  
That there nas but a stone wal hem between,  
As off in great tounes is the womne :  
And sothe to saine, that one man had a sonne,  
Of all that lond one of the lustiest,  
That other had a daughter, the fairest  
That eastward in the world was tho dwelling ;  
The name of everiche gan to other spring,  
By women that were neighbours aboute,  
For in that cowntre yet withouten doute,  
Maidenes ben ykept for jelousie  
Ful straite, lest they diden some folie.

This yonge man was cleped Piramus,  
Thishe hight the maide, (Naso saith thus)  
And thus by report was hir name yshove,  
That as they woxe in age, so woxe hir love :  
And certaine, as by reason of hir age,  
Ther might have ben betwixt hem mariage,  
But that hir fathers n’olde it nat assent,  
And bothe in love ylike sore they brent,  
That none of all hir friendes might it lette,  
But prively sometime yet they mette  
By sleight, and spaken some of hir desire,  
As wrie the glode and hotter is the fire,  
Forbid a love, and it is ten times so wode.

This wal, which that betwixt hem bothe stode,  
Was cloven atwo, right fro the top adoun,  
Of old time, of his foundatioun,  
But yet this clift was so narrow and lite  
It was nat seene, dere inough a mite,  
But what is that, that love cannot espie ?  
Ye lovers two, if that I shall not lie,  
Ye founden first this little narrow clift,  
And with a sound, as soft as any shrift,  
They let hir wordes through the clifte pace,  
And tolden, while that they stoden in the place,  
All hir complaint of love, and all hir wo,  
At every time whan they durst so.

On that one side of the wall stood he,  
And on that other side stood Tisbe,  
The sweet soun of other to receive,  
And thus hir warde’as would they deceive,

And every daie this wall they would threte,  
 And wish to God that it were doun ybete,  
 Thus wold they sain, "Alas, thou wicked wall,  
 Through thine envie thou us lettest all,  
 Why nilt thou cleave, or fallen all atwo,  
 Or at the least, but thou wouldest so,  
 Yet wouldest thou but ones let us mete,  
 Or ones that we might kissen swete,  
 Than were we cured of our cares cold,  
 But nathelless, yet be we to thee hold,  
 In as much as thou suffrest for to gone,  
 Our words through thy lime and eke thy stone,  
 Yet ought we with thee ben well apaid."

And whan these idle wordes weren said,  
 The cold wall they wolden kisse of stone,  
 And take hir leave, and forth they wolden gone,  
 And this was gladly in the eventide,  
 Or wonder erly, least men it espide.  
 And long time they wrought in this manere,  
 Till on a day, whan Phebus gan to clere,  
 Aurora with the stremes of her hete,  
 Had dried up the dew of herbes wete,  
 Unto this clift, as it was wont to be,  
 Come Piramus, and after come Tisbe,  
 And plighen trouthe fully in hir fay,  
 That ilke same night to steale away,  
 And to beguile hir wardens everychone,  
 And forth out of the cite for to gone,  
 And for the fieldes ben so brode and wide,  
 For to mete in a place at a tide,  
 They set markes, hir meetings should be  
 There king Ninus was graven, under a tree,  
 For old paynims, that idolles heried,  
 Useden tho in fields to ben buried,  
 And fast by his grave was a well,  
 And shortly of this tale for to tell,  
 This covenant was affirmed wonder fast,  
 And long hem thought that the Sunne last,  
 That it nere gone under the see adoun.

This Tisbe hath so great affection,  
 And so great liking Piramus to see,  
 That whan she saw her time might be,  
 At night she stole away full prively,  
 With her face iwimpled subtly,  
 For all her friends (for to save her trouth)  
 She hath forsake alas, and that is routh,  
 That ever woman woulde be so trew,  
 To trusten man, but she the bet him knew:  
 And to the tree she goeth a full good pace,  
 For love made her so hardy in this case,  
 And by the well adoun she gan her dresse,  
 Alas, that commeth a wild lionesse  
 Out of the wood, withouten more arrest,  
 With bloody mouth, strangling of a beast,  
 To drinken of the well there as she sat,  
 And whan that Tisbe had espied that,  
 She rist her up with a full drery herte,  
 And in a cave, with dreadfull foot she start,  
 For by the Moone she saw it well withall.  
 And as she ran, her wimple let she fall,  
 And toke none hede, so sore she was awhaped,  
 And eke so glad that she was escaped,  
 And that she sat, and lurchek wonder still:  
 Whan that this lionesse hath dronke her fill,  
 About the well gan she for to wind,  
 And right anon the wimple gan she find,  
 And with her bloody mouth it all to rent,  
 Whan this was done, no lenger she ne stent,  
 But to the wood her way than hath she nome.

And, at the last, this Piramus is come,

But all too long, alas, at home was hee,  
 The Moone shone, men might well ysee,  
 And in his way, as that he come full fast,  
 His eye to the ground adoun he cast,  
 And in the sonde, as he beheld adoun,  
 He saw the steppes brode of a lion,  
 And in his herte he suddainly agrose,  
 And pale he wext, therewith his herte arose,  
 And nere he came, and found the wimple torne,  
 "Alas," quod he, "the day that I was borne!  
 This o night wold both us lovers slee;  
 How should I asken mercy of Tisbe,  
 Whan I am he that have you slaine? aas!  
 My bidding hath you slaine in this caas.  
 Alas, to bidde a woman gone by night  
 In place theas perill fallen might,  
 And I so slow, alas, I ne had be  
 Here in this place a furlong way ere ye!  
 Now, what lion that is in this Forrest,  
 My body mote he rente, or what beast  
 That wild is, gnawen mote he mine herte."  
 And with that word he to the wimple start,  
 And kist it oft, and wept on it full sore,  
 And said, "Wimpie, alas, there n'is no more,  
 But thou shalt feele as well the blood of me,  
 As thou hast felt the bleeding of Tisbe:"  
 And with that word he smote him to the herte,  
 The blood out of the wound as broad start,  
 As water, whan the conduit broken is.

Now Tisbe, which that wist nat this,  
 But sitting in her drede, she thought thus,  
 "If it so fall out that my Piramus  
 Be comen hither, and may me nat yfind,  
 He may me holden false, and eke unkind."  
 And out she commeth, and after him gan espion,  
 Both with her herte and with her eien,  
 And thought, "I wold him tellen of my drede,  
 Both of the lionesse and of my dede."  
 And, at the last, her love than hath she found,  
 Beating with his heeles on the ground,  
 All bloody, and therewithall abacke she start,  
 And like the waves, quappe gan her herte,  
 And pale as boxe she woxe, and in a throw  
 Advised her, and gan him well to know,  
 That it was Piramus her herte dere.

Who could write whiche a deadly chere  
 Hath Tisbe now, and how her haire she rent,  
 And how she gan her selfe to turment,  
 And how she lieth and swouneth on the ground,  
 And how she wept of teares full his wound,  
 How medleth she his blood with her complaint,  
 How with her blood her selsen gan she paint,  
 How clippeth she the red corse, alas!  
 How doth this wofull Tisbe in this caas!  
 How kisseth she his frosty mouth so cold!  
 "Who hath don this? and who hath ben so bold  
 To sleen my lefe? o speake Piramus,  
 I am thy Tisbe, that thee calleth thus,"  
 And therewithall she lifeth up her head.

This wofull man that was nat fully dead,  
 Whan that he herd the name of Tisbe crien,  
 On her he cast his heavy deadly eyen,  
 And doun againe, and yeeldeth up the ghost.

Tisbe rist up, without noise or bost,  
 And saw her wimple and his empty sheath,  
 And eke his sword, that him hath done to death,  
 Than spake she thus, "My woful hand," quod she,  
 "Is strong ynough in such a werke to me,  
 For love shall yeve me strength and hardnesse,  
 To make my wound large ynough I gesse,

I woll thee followen dead, and I woll be  
Felow, and cause eke of thy death," quod she,  
"And though that nothing save the death only,  
Might thee fro me depart, trewly  
Thou shalt no more departe now fro me  
Than fro the death, for I woll go with thee.

"And now ye wretched jelous fathers our,  
We that weren whylome children your,  
We praien you, withouten more envie,  
That in o grave we moten lie,  
Sens love hath brought us to this pitous end;  
And right wise God, to every lover send,  
That loveth trewly, more prosperite  
Than ever had Piramus and Tisbe,  
And let no gentill woman her assure  
To putten her in such an aventure,  
But God forbid but that a woman can  
Ben as true and loving as a man,  
And, for my part, I shall anon it kithe :"  
And with that word, his swerde she tooke swithe,  
That warme was of her loves blood, and hote,  
And to the herte she her selven smote.

And thus are Tisbe and Piramus ago;  
Of true men I find but few mo  
In all my bookes, save this Piramus,  
And therefore have I spoken of him thus;  
For it is deintie to us men to find  
A man that can in love be true and kind.

Here may ye see, what lover so he be,  
A woman dare and can as well as he.

### THE LEGEND OF DIDO,

Queene of Cartage.

GLOW and honour, Virgile Mantuan,  
Be to thy name, and I shall as I can  
Follow thy lantern, as thou goest before,  
How Eneas to Dido was forsworne,  
In thine Eneide, and Naso woll I take  
The tenour and the great effects make.  
Whan Troy brought was to destruction  
By Grekes sleight, and namely by Sinon,  
Faining the horse offred unto Minerve,  
Through which that many a Trojan must sterve,  
And Hector had after his death apered,  
And fire so wood it might nat ben stered,  
In all the noble toure of Ilion,  
That of the citie was the cheefe dungeon,  
And all the country was so low ybrought,  
And Priamus the king fordone and nought,  
And Eneas was charged by Venus  
To fien away, he tooke Ascanius  
That was his son, in his right hand and fled,  
And on his backe he bare and with him led  
His old father, cleped Anchises,  
And by the way his wife Creusa he lees,  
And mokell sorrow had he in his mind,  
Ere that he coulde his fellowship find:  
But, at the last, whan he had hem found,  
He made hem redy in a certaine stound,  
And to the sea full fast he gan him hie,  
And saileth forth with all his compaign  
Towards Italle, as wold destinee:  
But of his adventures in the see,  
N'is nat to purpose for to speke of here,  
For it accordeth nat to my matere,

But, as I said, of him and of Dido  
Shall be my tale, till that I have do.

So long he sailed in the salt see,  
Till in Libie unneth arrived he,  
So was he with the tempest all to shake,  
And whan that he the haven had ytake,  
He had a knight was called Achatees,  
And him of all his fellowship he chees,  
To gone with him the country for trespie,  
He tooke with him no more compaignie,  
But forth they gon, and left his ships ride,  
His feere and he, withouten any guide.

So long he walketh in this wilderness,  
Till at the last he met an hunteresse,  
A bow in hond, and arrowes had she,  
Her clothes cutted were unto the knee,  
But she was yet the fairest creature  
That ever was yformed by nature,  
And Eneas and Achates she gret,  
And thus she to hem spake, whan she hem met.

"Saw ye," quod she, "as ye han walked wide,  
Any of my sustren walke you beside,  
With any wild bore or other beast,  
That they have hunted into this Forrest,  
Ytucked up with arrowes in her caas?"

"Nay, sothly, lady," quod this Eneas,  
"But by thy beaute, as it thinketh me,  
Thou mightest never yearlyth woman be,  
But Phebus suster art thou, as I gesse,  
And if so be that thou be a goddesse,  
Have mercy on our labour and our wo."

"I n'am no goddesse soothly," quod she tho,  
For maidens walken in this country here,  
With arrows and with bow, in this manere:  
This is the realme of Libie there ye been,  
Of which that Dido lady is and queen,"  
And shortly told all the occasion  
Why Dido came into that region,  
Of which as now me listeth nat to rime,  
It nedeth nat, it nere but losse of time,  
For this is all and some, it was Venus,  
His owne mother, that spake with him thus,  
And to Cartage she bade he should him dight,  
And vanished anon out of his sight.  
I could follow word for word Vergile,  
But it would lasten all to longe while.

This noble queen that cleped was Dido,  
That whylom was the wife of Sicheo,  
That fairer was than the bright Sunne,  
This noble toun of Carthage hath begunne,  
In which she reigneth in so great honour,  
That she was hold of all quenes flour,  
Of gentillesse, of freedom, and of beaute,  
That well was him that might her ones se,  
Of kings and lordes so desired,  
That all the world her beaute had yfired,  
She stood so well in every wights grace.

Whan Eneas was come unto the place,  
Unto the maister temple of all the toun,  
There Dido was in her devotioun,  
Full prively his way than hath he nome.  
Whan he was in the large temple come,  
I cannot saine if that it be possible,  
But Venus had him maked invisible,  
Thus sayth the booke, withouten any lees.

And whan this Eneas and Achates  
Hadden in this temple ben over all,  
Than found they depainted on a wall,  
How Troy and all the land destroyed was  
"Alas, that I was borne!" quod Eneas,

"Through the world our shame is kid so wide,  
Now it is painted upon every side :  
We that weren in prosperite,  
Ben now disclaundred, and in such degre,  
No longer for to liven I ne kepe ;"  
And with that word he brast out for to wepe.  
So tenderly that routh it was to seene.

This fresh lady, of the citee queen,  
Stood in the temple, in her estate roiall,  
So richely, and eke so faire withall,  
So yong, so lustie, with her eyen glade,  
That if that God that Heaven and yearth made,  
Would have a love, for beauty and goodnesse,  
And womanhede, trowth, and semelnesse,  
Whom should he loven but this lady swete ?  
There n'is no woman to him halfe so mete :  
Fortune, that hath the world in governaunce,  
Hath sodainly brought in so new a chaunce,  
That never was there yet so fremed a caas,  
For all the company of Eneas,  
Which that we wend have lorne in the see,  
Arrived is nought ferre fro that citee,  
For which the greatest of his lords, some,  
By aventure ben to the citee come  
Unto that same temple for to seke  
The queene, and of hir socour her beseke,  
Such renome was ther sprung of her goodnes.

And whan they had tolde all hir distresse,  
And all hir tempest and all hir hard caas,  
Unto the queene appeared Eneas,  
And openly beknew that it was he ;  
Who had joy than, but his meine,  
That hadden found hir lord, hir governour ?

The queene saw they did him such honour,  
And had heard of Eneas, ere tho,  
And in her herte had routh and wo,  
That ever such a noble man as he  
Shall ben disherited in such degre,  
And saw the man, that he was like a knight,  
And suffisaunt of person and of might,  
And like to ben a very gentilman,  
And well his wordes he besette can,  
And had a noble visage for the nones,  
And formed well of brawne and of bones,  
And after Venus had such farenesse  
That no man might be halfe so faire I gesse,  
And well a lord him semed for to be,  
And for he was a straunger, somewhat she  
Liked him the bet, as God do boote,  
To some folke often new thing is soote ;  
Anon her herte hath pitee of his wo,  
And with pitie love came also,  
And thus for pitie and for gentilnesse,  
Refreshed must he ben of his distresse.

She said, certes, that she sorry was,  
That he hath had such perill and such cnas,  
And in her friendly speech, in this manere  
She to him spake, and sayd as ye may here.

"Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises ?  
In good faith, all the worship and encrees  
That I may goodly done you, ye shall have,  
Your shippes and your meine shall I save ;"  
And many a gentle word she spake him to,  
And commaunded her messengers to go  
The same day, withouten any faile,  
His shippes for to seke and hem vitale ;  
Full many a beast she to the ships sent,  
And with the wine she gan hem to present,  
And to her roiall paleis she her sped,  
And Eneas she alway with her led.

What nedeth you the feastes to descrive,  
He never better at ease was in his live,  
Full was the feast of deinties and richesse,  
Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,  
And many an amorous looking and devise.

This Eneas is come to Paradise  
Out of the swolowe of Hell, and thus in joy  
Remembreth him of his estate in Troy,  
To dauncing chambers full of paraments,  
Of rich beds, and of pavements,  
This Eneas is ledde after the meat,  
And with the queene whan that he had seat,  
And spices parted, and the wine agon,  
Unto his chamber was he lad anon,  
To take his ease, and for to have his rest  
With all his folke, to done what so him lest.

Ther nas courser well ybridled none,  
Ne stede for the justing well to gone,  
Ne large palfrey, easie for the nones,  
Ne jewell fret full of rich stones,  
Ne sakes full of gold, of large wight,  
Ne rubie none that shineth by night,  
Ne gentill hautein falkon heronere,  
Ne hound for hart, wild bore, or dere,  
Ne cup of gold, with florens new ybette,  
That in the lond of Libie may ben gette,  
That Dido ne hath Eneas it ysent,  
And all is payed what that he hath spent.  
Thus can this honorable queene her gestes call,  
As she that can in freedomen passen all.

Eneas sothly eke, without lees,  
Hath sent to his shippe by Achates  
After his sonne, and after rich things,  
Both scepter, clothes, broches, and eke rings,  
Some for to weare, and some to present  
To her, that all these noble things him sent,  
And had his sonne how that he should make  
The presenting, and to the queene it take.

Repaired is this Achates againe,  
And Eneas full blisfull is and faine  
To seene his yong sonne Ascanius,  
For to him it was reported thus,  
That Cupido, that is the god of love,  
At prayer of his mother high above,  
Had the likeness of the child ytake,  
This noble queene enamoured for to make  
On Eneas ; but of that scripture  
Be as he may, I make of it no cure ;  
But soth is this, the queen hath made such chere  
Unto this child, that wonder was to here,  
And of the present that his father sent,  
She thanked him oft in good entent.

Thus is this queen in pleasaunce and joy,  
With all these new lustie folke of Troy,  
And of the deeds hath she more enquired  
Of Eneas, and all the story lered  
Of Troy, and all the long day they tway  
Entendeden for to speake and for to play,  
Of which there gan to bredden such a fire,  
That sely Dido hath now such desire  
With Eneas her new guest to deale,  
That she lost her hew and eke her heale.

Now to th'effect, now to the fruit of all,  
Why I have told this story, and tellen shall.

Thus I begin ; it fell upon a night,  
Whan that the Mone upreised had her light,  
This noble queene unto her rest went.  
She sighed sore, and gon her selfe tourment,  
She walketh, waloweth, and made many braide,  
As done these lovers, as I have heard saide,

And, at the last, unto her suster Anne  
She made her mone, and right thus spake she than.

"Now dere suster mine, what may it be  
That me agasteth in my dreame," quod she,  
"This ilke new Trojan is so in my thought,  
For that me thinketh he is so wel iwrought,  
And eke so likely to ben a man,  
And therwith so mikell good he can,  
That all my love and life lieth in his cure ;  
Have ye nat heard him tell his aventure ?

"Now certes, Anne, if that ye rode me,  
I wold faine to him ywedded be,  
This is the effect, what should I more seine ?  
In him leeth all, to do me live or deme."

Her suster Anne, as she that coude her good,  
Said as her thought, and somdele it withstood,  
But hereof was so long a sermoning,  
It were to long to make rehearsing :  
But, finally, it may not be withstonde,  
Love wold love, for no wight wold it wonde.  
The dawning uprist out of the see,  
This amorous queene chargeth her meine  
The nettes dresse, and speres brode and kene,  
In hunting wold this lustie fresh queene,  
So pricketh her this new jolly wo,  
To horse is all her lustie folke ygo,  
Unto the court the houndes ben ybrought,  
And up on courser, swift as any thought,  
Her yong knights heven all about,  
And of her women eke an huge rout.  
Upon a thicke palfray, paper white,  
With saddle redde, embrouded with delite,  
Of gold the barres, up embossed high,  
Sate Dido, all in gold and perrie wrigh,  
And she is faire as is the bright morrow,  
That healeth sickle folkes of nights sorrow ;  
Upon a courser, startling as the fire,  
Men might tourne him with a little wire.

But Eneas, like Phebus to devise,  
So was he fresh arrayed in his wise,  
The fomie bridle, with the bitte of gold,  
Governeth he right as himselfe hath would ;  
And forth this noble queene, this lady ride  
On hunting, with this Trojan by her side.  
The herd of hartes founden is anon,  
With "Hey, go bet, pricke thou, let gon, let gon,  
Why n'ill the lion comen or the beare,  
That I might him ones meten with this spear ?"  
Thus saine this yong folke, and up they kill  
The wild hartes, and have hem at hir will.

Among all this, to romblen gan the Heven,  
The thunder rored with a grisly steven,  
Doun come the rain, with haile and sleet so fast,  
With Heavens fire, that made so sore agast  
This noble queene, and also her meine,  
That eche of hem was glad away to fle,  
And shortly, fro the tempest her to save,  
She fled her selfe into a little cave,  
And with her went this Eneas also,  
I not with hem if there went any mo,  
The authour maketh of it no mention :  
And here began the deepe affection  
Betwixt hem two, this was the first morrow  
Of her gladnesse, and gining of her sorrow,  
For there hath Eneas ykneled so,  
And told her all his hurt and all his wo,  
And sworne so deepe to her to be true,  
For wele or wo, and chaunge for no new,  
And as a false lover so well can plaine,  
That sely Dido rewed on his paine,

And toke him for husbond, and became his wife  
For evermore, while that hem last life ;  
And after this, whan that the tempest stent,  
With mirth out as they came, home they went.  
The wicked fame up rose, and that anon,  
How Eneas hath with the queene ygon  
Into the cave, and demed as hem list :  
And whan the king (that Yarbass lught) it wist,  
As he that had her loved ever his life,  
And woe her to have her to his wife,  
Such sorrow as he hath maked, and such chere,  
It is a routh and pitie for to here,  
But as in love, alday it happeth so,  
That one shall laughen at anothers wo,  
Now laughed Eneas, and is in joy,  
And more richesse than ever was in Troy.

O sely woman, full of innocence,  
Full of pitie, of truth, and continence,  
What maked you to men to trusten so ?  
Have ye such routh upon hir fained wo,  
And have such old ensamples you beforeme ?  
See ye nat all how they ben forsworne ?  
Where see ye one, that he ne hath laft his lefe,  
Or ben unkind, or done her some mischefe,  
Or pilled her or bosted of his dede ?  
Ye may as well it seene, as ye may rede.  
Take hede now of this great gentilman,  
This Trojan, that so well her please can,  
That faneth him so true and obeysing,  
So gentill, and so privie of his doing,  
And can so well done all his obeysaunce  
To her, at feastes and at daunce,  
And whan she goeth to temple, and home agayn,  
And fasten till he hath his lady seyn,  
And bearen in his devises for her sake,  
N'ot I nat what, and songes would he make,  
Justen, and done of armes many things,  
Send her letters, tokens, brooches, and rings.

Now herketh how he shal his lady serve :  
There as he was in perill for to sterve  
For hunger and for mischefe in the see,  
And desolate, and fled fro his countree,  
And all his folke with tempest all to driven,  
She hath her body and eke her realme yeven  
Into his hond, there she might have been  
Of other land than of Cartage a queen,  
And lived in joy inough, what would ye more ?

This Eneas, that hath thus deepe yswore,  
Is wearie of his craft within a throw,  
The hote earnest is all overblow,  
And prively he dothe his ships dight,  
And shapeth him to steale away by night.

This Dido hath suspicion of this,  
And thought well that it was al amis,  
For in his bed he lieth a night and siketh,  
She asketh him anon, what him misliketh,  
"My dere herte, which that I love most."

"Certes," quod he, "this night my fathers ghost  
Hath in my slepe me so sore tourmented,  
And eke Mercury his message hath presented,  
That needes to the conquest of Itaile  
My destinie is soone for to saile,  
For which, me thinketh, brosten is mine hertc :"  
Therwith his false teares out they start,  
And taketh her within his armes two.

"Is that in earnest," quod she, "woll ye so ?  
Have ye nat sworne to wif me to take ?  
Alas, what woman wold ye of me make ?  
I am a gentyl woman, and a queen,  
Ye wold not fro your wife thus foule fleeen

That I was borne, alas ! what shall I do ?"

To tellen in short, this noble queen Dido  
She seeketh halowes, and doth sacrifice,  
She kneeleth, crieth, that routh is to devise,  
Conjureth him, and profereth him to be  
His thrall, his servaunt, in the best degre,  
She falleth him to foot, and sowneth there,  
Discheville with her bright gilt heere,  
And sayth, " Have mercy, let me with you ride,  
These lordes, which that womenne me beside,  
Woll me destroyen, only for your sake :  
And ye woll me now to wife take,  
As ye have sworne, than woll I yeve you leve  
To sleen me with your swerd now sone at eve,  
For than yet shall I dien as your wife ;  
I am with child, and yeve my child his life !  
Mercy lord, have pitie in your thought !"  
But all this thing availleth her right nought !  
And as a traitour forthe gan to saile  
Toward the large cuntry of Itaile,  
And thus hath he laft Dido in wo and pine,  
And wedded there a ladie hight Lavine.  
A cloth he laft, and eke his sword standing,  
Whan he fro Dido stale in her sleeping,  
Right at her beds head, so gan he hie,  
Whan that he stale away to his navie.

Which cloth, whan selie Dido gan awake,  
She hath it kist full oft for his sake,  
And said, " O sweet cloth, while Jupiter it lest,  
Take my soule, unbind me of this unrest,  
I have fulfilled of fortune all the course."  
And thus, alas, withouten his socourse,  
Twentie time yswouned hath she than,  
And whan that she unto her suster Anne  
Complained had, of which I may not write  
So great routh I have it for to endite,  
And bad her norice and her sustren gone  
To fetchen fire, and other things anone,  
And sayd that she would sacrifice,  
And whan she might her time well aspie,  
Upon the fire of sacrifice she start,  
And with his sword she rofe her to the herte :  
But as mine authour saith, yet this she seide,  
Or she was hurt, beforen or she deide,  
She wrote a letter anon, and thus began.  
" Right so," quod she, " as the white swan  
Ayenst his death beginneth for to sing,  
Right so to you I make my complaining,  
Not that I trow to getten you againe,  
For well I wote it is all in vaine,  
Sens that the gods ben contrarious to me,  
But sin my name is lost through you," quod she,  
" I may well lese a word on you or letter,  
Albeit I shall be never the better,  
For thilke wind that blew your ship away,  
The same wind hath blow away your fay :"  
But who so woll all this letter have in mind,  
Rede Ovide, and in him he shall it find.

#### THE LEGEND OF HIPSPHILE AND MEDEA.

Thou root of false lovers, duke Jason.  
Thou sleer, devourer, and confusion  
Of gentyl women, gentile creatures,  
Thou madest thy reclaiming and thy lures  
To ladies of thy scathliche apparaunce,  
And of thy wordes farsed with pleasaunce,

And of thy fained trouth, and thy manere,  
With thine obeysaunce and humble chere,  
And with thine counterfeited paine and wo,  
There other falsen one, thou falsed two,  
O oft swore thou that thou wouldest die  
For love, whan thou ne feltest maladie,  
Save foule delite, which thou callest love ;  
If that I live, thy name shall be shove  
In English, that thy deceit shall be know,  
Have at thee Jason, now thine honor is blow.  
But certes, it is both routh and wo,  
That love with false lovers werketh so,  
For they shall have well better love and chere  
Than he that hath bought love full dere,  
Or had in armes many a bloodie boxe,  
For ever as tender a capon eateth the foxe,  
Though he be fals, and hath the foule betraied,  
As shall the good man that therefore paid,  
Although he have to the capon skill and right,  
The false foxe wolle have his part at night.  
On Jason this ensample is well yseene,  
By Hipsiphile and Medea the queene.

In Thessalie, as Ovide telleth us,  
There was a knight, that hight Peleus,  
That had a brother, which that hight Eson,  
And whan for age he might unnethes gon,  
He yave to Peleus the governing  
Of al his reign, and made him lord and king,  
Of which Eson, this Jason gotten was,  
That in his time in all that land there nas  
Nat such a famous knight of gentillesse,  
Of freedome, of strength, and of lustinesse ;  
After his fathers death he bare him so,  
That there nas none that list ben his fo,  
But did him all honour and companie,  
Of which this Peleus hath great envie,  
Imagining that Jason might be  
Enhaunsed so, and put in such degre,  
With love of lordes of his region,  
That from his reigne he may be put adoun,  
And in his wit a night compassed he  
How Jason might best destroyed be,  
Withouten slaunder of his compasment ;  
And, at the last, he tooke avisement,  
That to send him into some ferre countre,  
There as this Jason may destroyed be ;  
This was his wit, all made he to Jason  
Great chere of looke, and of affection,  
For drede least his lords it espide.  
So fell it, as fame ronnethe wide,  
There was such tiding over all, and such loos,  
That in an isle, that called was Colcos,  
Beyond Troy eastward in the see,  
That there was a ram, that men might see,  
That had a flees of gold that shone so bright,  
That no where was there such another sight ;  
But it was kept alway with a dragoun,  
And many other mervailus up and doun,  
And with two bulles maked all of bras,  
That spitten fire, and much thing there was,  
But this was eke the tale natheless,  
That who so would winnen thilke flees,  
He must both, or he it winnen might,  
With the buls and the dragon fight.

And king Otes lord was of that isle :  
This Peleus bethought upon this wile,  
That he his nephew Jason would exhort  
To sailen to that lond, him to disport,  
And sayd, " Nephew, if it might be,  
That such worship might fall thee,

That thou this famous treasure might win,  
And bring it my region within,  
It were to me great pleasure and honour,  
Than were I hold to quite thy labour,  
And all thy costes I wold my selfe make,  
And chose what folke thou wolt with thee take,  
Let see now, darste thou taken this voyage?"

Jason was yonge, and lustie of corage,  
And undertooke to done this ilke emprise;  
Anon, Argus his ships gan devise.

With Jason went the strong Hercules,  
And many another, that he with him ches,  
But who so asketh who is with him gon,  
Let him rede Argonauticon,  
For he wold tell a tale long ynough.  
Philoctetes anon the saile up drough,  
Whan the wind was good, and gan him hie  
Out of his country, called Thessalie.  
So long they sayled in the salt see,  
Till in the isle of Lemnon arrived hee,  
All be this nat rehearsed of Guido,  
Yet saith Ovide in his Epistles so,  
And of this isle lady was and quene,  
The faire yong Hipsiphile the shene,  
That whilom Thoas daughter was, the king.

Hipsiphile was gone in her playing,  
And, roming on the clevis by the see,  
Under a banke, anone, espied she  
Where lay the ship that Jason gan arrive:  
Of her goodnesse adoune she sendeth blve,  
To weten if that any straunge wight  
With tempest thider were yblow anight,  
To done him succour, as was her unsaunce,  
To furtheren every wight, and done pleasure  
Of very bountie and of courtesie.

This messenger adoune him gan to hie,  
And found Jason and Hercules also,  
That in a cogge to lond were ygo,  
Hem to refreshen and to take the aire.  
The morning attempre was and faire,  
And in hir way this messenger hem mette;  
Full cunningly these lordes two he grette,  
And did his message, asking hem anon,  
If that they were broken, or aught wo begon,  
Or had need of lodesmen, or vitails,  
For socoure they shoulde nothing faile,  
For it was utterly the queenes will.

Jason answerde meekely and still:  
"My lady," quod he, "thanke I hertely  
Of her goodnesse; us needeth truly  
Nothing as now, but that we weary be,  
And come for to play out of the see,  
Till that the wind be better in our way."

This lady rometh by the cliffe to play  
With her meinie, endlong the strand,  
And findeth this Jason and this other stond  
In speaking of this thing, as I you told.

This Hercules and Jason gan behold  
Howe that the queene it was, and faire her grete,  
Anone, right as they with this lady mete,  
And she tooke heed, and knew by hir manere,  
By hir array, by wordes, and by chere,  
That it were gentyl men of great degree,  
And to the castle with her ledeeth she  
These straunge folk, and doth hem great honour,  
And asketh hem of travaile and of labour  
That they have suffred in the salt see,  
So that within a day, two or three,  
She knew by the folke that in his shippes be,  
That it was Jason, full of renomee,

And Hercules, that had the great loos,  
That soughten the adventures of Colocos,  
And did hem honour more than before,  
And with hem dealed ever longer the more,  
For they ben worthy folke, withouten lees,  
And namely most she spake with Hercules,  
To him her herte bare, he shoulde be  
Sadde, wise, and true, of words avise,  
Withouten any other affection  
Of love, or any other imagination.

This Hercules hath this Jason praised,  
That to the Sunne he hath it up raised,  
That halfe so true a man there n'as of love  
Under the cope of Heaven that is above,  
And he was wise, hardie, secrete, and riche,  
Of these three points there nas none himliche,  
Of freedom passed he, and lustyhead,  
All tho that liven, or ben dead;  
Thereto, so great a gentyl man was he,  
And of Thessalye likely king to be,  
Ther n'as no lacke, but that he was agast  
To love, and for to speake shamefast,  
Him had lever himselfe to murder and die,  
Than that men shoulde a lover him espie,  
As wold God that I had iyeve  
My blood and flesh, so that I might live  
With the bones, that he had aught where a wife  
For his estate, for such a lustie life  
She shoulde lede with this lustie knight.  
And all this was compassed on the night  
Betwixe him Jason, and this Hercules,  
Of these two here was a shreud lees,  
To come to house upon an innocent,  
For to bedote this queene was hir entent:  
And Jason is as coy as is a maid,  
He looketh pitously, but naught he sayd,  
But freely yave he to her counsaillers  
Yeftes great, and to her officers,  
As woulde God that I leyser had and time,  
By processe all his wrong for to rime:  
But in this house, if any false lover be,  
Right as himselfe now doth, right so did he,  
With faining, and with every subtil dede,  
Ye get no more of me, but ye wold rede  
Th'original, that telleth all the caas,

The sooth is this, that Jason wedded was  
Unto this queene, and tooke of her substance  
What so him list unto his purveyaunce,  
And upon her begate children two,  
And drough his saile, and saw her never mo:  
A letter sent she him certaine,  
Which were too long to written and to saine,  
And him reproveth of his great untrouth,  
And praieth him on her to have some routh,  
And on his children two, she sayd him this,  
That they be like of all thing yvis  
To Jason, save they couth nat beguile,  
And prayd God, or it were long while,  
That she that had his herte yref her fro,  
Must finden him untrue also:  
And that she must both her children spill,  
And all tho that suffreth him his will:  
And true to Jason was she al her life,  
And ever kept her chast, as for his wife,  
Ne never had she joy at her hart,  
But died for his love of sorrowes smart.

To Colocos come is this duke Jason,  
That is of love devourer and dragon,  
As matire appeteth forme alway,  
And from forme to forme it passen may,



Ir as a well that were bottomles,  
 Right so can Jason have no pees,  
 For to desiren through his appetite  
 To done with gentyl women his delite ;  
 This is his lust, and his felicite.  
 Jason is romed forth to the cite,  
 That whylome cleped was Jasoneos,  
 That was the master tounne of all Colcos,  
 And hath ytolde the cause of his comming  
 Unto Otes, of that countrey king,  
 Praying him that he must done his assay  
 To get the fleese of gold, if that he may ;  
 Of which the king assenteth to his boone,  
 And doth him honour, as it is doone,  
 So ferforth that his daughter and his heire,  
 Medea, which that was so wise and faire,  
 That fairer saw there never man with etio,  
 He made her done to Jason companie  
 At meat, and sitte by him in the hall.

Now was Jason a seemely man withall,  
 And like a lord, and had a great renoun,  
 And of his looke as royall as a lion,  
 And godly of his speech, and famillere,  
 And coude of love all the craft and art plener  
 Withouten booke, with everiche observaunce,  
 And as fortune her ought a foule mischaunce,  
 She woxe enamoured upon this man.

"Jason," quod she, "for ought I see or can,  
 As of this thing, the which ye ben about,  
 Ye and your selfe ye put in much dout,  
 For who so woll this aventure atcheve  
 He may nat wele asterten, as I leve,  
 Withouten death, but I his helpe be,  
 But nathelesse, it is my will," quod she,  
 "To threyn you, so that ye shall nat die,  
 But turnen sound home to your Thessalie."

"My right lady," quod this Jason, "tho  
 That ye have of my death or my wo  
 Any regard, and done me this honour,  
 I wot well that my might, ne my labour,  
 May nat deserve it my lyes day,  
 God thanke you, there I ne can ne may,  
 Your man am I, and lowly you beseech  
 To ben my helpe, withouten more spech,  
 But certes, for my death shall I not spare."

Tho gan this Medea to him declare  
 The perill of this case, fro point to point  
 Of his batayle, and in what disjoint  
 He mote stonde, of which no creature,  
 Save only she, ne might his life assure :  
 And shortly, right to the point for to go,  
 They ben accorded fully betwixe hem two,  
 That Jason shall her wedde, as trewe knight,  
 And terme yset to come soone at night  
 Unto her chambre, and make there his othe  
 Upon the goddes, that he for lefe or lothe  
 Ne shulde her never falsen, night ne day,  
 To ben her husband whyle he live may,  
 As she that from his deith him saved here,  
 And here upon at night they mete yfere,  
 And doth his othe, and gothe with her to bedde,  
 And on the morow upward he him spedde,  
 For she hath taught him how he shall nat faile  
 The flees to winne, and stinten his bataile,  
 And saved him his life and his honour,  
 And gate him a name as a conquerour,  
 Right through the sleight of her enchantment,  
 Now huth Jason the fleese, and home is went  
 With Medea, and treasours fell great wonne,  
 But unwist of her father she is gone

To Thessalie, with duke Jason her lefe,  
 That afterward hath broght her to mischeife,  
 For as a traytour he is from her go,  
 And with her left yonge children two,  
 And falsely hath betrayed her, alas !  
 And ever in love a chefe traytour he was,  
 And wedded yet the thirde wife anon,  
 That was the daughter of king Creon

This is the meede of loving, and guerdon  
 That Medea received of duke Jason  
 Right for her trouthe, and for her kindnesse,  
 That loved him better than her selfe I gesse,  
 And left her father, and her heritage,  
 And of Jason this is the vassalage,  
 That in his dayes nas never none yfound  
 So false a lover going on the ground,  
 And therefore in her letter thus she said,  
 First whan she of his falsenesse him upbraide :  
 "Why liked thee my yellow haire to see,  
 More than the boundes of mine honestie ?  
 Why liked me thy youth and thy fairenesse,  
 And of thy tong the infinite graciousnesse ?  
 O haddest thou in thy conquest dead ybe,  
 Ful mikel untrouth had there died with thee."

Well can Ovide her letter in verse endite,  
 Which were, as now, too long for to write.

#### THE LEGEND OF LUCRECE OF ROME.

Now mote I saine th'exiling of kings  
 Of Rome, for hir horrible doings  
 Of the last kinge Tarquinius,  
 As saith Ovid, and Titus Livius,  
 But for that cause tell I nat this storie,  
 But for to praysen, and drawn in memorie  
 The very wife, the very Lucesse,  
 That for her wifehood, and her stedfastnesse,  
 Nat only that these paynims her commend,  
 But that cleped is in our legend  
 The great Austyn, that hath compassioun  
 Of this Lucrece, that starfe in Rome toun,  
 And in what wise I woll but shortly treat,  
 And of this thing I touch but the great.

When Ardea besieged was about  
 With Romanes, that full sterne were and stout,  
 Full long lay the siege, and little wroughten,  
 So that they were halfe idle, as hem thoughten,  
 And in his play Tarquinius the yonge,  
 Gan for to yape, for he was light of tonge,  
 And said, that "it was an idle life,  
 No man did there no more than his wife.  
 And let us speke of wives that is best,  
 Praise every man his owne as him lest,  
 And with our spech let us ease our herte."

A knight (that hight Colatin) up steit,  
 And sayd thus, "Nay, sir, it is no nede  
 To trown on the word, but on the dede :  
 I have a wife," quod he, "that as I trow  
 Is holden good of all that ever her know ;  
 Go we to Rome to night, and we shull see."  
 Tarquinius answerde, "That liketh mee."  
 To Rome they be comen, and fast hem dight  
 To Colatins house, and downe they light,  
 Tarquinius, and eke this Colatine ;  
 The husband knew the efters well and fine,  
 And full prively into the house they gone,  
 Nor at the gate porter was there none,

And at the chamber dore they abide :  
 This noble wife sate by her beds side  
 Discheveled, for no mallice she ne thought,  
 And soft wooll, sayth Livie, that she wrought,  
 To kepe her from slouth and idlenesse,  
 And bad her servants done hir businesse,  
 And asketh hem, " What tidings heren ye ?  
 How sayth men of the siege, how shall it be ?  
 God would the wals were fallen adoun,  
 Mine husbond is too long out of this toun,  
 For which drede doth me sore to smert,  
 Right as a sword it stungeth to mine herte,  
 Whan I thinke on this or of that place,  
 God save my lord, I pray him for his grace : "  
 And therewithall so tenderly she gan wepe,  
 And of her werke she tooke no more keepe,  
 But meekely she let her eyen fall,  
 And thilke semblant sate her well withall,  
 And eke her teares full of heavynesse,  
 Embelesed her wifely chastnesse.  
 Her countenance is to her herte digne,  
 For they accordeden in deed and signe,  
 And with that word her husbond, Colatin,  
 Or she of him was ware, came sterling in,  
 And said, " Drede thee nat, for I am here ; "  
 And she anon up rose, with blisfull chere,  
 And kissed him, as of wives is the wonne.  
 Tarquinius, this proud kings sonne,  
 Conceived hath her beaute and her chere,  
 Her yellow haire, her bountie, and her manere,  
 Her hew, her words, that she hath complained,  
 And by no craft her beaute was nat fained,  
 And caught to this lady such desire,  
 That in his herte he brent as any fire,  
 So woody that his wit was all forgotten,  
 For well thought he she should nat be gotten,  
 And aye the more he was in dispaire,  
 The more coveiteth, and thought her faire ;  
 His blind lust was all his coveiteng.  
 On morrow, whan the bird began to sing,  
 Unto the siege he commeth full prively,  
 And by himselfe he walketh soberly,  
 The image of her recording alway new,  
 Thus lay her hair, and thus fresh was her hew,  
 Thus sate, thus span, this was her chere,  
 Thus fair she was, and this was her manere :  
 All this conceit his herte hath new ytake,  
 And as the see with tempest all to shake,  
 That after whan the storme is all ago,  
 Yet wolle the water quappe a day or two,  
 Right so, though that her forme were absent,  
 The pleasaunce of her forme was present,  
 But nathelesse, nat pleasaunce, but delite,  
 Or an unrightfull talent with dispite :  
 " For, maugre her, she shall my lemmen be ;  
 Hap helpeth hardy man alway, " quod he,  
 " What end that I make, it shall be so, "  
 And girt him with his sword, and gan to go,  
 And he forthright, till to Rome he come,  
 And all alone his way that he hath nome  
 Unto the house of Colatin full right ;  
 Down was the Sunne, and day hath lost his light,  
 And in he come unto a privie halke,  
 And in the night full theefely gan he stalke,  
 Whan every wight was to his rest brought,  
 Ne no wight had of treason such a thought,  
 Whether by window, or by other gin,  
 With swerd ydraw, shortly he commeth in  
 There as she lay, this noble wife Lucresse,  
 And as she woke, her bedde she felt presse.

" What beast is that, " quod she, " that waye  
 " I am the kings sonne Tarquinius, " [thus  
 Quod he, " but and thou erie, or any noise make  
 Or if thou any creature awake,  
 By thilke God that formed man of live,  
 This swerd through thine herte shall I rive ; "  
 And therewithall unto her throte he stert,  
 And set the swerd all sharpe on her herte :  
 No word she spake, she hath no might therto,  
 What shall she saine ? her wit is all ago ;  
 Right as whan a wolfe findeth a lamb alone,  
 To whom shall she complaine or make mone ?  
 What, shall she fight with an hardy knight ?  
 Well wote men a woman hath no might :  
 What, shall she erie, or how shall she astert,  
 That hath her by the throte, with swerd at her ?  
 She asketh grace, and said all that she can.  
 " No wolt thou nat, " quod this cruel man,  
 " As wisely Jupiter my soule save,  
 I shall in thy stable slee thy knave,  
 And lay him in thy bed, and loud erie,  
 That I thee find in such avoutrie,  
 And thus thou shalt be dead, and also lese  
 Thy name, for thou shalt nat chese. "  
 This Romans wives loveden so her name  
 At thilke time, and dreden so the shame,  
 That what for fere of slander, and drede of ded  
 She lost both at ones wit and breath,  
 And in a swough she lay, and woxe so dead,  
 Men mighten smite off her arme or head,  
 She feleth nothing, neither foule ne faire.  
 Tarquinius, that art a kings heire,  
 And shouldest, as by linage and by right,  
 Done as a lord and a very knight,  
 Why hast thou done dispite to chivalrie ?  
 Why hast thou done this lady villanie ?  
 Alas, of thee this was a villanous dede,  
 But now to the purpose : in the story I rede,  
 Whan he was gon, and this mischaunce is fall,  
 This lady sent after her friendes all,  
 Father, mother, and husbond, all yfere,  
 And discheveled with her haire clere,  
 In habite such as women used the  
 Unto the burying of hir frends go,  
 She sate in hall, with a sorowfull sight ;  
 Her friendes asken what her aylen might,  
 And who was dead ? and she sate aye weeping ;  
 A word for shame ne may she forth out bring  
 Ne upon hem she durst nat behold,  
 But, at the last, of Tarquiny she hem told  
 This rufull case, and all this thing horrible,  
 The wo to tell were impossible  
 That she and all her friends make at ones ;  
 All had folkes hertes ben of stones,  
 It might have maked hem upon her rew,  
 Her herte was so wifely and so trew ;  
 She said, that for her gilt ne for her blame  
 Her husbond should nat have the foule name  
 That would she nat suffren by no way :  
 And they answerde all unto her fay,  
 That they foryave it her, for it was right,  
 It was no gilt, it lay nat in her might,  
 And saiden her ensamples many one,  
 But all for naught, for thus she said anone :  
 " Be as be may, " quod she, " of forgyving,  
 I will nat have no forgift for nothing ; "  
 But prively she cougth forth a knife,  
 And therewithall she raft her selfe her life,  
 And as she fell adowne she cast her looke,  
 And of her clothes yet heed she tooke,

For in her falling, yet she had a care  
 Least that her feet or such things lay bare,  
 So well she loved cleanness, and eke trouth ;  
 Of her had all the towne of Rome routh,  
 And Brutus hath by her chaste blood swore  
 That Tarquin should ybanished be therefore,  
 And all his kinne ; and let the people call,  
 And openly the tale he told hem all,  
 And openly let carry her on a bere  
 Through all the town, that men may see and here  
 The horrible deed of her oppressioun,  
 Ne never was there king in Rome toun  
 Sens thilke day, and she was holden there  
 A saint, and ever her day yhalowed dere,  
 As in hir law : and thus endeth Lucesse,  
 The noble wife, Titus beareth witness :  
 I tell it, for she was of love so trew,  
 Ne in her will she chaunged for no new,  
 And in her stable herte, sadde and kind,  
 That in these women men may all day find  
 There as they cast hir herte, there it dwelleft,  
 For well I wote, that Christ himselfe telleth  
 That in Israel, as wide as is the lond,  
 That so great faith in all the lond he ne fond  
 As in a woman, and this is no lie,  
 And as for men, looke ye, such tyrannie  
 They doen all day, assay hem who so list,  
 The truest is full brotelle for to trist.

#### THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE OF ATHENS.

JUDGE infernall, Minos, of Crete king,  
 Now cometh thy lot, thou comest on the ring ;  
 Nat for thy sake only written is this storie,  
 But for to clepe ayen unto memorie,  
 Of Theseus the great untrouth of love,  
 For which the gods of Heaven above  
 Ben wroth, and wrath have take for thy sinne ;  
 Be red for shame ! now I thy life begiune.

Minos, that was the mighty king of Crete,  
 That had an hundred cities strong and grete,  
 To schoole hath sent his sonne Androgeus  
 To Athens, of the which it happed thus,  
 That he was slaine, learning philosophye,  
 Right in that cite, nat but for envie.

The great Minos, of the which I speke,  
 His sonnes death is come for to wreke,  
 Alcathoe he besieged hard and long,  
 But nathelesse, the walles be so strong,  
 And Nisus, that was king of that cite,  
 So chivalrous, that little dredeth he ;  
 Of Minos or his host toole he no cure,  
 Till on a day befell an aventure,  
 That Nisus daughter stood upon the wall,  
 And of the siege saw the manner all :  
 So happed it, that at scarmishing  
 She cast her herte upon Minos the king,  
 For his beaute, and his chevalrie,  
 So sore that she wende for to die.  
 And shortly of this processe for to pace,  
 She made Minos winnen thilke place,  
 So that the cite was all at his will,  
 To savon whom him list, or els spill ;  
 But wickedly he quit her kindnesse,  
 And let her drench in sorrow and distresse,  
 Nere that the gods had of her pite,  
 But that tale were too long as now for me.

Athenes wan this king Minos also,  
 As Alcathoe, and other townes mo,  
 And this the effect, that Minos hath so driven  
 Hem of Athenes, that they mote him yeven  
 Fro yere to yere her owne children dere  
 For to be slaine, as ye shall after here.

This Minos hath a monster, a wicked best,  
 That was so cruell, that without areest,  
 Whan that a man was brought into his presence,  
 He would him eat, there helpeth no defeuce :  
 And every third yere, withouten dout,  
 They casten lotte, as it came about,  
 On rich and poore, he must his sonne take,  
 And of his childe he must present make  
 To Minos, to save him or to spill.  
 Or let his beast devour him at his will.  
 And this hath Minos done right in despite,  
 To wreke his sonne was set all his delite,  
 And make hem of Athenes his thrall  
 Fro yere to yere, while he liven shall ;  
 And home he saileth whan this toun is wonne  
 This wicked custome is so long yronne,  
 Till of Athenes king Egeus  
 Mote senden his owne sonne Theseus,  
 Sens that the lotte is fallen him upon  
 To ben devoured, for grace is there non.  
 And forth is ladde this wofull yonge knight  
 Unto the country of king Minos full of might,  
 And in a prison fettered fast is he,  
 Till the time he should yfreten be.

Well maist thou wepe, O wofull Theseus,  
 That art a kings sonne, and damned thus,  
 Me thinketh this, that thou art depe yhold  
 To whom that saved thee fro cares cold,  
 And now if any woman helpe thee,  
 Well oughtest thou her servant for to bee,  
 And ben her true lover, yere by yere,  
 But now to come ayen to my matere.

The toure, there this Theseus is throw,  
 Down in the bottome derk, and wonder low,  
 Was joyning to the wall of a foreine  
 Longing unto the doughtren tweine  
 Of Minos, that in hir chambers grete  
 Dwelten above the maister strete  
 Of the towne, in joy and in solas :  
 Not I n'at how it happed, percaas.  
 As Theseus complained him by night,  
 The kings daughter, that Ariadne hight,  
 And eke her suster Phedra, herden all  
 His complaint, as they stood on the wall  
 And looked upon the bright Moone,  
 Hem list nat to go to bed so soone :  
 And of his wo they had compassion  
 A kings sonne to be in such prison,  
 And ben devoured, thought hem great pite :  
 Than Ariadne spake to her suster free,  
 And said : " Phedra, lefe suster dere,  
 This wofull lords sonne may ye nat here,  
 How pitously he complaineth his kin,  
 And eke his poore estate that he is in,  
 And guiltlesse, certes, now it is routh,  
 And if ye wold assent, by my trouth,  
 He shall ben holpen, how so that we do."

Phedra answerde, " Ywis me is as wo  
 For him as ever I was for any man,  
 And to his helpe the best rede I can  
 Is that we done the gailer prively  
 To come and speke with us hastily,  
 And done this wofull man with him to come  
 For if he may this monster overcome,

Than were he quit, there is none other boot,  
 Let us well taste him at his herte root,  
 That if so be that he a weapon have,  
 Where that he his life dare kepe or save,  
 Fighten with this fiend, and him defend,  
 For in the prison, here as he shall descend,  
 Ye wote well, that the beast is in a place  
 That is not derke, and hath roume and eke space  
 To welde an axe or swerde, staffe or knife,  
 So that me thinketh he should save his life,  
 If that he be a man, he shall do so :  
 And we shall make him halles eke also  
 Of wexe and towe, that when he gapeth fast,  
 Into the beestes throte he shall hem cast,  
 To sleke his honger, and encomber his teeth,  
 And right anon, whan that Theseus seeth  
 The beest ached, he shall on him leepe  
 To sleen him, or they comen more to keepe ;  
 This weapen shal the gailer, or that tide,  
 Full prively within the prison hide :  
 And, for the house is crenelled to and fro,  
 And lath so queint waies for to go,  
 For it is shapen as the mase is wrought,  
 Thereto have I a remedy in my thought,  
 That by a clewe of twine, as he hath gon  
 The same way he may returne anon,  
 Following alway the threde, as he hath come,  
 And whan this beest is overcome,  
 Than may he flien away out of this stede,  
 And eke the gailer may ne with him lede,  
 And him avaunce at home in his cowntre,  
 Sens that so great a lordes sonne is he :  
 This is my rede, if that ye dare it take."

What shold I lenger sermon of it make ?  
 The gailer cometh, and with him Theseus,  
 Whau these things ben accorded thus.

Downe sate Theseus upon his knee,  
 "The right lady of my life," quod he,  
 "I sorowfull man, ydamned to the deth,  
 Fro you, whiles that me lasteth breth,  
 I wol nat twinne, after this aventure,  
 But in your service thus I woll endure,  
 That as a wretch unknow I woll you serve  
 For evermore, till that mine herte sterve,  
 Forsake I woll at home mine heritage,  
 And, as I said, ben of your court a page,  
 If that ye vouchsafe that in this place  
 Ye graunt me to have soche a grace  
 That I may have nat but my meate and drinke,  
 And for my sustenance yet woll I swinke,  
 Right as you list, that Minos, ne no wight,  
 Sens that he saw me never with eyen sight,  
 Ne no man else shall me espie,  
 So sily and so well I shal me grie,  
 And me so wel disfigure, and so low,  
 That in this world there shall no man me know,  
 To have my life, and to have presence  
 Of you, that done to me this excellence ;  
 And to my father shall I sende here  
 This worthy man, that is your gaylere,  
 And him so guerdon that he shall well be  
 One of the greatest men of my cowntre,  
 And if I durst saine, my lady bright,  
 I am a kings sonne, and eke a knight,  
 As wold God, if that it might be,  
 Ye weren in my cowntrey all thre,  
 And I with you, to beare you companie,  
 Than shuld ye sene if that I thereof lie ;  
 And if that I profer you in lowe manere  
 To ben your page, and serven you right here,

But I you serve as lowly in that place,  
 I pray to Mars to yevene me suche grace  
 That shames death on me there mote fall,  
 And death and poverté to my frends all,  
 And that my sprite by night mote go,  
 After my death, and walke to and fro,  
 That I mote of traitour have a name,  
 For which my spit mote go, to do me shame,  
 And if I clayme ever other degree,  
 But ye vouchsafe to yeve it mee,  
 As I have said, of shames death I dey,  
 And mercy, lady, I can naught else sey."

A semely knight was this Theseus to see,  
 And yonge, but of twenty yere and thre,  
 But who so had ysene his countenance,  
 He wold have wept for routh of his penance :  
 For which this Ariadne in this manere,  
 Answerde to his profre and to his chere.

"A kings sonne, and eke a knight," quod she,  
 "To ben my servaunt in so lowe degree,  
 God shilde it, for the shame of women all,  
 And lene me never soch a case befall,  
 And sende you grace, and sleight of herte also,  
 You to defend, and knightly to sleen your foe,  
 And lene hereafter I may you find  
 To me, and to my suster here, so kind,  
 That I ne repent nat to yeve you life,  
 Yet were it better I wore your wife,  
 Sith ye ben as gentill borne as I,  
 And have a realme nat but fast by,  
 Than that I suffred your gentillesse to sterve,  
 Or that I let you as a page serve ;  
 It is no profite, as unto your kinrede,  
 But what is that, that man woll nat do for dred !  
 And to my suster, sith that it is so,  
 That she mote gone with me, if that I go,  
 Or els suffre death as wel as I,  
 That ye unto your sonne as trewly,  
 Done her be wedded, at your home coming,  
 This is the final end of all this thing,  
 Ye swere it here, upon all that may be sworne !"

"Ye, lady mine," quod he, "or els to torne  
 Mote I be with the Minotaure or to morrow,  
 And haveth here of mine herte blood to borow,  
 If that ye woll, if I had knife or speare,  
 I wold it letten out, and thereon swære,  
 For than at erste, I wot ye wold me leva.  
 By Mars, that is chiefe of my beleve,  
 So that I might liven, and nat faile  
 To morow for to taken my bataile,  
 I nolde never fro this place fle,  
 Till that ye should the very profe se,  
 For now, if that the soth I shall you say,  
 I have loved you full many a day,  
 Though ye ne wist nat, in my cowntre,  
 And aldermost desired you to see,  
 Of any earthly living creature,  
 Upon my truth I swære and you assure,  
 This seven yere I have your servaunt be,  
 Now have I you, and also have ye me,  
 My dere herte, of Athenes duchesse."

This lady smileth at his stedfastnesse,  
 And at his hertely wordes, and at his chere,  
 And to her suster said in this manere :

"And sothly, suster mine," quod she,  
 "Now be we duchesses, both I and ye,  
 And sikerde to the regals of Athenes,  
 And both hereafter likely to be queenes,  
 And saved fro his death a kings sonne,  
 As ever of gentill women is the wonne,

To save a gentil man, enforh hir might,  
 In honest cause, and, namely, in his right,  
 Me thinketh no wight ought us herof blame,  
 Ne bearen us therefore an yvel name."  
 And shortly of this mater for to make,  
 This Theseus of her hath leave ytake,  
 And every point was performed in dede,  
 As ye have in this covenant herde me rede,  
 His wepen, his clewe, his thing that I have said,  
 Was by the gailer in the house ylaide,  
 There as the Minotaure hath his dwelling,  
 Right fast by the dore, at his entring,  
 And Theseus is lad unto his dethe,  
 And forth unto this Minotaure he gethe,  
 And by the teaching of this Adriane,  
 He overcame this beest, and was his bane,  
 And out he cometh by the clewe againe  
 Ful prively, whan he this beest hath slaine,  
 And the gailer gotten hath a barge,  
 And of his wives treasure gan it charge,  
 And toke his wife, and eke her suster free,  
 And by the gailer, and with hem all three  
 Is stole away out of the lond by night,  
 And to the cowntre of Enupie him dight,  
 There as he had a frende of his knowing,  
 There feesten they, there daunsen they and sing,  
 And in his armes hath this Adriane,  
 That of the beest hath kept him fro his bane,  
 And get him there a noble barge anone,  
 And of his country folke a ful great wone,  
 And taketh his leave, and homeward saileth hee,  
 And in an yle, amide the wilde see,  
 There as there dwelt creature none,  
 Save wild beestes, and that full many one,  
 He made his shippe a londe for to sette,  
 And in that yle halfe a day he lette,  
 And said, that on the londe he must him rest.  
 His mariners have done right as him lest,  
 And for to tell shortly in this cause,  
 Whan Ariadne his wife a slepe was,  
 For that her suster fayrer was than she,  
 He taketh her in his honde, and forth goeth he  
 To ship, and as a traitour stale away,  
 While that this Ariadne a slepe lay,  
 And to his country warde he sailed blive,  
 A twenty devel way the wunde him drive,  
 And found his father drenched in the see.  
 Me list no more to speke of him, parde,  
 These false lovers, poison be hir bane.

But I wol turne againe to Adriane,  
 That is with slepe for verinesse ytake,  
 Ful scowfully her herte may awake.

Alas, for thee mine herte hath pite,  
 Right in the dawning awaketh she,  
 And gropeth in the bed, and fond right nought :

"Alas," quod she, "that ever I was wrought,  
 I am betrayed," and her heere to rent,  
 And to the stronde barcote fast she went,  
 And cried : "Theseus, mine herte swete,  
 Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete ?"  
 And might thus with beestes ben ysleine.

The holowe rockes answerde her againe,  
 No man she saw, and yet shone the moone,  
 And hie upon a rocke she went soone,  
 And save his barge sayling in the see,  
 Cold woxe her herte, and right thus said she :

"Meker then ye find I the beestes wilde."  
 Hath he nat sinne, that he her thus begilde ?  
 She cried, "O turne againe for routhe and sinne,  
 Thy barge hath nat all his meinie in !"

Her kercheve on a pole stickeh she,  
 Ascaunce he should it well yse,  
 And him remembre that she was belind,  
 And turne againe, and on the stronde her find.

But all for naught, his way he is gone,  
 And downe she fel a swoorne on a ston,  
 And up she riste, and kissed in all her care  
 The steppes of his fete, there he hath fare,  
 And to her bed right thus she speketh tho :

"Thou bed," quod she, "that hast received two,  
 Thou shalt answer of two, and not of one,  
 Where is the greater parte away gone ?

"Alas, wher shal I wretched wight become ?  
 For though so be that bote none here come,  
 Home to my countrydare I nat for drede,  
 I can my selfe in this case nat rede."

What should I tell more her complaining ?  
 It is so long, it were an heavy thing ;  
 In her epistle, Naso telleth all,  
 But shortly to the end tell I shall,  
 The goddes have her holpen for pite,  
 And in the signe of Taurus men may see  
 The stones of her crowne shine clere,  
 I will no more speake of this matere,  
 But thus this false lover can begile  
 His trew love, the devel quite him his wile.

#### THE LEGEND OF PHILOMENE.

Thou yever of the formes that hast wrought  
 The fayre world, and bare it in thy thought  
 Eternally, as thou thy werke began,  
 Why madest thou unto the slaunder of man,  
 Or all be that it was not thy doing,  
 As for that end to make suche a thing,  
 Why suffredst thou that Tereus was bore,  
 That is in love so false and so forswore,  
 That fro this world up to the first Hevel  
 Corrupteth, whan that folke his name revere ?  
 And as to me, so grisly was his dede,  
 That whan that I this foule storie rede  
 Mine eyen wexen foule, and sore also,  
 Yet lasteth the venime of so longe ago,  
 That enfeteth him that wolde behold  
 The storie of Tereus, of which I told,  
 Of Trace was he lord, and kin to Marte,  
 The cruel god that stante with bloody darte,  
 And wedded had he with blisful clere  
 King Pandionis faire daughter dore,  
 That hight Progne, floure of her cowntre.  
 Though Juno list not at the feast be,  
 Ne Hymeneus, that god of wedding is,  
 But at the feast ready ben, ywis,  
 The furies three, with all hir mortall bronde,  
 The oule all night above the balkes wonde,  
 That prophete is of wo and of mischaunce ;  
 This revel, full of song and full of daunce,  
 Last a fourtenight, or little lasse ;  
 But shortly of this storie for to passe,  
 (For I am weary of him for to tell)  
 Five yere his wife and he togither dwell,  
 Till on a day she gan so sore long  
 To seene her suster, that she saw not long,  
 That for desire she nist what to say,  
 But to her husband gan she for to pray  
 For Gods love, that she mote ones gone  
 Her suster for to seene, and come ayen anone,

Or else, but she mote to her wend,  
She praid him that he would after her send :  
And this was, day by day, all her prayere,  
With al humblesse of wifhood, word and chere.

This Tereus let make his ships yare,  
And into Grece himselfe is forth yfare,  
Unto his father-in-law gan he pray,  
To vouchsafe, that for a moneth or tway,  
That Philomene his wives suster might  
On Progne his wife but ones have a sight,  
“ And she shall come to you again, anon,  
My selfe with her, I will both come and gon,  
And as my hertes life I will her kepe.”

This old Pandion, this king gan wepe  
For tendernesse of herte, for to leve  
His daughter gon, and for to yeve her leve ;  
Of all this world he loved nothing so,  
But, at the last, leave hath she to go,  
For Philomene, with salt teares eke,  
Gan of her father grace to beseke  
To seene her suster, that her longeth so,  
And him embraceth with her armes two ;  
And there also yong and faire was she,  
That whan that Tereus saw her beaute,  
And of array, that there was none her liche,  
And yet of beaute was she to so riche,  
He cast his fierie herte upon her so,  
That he wold have her, how so that it go,  
And with his wiles kneled, and so praid,  
Till at the last Pandion thus saied.

“ Now sonne,” quod he, “ that art to me so dere,  
I thee betake my yong daughter dere,  
That beareth the key of all mine hertes life,  
And grete well my daughter and thy wife,  
And yeve her leave sometime for to play,  
That she may seen me ones, or I deie ”  
And sothly he hath made him riche feast,  
And to his folke, the most and eke the least,  
That with him came : and yave him yefte great,  
And him conveyeth through the master streot  
Of Athenes, and to the sea him brought,  
And tourneth home, no malice he ne thought.  
The ores pulleth forth the vessell fast,  
And into Trace arriveth at the last,  
And up in to a forest he her led,  
And to a cave prively he him sped,  
And in this darke cave, if her lest  
Or list nought, he had her for to rest,  
Of which her herte agrose, and saied thus :

“ Where is my suster, brother Tereus ? ”  
And therewithall she wept tenderly,  
And quoke for feare, pale and pitiously,  
Right as the lambe, that of the wolfe is bitten,  
Or as the culver, that of the egle is smitten,  
And is out of his clawes forth escaped,  
Yet it is aferde, and awaped,  
Lest it be hent eftsones : so sate she,  
But utterly it may none other be,  
By force hath this traitour done a deede,  
That he hath reft her of her maidenhede,  
Maugre her head, by strength and by his might.  
Lo, here a deede of men, and that aright.  
She crieth, “ Suster ! ” with full loud steven,  
And, “ Father dere ! Helpe me God in Heven ! ”  
All helpeth not, and yet this false thefe  
Hath done this lady yet a more mischefe,  
For feare lest she should his shame crie,  
And done him openly a villanie,  
And with his sward her tong of kerfe he,  
And in a castell made her for to be,

Full prively in prison evermore,  
And kept her to his usage and to his store,  
So that she ne might never more astarte.  
O sely Philomene, wo is in thine herte,  
Huge been thy sorowes, and wonder smart !  
God wreke thee, and sende thee thy boone !  
Now is time I make an end soone.

This Tereus is to his wife yecome,  
And in his armes hath his wife ynome,  
And pitiously he wept, and shoke his hedde,  
And swore her that he found her suster dedde,  
For which this selie Progne hath soch wo,  
That nigh her sorowfull herte brake a two.  
And thus in teares let I Progne dwell,  
And of her suster forth I wold you tell.

This wofull lady ylearned had in youth,  
So that she worken and enbrauden coult,  
And weaven in stole the radevore,  
As it of women hath be woved yore,  
And sothly for to saine, she hath her fill  
Of meate and drinke, of clothing at her will,  
And couthe eke rede well ynough and endite,  
But with a penne she could not write,  
But letters can she weave to and fro,  
So that by the yere was all ago,  
She had woven in a flames large,  
How she was brought fro Athenes in a barge,  
And in a cave how that she was brought,  
And all the thing that Tereus wrought,  
She wote it wel, and wrote the storie above,  
How she was served for her susters love.  
And to a man a ring she yave anon,  
And praid him by signes for to gon  
Unto the queene, and bearen her that clothe,  
And by signe swore many an othe  
She should him yeve what she gotten might.

This man, anon, unto the queene him aight,  
And toke it her, and all the maner told,  
And whan that Progne hath this thing behold,  
No worde she spake, for sorow and eke for rage,  
But fained her to gon on pilgrimage  
To Baccus temple, and in a little stound  
Her dombe suster sitting hath she found  
Weeping in the castell, her selfe alone ;  
Alas, the wo, constraint, and the mone  
That Progne upon her dombe suster maketh,  
In armes everich of hem other taketh,  
And thus I let hem in hir sorow dwell ;  
The remnaunt is no charge to tell,  
For this is all and some, thus was she served  
That never aglite, ne deserved  
Unto this cruell man, that she of wist.  
Ye may beware of men, if that you list,  
For all be that he wold not for shame  
Doen as Tereus, to lese his name,  
Ne serve you as a murtherer or a knave,  
Full little while shall ye trew him have,  
That wol I sain, al were he now my brother,  
But it so be that he may have another.

#### THE LEGENDE OF PHILLIS.

By prove, as well as by auctorite,  
That wicked fruite cometh of a wicked tree,  
That may ye find, if that it liketh you,  
But for this end, I speake this as now,  
To tell you of false Demophon :  
In love a falsen heard I never non,

But it were his father, Theseus,  
God for his grace fro soch one kepe us,  
Thus these women praien, that it here,  
Now to the effect tourne I of my matere.

Destroied is of Troie the citee,  
This Demophon came sayling in the see  
Toward Athenes, to his paleis large,  
With him came many a ship and many a barge  
Full of folke, of which full many one  
Is wounded sore, and sicke and wo begone,  
And they have at the siege long ylainé,  
Behind him came a winde, and eke a raine,  
That shofe so sore his saile might not stonde,  
Him were lever than all the world a londe,  
So hunted him the tempest to and fro,  
So darke it was he could no where go,  
And with a wave brusten was his stere,  
His ship was rent so lowe, in such manere,  
That carpenter could it not amende,  
The see hy night as any torché brende  
For wood, and posseth him up and doun,  
Till Neptune hath of him compassioun,  
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and they all,  
And maden him up a londe to fall,  
Wherof that Phillis lady was and queene,  
Lyeurgus doughter, fairer unto seene  
Than is the floure again the bright Sonne.  
Unneth is Demophon to londe ywonne,  
Weake and eke werie, and his folke forpined  
Of wermesse, and also enfastined,  
And to the death he was almost ydriven,  
His wise folke consaile have him yeven,  
To seken helpe and succour of the queene,  
And loken what his grace might bene,  
And maken in that lande some chevesaunce,  
And kepen him fro wo, and fro mischaunce,  
For sicke he was, and almost at the death,  
Unneth might he speake, or diawe breath,  
And lieth in Rhodopeia him for to rest.  
Whan he may walk, him thought it was best  
Unto the countrey to seken for succour,  
Men knew him wele, and did him honour,  
For at Athenes duke and lord was he,  
As Theseus his father hath ybe,  
That in his time was great of renoun,  
No man so great in all his regioun,  
And like his father of face and of stature,  
And false of love, it came him of nature,  
As doth the foxe Renarde, the foxes sonne,  
Of kinde he coude his old father wonne  
Without lore, as can a drake swimme,  
Whan it is caught and carried to the brimme :  
This honorable queen Phillis doth him chere,  
Her liketh well his sporte and his manere,  
But I am agroted here beforene,  
To write of hem that in love been forsworne,  
And eke to haste me in my legende,  
Which to performe, God me grace sende ;  
Therefore, I passe shortly in this wise,  
Ye have well heard of Theseus the gise,  
In the betrayng of faire Adriane,  
That of her pitce kept him fro his bane ;  
At short wordes, right so Demophon,  
The same way, and the same pathe hath gon  
That did his false father Theseus,  
For unto Phillis hath he sworne thus,  
To wedden her, and her his trouth plight,  
And piked of her all the good he might,  
Whan he was hole and sound, and had his rest,  
And doth with Phillis so that him lest,

As well I could, if that me list so,  
Tellen all his doing to and fro.

He sayd to his countrey mote him saile,  
For there he would her wedding apparaile,  
As fill to her honour, and his also,  
And openly he tooke his leave tho,  
And to her swore he would not sojourné,  
But in a month again he would retourne,  
And in that londe let make his ordinaunce,  
As very lorde, and tooke the obeisaunce  
Well and humbly, and his shippes dight,  
And home he goeth the next way he might,  
For unto Phillis yet came he nought,  
And that hath she so harde and sore ybought,  
Alas, as the storie doth us record,  
She was her owne death with a corde,  
Whan that she saw that Demophon her traied.  
But first wrote she to him, and fast him praid  
He would come, and deliver her of pain,  
As I rehcarse shall a worde or twain,  
Me liste not vouchsafe on him to swinke,  
Dispenden on him a penne full of ynke,  
For false in love was he, right as his sire,  
The Devill set hir soules both on a fire :  
But of the letter of Phillis woll I write,  
A worde or twain, although it be but lite.

"Thine hostesse," quod she, "O Demophon,  
Thy Phillis, which that is so wo begon,  
Of Rhodopeie, upon you mote complain,  
Over the terme set betwixt us twain,  
That ye ne holden forward, as ye sayd :  
Your anere, which ye in our haven layd,  
Hight us, that ye would comen out of doubt,  
Or that the Moone ones went about,  
But times fower the Moone hath hid her face  
Sens thilke day ye went fro this place,  
And fower times light the world again,  
But for all that, yet shall I sothly saun,  
Yet hath the streme of Scython not brought  
From Athenes the ship, yet came it nought,  
And if that ye the terme reken would,  
As I or other true lovers doe should,  
I plain not, God wot, before my day."  
But al her letter written I ne may,  
By order, for it were to me a charge,  
Her letter was right long, and therto large,  
But here and there, in rume, I have it layd  
There as me thought that she hath wel sayd.

She sayd, "The sailles commeth not again,  
Ne to the word there n'is no fey certain,  
But I wot why ye come not," quod she,  
"For I was of my love to you so fre,  
And of the goddes that ye have swore,  
That hir vengeance fall on you therefore,  
Ye be not suffisaunt to beare the pain,  
Too moche trusted I, well may I sain,  
Upon your linage, and your faire tong,  
And on your teares falsely out wrong,  
How coude ye wepe so by craft?" quod she,  
"May there suche teares fained be ?  
"Now, certes, if ye would have in memory,  
It ought be to you but little glory,  
To have a sely maide thus betrayed,  
To God," quod she, "pray I, and oft have prayed  
That it be now the greatest price of all,  
And most honour that ever you shall befall,  
And whan thine old aunceters painted bee,  
In which men may hir worthinesse see,  
Than pray I God, thou painted be also,  
That folke may reden, forth by as they go,

"Lo, this is he, that with his flattery  
Betrayed hath, and done her villany,  
That was his true love, in thought and drede."

"But sothly, of o point yet may they rede,  
That ye been like your father, as in this,  
For he begiled Ariadne, ywis,  
With such an arte, and such subtilte,  
As thou thy selven hast begiled me:  
As in that point, although it be not feire,  
Thou folowest certain, and art his heire.  
But sens thus sinfully ye me begile,  
My body mote ye sene, within a while,  
Right in the haven of Athenes fleeing,  
Withouten sepulture and burying,  
Though ye been harder than is any stone."

And whan this letter was forth sent, anon,  
And knew how brotill and how fals he was,  
She for dispaire fordid her selfe, alas!  
Such sorow hath she, for he beset her so.  
Beware ye women of your subtilt fo,  
Sens yet this day men may ensample se,  
And trusteth now in love no man but me.

#### THE LEGENDE OF HYPERMESTRE.

In Grece, whilom, were brethren two  
Of which that one was called Danao,  
That many a son hath of his body wonne,  
As such false lovers ofte conne.

Emong his sonnes all there was one,  
That aldermost he loved of everyone,  
And whan this child was borne, this Danao  
Shope him a name, and called him Lino,  
That other brother called was Egiste,  
That was of love as false as ever him liste,  
And many a daughter gate he in his life,  
Of which he gate upon his right wife,  
A daughter dere, and did her for to call,  
Hypermestra, yongest of hem all,  
The which child of her nativite,  
To all good thewes borne was she,  
As liked to the goddess or she was borne,  
That of the shefe she should be the corne.  
The verdes that we clepen destine,  
Hath shapen her, that she must needes be  
Pitous, sad, wise, true as stele,  
And to this woman it accordeth wele,  
For though that Venus yave her great beaute,  
With Jupiter compowned so was she,  
That conscience, trouth, and drede of shame,  
And of her wifehode for to kepe her name,  
This thought her was felicitie as here,  
And reed Mars, was that time of the yere  
So feble, that his malice is him raft,  
Repressed hath Venus his cruell craft,  
And what with Venus, and other oppression  
Of houses, Mars his venime is adon,  
That Hypermestre dare not handle a knife,  
In malice, though she should lese her life;  
But nathelesse, as Heaven gan tho turne,  
Two bad aspectes hath she of Saturne,  
That made her to die in prison,  
And I shall after make mencion,  
Of Danao and Egistes also,  
And though so be that they were brethren two,  
For thilke tyme n'as spared no linage,  
It liked hem to maken mariage

Betwixt Hypermestre, and him Lino,  
And casten such a day it shall be so,  
And full accorded was it utterly,  
The array is wrought, the time is fast by,  
And thus Lino hath of his fathers brother,  
The daughter wedded, and ech of hem hath other.  
The torches brennen, and the lamps bright,  
The sacrifice been full ready dight,  
Th'ensence out of the fire reketh soote,  
The floure, the leefe, is rent up by the roote,  
To maken garlandes and crounes hie,  
Full is the place of sound of minstralcie,  
Of songes amorous of mariage,  
As thilke tyme was the plain usage,  
And this was in the paleis of Egiste,  
That in his hous was lord, right as him liste:  
And thus that day they driven to an end,  
The frendes taken leve, and home they wend,  
The night is come, the bride shall go to bed,  
Egiste to his chamber fast him sped,  
And prively let his daughter call,  
Whan that the house voided was of hem all,  
He looked on his daughter with glad chere,  
And to her spake, as ye shall after here.

"My right daughter, tresour of mine herte,  
Sens first that day that shapen was my shert,  
Or by the fatal suster had my dome,  
So nie mine herte never thing ne come,  
As thou, Hypermestre, daughter dere,  
Take hede what thy father sayth thee here,  
And werke after thy wiser ever mo,  
For alderfirst daughter I love thee so,  
That all the world to me n'is halfe so lefe,  
Ne n'olde rede thee to thy mischefe,  
For all the good under the cold Mone,  
And what I meane, it shall be said right sone,  
With protestacion as sain these wise,  
That but thou doe as I shall thee devise,  
Thou shalt be ded, by him that all hath wrought,  
At short wordes, thou ne scapest nought  
Out of my paleis, or that thou be ded,  
But thou consent, and werke after my reed,  
Take this to the fearfull conclusioun."  
This Hypermestre cast her eyen doun,  
And quoke as doth the leefe of ashe grene,  
Deed wext her hew, and like ashen to sene,  
And sayd: "Lord and father, all your will,  
After my might, God wote, I will fulfill,  
So it be to me no confusion."

"I n'ill," quod he, "have none excepcioun,"  
And out he caught a knife, as rasour kene,  
"Hide this," quod he, "that it be not ysene,  
And whan thine husband is to bed go,  
While that he slepeth, cut his throte atwo,  
For in my dreame it is warned me,  
How that my newewe shall my bane be,  
But which I n'ot, wherefore I will be siker,  
If thou say nay, we two shall have a biker,  
As I have said, by him that I have sworn."  
This Hypermestre hath nigh her wit forlorn,  
And for to passen harmelesse out of that place,  
She graunted him, there was none other grace:  
And withall a costrell taketh he tho,  
And sayd, "Hereof a draught or two,  
Yeve him drinke, whan he goeth to rest,  
And he shal slepe as long as ever thee lest,  
The narcotikes and apies been so strong,  
And go thy way, lest that him thinke to long."  
Out cometh the bride, and with full sobre chere,  
As is of maidens odd the manere,



To chamber brought with revel and with song,  
 And shortly, leste this tale be to long,  
 This Lino and she beth brought to bed,  
 And every wight out at the doore him sped,  
 The night is wasted, and he fell aslepe,  
 Full tenderly beginneth she to weepe,  
 She rist her up, and dredfully she quaketh,  
 As doth the braunch that Zephirus shaketh,  
 And husht were all in Argone that citee,  
 As cold as any frost now wexeth shee,  
 For pite by the herte strained her so,  
 And drede of death doth her so moche wo,  
 That thrise doune she fill, in suche a were,  
 She riste her up, and stakereth here and there,  
 And on her handes fast looketh she,  
 "Alas, shall mine hands bloudie be?  
 I am a maide, and as by my nature,  
 And by my semblaunt, and by my vesture,  
 Mine hands been not shapen for a knife,  
 As for to reve no man fro his life.  
 What devill have I with the knife to do?  
 And shall I have my throte corve a two?  
 Than shall I blede, alas, and be shende,  
 And nedes this thing mote have an ende,  
 Or he or I mote nedes lese our life,  
 Now certes," quod she, "sens I am his wile,

And hath my faith, yet is bette for me  
 For to be dedde in wifely honeste,  
 Than be a traitour living in my shame,  
 Be as be may, for earnest or for game,  
 He shall awake, and rise and go his way  
 Out at this gutter er that it be day:"  
 And wept full tenderly upon his face,  
 And in her armes gan him to embrace,  
 And him she joggeth, and awaketh soft,  
 And at the window lepe he fro the loft,  
 Whan she hath warned him, and done him bote:  
 This Lino swift was and light of foote,  
 And from her ran a full good pass.  
 This sely woman is so weake, alas,  
 And helplesse, so that er she ferre went,  
 Her cruell father did her for to hent.  
 Alas, Lino! why art thou so unkind?  
 Why ne hast thou remembred in thy mind,  
 And taken her, and led her forth with thee?  
 For whan she saw that gone away was hee,  
 And that she might not so fast go,  
 Ne folowen him, she sate doune right tho,  
 Untill she was caught, and fettered in prison:  
 This tale is sayd for this conclusion.

HERE ENDETH THE LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN.

## THE COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS.

v. 1—56

GLADETH ye lovers in the morowe graie,  
 Lo, Venus risen among yon rowes rede,  
 And floures freshe honour ye this daie,  
 For whan the Sun uprist than wold they sprede,  
 But ye lovers that lie in any diede,  
 Flieth, least wicked tongues you aspie,  
 Lo, yonde the Sun, the candell of jelousie.

With tears blew, and with a wounded herte  
 Taketh your leve, and, with saint John to borow,  
 Apeseth somewhat of your paines smet,  
 Time cometh eft, that cessen shall your sorrow,  
 The glad night is worth an heavy morow,  
 Saint Valentine, a foule thus heard I sing,  
 Upon thy day, or Sunne gan up spring.

Yet sang this foule, "I rede you all awake,  
 And ye that have not chosen, in humble wise,  
 Without repenting, cheseth your make,  
 Yet at the least, renoveleth your service:  
 And ye that have full chosen, as I devise,  
 Confermeth it perpetually to dure,  
 And paciently taketh your aventure."

And for the worship of this high feast,  
 Yet wold I in my birdes wise sing,  
 The sentence of the complaint at the least,  
 That wofull Mars made at the departing  
 Fro fresh Venus in a morowning,  
 Whan Phebus with his fire torches rede,  
 Ransaked hath every lover in his drede.

Whilome, the three Heavens lorde above,  
 As wold by heavenlich revolucion,  
 As by Jesert, hath wonne Venus his love,  
 And she hath take him in subjection,  
 And as a maistresse taught him his lesson,  
 Commanding him never in her service,  
 He were so bold no lover to dispise.

For she forbade him jealousy at all,  
 And cruelty, and boste, and tyranny,  
 She made him at her lust so humble and tall,  
 That when she dained to cast on him her eye,  
 He tooke in patience to live or die,  
 And thus she bridleth him in her maner,  
 With nothing but with scorning of her chere.

Who reigneth now in blisse but Venus,  
 That hath this worthy knight in governance?  
 Who singeth now but Mars, that serveth thus  
 The faire Venus, causer of pleasaunce?  
 He bint him to perpetual obeysaunce,  
 And she hinte her to love him for ever,  
 But so be that his trespass it discover.

Thus be they knit, and reignen as in Heaven,  
 By lokung most, as it fell on a tide,  
 That by hir both assent was set a steven  
 That Mars shall enter, as fast as he may glide,  
 In to her next palais to abide,  
 Walking his course till she had him ytake,  
 And he prayed her to hast her for his sake.

Than said he thus, "Mine hertes lady sweete,  
Ye know well my mischef in that place,  
For sikerly, till that I with you meete,  
My life stant there in aventure and grace,  
But whan I see the beaute of your face,  
There is no dede of death may do me smert,  
For all your luste is ease to mine herte."

She hath so great compassion of her knight,  
That dwelleth in solitude till she come,  
For it stode so, that ilke time, no wight  
Counsailed him, ne said to him welcome,  
That nigh her wit for sorow was overcome,  
Wherefore, she spedded as fast in her way,  
Almost in one day as he did in tway.

The great joy that was betwix hem two,  
Whan they be mette, there may no tong tel,  
There is no more but unto bedde they go,  
And thus in joy and blisse I let hem dwell,  
This worthy Mars, that is of knighthood well,  
The floure of farnesse happeth in his arms,  
And Venus kisseth Mars, the god of arms

Sojourned hath this Mars, of which I rede,  
In chambre amidde the palais prively,  
A certaine time, till him fell a drede  
Through Phebus, that was comen hastily,  
Within the palais yates sturdely,  
With torch in hond, of which the stremes bright  
On Venus chambre knockeden ful light.

The chambre there as lay this fresh queene,  
Depainted was with white boles grete,  
And by the light she knew that shon so shene,  
That Phebus cam to bren hem with his herte;  
This sely Venus, ny dremt in teares wete,  
Enbraseth Mars, and said, "Alas, I die,  
The torch is come that al this world wol wrie."

Up sterte Mars, him list not to sleepe,  
Whan he his lady herde so complaine,  
But for his nature was not for to weepe,  
Instede of teares, from his eyen twaine  
The firy sparces sprongen out for paine,  
And hente his hauberke that lay him beside,  
Fle wold he nought, ne might himself hide.

He throweth on his helme of huge weight,  
And girt him with his swerde, and in his honde  
His mighty speare, as he was wont to feight,  
He shaketh so, that it almost to wonde,  
Full hevy was he to walken over londe,  
He may not hold with Venus company,  
But bad her fle least Phebus her espy.

O woful Mars, alas ! what maist thou sain,  
That in the palais of thy disturbaunce  
Art left behind in peril to be slau ?  
And yet there to is double thy penaunce,  
For she that hath thine herte in governance,  
Is passed halfe the stremes of thine eyen,  
That thou nere swift, wel maist thou wepe and crien.

Now flieth Venus in to Ciclinus tour,  
With void coise, for fear of Phebus light,  
Alas, and there hath she no secour,  
For she ne found ne sey no maner wight,  
And eke as there she had but littel might,  
Wherefore her selven for to hide and save,  
Within the gate she fledde in to a cave.

Darke was this cave, and smoking as the hell,  
Nat but two paas within the yate it stood;  
A naturel day in darke I let her dwell;  
Now wol I speake of Mars, furious and wood,  
For sorow he wold have seene his herte blood,  
Sith that he might have done her no company,  
He ne rought not a mite for to die.

So feble he wext for herte, and for his wo,  
That nigh he swelt, he might unneth endure,  
He passeth but a sterre in daies two,  
But nevertheles, for al his hevy armure,  
He foloweth her that is his lives cure,  
For whose departing he tooke greater ire,  
Than for his brenning in the fire.

After he walketh softly a paas,  
Complaining that it pitie was to here,  
He saide, "O lady bright, Venus, alas,  
That ever so wide a compas is my sphere,  
Alas, whan shall I mete you herte dere ?  
This twelve dayes of April I endure,  
Through jelous Phebus this misaventure."

Now God helpe sely Venus alone,  
But, as God wold, it happed for to be,  
That while the weping Venus made her mone,  
Ciclinus, riding in his chivachee,  
Fro Venus Valanus might this palais see,  
And Venus he salveth, and maketh chere,  
And her receiveth as his frende full dere.

Mars dwelleth forth in his adversite,  
Complaining ever in her departing,  
And what his complaint was remembreth me,  
And therefore in this lusty morowning,  
As I best can, I woll it saine and sing,  
And after that I woll my leave take,  
And God yeve every wight joy of his make.

### The Complaint of Mars.

THE order of complaint requireth skilfully,  
That if a wight shal plaine pitously,  
There mote be cause wherfore that he him plain,  
Or men may deme he plaineth folly,  
And causeles : alas, that do not I.  
Wherefore the ground and cause of al my pain,  
So as my troubled witte may it attain,  
I wol reherse, not for to have redresse,  
But to declare my ground of hevynesse.

The first time, alas, that I was wrought,  
And for certain effects hider brought,  
By him that lorded each intelligence,  
I yave my trew service and my thought,  
For evermo, how dere I have it bought,  
To her that is of so great excellence,  
That what wight that sheweth first her offence,  
Whan she is wroth and taketh of him no cure,  
He may not long in joy of love endure.

This is no fained mater that I tell,  
My lady is the very sours and well  
Of beaute, luste, fredome, and gentilnesse,  
Of rich array, how dere men it sell,  
Of all disport in which men frendly dwell,  
Of love and play, and of benigne humblesse.  
Of sowne of instruments of al sweetnessse,  
And thereto so well fortunéd and thewed,  
That through the world her goodnes is shewed.

What wonder is than though that I be set  
My service on soch one that may me knet  
To wele or wo, sith it lithe in her might,  
Therefore mine herte for ever I to her hette,  
Ne trewly, for my death shall I not lette  
To ben her trewest servaunt and her knight,  
I flatter not, that may wete every wight,  
For this day in her service shall I dye,  
But grace be, I see her never with eye.

To whom shall I plaine of my distresse,  
Who may me help, who may my heart redresse ?  
Shall I complaine unto my lady free ?  
Nay, certes, for she hath such heavinesse,  
For feare and eke for wo, that, as I gesse,  
In litel time it would her bane bee,  
But were she safe, it were no force of mee,  
Alas, that ever lovers mote endure  
For love, so many perilous aventure.

For though so be that lovers be as trewe,  
As any metal that is forged newe,  
In many a case him tideth oft sorowe ;  
Somtime hir ladies wolle nat on hem rewe ;  
Somtime, if that jelousie it knewe,  
They might lightly lay hir heed to borowe ;  
Somtime envious folke with tonges horowe,  
Depraven hem ; alas ! whom may they please ?  
But he be false, no lover hath his ease.

But what availleth such a long sermoun  
Of aventures of love up and doun ?  
I wol retourne and speaken of my paine ;  
The point is this, of my distruction,  
My right lady, my salvacioun,  
Is in affray, and not to whom to plaine ;  
O herte swete, O lady soveraine,  
For your disease I ought wel swoun and swelt,  
Though I none other harme ne drede felt.

To what fine made the God that sit so hie,  
Beneth him love [or] other companie,  
And straieth folke to love mauger hir heed ?  
And than hir joy, for aught I can espie,  
Ne lasteth not the twinkling of an eye,  
And some have never joy till they be deed :  
What meaneth this ? what is this mistiheed ?  
Wherto constraineth he his folke so fast,  
Thing to desme, but it should last ?

And though he made a lover love a thing,  
And maketh it seem stedfast and during,  
Yet putleth he in it soch misaventure,  
That rest n'is there in his yeving.  
And that is wonder, that so just a king  
Doth such hardnesse to his creature ;  
Thus, whether love break or els dure,  
Aligates he that hath with love to doon,  
Hath ofter wo than chaunged is the Moon.

It seemeth he hath to lovers enmite,  
And, like a fisher, as men may all day se,  
Baited his angle hoke with some pleaseance,  
Til many a fish is wood, till that he be  
Ceased therewith, and than at erst hath he  
All his desire, and therewith all mischaunce,  
And though the line breke he hath penaunce,  
For with that hoke he wounded is so sore,  
That he his wages hath for evermore.

The broche of Thebes was of soch kinde,  
So full of rubies and of stones of lude,  
That every wight that set on it an eye,  
He wende, anone, to wold out of his mind,  
So sore the beaute wold his herte bind,  
Till he it had, him thought he must die,  
And whan that it was his, than should he drie  
Soch wo for drede, aye while that he it had,  
That welnigh for the feare he should [be] mad.

And whan it was fro his possession,  
Than had he double wo and passion,  
That he so faire a jewell hath forgo,  
But yet this broche, as in conclusion,  
Was not the cause of his confusion,  
But he that wrought it enfortuned it so,  
That every wight that had it shold have wo,  
And therefore in the worcher was the vice,  
And in the covetour that was so nice.

So fareth it by lovers, and by me,  
For though my lady have so great beaute,  
That I was mad till I had gette her grace,  
She was not cause of mine adversite,  
But he that wrought her, as mote I the,  
That put soch a beaute in her face,  
That made me coveten and purchase  
Mine owne death, him wite I, that I die,  
And mine unwit that ever I clambe so hie.

But to you, hardy knights of renoune,  
Sith that ye be of my devisiounne,  
Albe I not worthy to so great a name,  
Yet same these clerkes I am your patroune,  
Therefore ye ought have some compassion  
Of my disease, and take it nat a game,  
The proudest of you may be made ful tame,  
Wherfore I pray you, of your gentillesse,  
That ye complaine for mine heavinesse.

And ye, my ladies, that be true and stable,  
By way of kind ye ought to ben able  
To have pite of folke that been in paine,  
Now have ye cause to cloth you in sable,  
Sith that your empressse, the honorable,  
Is desolate, wel ought you to plaine,  
Now should your holy teares fall and raine ;  
Alas, your honour and your emprise,  
Nigh dead for drede, ne can her not chevisse.

Complaineth eke ye lovers, all in fere,  
For her that with unfained humble chere,  
Was ever redy to do you secour,  
Complaineth her that ever hath be you dere,  
Complaineth beaute, freedome, and manere,  
Complaineth her that endeth your labour,  
Complaineth thilke ensample of al honour,  
That never did but gentillesse,  
Kitheth therefore in her some kindnesse.

### The Complaint of Venus.

THERE n'is so high comfort to my pleaseance,  
Whan that I am in any heavinesse,  
As to have leiser of remembrance,  
Upon the manhood and the worthinesse,  
Upon the trouth, and on the stedfastnesse,  
Of him whose I am all, while I may dure,  
There ought to blame me no creature,  
For every wight praiseth his gentillesse.

In him is bounte, wisdom, and governaunce,  
Wel more than any mans witte can gesse,  
For grace hath wolde so ferforth him avance,  
That of knighthood he his parfitte richesse,  
Honour honoureth him for his noblesse,  
Thereto so well hath fourmed him nature,  
That I am his for ever I him ensure,  
For every wight praiseth his gentiltesse.

And nat withstanding all his suffisaunce,  
His gentil herte is of so great humblesse  
To me in word, in werke, and in countenance,  
And me to serve is all his besinesse,  
That I am sette in very sikernes; ;  
Thus ought I blisse well mine aventour,  
Sith that him list me serven and honour,  
For every wight praiseth his gentiltesse.

Now certes, Love, it is right covenable  
That men ful dere abie thy noble things,  
As wake a bedde, and fasten at the table,  
Weping to laugh, and sing in complainings,  
And downe to cast visage and lookings,  
Often to chaunge visage and countenance,  
Play in sleeping, and dremen at the daunce,  
All the revers of any glad feeling.

Jelousie he hanged by a cable,  
She wold al know through her espying,  
There doth no wight nothing so reasonable,  
That al n'is harme in her imagining,  
Thus dere about is Love in yeving,  
Which oft he yeveth without ordinaunce,  
As sorow yough, and little of pleaseance,  
All the revers of any glad feeling.

A little time his yeft is agreable,  
But full accombrous is the using,  
For subtil Jelousie, the deceivable,  
Full often time causeth distourbing,  
Thus ben we ever in drede and suffring,  
In no certaine, we languishen in penaunce,

And have well oft many an hard mischance,  
All the revers of any glad feling.

But certes, Love, I say not in soch wise,  
That for to scape out of your lace I ment,  
For I so long have been in your service,  
That for to lete, of will, I never assent,  
No force, though Jelousie me toument,  
Suffiseth me to see him when I may,  
And therefore, certes, to my ending day,  
To love him best shall me never repent.

And certes, Love, when I me well advise,  
Of any estate that man may represent,  
Than have ye made me, through your franchise,  
Thefe the best that ever in earth went;  
Now love well herte, and look thou never stent,  
And let the jealous put it in assay,  
That for no paine wold I not say nay,  
To love him best shall I never repent.

Harte, to thee it ought ynough suffice,  
That Love so high a grace to you sent,  
To chose the worthies in all wise,  
And most agreable unto mine entent,  
Seek no further, neither way ne went,  
Sith ye have suffisaunce unto my pay;  
Thus wol I end this complaining or this lay,  
To love him best shall I never repent.

## LENVOY.

Princes, receiveth this complaining in gree,  
Unto your excellent benigne,  
Direct after my litel suffisaunce,  
For elde, that in my spirite dulleth mee,  
Hath of enditing all the subtelte  
Weligh berafte out of my remembrance:  
And eke to me it is a great penaunce,  
Sith rime in English hath soch scarcite,  
To folow, word by word, the curiosite  
Of Graunson, flour of hem that make in Fraunce

EXPLICIT

## OF THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Chaucer dreameth that hee heareth the cuckow and the nightingale contend for excellencie in singing.

## v. 1—20

THE god of love, and benedicite,  
How mighty and how great a lord is he!  
For he can make of low hertes hie,  
And of high low, and like for to die,  
And hard hertes he can maken free.

He can make within a little stound,  
Of sicke folke hole, fresh, and sound,  
And of hole he can make seke,  
He can bind and unbinden eke,  
That he wold have bounden or unbound.

To tell his might myght may not suffice,  
For he can make of low folke full nice,  
For he may do all that he wold devise,  
And lither folke to chynen vice,  
And proud hertes he can make agrise.

Shortly, all that ever he wold he may,  
Against him dare he wight say nay,  
For he can glad and grieve whom him liketh,  
And who that he wold he lougheth or siketh,  
And most his might he shedeth ever in May.

For every true gentle herte free,  
That with him is or thinketh for to be,  
Againe May now shall have some stering  
Or to joy or els to some mourning,  
In no season so much, as thinketh me.

For whan they may here the birds sing,  
And see the floures and the leaves spring,  
That bringeth into hir remembraunce  
A manner ease, medled with grevaunce,  
And lustie thoughts full of great longing.

And of that longing commeth hevynesse,  
And thereof groweth of great sicknesse,  
And for lacke of that that they desire,  
And thus in May ben hertes set on fire,  
So that they brennen forth in great distresse.

I speake this of feeling truly  
If I be old and unlusty,  
Yet I have felt of the sicknesse through May,  
Both hote and cold, and accesse every day,  
How sore ywis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shaken with the fevers white,  
Of all this May sleepe I but a lite,  
And also it is not like to me  
That any herte should sleepe be  
In whom that Love his fryr dart woll smite.

But as I lay this other night waking,  
I thought how lovers had a tokening,  
And among hem it was a commune tale  
That it were good to here the nightingale  
Rather than the leud cuckow sing.

And than I thought, anon, as it was day,  
I would go some where to assay  
If that I might a nightingale here,  
For yet had I none heard of all that yere,  
And it was tho the third night of May.

And anone, as I the day aspide,  
No lenger would I in my bed abide,  
But unto a wood that was fast by,  
I went forth alone boldly,  
And held the way downe by a brooke side,

Till I came to a laund of white and green,  
So faire one had I never in been,  
The ground was green, ypoured with daisie,  
The floures and the graves like hie,  
All greene and white, was nothing els seene.

There sate I downe among the faire flours,  
And saw the birds trip out of hir bours,  
There as they rested hem all the night,  
They were so joyfull of the dayes light,  
They began of May for to done honours.

They coud that service all by rote,  
There was many a lovely note,  
Some song loud, as they had plained,  
And some in other manner voice yfained,  
And some all out with the full throte.

They proyned hem and made hem right gay,  
And daunceden and lepton on the spray,  
And evermore two and two in fere,  
Right so as they had chosen hem to yere  
In Feverere upon saint Valentines day.

And the river that I sate upon,  
It made such a noise as it ron,  
Accordant with the birdes amony,  
Me thought it was the best melody  
That might ben yheard of any mon.

And for delite, I wote never how,  
I fell in such a slomber and a swow,  
Nat all asleepe, ne fully waking,  
And in that swow, me thought, I hearde sing  
The sorry bird, the leud cuckow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,  
But who was than evill apaid but I?  
"Now God," quod I, "that died on the crois,  
Yeve sorrow on thee, and on thy leud vois,  
Full little joy have I now of thy cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan chide,  
I heard in the next bush beside  
A nightingale so lustely sing  
That with her clere voice she made ring  
Through all the greene wood wide.

"Ah, good nightingale," quod I then,  
"A little hast thou ben too long hen,  
For here hath ben the leud cuckow,  
And songen songs rather than hast thou,  
I pray to God evill fire her bren."

But now I woll you tell a wonder thing,  
As long as I lay in that swouning,  
Me thought I wist what the birds ment,  
And what they said, and what was hir entent,  
And of hir speech I had good knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,  
"Now good cuckow, go somewhere away,  
And let us that can singen dwellen here,  
For every wight escheweth thee to here,  
Thy songs be so elenge, in good fay."

"What," quod she, "what may thee aylen now?  
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,  
For my song is both true and plaine,  
And though I cannot crakell so in vaine,  
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot never how."

"And every wight may understande mee,  
But, nightingale, so may they not done thee,  
For thou hast many a nice queint cry,  
I have thee heard saine, ocy, ocy,  
How might I know what that should be?"

"Ah foole," quod she, "wost thou not what it is,  
Whan that I say, ocy, ocy? ywis,  
Than meane I that I would wonder faine,  
That all they were shamefully ysleine,  
That meaneen ought againe love amis."

"And also I would that all tho were dede  
That thinke not in love hir life to lede,  
For who so that wol not the god of love serve,  
I dare well say he is worthy to sterve,  
And for that skill, ocy, ocy, I grede."

"Eye," quod the cuckow, "this is a queint law,  
That every wight shall love or be to draw,  
But I forsake all such companie,  
For mine entent is not for to die,  
Ne never while I live in Loves yoke to draw;

that ben on live  
and most unthrive,  
wo, and care,  
e,  
routh to strive ?”

ou art out of thy mind ;  
hurlennesse find  
unts in this wise,  
so good servise  
he is of kind.

eth all goodnesse,  
nesse,  
rtes lust,  
ed trust,  
reshnesse,

ed curtesie,  
npanie,  
ne amis :  
servaunt is,  
han to die.

at I sey,  
and dey,  
nat thou do ywis : ”  
ie never have blisse,  
aile obey.

rest wonder faire,  
th contraire,  
but rage,  
dotage,  
shall enpaire.

ease and hevinesse,  
nany a great sicknesse,  
nd envie,  
st, and jelousie,  
y, and woodnesse :

espaire,  
that is not faire,  
love a little blisse,  
with, ywis,  
have his haire.

fore hold thee nie,  
thy queint crie,  
fro thy make,  
hat been forsake,  
en as doe I.”

iy name, and on thee !  
iee never ythe,  
ousand fold than wood,  
worthy and full good,  
had love ybe.

s servants amendeth,  
s hem defendeth,  
nne right in a fire,  
pfull desire,  
y enough him sendeth.”

said, “ be smi,  
n, but it is will,  
e he easeth,  
y he displeaseth,  
age he let hem spill

“ With suche a lord wulle I never be,  
For he is blinde and may not se ;  
And when he liethe he not ne when he faylethe ;  
In his courte full seld trouthe availlethe ;  
So dyverse and so wilfull ys he ”

Than tooke I of the nightingale keepe,  
How she cast a sigh out of her deepe,  
And said, “ Alas, that ever I was bore,  
I can for tene not say one word more,”  
And right with that word she brast out to weepe.

“ Alas,” quod she, “ my herte woll to breake,  
To hearken thus this leud bird speake  
Of Love, and of his worshipfull servise.  
Now God of love, thou help me in some wise,  
That I may on this cuckow been awreake.”

Me thought then that I stert out anon,  
And to the broke I ran and gate a ston,  
And at the Cuckow hertely I cast ;  
And he for drede fle away full fast,  
And glad was I when that he was gon.

And evermore the Cuckow, as he fleth,  
He seid, “ farewell, farewell, papyngay !”  
As thogh he had skorryd thought of me :  
But ay I hunted him fro tre to tre  
Till he was fer all out of sight away.

And than came the nightingale to mee,  
And said, “ Friend, forsooth I thanke thee,  
That thou hast liked me to rescow,  
And one avow to Love make I now,  
That all this May I woll thy singer be.”

I thanked her, and was right well apaid :  
“ Ye,” quod she, “ and be thou not dismayed,  
Tho thou have herd the cuckow erst than me,  
For, if I live, it shall amended be  
The next May, if I be not affraid.

“ And one thing I woll rede thee also,  
Ne leve thou not the cuckow, ne his loves so,  
For all that he hath said is strong lesing :”  
“ Nay,” quod I, “ thereto shall nothing me bring,  
For love, and it hath doe me much wo.

“ Ye, use,” quod she, “ this medicine  
Every day this May or thou dine,  
Go looke upon the fresh daisie,  
And though thou be for wo in point to die,  
That shall full greatly lessen thee of thy pine.

“ And looke alway that thou be good and wrew,  
And I woll sing one of the songes new  
For love of thee, as loud as I may crie :”  
And than she began this song full hie,  
“ I shrew all hem that been of love untrue.”

And when she had song it to the end,  
“ Now farewell,” quod she, “ for I mote wend,  
And god of love, that can right well, and may,  
As much joy send thee this day,  
As any lover yet he ever send.”

Thus taketh the nightingale her leave of me,  
I pray to God alway with her be,  
And joy of love he send her evermore,  
And shilde us fro the cuckow and his lore,  
For there is not so false a bird as he.

Forth she flew, the gentle nightingale,  
To all the birds that were in that dale,  
And gate hem all into a place in fere,  
And besoughten hem that they would here  
Her disease, and thus began her tale.

"The cuckow, well it is not for to hide,  
How the cuckow and I fast have chide  
Ever sithen it was day light,  
I pray you all that ye do me right  
On that foule false unkind bridle."

Than spake o bird for all, by one assent,  
"This matter asketh good avisement,  
For ye ben birdes here in fere,  
And sooth it is, the cuckow is not here,  
And therefore we woll have a parlyment.

"And thereat shall the egle be our lord,  
And other peres that been of record,  
And the cuckow shall be after sent,  
There shall be yeve the judgement,  
Or els we shall finally make accord.

"And this shall be without nay,  
The morrow after saint Valentines day,  
Under a maple that is faire and grene,  
Before the chamber window of the quene,  
At Woodstocke upon the grene lay."

She thanked hem, and than her leave toke,  
And into an hawthorne by that broke,  
And there she sate and song upon that tree,  
"Termes of life love hath withhold me,"  
So loud that I with that song awoke.

EXPLICIT.

## MINOR POEMS.

### L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON.

My master Bukton, whan of Christ our king,  
Was asked, what is troth or sothfastnesse,  
He not a worde answerde to that asking,  
As who saith, no man is all true, I gesse :  
And therefore, though I hight to expresse  
The sorrow and wo that is in mariage,  
I dare not witen of it no wickednesse,  
Lest I my selfe fall eft in suche dotage.

I woll not say how that it is the chaine  
Of Sathanas, on which he knaveth ever,  
But I dare saine, were he out of his paine,  
As by his wil he would be bounden never ;  
But thilke doted foole, that eft hath lever  
Ychayned be, than out of prison crepe,  
God let him never fro his wo discover,  
Ne no man him bewayle, though he wepe.

But yet, lest thou doe worse, take a wife,  
Bet is to wedde than brenne in worse wise.  
But thou shalt have sorow on thy flesh thy life,  
And ben thy wives thrale, as sain these wise,  
And if that holy writ may not suffice,  
Experience shall thee teach, so may happe,  
Take the way lever to be taken in frise,  
Than eft to fall of wedding in the trappe.

This little writte, proverbes or figures,  
I sende you, take keepe of it I rede,  
Unwise is he that can no wele endure,  
If thou be siker, put thee not in drede,  
The Wife of Bath I pray you that ye rede  
Of this matter that we have on honde,  
God graunt you your lyfe freely to lede  
In fredome, for foule is to be bonde.

EXPLICIT.

### BALADE SENT TO K. RICHARD.

SOMETIME the world so stedfast was and stable,  
That mannes word was an obligatioun,  
And now it is so false and deceivable,  
That word and deed, as in conclusioun,  
Is nothing like, for tourned is up so doun  
All the world, through mede and fikelnesse,  
That all is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse.

What maketh the world to be so variable  
But lust, that men have in dissension ?  
For among us a man is hold unable,  
But if he can by some collusion  
Doe his neighbour wrong and oppression :  
What causeth this but wilfull wretchednesse  
That all is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse ?

Trouth is put downe, reason is hold fable,  
Vertue hath now no domination,  
Pity is exiled, no man is merciable,  
Through covetise is blente discretion,  
The world hath made a permutation,  
Fro right to wrong, fro trouth to fikelnesse,  
That all is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse.

### L'ENVOYE.

Prince, desire to be honourable,  
Cherish thy folke, and hate extortion,  
Suffer nothing that may be reprovabale  
To thine estate, done in thy region,  
Shew forth the yerd of castigation,  
Drede God, do law, love trouth and worthinesse,  
And wed thy folke ayen to stedfastnesse.

EXPLICIT.

## GOOD COUNSAIL OF CHAUCER.

Fly fro the prease, and dwell with soothfastnesse,  
 Suffice unto thy good though it be small,  
 For horde hath hate, and climbing tikellesse,  
 Prease hath envy, and wele is blent over all,  
 Savour no more than thee behove shall,  
 Rede well thy selfe that other folke canst rede,  
 And trowth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse  
 In trust of her that tourneth as a ball,  
 Great rest standeth in litle businesse,  
 Beware also to spurne againe a nall,  
 Strive not as doth a crocke with a wall,  
 Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,  
 And trowth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse,  
 The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,  
 Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,  
 Forth, pilgrime ! forth, beast, out of thy stall !  
 Looke up on high, and thanke God of all !  
 Weive thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,  
 And trowth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

EXPLICIT.

## A BALLADE OF THE VILLAGE WITHOUT PAINTING.

## PLAINTIFE TO FORTUNE.

This wretched worldes transmutation,  
 As wele and wo, now poor, and now honour,  
 Without order or due discretion,  
 Governed is by Fortunes error,  
 But natheless, the lacke of her favour  
 Ne may not doe me sing, though that I die,  
*Jay tout perdu, mon temps et mon labour,*  
 For fiaally Fortune I defie.

Yet is me left the sight of my reasoun,  
 To know friend fro foe in thy mirrour,  
 So much hath yet thy tournung up and down  
 Ytaught me to knowen in an hour,  
 But trully, no force of thy reddour  
 To him that over himselfe hath maistrie,  
 My suffisaunce shall be my succour,  
 For finally Fortune I defie.

O Socrates, thou stedfast champion,  
 She might never be thy turmentour,  
 Thou never dredest her oppression,  
 Ne in her chere found thou no favour,  
 Thou knew the deceit of her colour,  
 And that her moste worship is for to lie,  
 I know her eke a false dissimulour,  
 For finally Fortune I defie.

## THE ANSWERE OF FORTUNE.

No man is wretched, but himselfe it wene,  
 Ne that hath in himselfe suffisaunce,

Why saist thou than I am to thee so kene,  
 That hast thy selfe out of my governance ?  
 Say thus, graunt mercy of thine habundance  
 That thou hast lent, or this, thou shalt not strive,  
 What wost thou yet how I thee woll avance ?  
 And eke thou hast thy best friend alive.

I have thee taught devision betweene  
 Friend of effect, and friend of countenance,  
 Thee needeth nat the gall of an hine,  
 That cureth eyen darke for her pennance,  
 Now seest thou clere that were in ignorance,  
 Yet holt thine anker, and yet thou maist arrive  
 There bounty beareth the key of my substance,  
 And eke thou hast thy best friend alive.

How many have I refused to sustene,  
 Sith I have thee fostred in thy plessaunce !  
 Wolt thou than make a statute on thy quene,  
 That I shall be aye at thine ordinaunce ?  
 Thou born art in my reigne of variaunce,  
 About the whele with other must thou drive,  
 My lore is bet than wicke is thy grevaunce,  
 And eke thou hast thy best friend alive.

## THE ANSWERE TO FORTUNE.

Thy lore I dampne, it is adversity,  
 My frend maist thou not reve, blind goddesse,  
 That I thy friends know, I thanke it thee,  
 Take hem againe, let hem go lie a presse,  
 The niggardes in keeping hir richesse,  
 Pronostike is, thou wolt hir toure assaile,  
 Wicke appetite commeth aye before sicknesse,  
 In general this rule may not faile.

## FORTUNE.

Thou pinchest at my mutability,  
 For I thee lent a droppe of my richesse,  
 And now me liketh to withdraw me,  
 Why shouldest thou my royalty oppresse ?  
 The sea may ebbe and flow more and lesse,  
 The welken hath might to shine, rain, and hail,  
 Right so must I lithe my brotinosse,  
 In generall this rule may not fail.

## THE PLAINTIFE.

Lo, the execution of the majesty,  
 That all purveigheth of his rightwisenesse,  
 That same thing Fortune clepen ye,  
 Ye blind beasts, full of leaundesse,  
 The Heaven hath property of sikernesse,  
 This world hath ever restlesse travaille,  
 The last day is end of mine entresse,  
 In generall this rule may not faile.

## TH'ENVOYE OF FORTUNE.

Princes, I pray you of your gentillesse  
 Let not this man and me thus cry and plain,  
 And I shall quite you this businesse,  
 And if ye liste releve him of his pain,  
 Pray ye his best frende, of his noblesse,  
 That to some better state he may attain.



## L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER.

A SCOGAN.

Tobroken been the statutes hie in Heaven,  
That create were eternally t'endure,  
Sithe that I see the bright goddess seven  
Mowe wepe and waile, and passion endure,  
As may in yearth a mortall creature :  
Alas, fro whens may this thing procede,  
Of which errour I die almost for drede ?

By word eterne, whilom, was it shape,  
That fro the fifth cercle, in no manere,  
Ne might of teares doune escape,  
But now so weepeth Venus in her sphere,  
That with her teares she wol drench us here.  
Alas, Scogan, this is for thine offence,  
Thou causest this deluge of pestilence.

Hast thou not said, in blaspheme of the goddis,  
Through pride, or through thy gret rekelnes,  
Such things as in the law of love forbode is,  
That for thy lady saw not thy distresse,  
Therefore thou yave her up at Mighelmesse ?  
Alas, Scogan, of olde folke ne yong,  
Was never erst Scogan blamed for his tong.

Thou drew in scorne Cupide eke to record,  
Of thilke rebell word that thou hast spoken,  
For which he woll no lenger be thy lord,  
And Scogan, though his bow be not broken,  
He woll not with his arrows be ywroken  
On thee ne me, ne none of our figure,  
We shall of him have neither hurte ne cure.

Now certes, frend, I drede of thine unhape,  
Lest for thy gylte the wreche of love procede  
On all hem that been hore and round of shape,  
That be so likely folke to spede,  
Than we shall of our labour have our mede,  
But well I wot, thou wolt answer and say,  
Lo, old Grisell list to renne and play.

Nay, Scogan, say not so, for I me excuse,  
God helpe me so, in no rime doubtles,  
Ne thinke I never of sleepe wake my muse,  
That rusteth in my sheath still in pees,  
While I was yong I put her forth in prees,  
But all shall passe that men prose or rime,  
Take every man his tourne as for his time.

Scogan, thou knelest at the stremes hedde  
Of grace, of all honour, and of worthiness,  
In th'ende of which I am dull as dedde,  
Forgotten in solitary wilderness,  
Yet, Scogan, thinke on Tullius' kindness,  
Mind thy frende there it may fructifie,  
Farewel, and looke thou never eft love defie.

EXPLICIT.

## TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight  
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,  
I am sorry now that ye be light,  
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere,  
Me were as lefe laid upon a bere,  
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,  
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,  
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,  
Or see your colour like the Sunne bright,  
That of yelowness had never pere,  
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,  
Queene of comfort and of good companie,  
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse, that art to me my lives light,  
And saviour, as downe in this world here,  
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,  
Sith that you woll not be my treasure,  
For I am shave as nere as any frere,  
But I pray unto your curtesie,  
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

EXPLICIT.

## A BALLAD

MADE BY CHAUCER, TEACHING WHAT IS GENTILNESS, OF  
WHOM IS WORTHY TO BE CALLED GENTILL.

THE first stocke father of gentilles,  
What man desireth gentil for to bee,  
Must followe his trace, and all his wittes dres  
Vertue to love and vices for to flee,  
For unto vertue longeth dignitee,  
And not the revers falsly, dare I deme,  
All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

This first stocke was full of rightwisnes,  
Trewe of his worde, sober, pitous and free,  
Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse,  
Against the vice of slouth in honeste,  
And, but his heire love vertue as did he,  
He is not gentill, though he rich seme,  
All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

Viceste may well be heir to old richesse,  
But there may no man, as men may wel see,  
Bequethe his heire his vertues noblesse,  
That is appropriated unto no degree,  
But to the first father in majestee,  
That maketh his heires them that him queme,  
All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

EXPLICIT.

## PROVERBES

## AGAINST COVETISE AND NEGLIGENCE.

WHAT shall these clothes manifold,  
 Lo, this hote somers day ?  
 After great heat commeth cold,  
 No man cast his pilche away.  
 Of all this world the large compasse  
 It will not in mine armes twaine ;  
 Who so mokel woll embrace,  
 Litel thereof he shall distraine.

## EXPLICIT.

## CHAUCER'S WORDS UNTO HIS OWN SCRIVENER.

ADAM Scrivener, if ever it thee befall  
 Boece or Troilus for to write new,  
 Under thy long locks thou maist have the scall,  
 But after my making thou write more trew,  
 So oft a day I mote thy werke renew,  
 It to correct and eke to rubbe and scrape,  
 And all is thorow thy negligence and rape.

## VIRELAI.

ALONE walking,  
 In thought plaining,  
 And sore sighing,  
 All desolate :

Me remembering  
 Of my living,  
 My death wishing,  
 Both early and late :

Infortunate  
 Is so my fate  
 That wote ye what ?  
 Out of measure

My life I hate :  
 Thus desperate,  
 In such poor estate  
 Do I endure.

Of other cure  
 Am I not sure,  
 Thus to endure  
 Is hard certain. .

Such is my ure,  
 I yon ensure,  
 What creature  
 May have more pain ?

My truth so plain  
 Is taken in vain,  
 And great disdain  
 In remembrance,

Yet I full fain,  
 Would me complain,  
 Me to abstain  
 From this penaunce.

But in substance,  
 None allegeaunce  
 Of my grevaunce  
 Can I not find.

Right so my chaunce  
 With displeaunce  
 Doth me avaunce,  
 And thus an end.



## GLOSSARY.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Glossary is intended to facilitate the reading of Chaucer, by explaining, in our present language, such of his words and phrases as are now become difficult to be understood, either from a total disuse, or from any smaller alterations of orthography or inflexion. Many of these words and phrases having been already explained in the Notes of this edition, it has been thought sufficient in that case to refer the reader to those Notes. For the rest, it is hoped that this work may be of use in removing some of the most material difficulties, which occur, not only in the *Canterbury Tales*, but also in the other *genuine*<sup>1</sup> compositions of Chaucer, as far as the present state of their text makes it safe to attempt any explanation of them.

It would be injustice to the learned author of the Glossary to Mr. Urry's edition<sup>2</sup>, not to acknowledge, that I have built upon his foundations, and often with his materials. In particular, I have followed, and have endeavoured to improve upon, his example, by constantly citing one or more places, in which the word or phrase explained is to be found<sup>3</sup>. Where the places cited by him were apposite and satisfactory, I have generally spared myself the trouble of hunting for others, with this caution however, that I have not made use of any one of his references without having first verified it by actual inspection; a caution which every compiler ought to take in all cases, and which in the present case was indispensably necessary, on account of the numerous and gross errors in the text of that edition<sup>4</sup> to which Mr. Thomas's Glossary was adapted.

For the further prevention of uncertainty and confusion, care has been taken to mark the part of speech to which each word belongs, and to distribute all homonymous words into separate articles<sup>5</sup>. The numbers, cases, modes, times, and other inflexions of the declinable parts of speech are also marked, whenever they are expressed in a manner differing from modern usage.

Etymology is so clearly not a necessary branch of the duty of a Glossarist, that, I trust, I shall be easily excused for not having troubled the reader with longer or more frequent digressions of that sort. In general, I have thought it sufficient to mark shortly the original language from which each word is probably to be derived, according to the hypothesis, which has

<sup>1</sup> At the end of this advertisement I shall add a short *Account* of what I conceive to be the *genuine works* of Chaucer, and of those which have been either falsely ascribed to him, or improperly mixed with his, in the Editions. Those under the two latter descriptions may be of use to illustrate the works of Chaucer, but should not be confounded with them.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Timothy Thomas. See App. to the Preface. A. note<sup>m</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> The expediency of this practice is obvious. It enables the reader to apprehend more clearly the interpretation of the Glossarist, when right; and it affords him an opportunity of correcting those mistakes, to which we are all so exceedingly liable.

<sup>4</sup> See App. to the Preface. A. p. viii.

<sup>5</sup> The neglect of this precaution, and of that just mentioned, has made Mr. Hearne's Glossaries to *Robert of Gloucester* and *Robert of Brunne* of very little use. Who would place any confidence in such interpretations as the following?—R. G. AT. *as, after, before, ere, till.* BET. *better, bid, bad, desired, prayed, be, are.*—P. L. KME. *aim, esteem, love, desire, reckon'd, aim'd, fathom, tell.* HIDE. *biting, abiding, tarrying, bidding, praying, bidden, being bidden, being desired, continually, commanded, judged, adjudged, readily.*

been more fully explained in the *ESSAY*, &c. *Part the second*, that the *Norman-Saxon* dialect in which Chaucer wrote, was almost entirely composed of words derived from the *Saxon* and *French* languages<sup>6</sup>.

As every author must be allowed to be the best expositor of his own meaning, I have always endeavoured to establish the true import of any doubtful word or phrase by the usage of Chaucer himself in some other similar passage. Where it has been necessary to call in foreign assistance, recourse has been chiefly had to such authors as wrote before him, or at least were contemporary with him in some part of his life<sup>7</sup>.

The proper names of persons and places, as they occur in Chaucer, are often either so obscure in themselves, or so disguised by a vitious orthography, that they stand in as much need of an interpreter as the most obsolete appellative. Some other proper names, particularly of authors quoted, though sufficiently known and clear, have been inserted in this Glossary, in order to make it, in that respect, answer the purposes of an Index.

As there are several passages, of which, after all my researches, I am unable to give any probable explanation, I shall follow the laudable example of the learned Editor of "*Ancient Scottish Poems* from the MS. of *George Bannatyne*. Edinb. 1770." by subjoining a list of such words and phrases as I profess not to understand. I only wish the reader may not find occasion to think, that I ought to have made a considerable addition to the number.

I will just add, for the sake of those who may be disposed to make use of this Glossary in reading the works of Chaucer not contained in this edition, that it will be found to be almost equally well adapted to every edition of those works, except Mr. Urry's. Mr. Urry's edition should never be opened by any one for the purpose of reading Chaucer.

1778.

T. TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> A few words are marked as having been taken immediately from the *Latin* language. The number has increased very considerably since the time of Chaucer. It is observable, that the *verbs* of this sort are generally formed from the *participle past*, whereas those which have come to us through France are as generally formed from the *infinitive mode*.

In referring words to the other two great classes a precise accuracy has not been attempted. The small remains of the genuine *Anglo-Saxon* language, which our lexicographers have been able to collect, do not furnish authorities for a multitude of words, which however may be fairly derived from that source, because they are to be found with little variation in the other collateral languages descended from the *Gothic*. The term *Saxon* therefore is here used with such a latitude as to include the *Gothic*, and all its branches. At the same time, as the *Francic* part of the *French* language had a common original with the *Anglo-Saxon*, it happens that some words may be denominated either *French* or *Saxon* with almost equal obability. In all such cases, the final judgement is left to those, who have leisure and inclination (according to our author's phrase ver. 15246) *to bould the matter to the bren*.

<sup>7</sup> Some of these authors have been printed on in the *ESSAY*, &c. §. VIII. n. 24. Of the others the most considerable are, the author of the *Visions of Pise Ploughman*, GOWER, OCLEVE, and LYDGATE.

In the *ESSAY*, &c. n. 57. a circumstance is mentioned, which shews that the *Visions of Pierce Ploughman* were written after 1350. I have since taken notice of a passage which will prove, I think, that they were written after 1362. The great storm of wind, allud to in fol. xx. b. l. 14.

*And the Southwesterne winde on Satdate at even*, &c. is probably the storm recorded by Thorn, *inter x Script.* c. 212. Walsingham, p. 178 and most, particularly by the Continuator of Adam Murimuth, p. 115

A. D. M CCC. LXXII.—XV. die Januarii circa horam vespertarum, ventus vehemens notus Australis Africus tantum erupit, &c.

The 15th of January in the year 1362, i. e. was a *Saturday*

AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
WORKS OF CHAUCER

TO WHICH  
THIS GLOSSARY IS ADAPTED;

AND OF THOSE OTHER PIECES WHICH HAVE BEEN IMPROPERLY INTERMIXED WITH HIS IN THE EDITIONS.

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OF the CANTERBURY TALES, the greatest work of Chaucer, it is needless to repeat what has been said in different parts of this Edition; particularly in the *App. to the Preface*, A. and in the *Introductory Discourse*. One of the earliest of his other works was probably

I. THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE. He speaks of it himself in L.W. 329 and 441. It is professedly a translation of the French *Roman de la Rose*, and many gross blunders in the printed text may be corrected by comparing it with the original. Dr. Hunter was so obliging as to lend me a MS. of this poem, the only one that I have ever heard of, which has occasionally been consulted to good advantage; but it does not supply any of the most material defects of the printed Editions. See page 209.

II. TROILUS AND CRESEIDE, in v. Books. This Poem is also mentioned by our author in L.W. 332 and 441. It is for the most part a translation of the *Filostrato* of Boccace; but with many variations, and such large additions, that it contains above 2700 lines more than its original. See the Essay, &c. n. 62. and page 209.

There are several MSS. of this poem in the Bodleian Library and in the Museum, which have been occasionally consulted.

III. THE COURT OF LOVE was first printed among the additions made to Chaucer's works by John Stowe, in the Edition of 1561. One might reasonably have expected to find it mentioned in L.W. *loc. cit.* but notwithstanding the want of that testimony in its favour, I am induced by the internal evidence to consider it as one of Chaucer's genuine productions. I have never heard of any MS. of this poem.

IV. THE COMPLAINT OF PITEE. So this Poem is entitled in MS. *Harl.* 78. It is extant also in MS. *Bodl.* Fairf. 16. The subject is alluded to in the *Court of Love*, ver. 700. seq.

V. OF QUEEN ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE, with the COMPLAINT OF ANNELIDA. The story of this poem is said in ver. 10. to have been originally in Latin; and in ver. 21. Chaucer names the authors whom he professes to follow. "*Firste folwe I STACE and after him CORINNE.*" As the opening only is taken from Statius, L. IV. v. 519, we must suppose that *Corinne* furnished the remainder; but who *Corinne* was is not easy to guess. See the Gloss. in v. CORINNE. It should be observed, that the *Arctite*, whose infidelity is here complained of, is quite a different person from the *Arcite* of the *Knyghtes tale*; from which circumstance we may perhaps be allowed to infer, that this poem was written before Chaucer had met with the *Theseida*.

It is extant in MSS. *Harl.* 372. and *Bodl.* Fairf. 16.



VI. THE ASSEMBLEE OF FOULES is mentioned by Chaucer himself in L.W. 419. under the title of "*The Parlement of foules.*" In MS. Bodl. Fairf. 16. it is entitled "*The Parlement of Briddes.*"

The opening of this poem is built upon the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, as it appears at the head of Macrobius commentary. The description of a *Garden and Temple*, from ver. 183 to ver. 287, is almost entirely taken from Boccaces description of the Temple of Venus in the VII book of the *Theseida*. See the note on ver. 1920. I have found no reason to retract the suspicion there intimated as to the date of this poem; nor can I confirm it by any external evidence.

VII. THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT, in MSS. Bodl. Fairf. 16. and Bod. 638. is entitled "*Complaint of a lover's life*" I do not wish much confidence to be given to the conjecture, in App. to the Pref. C. n. \* that this poem relates to John of Gaunt.

VIII. CHAUCER'S A. B. C. was first printed in Mr. Speght's 2d Edit. in 1602. It is said, in the title, to have been composed at the request of the *Duchesse Blanche*. If that be true, it ought to be placed before

IX. THE BOOKE OF THE DUCHESS, which Chaucer himself has mentioned by the title of "*The deth of Blaunche the Duchesse.*" L.W. 418. See an account of this poem in the n. on ver. 4467. and page 209.

X. THE HOUSE OF FAME is mentioned by Chaucer himself in L.W. 417. It was probably written while he was comptroller of the custom of wools, and consequently not earlier than 1374. See the passage from B. II. quoted in the App. to the Pref. C. n. \*. It is extant in MSS. Bodl. Fairf. 16. and Bod. 638.

XI. CHAUCER'S DREME was first printed in Mr. Speght's Edit. of his works in 1597. Bale seems to speak of it under the title, "*De castello dominarum. Lib. i.*" The supposed plan of this poem, prefixed to it by Mr. Speght, is a mere fancy; but there is no ground for doubting the authenticity of the poem itself.

When I imagined that a passage in this Dreme, ver. 1820—1926, was probably copied from the *Lay of Elidus* (Discourse, &c. n. 24.) I did not recollect, that the incident there related is very similar to one in the Grecian fabulous history (See Hyginus, fab. CXXXVI. *de Polydo.*) and therefore might easily have come to Chaucer through some other channel.

XII. THE FLOUR AND THE LEFE was also printed for the first time in the Edit. of 1597; but I do not think its authenticity so clear as that of the preceding poem. The subject, at least, is alluded to by Chaucer in L.W. 188—194.

XIII. THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN is extant in MSS. Bodl. Arch. Seld. B. 24 and Fairf. 16. For the time of its composition see the Discourse, &c. n. 3. See also the n. on ver. 4481. An additional argument, for believing that the number intended was *nineteen*, may be drawn from the *Court of Love*, ver. 108. where, speaking of *Alceste*, Chaucer says—

"To whom obeyed the ladies gode *nineteene.*"

XIV THE COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS is said, in the conclusion, to have been translated from the French of *Graunson*; probably that *Otho de Graunson*, who was retained in the military service of Richard II, with an annuity of 200 marks. Pat 17. R. II. p. 1. m. 6. ap. Rymer. Mr. Speght mentions a tradition, if I understand him right, that this poem was originally made of the Lady *Elizabeth*, daughter to *John of Gaunt*, whom he calls *King of Spaine*, and her husband the Lord *John Holland*, half-brother to Richard II. I cannot see any thing in the poem itself that countenances this particular notion, though I have little doubt, that it was intended to describe the situation of some two lovers under a veil of mystical allegory.

This poem is extant in MSS. Bodl. Arch. Seld. B. 24. and Fairf. 16. In MS. *Hawl.* 7333 it is entitled "*The broche of Thebes as of the love of Mars and Venus;*" which inclines me to believe,

that it is the poem, mentioned by Lydgate, and from him by Bale, which has of late been supposed to be lost. Lydgate's words are—

Of *Annelida* and of false *Arcite*  
He made a *complaynt* dolefull and piteous,  
And of the *broche* which that *Vulcanus*  
At *Thebes* wrought, full divers of nature.

Prol. to *Trag.* Sign. A. ii. b.

From this passage Bale, as I suppose, deceived by the ambiguous sense of the word *broche*, has attributed to Chaucer a poem "*De Vulcani veru*;" of Vulcan's *spit*. He should have said "*De Vulcani gemmâ, or monili*." See BROCHER in the Glossary.

This *broche* of *Thebes*, from which the whole poem is here supposed to have taken its title, is described at large in the *Complaint of Mars*, ver. 93—109. The *first idea* of it seems to have been derived from what Statius has said of the *fatal necklace* made by *Vulcan* for *Harmonia* Theb. II. 265—305. Lydgate refers us to *Ovide*; but I cannot find anything in him upon the subject.

XV. THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE in MS. Fairf. 16. is entitled "*The boke of Cupide God of Love*." It is extant also in MS. Bod. 638. and as far as ver. 235. in Arch. Seld. B. 24 and might be much improved and augmented with some lines from those MSS. The Ballade of three Stanras with an Envoye, which seems to belong to this poem in the Edit. does not appear at all in MS. Bod. 638. In MS. Fairf. 16. it is at the end of the *Booke of the Duchesse*. I cannot believe that it was written by Chaucer.

Beside these more considerable works, it appears from L.W. 422. 430. that our author had composed many "*balades, roundels, virelayes*;" that he had "*made many a lay and many a thing*." A few pieces of this sort are still extant, but hardly any, I think, of so early a date as the *Legende*. I will set them down here as they stand in the Edit.

1. *L'Envoy de Chaucer à Bukton*. Beginning,  
*My maister Bukton, whan of Christ, &c.*

So this little poem is entitled in MS. Fairf. 16. It has always been printed at the end of the *Booke of the Duchesse*, with an &c. in the first line instead of the name of *Bukton*; and in Mr. Urry's Edit. the following most unaccountable note is prefixed to it. "*This seems an Envoy to the Duke of Lancaster after his loss of Blanch*."

From the reference to the *Wife of Bath*, ver. 29. I should suppose this to have been one of our author's later compositions, and I find that there was a *Peter de Buketon*, the King's Escheator for the County of York, in 1397, (Pat. 20 R. II. p. 2. m. 3. ap. Rymer.) to whom this poem, from the familiar style of it, is much more likely to have been addressed than to the Duke of Lancaster.

2. *Balade sent to King Richard*.  
Beginn. *Sometime the world, &c.*

So this poem is entitled in MS. Harl. E. It is extant also in Fairf. 16. and in Cotton. Otho.

#### A. XVIII.

3. *Balade beginning—Fle fro the prese, &c.*

In MS. Cotton. Otho. A. XVIII. this balade is said to have been made by Chaucer "*upon his death-bed lying in his anguish*;" but of such a circumstance some further proof should be required. It is found, without any such note, in MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24. and Fairf. 16.

4. *Balade of the village*.

Beginn. *This wretched worldes, &c.*

It is extant in MS. Fairf. 16. and Bod. 638. In MS. Ashmol. 59. it is said to have been translated from the French. Tanner, in v. CHAUCER.

5. *L'Envoy de Chaucer à Skogan*.

Beginn. *Tobroken ben the Statutes, &c.*

So this poem is entitled in MS. Fairf. 16. Among a number of people of all sorts, who had

letters of protection to attend Richard II. upon his expedition to Ireland in 1399, is *Henricus Scogan, Armiger*. This jocose expostulation was probably addressed to him by our author some years before, when Scogan's interest at court may be supposed to have been better than his own.

6. *Chaucer to his empty purse.*

Beginn. *To you, my purse, &c.*

This balade is extant in MS. Fairf. 16. and in Cotton. Otho. A. XVIII. The *Envoy* appears to be addressed to Henry the 4th.

7. Balade beginning—*The firste stock, &c.*

These three stanzas have been preserved in a "*Moral Balade by Henry Scogan*;" of which some notice will be taken below.

8. *Proverbs by Chaucer.*

Beginn. *What shal these clothes, &c.*

So this little piece is entitled in MS. Harl. 7578. It evidently contains two distinct *Proverbs* or *Moral Admonitions*.

9. *Chaucer's wordes to his Scrivenere.*

Beginn. *Adam Scrivenere, &c.*

A proof of his attention to the correctness of his writings. See also T. V. 1794, 5.

The works of Chaucer in prose are,

I. A TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS *de consolatione Philosophiæ*, which he has mentioned himself in L.W. ver. 425.

II. A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE, addressed to his son *Louis*, in 1391. It is plain from what is said at the beginning of this treatise, that the printed copies do not contain more than two of the five parts, of which it was intended to consist.

III. THE TESTAMENT OF LOVE is evidently an imitation of Boethius *de consolatione Philosophiæ*. It seems to have been begun by our author after his troubles, in the middle part of the reign of Richard II, and to have been finished about the time that Gower published his *Confessio Amantis*, in the 16th year of that reign. At least it must then have been far advanced, as Gower mentions it by its title. *Conf. Am.* 190. b.

The foregoing I consider as the genuine works of Chaucer. Of those, which have been improperly intermixed with his in the Editions, the following are known to be the works of other authors.

1. *The Testament and Complaint of Creseide* appears from ver. 41. not to have been written by Chaucer; and Mr. Urry was informed "by Sir James Ereskin, late Earl of Kelly, and diverse aged scholars of the Scottish nation," that the true author was "MR. ROBERT HENDERSON, chief School-master of Dumferlin, a little time before Chaucer was first printed, and dedicated to King Henry VIII. by Mr. Thynne." I suppose, the same person is meant that is called ROBERT HENRYSON in "*Ancient Scottish Poems*," where several of his compositions may be seen, from p. 98 to p. 138.

2. *The Floure of Courtesie* is said, in the title, to have been made by JOHN LYDGATE.

3. *La Belle Dame sans merci*, a translation from Alain Chartier, is attributed in MS. Harl. 372. to Sir RICHARD ROS. See App. to the Pref. C. note. Upon looking further into Alain's works I find a Balade upon the taking of Fougieres by the English in 1448 (*Oeuvres d'Al. Chartier*, p. 717.); so that he was certainly living near fifty years after Chaucer's death; which makes it quite incredible that the latter should have translated any thing of his.

4. *The Letter of Cupide* is dated in 1402, two years after Chaucer's death. It was written by THOMAS OCCLEVE, who mentions it himself, as one of his own compositions, in a *Dialogue*, which follows his *Complaint*. MS. Bodl. 1504.

"Yes, Thomas, yes, in the epistle of Cupide  
Thou hast of hem so largelich seid."

5. JOHN GOWER unto the noble King Henry the 4th, with some Latin verses of the same author.

6. *Sayings of* DAN JOHN (LYDGATE).

7. SCOGAN unto the lordes and gentlemen of the Kynges house.

So the title of this poem is expressed in the old Editt. but, according to Mr. Speght, in the *written copies* it is thus ; "Here followeth a moral balade to the Prince, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Gloucester, the King's sonnes ; by Henry Scogan, at a supper among the Marchants in the Vintry at London in the house of Lewis John." This cannot be quite accurate ; as neither of the two younger sons of Henry IV. had the title of Duke while their eldest brother was Prince ; but I find that there was, about that time, a Lewis John, a Welshman, who was naturalized by act of Parliament, 2 H. V. and who was concerned with Thomas Chaucer in the execution of the office of Chief Butler. *Rot. Parl.* 2 H. V. n. 18. The same person, probably, was appointed Remitter of all monies that should be sent to Rome for three years. Ap. Rymer. *an. eodem.*

The article concerning Skogan in Tanner's Bibl. Brit. is a heap of confusion. He is there called John ; is said to have been a *Master of Arts* of Oxford and *jester* to K. Edward VI. (perhaps a misprint for IV) ; to have been contemporary with Chaucer, and famous in the year 1480. In a collection of foolish stories, which is supposed to have been first published by Dr. Andrew Borde, in the time of Henry VIII, under the title of *Scogan's jests*, he is called Thomas ; and there too he is represented as a Graduate, I think, of Oxford, and as jester to some King, but without any circumstances sufficient to determine what King is meant.

I am inclined to believe that the Scogan, who wrote this poem, is rightly named Henry in Mr. Speght's MS. As to the two circumstances of his having been a *Master of Arts* of Oxford and *jester* to a King, I can find no older authority for either than Dr. Borde's book. That he was contemporary with Chaucer, but so as to survive him for several years, perhaps till the reign of Henry V, is sufficiently clear from this poem.

Shakespeare seems to have followed the jest-book, in considering Scogan as a mere buffoon, when he mentions, as one of Falstaff's boyish exploits, that he "broke Scogan's head at the Court-gate ;" (2d Part of Henry IV. A. 3.) but Jonson has given a more dignified, and, probably, a juster account of his situation and character. *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*, Vol. vi. p. 192.

*Mere fool.* Skogan ? what was he ?

*Johphiel.* O, a fine gentleman and master of arts  
Of Henry the fourth's time, that made disguises  
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal  
Daintily well.

*Mere-fool.* But wrote he like a gentleman !

*Johphiel.* In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme and flowand verse,  
With now and then some sense ; and he was paid for't,  
Regarded and rewarded ; which few poets  
Are now a-days.

This description of Skogan corresponds very well with the ideas which would naturally be suggested by the perusal of the poem before us, and of that addressed to him by Chaucer. See above, p. 447. And indeed I question whether Jonson had any other good foundation for what he has said of him.

8. *A balade of goode counseil, translated out of Latin verses into English*, by DAN JOHN LYDGATE.

9. *A balade made in the preise, or rather dispreise, of women for their doubleness* ; by LYDGATE, according to MS. Ashmol. 6943.

10. *A balade warning men to beware of deceitful women* ; by LYDGATE, according to MS. Harl. 2251.

To these, which are known to be the works of other authors, we should perhaps add an 11th, viz. *Balade in commendation of our Ladie* ; as a poem with the same beginning is ascribed to LYDGATE, under the title of "*Invocation to our Lady*." Tanner, in v. LYDGATE.

The anonymous compositions, which have been from time to time added to Chaucer's in the several Editts. seem to have been received, for the most part, without any external evidence whatever, and in direct contradiction to the strongest internal evidence. Of this sort are "*The Plowman's tale*," first printed in 1542: See the Discourse, &c. §. xl. n. 32. "*The Story of Hamelyn*," and "*The Continuation of the Canterbury Tales*," first printed in Mr. Urry's Edition: "*Jack Upland*," first produced by Mr. Speght in 1602. I have declared my suspicion, in the Gloss. v. ORIGENES, that the "*Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*" was not written by Chaucer; and I am still clearer that the "*Assemblee of Ladies*," "*A Praise of Women*," and the "*Remedie of Love*," ought not to be imputed to him. It would be a waste of time to sift accurately the heap of rubbish, which was added, by John Stowe, to the Edit. of 1561. Though we might perhaps be able to pick out two or three genuine fragments of Chaucer, we should probably find them so soiled and mangled \*, that he would not thank us for asserting his claim to them.

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\* As a specimen of the care and discernment, with which Mr. Stowe's collections were made, I would refer the curious reader to what is called a *Balade*, fol. 324. b. Ed. Sp.

Beginn. *O merciful and o mer ci able.*

The four first stanzas are found in different parts of an imperfect poem upon the *Fall of Man* MS. Harl. 2251. n. 138. The 11th stanza makes part of an *Envoy*, which in the same MS. n. 37. is annexed to the poem entitled "*The Craft of Lovers*," among the Additions to Chaucer's works, by J. Stowe; which poem, by the way, though printed with a date of 1347, and ascribed to Chaucer, has in the MS. a much more probable date of 1459, near sixty years after Chaucer's death.

There is one little piece, perhaps by Chaucer, fol. 224. Ed. Sp.

Beginn. *Alone walking, In thought plaining, &c.*

which comes nearer to the description of a *Firelay*, than anything else of his that has been preserved. See the book quoted in the Gloss. v. *Firelay*.

## EXPLANATION OF THE ABBREVIATIONS

BY WHICH THE WORKS OF CHAUCER AND SOME OTHER BOOKS ARE GENERALLY CITED IN THE FOLLOWING GLOSSARY.

*The Arabian numerals, without any letter prefixed, refer to the verses of the Canterbury Tales in this Edition.*

		Edit Sp 1002.
A. B. C.	—Chaucer's A. B. C.	fol. 347
A. F.	—Assemblee of Foules,	233
An.	—Annelida and Areite,	243 b.
Astr.	—Treatise on the Astrolabe,	249
Bal. VII.	—Balade of the Village,	319 b.
Ber.	—The History of Beryn, Edit. Urr. p. 600	
B. K.	—Complaint of the Black Knight,	257 b.
Bo.	—Translation of Boethius, 5 Books,	197 b.
C. D.	—Chaucer's Dreame,	334
C. L.	—Court of Love,	327
C. M.	—Complaint of Mars,	309 b.
C. M. V.	—Complaint of Mars and Venus,	308 b.
C. N.	—Cuckow and Nightingale,	316 b.
Cotg.	—Cotgrave's Fr. and Eng. Dictionary.	
Conf. Am.	—Gower's <i>Confessio Amantis</i> , Edit. 1532.	
C. V.	—Complaint of Venus,	310
Du.	—The Book of the Duchesse, commonly called, <i>The Dreame of Chaucer</i> ,	227
F.	—The House of Fame, 3 Books,	262
F. L.	—The Flour and Leaf,	344
Gam.	—The Tale of Gamelyn, Edit. Urr. p. 36.	
Jun. Etymol.	—Juni Etymologicon Ling. Angl. by Lye.	
Kilian.	—Kilian Etymologicum Ling. Teuton.	
L. W.	—Legende of good Women,	148
Lydg. Trag.	—Lydgate's Translation of Boccace <i>De casibus virorum illustrium</i> , Edit. J. Wayland.	
M.	—The Tale of Melibeus, p. 106.	
Magd.	—Lamentation of Marie Magdalene,	202
P.	—The Persones Tale, p. 148.	
P. L.	—Translation of Peter of Langtoft, by Robert of Brunne. Ed. Hearne.	
P. P.	—Visions of Pierce Ploughman, Edit. 1550.	1538
Prompt Parv.	— <i>Promptorium Parvulorum sive Clericorum</i> . MS. Harl. 221. A dictionary, in which many hundreds of English words are translated into Latin, compiled by a Friar Preacher, a Recluse, at Lynne in Norfolk. He gives no preface, that his English is that spoken in the East country, and	on ver. 3210. P. Arabian phy 440t, in v. SINA, and 433. Ab, or sloe. R. 1377. Fr. Ga

ingly his orthography will be found to differ very much from Chaucer's. His name was *Richard Fraunces*, if we may believe a MS. note cited by Hearne, Gloss. to P. L. v. *Nesshe*; who has there also given an account of an edition of this dictionary, printed by Pynson in 1499. Dr. Hunter has a copy of it.

Prov.	—Proverbs by Chaucer, . . . . .	321 b.
R.	—The Romaunt of the Rose, . . . . .	109
R. G.	—Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle. Ed. Hearne.	
Sk.	—Skinner's <i>Etymologicon Ling. Angl.</i>	
Sp.	—Speght, the Editor of Chaucer.	
T.	—Troilus and Creseide, 5 Books, . . . . .	143
T. l.	—Testament of Love, 3 Books, . . . . .	27 b.
Ur.	—Urry, the Editor of Chaucer.	

# GLOSSARY.

**A**, which is commonly called the *Indefinite Article*, is really nothing more than a corruption of the Saxon *Adjective* **AN**, or **AN**, before a Substantive beginning with a consonant.

It is sometimes prefixed to another Adjective; the Substantive, to which both belong, being understood. ver. 208.

*A Frere there was, A WANTON and A MERY.* See ver. 165, and the note.

It is also joined to *Nouns plural*, taken collectively; as, *An hundred frankes*, ver. 13301. *A thousand frankes*, ver. 13206.—and to such as are not used in the singular number; as, *A hies*, ver. 1715. See the Note. So the Latins said, *Unas literas*, Cic. ad Att. v. 9. and the French, formerly, *unes loes*; *unes lettres*; *unes tréves*. Froissart. v. i. c. 153. 237. v. ii. c. 78.

**A**, prep. before a *Gerund*, is a corruption of **ON**. *To go a begging*. 11884. R. 6719. i. c. on *begging*. The prep. is often expressed at length. *ON HUNTING ben they ridden*. 1669. *To ride on hawking*. 13637.

In the same manner, before a *noun* it is generally a corruption of **ON** or **IN**. *A bed*. 5993, 6509. *A fre*. 6308. *A Goddess name*. 17667. *A morve*. 824. *A night*. 5784. *A werke*. 4333, 5797, though in some of these instances perhaps it may as well be supposed to be a corruption of **AN**.

**A** in composition, in words of Saxon original, is an abbreviation of **AF**, or **OF**; of **AT**; of **ON**, or **IN**; and often only a corruption of the prepositive particle **OE**, or **Y**. In words of French original, it is generally to be deduced from the Latin **AB**, **AD**, and sometimes **EX**.

**A**, Interj. Ah! 1080. 9109.

**ABACK**, adv. Saxon. Backwards. L. W. 884.

**ABAST**, part. pa. Fr. Abashed, ashamed. 8193. 8887.

**ABATE**, v. Fr. To beat down.

**ABAWED**, part. pa. Fr. *Esbahi*. Astonished. R. 3646. *I was abawed for merveille*. Orig. *Moult m'esbahy de la merveille*.

**ABEGGE**, ABEVE, ABIE, v. Saxon. To suffer for. 3936. 12034. 16162.

**ABET**, n. Saxon. Help. T. ii. 357.

**ABIDE**, v. Saxon. To stay. 3131, 3.

**ABIDDEN**, { part. pa. { T. ii. 935.

**ABIDEN**, { { 2984. 9762.

**ABIT** for **ABIDETH**. 16643. R. 4977.

**ABLE**, adj. Fr. Fit, proper. 167. R. 936.

**ABOTE**, part. pa. of **ABATE**. C. D. 1290.

**ABOUT**, part. pa. of **ABEGGE**. 2305.

**ABOUTEN**, prep. Saxon. **On-butan**. About. 2191. 4146.

**ABRAIDE**, v. Saxon. To awake; to start. 4188. See **BRADEN**.

— *pa. t.* Awaked, started. 8937. 10791. 15014.

**ABREDE**, adv. Saxon. Abroad. R. 2563.

**ABREGE**, v. Fr. To shorten, to abridge. 3531.

**ABROCHE**, v. Fr. To tap, to set abroad; spoken of a vessel of liquor. 5759.

**ABUSION**, n. Fr. Abuse, impropriety. T. iv. 990.

**ACCESS**, n. Fr. Properly, the approach of a fever; *A fever*. B. K. 136.

**ACCIDIE**, n. Fr. from *Azzidius*, Gr. Negligence; arising from discontent, melancholy, &c. P. 161, col 2, L. 62, seq.

**ACCORD**, n. Fr. Agreement. 840.

— *v. Fr.* To agree. 832.

**ACCORDEDEN**, *pa. t. pl.* L. W. 168.

**ACCORDANT**, {

**ACCORDING**, { part. pr. { 10417.

**ACCUSE**, v. Fr. To discover. R. 1591.

**ACHATE**, n. Fr. Purchase. 573.

**ACHATOURE**, n. Fr. A purchaser; a caterer. 570.

**ACHOKED**, part. pa. Saxon. Choaked. L. W. 2006.

**ACHEVE**, v. Fr. To accomplish. R. 2049. 4600.

**ACKELS** (*Akele*), v. Saxon. To cool. C. L. 1076.

**ACLOYE**, v. A. F. 517. may perhaps mean—To cloy; to embarrass with superfluity.

**ACQIE**, v. Fr. To make quiet. R. 3164.

**ACOMBERED**, part. pa. Fr. Encumbered. 510.

**ACROKE**, adj. Fr. Crooked, awkward. C. L. 378.

**ADAWE**, v. Saxon. To awake. 10274. T. iii. 1126.

**ADO**, v. Saxon. To do. It is used to express the Fr. *à faire*. *To have ADO*. R. 3036. *To have to do*. *And don all that they han ado*. R. 5080. *Et facent ce qu'ils doivent faire*. Orig. 4001.

**ADON** (corruption of **OF-DON**), part. pa. Saxon. Done away. L. W. 2595.

**ADON**, pr. n. Adonia 2226.

**ADOUN**, adv. Saxon. Downward. 2417.—Below. 17054.

**ADRAD**, **ADRADDE**, part. pa. of **ADREDE**, v. Saxon. Afraid, 607, 3425.

**ADRIANE** for **ARIADNE**, pr. n. 4487.

**ADVERTENCE**, n. Fr. Attention. T. iv. 698.

**ADVOCACIES**, n. pl. Fr. Law-suits. T. ii. 1469.

**ADVOCAS**, n. pl. Fr. Lawyers, advocates. 12225.

**APERDE**, **APERDE**, part. pa. Saxon. Afraid, frightened. 12218. T. ii. 606.

**AFFECTE**, n. Latin. Affection. R. 5486. T. iii. 1397.

**AFFERMED**, part. pa. Fr. Confirmed. 2351. L. W. 790.

**AFFIE**, v. Fr. To trust. R. 3155.

**AFFRAY**, v. Fr. To affight. 2331.

— *n. Fr.* Disturbance, 5557.—Fear. R. 4397.

**AFFRIKAN**, pr. n. The elder *Scipio Africanus*. A. F. 41.

**AFILE**, v. Fr. To file, polish. 714.

**AFOREN**, **AFOREN**, **AFORE**, adv. et prep. Saxon. **Æt-þoran**. Before.

**AGAIN**, prep. Saxon. **On-gean**. Against 2453. 10456. Toward. 4811. 5419.—adv. 993. 10456.

**AGAST**, for **AGASTED**, part. pa. Terrified. 2343.

**AGASTE**, v. Saxon. To terrify. 1509.

**AGATHON**, pr. n. L. W. 526. I have nothing to say concerning this writer, except that one of the same name is quoted in the *Prol.* to the *Tragedie of Cambyses*, by Thomas Preston. There is no ground for supposing it with Gloss. *Ur.* that a philosopher of *Samos* is now any of the *Agathos* of antiquity.

**AGEINS**, prep. 12667, as **AGAIN**. 1538.

**AGEN**, adv. 803, as **AGAIN**. on ver. 3210.

**AGILET**, v. Saxon. To offend, to sin against. P. Arabian phy-

— for **AGILTED**, *pa. t.* Sinned. 56740, in v. *SINA*, and

**AGO**, **AGON**, for **YGO**, part. pa. Saxon. 433.

6445.

**AGREE**, Fr. *à gré*. In good part, *ad*, or *sloe*. R. 1377.

**AGREFR**, (*A'refe*). In grief. — *anian earth*. Fr. *Ga*



AGREGE, *v.* FR. To aggravate. M. 107, col. 2, l. 46.  
 AGREVED, *part. pa.* FR. Injured, agrieved. 4197. L. W. 345.  
 AGRISSE, *v.* SAX. To shudder. 5034.—To make to shudder. 7231.

AGROSSE, *pa. t.* Shuddered, trembled. T. ii. 930. L. W. 830.  
 AGROTED, *part. pa.* Cloyed, surfeited. AGROTONE WITH METE OR DRINK. *Ingrurgito.* Prompt. Parv.

AGUTLER, *n.* FR. A needle-case. R. 98.  
 AJUST, *v.* FR. To apply. Bo. ii. pr. 3.

AKEHORNS, *n. pl.* SAX. Acorns. Bo. i. m. 6.  
 AKNOWS, *part. pa.* SAX. To ben aknowe. C. L. 1199. To confess. I am aknowe. Bo. iv. pr. 4. I acknowledge.

AL, ALLE, *adj.* SAX. All. *Al* and *som.* 5673, 11910. The whole thing. *At al.* 8921, 9098. In the whole. *Over all.* 7666, 8924. Through the whole. *In alle manere wise.* 13276. By every kind of means. *At alle rightes.* 2102. With every thing requisite.

ALAIN, *pr. n.* A. F. 316. a poet and divine of the xii<sup>th</sup> Century. Beside his *Plantius Naturæ*, or *Plaint of Kinde*, which is here quoted, he wrote another poem in Latin verse, called *Anticlaudianus*, to which our author alludes in F. ii. 478. For the rest of his works see *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. ALANUS DE INSULIS.

ALDER, ALLER, *gen. ca. pl.* Of all. 801. 825. It is frequently joined in composition with adjectives of the superl. deg. *Alderfirst.* 9492. *Alderlast.* B. K. 504. *Alderlewest.* T. ii. 940. First, Last, Dearest of all.

AL, ALL, *adv.* SAX. generally answers to the LAT. *Omnino.* *Al alone.* 9200. Quite alone. *Al hol.* 11762. Entire. *Al holly.* 7678. Entirely. *All in one.* C. D. 670. At the same time. *All newe.* 13308. A-new. *Al only.* 13368. T. iv. 1066. Solely, singly. It is sometimes used elliptically for *although*, or *all be it that.* 2266. *All tell I not as now his observances.* 2477. *ALL be ye not of o complexion.*

ALARGED, *part. pa.* FR. *Eslargi.* Given largely. C. D. 156.  
 ALAUNS, *n. pl.* A species of Dog. See the *n.* on ver. 2150. They were much esteemed in Italy in the xiv<sup>th</sup> century. *Gualo. de la flamma*, (ap. Murator. Antiq. Mod. Æ. t. ii. p. 394.) commends the governors of Milan, *quod equos emissarios equibus magnis committerunt, et procreati sunt in nostro territorio DESTARIT nobiles, qui in magno pretio habentur.* Item CANS ALAUNS *alta stature et mirabilis fortitudinis nutrire studuerunt.*

ALAVE, *n.* FR. Alloy; a mixture of base metal. 9043.  
 ALBIFIXATION, *n.* LAT. A Chemical term for making white. 16273.

ALCALY, *n.* ARAB. A Chemical term for a species of Salt. 16278.

ALCHYMISTRE, *n.* FR. Alchymist. 16673.

ALDRIAN, *pr. n.* A star on the neck of the Lion, Sp. 10579.

ALE AND BRED. 13801. This oath of Sire Thopas on *ale and bred* was perhaps intended to ridicule the solemn vows, which were frequently made in the days of Chivalrie to a Peacock, a Pheasant, or some other nobil bird. See M. de Sainte Palaye, *Sur l'anc. cheval. Mem. l'iiime.* I will add here, from our own history, a most remarkable instance of this strange practice. When Edward I. was setting out upon his last expedition to Scotland in 1306; he knighted his eldest son and several other young noblemen with great solemnity. At the close of the whole (says Matthew of Westminster, p. 454.) *allati sunt in pompatis gloria duo cygni vel olores ante regem, phalerati retilibus aureis vel fideiulis deauratis, desiderabile spectaculum inluentibus. Quibus visis, Rex votum vocavit DEO CYGNI ET CYGNIS se profectus in Scotiam, mortem Johannem Comyn et fidem Isacam Scottorum vivus sive victus vindicaturus, &c.* This practice is alluded to "DUNBAR's wish, that the King were John Thomson." MS. Maitland. St. 5.

would gif all that ever I have  
 that condition, so God me saif,  
 I had vowit to the SWAN  
 to be John Thomson's man.

to the Contin. of the Canterb. T.  
 r. says—I MAKE A VOWE to THE  
 a foule mist.

R. 6626.

ALEGREANCE, *n.* FR. Alleviation. C. D. 1698.

ALEIS, *n.* FR. *Alise.* The Lote-tree. R. 1377.

ALEMBIKES, *n. pl.* FR. Vessels for distilling; Stills. 16262.  
 ALE STAKE, *n.* SAX. A stake set up before an Ale-house, by way of sign. 12255.

ALEVE, *n.* FR. An alley. 13491.

ALGATES, ALGATE, *adv.* SAX. Always. *Toutesfois.* FR. 7031, 7619.

ALGEZIR, *pr. n.* A city of Spain. 57.

ALIGHT, *v.* SAX. To descend. 8785.

— *pa. t.* for ALIGHTED. 935, 2191.

ALLANDRE, *pr. n.* Alexandria, a city in Egypt. 51.

ALLEG, FR. To alledge. 9532.

ALMAGEST, *pr. n.* 5765. The Arabs called the *Miyālū Surtāzīs* of Ptolemy *Almagesthi*, or *Almagesthi*, a corruption of *Miyāzīz*. See D'Herbelot, in v.

ALMANDRES, *n. pl.* FR. Almond-trees. R. 1363.

ALMESSE, *n.* SAX. from the LAT. *Fr. Eleemosyna.* Alms, 7191. P. 171, col. 1, l. 5. ALMESSES, *pl.* P. 171, col. 1, l. 17.

ALNATH, *pr. n.* The first star in the horns of *Aries*, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name. Sp. 11393.

ALONDE, (*l'Yonde*); On land. L. W. 2164, 2402.

ALONG, *prep.* SAX. On-long, 16398. *Whereon it was along.* By what it was occasioned. T. ii. 1001. *On me is nought along thine evil fare.* Thy ill fare is not occasioned by me.

ALOUED, *part. pa.* FR. Praised. R. 2354.

ALOUÉ, *v.* FR. To allow, to approve. 10988. *His dedes are to allowe for his hardynesse.* P. L. 281. *Therefore lords allow him hille, or lysten to his reason.* P. P. 76. b.

ALOWE, *adv.* SAX. Low. C. L. 1201.

ALPES, *n. pl.* Bullfinches. R. 653.

ALS, *conj.* SAX. Also. 4315, 11902.—As. T. v. 367.

AMALGANING. A Chemical term for mixing of Quicksilver with any metal. 16239.

AMBRASSATRIE, *n.* FR. Embassy. 4653.

AMBRES AS, 4544. Two Aces, at dice. FR.

ANBLING, *part. pr.* FR. 8264.

AMENDE, *v.* FR. To mend. 3068, 3076.

AMENUSE, *v.* FR. To lessen. P. 154, col. 2, l. 35.

AMVED, *part. pa.* FR. Moved. 8374.

AMIAS, *pr. n.* The city of Amiens. R. 3896.

AMIDES, *prep.* SAX. At, or in, the middle. 2011.

AMIS, *adv.* SAX. III, badly. 11610, 17197. See MIS.

AMONESTE, *v.* FR. To admonish, to advise. M. 112, col. 2, l. 14. P. 170, col. 2, l. 22.

AMONG, *adv.* SAX. Together; at the same time; at the same place. R. 690, 3381. Du. 298. *Ever among.* R. 3771. *Ever at the same time.* *Conf. Am.* 114. b.

AMONGES, *prep.* SAX. Among. 6534, 9902. See the *n.* on ver. 761.

AMORETTE, *n.* FR. An amorous woman. R. 4755. *And eke as well by (r. be) AMORETTES.—Car aussi bien sont*

AMORETTES. Orig. 4437.

AMORILY, C. L. 1333. is perhaps put by mistake for *Merily*.

AMORTISED, *part. pa.* FR. Killed. P. 151, col. 2, l. 9.

AMORWE, On the morrow. 824, 2491.

AMPHIBOLOGIES, *n. pl.* FR. Ga. Ambiguous expressions.

T. iv. 1406.

AN, for ON, *prep.* 11161. R. 9270.

ANCILLE, *n.* LAT. A maid-servant. A. B. C. 109.

ANCRE, *n.* FR. Anchor. R. 3780.

AND, *conj.* SAX. If. 768, 16307, 15613, 16714.

ANELACE, *n.* 339. See the note.

ANES, *adv.* for ONES. Once. 4072.

ANLANG, *v.* SAX. To hang up. 12193.

ANIENTISSEF, *part. pa.* FR. Reduced to nothing. M. 121, col. 2, l. 59.

ANIGHT, In the night. L. W. 1473.

ANKER, *n.* SAX. An anchorite, or hermit. R. 6348.

ANNUELLER, *n.* 16490. See the note.

ANNUNCIAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Foretold. 14091.

ANOIE, *n.* FR. Hunt, trouble. R. 4404.

— *v.* To hurt, to trouble. M. 108, col. 1, l. 48.

ANOIFUL, *adj.* Hurtful; unpleasant. M. 108, col. 1, l. 8.

ANTEM, *n.* SAX. Antepm. An anthem. 13590.

ANTICLAUDIAN. F. ii. 478. The title of a Latin poem by

Alanus de Insulis. See ALAIN.

- ANTILEGIUS, *pr. n.* Antiochus. Du. 1064.  
 ANTIOPHONER, *n.* LAT. Gr. A book of Antiphones, or Anthems. 13449.  
 ANVELT, *n.* SAX. An anvil. Du. 1165.  
 ANY, *adj.* SAX. Either; One of two. 7115.—It usually signifies one of many.  
 APAIDE, *part. pa.* Fr. Paid, satisfied. 1670, 9439.  
 APAIRE, *v.* Fr. See APERIRE.  
 APE, *n.* SAX. Metaphorically, a fool. 3369, 16781. *The monk put in the mannes hode an ape, And in his wife's eke.* 13370. The monk made a fool of the man, and of his wife too.—*Win of ape.* 16993. See the note.  
 APERRE, *v.* Fr. To impair; to detract from. 3149. *Our state it APERRES.* P. L. 290.—To be impaired; to go to ruin. T. ii. 329.  
 APERT, *adj.* Fr. Open. P. 161, col. 1, l. 39. *Prive and apert.* 6996. In private and in public.  
 APIES for OPIES, *n. pl.* Fr. Opiales. L. W. 2859.  
 APPALLED, *part. pa.* Fr. Made pale. 10679, 13032.  
 APPARAILE, *v.* Fr. To prepare. L. W. 2462.  
 APPARENCE, *n.* Fr. An appearance. 11577.  
 APPERCEIVE, *v.* Fr. To perceive. 8476.  
 APPERCEIVING, *n. pl.* Perceptions. 10600.  
 APPETITE, *v.* Fr. To desire, to covet. L. W. 1590.  
 APPOSE, *v.* Fr. To object to; to question. 7179, 15331. It seems to be a corruption of *Oppose*.  
 APPROVER, *n.* Fr. An informer. 6925.  
 APPRENTISE, *n. pl.* Fr. Apprentices, novices. R. 687.  
 AQUEINTABLE, *adj.* Fr. Easy to be acquainted with. R. 2213.  
 AQUITE, *v.* Fr. To pay for. 6742.  
 ARACE, *v.* Fr. To draw away by force. 8979.  
 ARANDE, *n.* SAX. A message. T. ii. 72.  
 ARAYE, *n.* Fr. Order. 8138.—Situation. 6484, 13300.—Clothing. 6509.—Equipage. 8821.  
 —, *v.* Fr. To dress. 3689.—To dispose. 8837.  
 ARBLASTERS, *n. pl.* Fr. *Arbalestres.* Engines to cast darts, &c. R. 4196.  
 ARCHANGEL, *n.* R. 915. The herb so called; a dead nettle. *Gloss. Urr.*—In the Orig. it is *Mesange*, the bird which we call a Titmouse.  
 ARCHBISHOP, *n.* SAX. LAT. An Archbishop. 7064.  
 ARCHDEKEN, *n.* SAX. LAT. An Archdeacon. 6884.  
 ARCHEDIACRE, *n.* Fr. Archdeacon. C. D. 2136.  
 ARCHEWIVES, 9071. Wives of a superior order.  
 ARDRE, *n.* Fr. Burning. P. 168, col. 1, l. 17.  
 AREDE, *v.* SAX. To interpret. Du. 289. See *Rede*.  
 ARERAGE, *n.* Fr. Atræar. 604.  
 AREISE, *v.* SAX. To raise. P. 159, col. 1, l. 23.  
 ARESONE, *v.* Fr. *Arraisonner.* To reason with. R. 6220.  
 ARESTE, *n.* Fr. Arrest, constraint. 9153. Delay. L. W. 806.  
 —, *v.* Fr. To stop. 829.  
 ARETTE, *v.* Fr. To impute to. 728. P. 159, col. 1, l. 69.  
 ARSOIL, *n.* Fr. Potter's clay. 16281.  
 ARIETE, *pr. n.* Aries, one of the signs in the Zodiac. T. iv. 1592.  
 ARISTOTLE, *pr. n.* 10547. A treatise on *Perspective*, under his name, is mentioned by Vincent of Beauvais, in the XIII. century. *Spec. Histor. L. iii. c. 84. Extat etiam liber, qui dicitur Perspectiva Aristotells.*  
 ARIVAGE, *n.* Fr. F. 223. as *Arivale*.  
 ARIVALE, *n.* Fr. Arival. F. 451.  
 ARK, *n.* LAT. A part of the circumference of a circle. 4422.  
 ARME, *n.* T. ii. 1650. may perhaps be put for *defence, security*.  
 ARNLES, *adj.* SAX. Without an arm. 14209.  
 ARM-GRETE, *adj.* SAX. As thick as a man's arm. 2147.  
 ARMIPOTENT, *adj.* LAT. Mighty in arms. 1984.  
 ARMORICK, *pr. n.* *Basse Bretagne*, in France, called antiently *Britannia Armorica*. 11041.  
 ARMURE, *n.* Fr. Armour. M. 113, col. 1, l. 25.  
 ARN, *pl. n.* of *Am. v.* SAX. Are. 4706, 8218.  
 ARNOLDS OF THE NEWE TOWNE, *pr. n.* of a Physician Chemist of the XIII. Century. 16896. See *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Et.* in v. ARNALDUS VILLANOVANUS.  
 AROUME, F. ii. 32. seems to signify *At large*. AROUME OR MOURE UTTER. *Remote. deprope. scorum.* Prompt. Parv.  
 A'ROW; in a row; probably from the Fr. *Rue*. Successively. 6836. R. 7606  
 ARSMETRIKE, *n.* LAT. Arithmetick. 1900. See the note.  
 ANTE, *v.* LAT. To constrain. T. i. 389. C. L. 46.  
 ARTELRIES, *n. pl.* Fr. Artillerie. M. 113, col. 1, l. 25.  
 AS, *adv.* SAX. *Alf.* Al so. *Omniuo sic.* As fast. T. v. 1640. Very fast. *As swift.* 6037, 16404. Very quickly; immediately. See the n. on ver. 3172.  
 ASCAUNCE, See the n. on ver. 7327.  
 ASHEN, *n. pl.* SAX. Ashes. 1304. T. ii. 539.  
 ASLAKE, *v.* SAX. To slacken; to abate. 1762. 3553.  
 ASPE, *n.* SAX. A sort of poplar. 2923. L. W. 2637.  
 ASPEN, *adj.* Of an asp. 7249.  
 ASPY, *v.* Fr. To espie. 15321.  
 ASPRE, *adj.* Fr. Rough, sharp. T. iv. 227. Do. iv. pr. 7.  
 ASPRENESSE, *n.* Sharpness. Do. iv. pr. 4.  
 ASSAUT, *n.* Fr. Assault. 991.  
 ASSEGE, *n.* Fr. Siege. 10620.  
 ASSETH, R. 5600. Sufficient, enough. *Assez.* Orig. P. P. fol. 94. b. *And if it suffice not for ASSETH.*  
 ASSISE, *n.* Fr. Situation. R. 1238.  
 ASSOILE, *v.* Fr. To absolve; to answer. 9528. C. L. 1234.  
 ASSOLLETH, *imp. m.* 2 perf. pl. 9528.  
 ASSOMONED, *part. pa.* Summoned. C. L. 170.  
 ASSURE, *v.* Fr. To confide. T. i. 681.  
 ASTERTE, *v.* SAX. To escape. 1597. 6550.—To release. 6936.  
 Asterolle for Asterted, *part. pa.* 1594.  
 ASTONED, 8192, ASTONIED. 11651. *part. pa.* Fr. Confounded, astonished.  
 ASTRELABRE, *n.* Fr. Astrolabe. 3200.  
 ASTROLOGIEN, *n.* Fr. Astrologer. *Ast.*  
 ASWEVED, *part. pa.* SAX. Stupified, as in a dream. F. ii. 41.  
 ASWOUNE, *n.* In a swoon. 3891, 6. 10788. T. iii. 1098.  
*Adoun he fell all suddenly in swoune.*  
 AT, ATTE, *prep.* SAX. See the n. on ver. 12542. *At after souper.* 10616, 11531. As soon as supper was finished. *At day.* 13169. At break of day. *At on.* 4195, 8313. Of one mind.  
 ATTAKE, *v.* SAX. To overtake. 16024.  
 —, for ATAKEN, *part. pa.* 6966.  
 A'THRE; in three parts. 2935.  
 ATTAMED, *part. pa.* Fr. *Entamé.* Opened; Begun. 14824.  
 —Tasted, felt. C. D. 596.—Disgraced. C. D. 1128.  
 ATTEMPRE, *adj.* Fr. Temperate. 14844. M. 107, col. 1, l. 134.  
 ATTEMPRELY, *adv.* Fr. Temperately. 13192.  
 ATTOUR, *n.* Fr. Head-dress. R. 3718.  
 ATTRY, ATTERLY, *adj.* SAX. Poisonous, pernicious. P. 159, col. 2, l. 9.  
 A'TWINNE, 3589. A'two, P. 167, col. 1, l. 46. In two, assunder.  
 ATYZAR. See the n. on ver. 4725.  
 AVALE, *v.* Fr. To lower; to let down. 3194.—To fall down. T. iii. 627.  
 AVANCE, *v.* Fr. To advance; to profit. 246. T. v. 434.  
 AVANT, *n.* Fr. Boast. 227.  
 AVANTAGE, *n.* Fr. Advantage. 2449.  
 AVANTE, *v.* Fr. To boast. 5965.  
 AVAUNT, *adv.* Fr. Forward. R. 3936, 4790.  
 AUCTORITE, *n.* LAT. A text of Scripture; or of some respectable writer. See the n. on ver. 6856.—and ver. 5583. 6790.  
 AUCTOUR, *n.* LAT. A writer of credit. 6794.  
 AVENAUNT, *adj.* Fr. Becoming. R. 1263.  
 AVENTAILE, *n.* Fr. See n. on ver. 9080.  
 AVENTURE, *n.* Fr. Adventure. 846.  
 AVERROIS, *pr. n.* 435. Ebn Roschd, an Arabian Physician of the XII. century. See D'Herbelot, in v. Roschd, and the authors mentioned in n. on ver. 433.  
 AUGHT, *n.* SAX. *Apht.* Any thing. T. iii. 468. It is sometimes used as an *adverb.* *If that the childes mother were AUGHT she.* 5454. Can he ought tell a merry tale or twice? 16065.  
 AUGHT, *p. l.* of OWE. T. iii. 1801. as OUGHT.  
 AUGHT-WHERE, *adv.* SAX. Any where. L. W. 1538.  
 AUGRIN, a corruption of *Algorithm*. See n. on ver. 3210.  
 AVICEN, *pr. n.* 434. 12293. Ebn Sina, an Arabian physician of the X. century. See D'Herbelot, in v. SINA, and the authors mentioned in n. on ver. 433.  
 AVIS, *n.* Fr. Advice. 1870. *Thab.*, or sloe. R. 1377.  
 messengers *Chre.* P. L. 235. *lian earth.* Fr. Ga

AVISAND, *part. pr.* Observing. C. D. 1832.  
 AVISE, *v. Fr.* To observe. T. ii. 276. *Avisez you imp.*  
*m. 2 pers. pl.* Look to yourselves; take care of your-  
 selves. 3185.  
 AVISION, *n. Fr.* Vision. 15120, 9.  
 AUMBLE, *n. Fr.* An ambling pace. 13314.  
 AUMNER, *n. Fr.* *Aumonier*. A purse. R. 2087.  
 AUMEUR, *n. Fr.* 2271. *Aumere* of silks. Bourse *de soy*.  
 Orig. It seems to be a corruption of AUMNER.  
 AUNTRE, *v. Fr.* Corruption of AVENTURE. To adventure.  
 4207.  
 AUNTROUS, *adj.* Adventurous. 13837.  
 AVOUTERER, AVOUTREER, *n. Fr.* An adulterer. P. 167, col. 1,  
 l. 7. 6954.  
 AVOUTERIE, AVOUTRIS, *n.* Adulterie. 6888. 9309.  
 AVOW, *n. Fr.* Vow. 2239. 2419.  
 AVRORA, Du. 1169. The title of a Latin metrical version  
 of several parts of the Bible by *Petrus de Riga*, Canon of  
 Rheims, in the XII. century. Leyser, in his *Hist. Poet.*  
*Med. Ævi*, p. 692—736. has given large extracts from  
 this work, and among others the passage which Chaucer  
 seems to have had in his eye. See p. 728.  
 Aure Jubal varios fermenti notat ichus.  
 Pondera librati in his. Consensa queque facit.  
 Hoc inventa modo prius est ars musica, quamvis  
 Pythagoram dicant hanc docuisse prius.  
 A'ETER, *n. Fr.* Altar. 2294.  
 AWAITE, *n. Fr.* Watch. 7239. 17099.  
 AWAITING, *part. pr.* Keeping watch. 7634.  
 AWARED, *part. pa. Sax.* Confounded, stupified. T. i. 316.  
 L. W. 814.  
 AWAYWARD, *adv. Sax.* Away. 17211.  
 AWRECKE, *v. Sax.* To revenge. 10769. R. 278.  
 AXE, *v. Sax.* To ask. 3557.  
 AXING, *n.* Request. 1829.  
 AY, *adv. Sax.* Ever. 7406.  
 AVEL, *n. Fr.* Grandfather. 2479.  
 AYEN, *adv. & prep.* P. 166, col. 1, l. 56. as AGAIN.  
 AYENST, *prep.* P. 169, col. 1, l. 15. as AGAIN.  
 AYENWARD, *adv. Sax.* Back. T. iii. 751.

**B.**

BA, *v.* 6015, seems to be formed from BASSE, *v. Fr.* To kiss.  
 BACHELER, *n. Fr.* An unmarried man. 9150.—A Knight :  
 3087. 3465.—One who has taken his first degree in an  
 University. 11438.  
 BACHELERIE, *n. Fr.* Knighthood ; 17074. *The Bachelerie*.  
 8146. The Knights.  
 BADE, *part. t. of* BEDE. 6706. 7449.  
 BADDER, *comp. d. of* BAD. *adj. Sax.* Worse. 10538.  
 BAGEE, *v.* To swell ; to disdain. SK. Rather, perhaps,  
 to squint. Du. 634.  
 BAGGINGLY, *adv.* R. 292. seems to be the translation of *en*  
*torgnyant* ; squinting.  
 BAILLE, *n. Fr.* Custody, government. R. 4302. 7574.  
 BAITE, *v. Sax.* To feed ; to stop to feed. T. i. 192. C. L. 195.  
 BALANCE, *n. Fr.* Doubt, suspense. R. 4667.—*I dare lay*  
*in balance All that I have*. 16079. *I dare wager all t. i. h.*  
 BALE, *n. Sax.* Mischief, sorrow. 16949.  
 BALKS, C. L. 80. *r. Balais. pr. n. Fr.* A sort of bastard  
 Ruby.  
 BALKES, *n. pl. Sax.* The timbers of the roof. 3626.  
 BALLED, *adj.* Smooth as a ball ; bald. 198. 3520.  
 BANDON, *n. Fr.* See Du Cange. In *v. ARANDONS. To her*  
*bandon*. R. 1163. To her disposal. *A son bandon*. Orig.  
 BANE, *n. Sax.* Destruction. 1099.  
 BARRE, *n.* A hood, or muffler, which covered the lower  
 part of the face, and the shoulders. T. ii. 110. See Du  
 Cange, in *v. BARBUTA*.  
 BAREY, *part. t. pl. of* BERE. *v. Sax.* Bore. 723.  
 BARGAINE, *n. Fr.* Contention. R. 2551.  
 BARGARET, *n. Fr.* *Bergerette*. A sort of song. F. L. 348.  
 BARNE, *n. Sax.* The lap. 10945. 14750. BARNE-CLOTH,  
 the door. 552.—A stripe. 331.

BARREINE, *adj. Sax.* Barren. 8324.  
 BASILICK, *n.* A Basilisk. P. 169, col. 1, l. 60.  
 BASSE, *n. Fr.* A Kiss. C. L. 797.  
 BASTING, *part. pr.* Sewing slightly. R. 104.  
 BATAILED, *part. pa. Fr.* Embattled. R. 4162.  
 BATHS for BOTH. 4085. 4189.  
 — *v. Sax.* 15273. We should rather say to *bask*.  
 BAUDE, *adj. Fr.* Joyous. R. 5674.  
 BAUDERIE, BAUDRIS, *n.* Pimping. 1928. T. iii. 398. Keeping a  
 bawdy-house. 6867.  
 BAUDY, *adj.* Dirty. 16103. With BAUDY cole. Lydg. Trag.  
 B. ix. l. 36. b.  
 BAYARD, *pr. n. Fr.* Originally, a Bay-horse ; a horse in  
 general, 16881. T. i. 218.  
 BAY-WINDOW, C. L. 1058. A large window ; probably so  
 called, because it occupied a whole bay, i. e. the space  
 between two cross-beams.  
 BE, *prep. Sax.* By. 2577.  
 BE for BEEN, *part. pa. Sax.* 60. 7611. 9245.  
 BEAU SEMBLANT, *Fr.* Fair appearance. C. L. 1085.  
 BEAU SIRE, *Fr.* Fair Sir ; a mode of address. R. 6053.  
 BEBELEDDE, *part. pa. Sax.* Covered with blood. 2004.  
 BELOTTE, *v. Sax.* To stain. T. ii. 1027.  
 BECKE, *v. Fr.* To nod. 12330. 17295.  
 BECLAPPE, *v. Sax.* To catch. 15477.  
 BEDAFFED, *part. pa. Sax.* Made a fool of. 9067. See  
 DAFEE.  
 BEDE, *v. Sax.* To order, to bid.—To offer. 8236. 9658. T. v.  
 185.—To pray. R. 7374. *To bede his necke*. T. iv. 1105.  
 To offer his neck for execution.  
 BEDOTE, *v. Sax.* To make to dote ; to deceive. L. W. 1545.  
 See DOTE.  
 BEDREDE, *adj. Sax.* Confined to bed. 7351. 9168.  
 BEDREINTE, *part. pa.* Drenched, thoroughly wetted. C. L.  
 577.  
 BEEN, *n. pl. Sax.* Bees. 10513.  
 BEFILL for BEFELL, *part. t. of* BEFALL. *v. Sax.* 10007.  
 BEFOREN, BEFOREN, *adv. & prep. Sax.* Before.  
 BEGILED, *part. pa. Fr.* Beguiled. 12208.  
 BEGON, *part. pa. of* Bego. *v. Sax.* Gone. *Wel begon*.  
 6188. R. 5533. In a good way. *Wo begon*. 5338. 11628.  
 Far gone in woe. *Worse begon*. T. v. 1327. In a worse  
 way. *With gold begon*. R. 943. Painted over with gold ;  
 a or painted. Orig.  
 BEGONNE, *part. pa. of* BEGINNE, *v. Sax.* Begun. 11341.  
 BEHALVE, *n. Sax.* Half ; side, or part. T. iv. 943.  
 BEHESTE, *n. Sax.* Promise. 4461, 2.  
 BEHETE, *v. Sax.* To promise. 1856.  
 BEHEWE, *part. pa. Sax.* Coloured. T. iii. 216. See  
 HEWE.  
 BEHIGTE, *v. Sax.* To promise. P. 154, col. 2, l. 42.  
 — *part. pa.* Promised. 11100.  
 BEHIGHTEN, *part. t. pl.* Promised. 11639.  
 BEHOVE, *n. Sax.* Behoof, advantage. R. 1090.  
 BETAPED, *part. pa. Sax.* Tricked. 19853. Laughed at.  
 T. i. 532.  
 BEKNOWE, *v. Sax.* To confess. 1558. 5306.  
 BELAMY, *Fr.* Good friend. 12252.  
 BELEVE, *n. Sax.* Belief. *His beleve*. 3456. *His creed*.  
 BELLE, *adj. fem. Fr.* Fair. T. ii. 288.  
 BELLE CHERE, *Fr.* Good cheer. 13330.  
 BELLE CHOSE, *Fr.* 6029. 6092.  
 BELLE ISAUDE, F. iii. 707. The fair Isaude ; the mistress  
 of Tristan. She is called *Isoude*. L. W. 254.  
 BELLE, *v. Sax.* To roar. F. iii. 713.  
 BELMARIE, *pr. n.* See *n. on ver.* 57.  
 BELLOUS, *n. Sax.* Bellows. P. 154, col. 1, l. 8.  
 BENES, *n. pl. Sax.* Trumpets. 15404. R. 7605.  
 BEN, *inf. m. Sax.* To be. 141. 167.  
 — *pr. t. pl.* Are. 764. 820. 945.  
 — *part. pa.* Been. 361. 465.  
 BENCHED, *part. pa.* Furnished with benches. L. W. 804.  
 BENDE, *n. Fr.* A band ; or horizontal stripe. R. 1079.  
 BENDING, *n.* Stripping ; making of bands, or stripes. P. 155,  
 col. 2, l. 30.  
 BENE, *n. Sax.* A bean. 9728. *And at n'as worth a BENE*.  
 R. G. 497.  
 BENEDECTE! LAT. An exclamation, answering to our

- Bless us!* It was often pronounced as a Trisyllable, *Bencite!* 15399. T. i. 791. iii. 758. 603.
- BENIGNE**, *adj.* FR. Kind. 8973.
- BENIMME**, *v.* SAX. To take away. P. 158, col. 2, l. 25.
- BENISON**, *n.* FR. Benediction. 9239.
- BENOMEN**, *part. pa.* of **BENIMME**. Taken away. R. 1509.
- BENT**, *n.* SAX. The bending, or declivity of a hill. 1983.
- BERAINED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Rained upon. T. iv. 1172.
- BERDE**, *n.* SAX. Beard. To make any one's *berde*; to cheat him. See *n.* on ver. 4094.
- BERE**, *n.* SAX. A bear. 2060.
- *v.* SAX. To bear; to carry. *To bere in*, or on hand; To accuse falsely. 5040. 5975. To persuade falsely. 5814, 5962.—*To bere the belle*. T. iii. 199. To carry the prize.
- *n.* SAX. A bier. 2906.—A pillow-bear. Du. 254.
- BERING**, *n.* SAX. Behaviour. P. 155, col. 1, l. 40.
- BERME**, *n.* SAX. Yest. 16281.
- BERNARD**, *pr. n.* 436. A Physician of Montpellier in the xii<sup>th</sup> Century. See the authors mentioned in *n.* on ver. 433.
- *pr. n.* L. W. 16. St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux in the xii<sup>th</sup> Century. Our author alludes to a proverbial saying concerning him. *Bernardus ipse non vidit omnia*. See Hoffman, in *v.*
- BERNE**, *n.* SAX. A barn. 3258.
- BESANT**, *n.* FR. A piece of gold, so called because first coined at Byzantium, now Constantinople. Sc. R. 1106.
- BESKE**, *v.* SAX. To beseech. 920.
- BESST**, **BESSETTE**, *part. pa.* SAX. Placed, employed. 3299. 7534.
- BESSEY**, *part. pa.* of **BESSE**, *v.* SAX. Beseen. *Evil besey*, 8841. Ill-beseen; of a bad appearance. *Richely besey*, 8860, of a rich appearance.
- BESHET**, *part. pa.* SAX. Shut up. R. 4493. T. iii. 603.
- BESHREWE**, *v.* SAX. To curse. 6426, 7.
- BESIDE**, *prep.* SAX. By the side of. 5597. 6002.
- BESMOTRED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Smutted. 76.
- BESTET**, *part. pa.* SAX. Spit upon. P. 152, col. 1, l. 33.
- BESTADDE**, **BESTAD**, *part. pa.* SAX. Situated. 5069. It is sometimes used in an ill sense, for *Distressed*. R. 1227.
- BESTE**, *n.* FR. A beast. 1978.
- *adj. sup.* SAX. Best. 1808. 11843.
- BESY**, *adj.* SAX. Busy. 2955.
- BET**, **BETTE**, *adv. comp.* for **BETTER**. 7533. 13962.
- BETAKE**, *v.* SAX. To give. 3748. To recommend to. 8037.
- BETAUGHT**, *pa. t.* Recommended to. R. 4438. See the *n.* on ver. 13853.
- BETE**, *v.* SAX. To prepare, make ready. *To bete fires*. 2255. 2294. To make fires.—To mend; to heal. *To bete nettles*, 3925. To mend nets. *To bete sorwe*, T. i. 666. To heal sorrow.
- *v.* FR. To beat. 4206.
- BETECHÉ**, *v.* as **BETAKE**. See the *n.* on ver. 13852.
- BETH**, *imp. m.* 2 pers. pl. SAX. Be ye. 7656. 17239.
- BETID**, **BETIDDE**, *pa. t.* & *part.* of **BETIDE**, *v.* SAX. Happened. 7773. T. ii. 55.
- BETOKE**, *pa. t.* of **BETAKE**. Recommended. 16009.
- BETRAISED**, *part. pa.* FR. Betrayed. *They have BETRAISED thee*. P. L. 255.
- BETWIX**, **BETWIXEN**, *prep.* SAX. Between. 2134.
- BEWEPÉ**, *v.* SAX. To weep over. T. i. 763.
- BEWREY**, **BEWRE**, *v.* SAX. To discover. 5193. 9747. T. ii. 537.
- BEYE**, *v.* SAX. To buy. 16762. See **ABEYE**.
- BEYETS**, *part. pa.* SAX. Begotten. T. i. 978.
- BIALACOL**, *pr. n.* FR. *Bel-acueil*. Courteous reception. R. 2984. & *al.* The same person is afterwards called *Faire welcoming*. R. 5936.
- BIBBED**, *part. pa.* LAT. Drunk. 4190.
- BIBLE**, *n.* FR. Any great book, 16325. F. iii. 244.
- BICCHAL BONES**. See the *n.* on ver. 12590.
- BIDDE**, *v.* as **BIDE**. 3641.
- BIE**, *v.* SAX. To suffer. 5749. See **ABEYE**.
- BIGINE**, *pr. n.* FR. *Beguine*. A nun, of a certain order. R. 6861, 7368. See Du Cange, in *v.* *Beghinæ*.
- BIKER**, *n.* SAX. A quarrel. L. V. 2650.
- BILDER**, *n.* SAX. A builder. *The bilder oke*. A. F. 176. The oak used in building.
- BILZ**, *n.* A letter. 9811.
- BIMENE**, *v.* SAX. To bemoan. R. 2667.
- BINT**, for **BINDETH**. C. M. V. 47, 6.
- BIRDS** for **BRIDE**, *n.* SAX. R. 1014.
- Hire chere was simple, as BRIDE in tour.* i. e. as bride in chamber.
- Simple fut comme une ESPOUSEE.* Orig.
- BISMARE**, *n.* SAX. Abusive speech. 3963. *And bold, and abiding, BISMARES to suffer.* F. P. 108. b.
- BIT**, for **BIDDETH**, 187. 10095.
- BITORE**, *n.* FR. A bittern. 6554.
- BITRENT**, *part. pa.* Twisted; carried round. T. iii. 1237 iv. 870. Perhaps from the SAX. *Betpýman*. *Circum dare*.
- BIWOPEN**, *part. pa.* of **BIEWEPE**. Drowned in tears. T. iv. 916.
- BLANC MANGER**, *n.* FR. 389. seems to have been a very different dish in the time of Chaucer, from that which is now called by the same name. There is a receipt for making it in Ms. Har. n. 4016. One of the ingredients is, "*the brauns of a capon, tised small*."
- BLANDISE**, *v.* FR. To flatter. P. 154, col. 2, l. 34.
- BLANCH FEVERE**, T. i. 917. See Cotgrave, in *v.* "*Fievers blanches*. The agues wherewith maligns that have the greenesickness are troubled; and hence; *Il a les fievers blanches*: Either he is in love, or sick of wantonness C. N. 41. *I am so shaken with the FEVERS WHITE*."
- BLE**, *n.* SAX. Colour. Magd. 391.
- BLEK**, *pr. n.* 16024. 16952. A forest in Kont. Ur.
- BLEINE**, *n.* SAX. A pustule. R. 553.
- BLEND**, *v.* SAX. To blind, to deceive. T. ii. 1496.
- BLENT**, *pa. t.* of **BLEND**. T. v. 1194.
- *part. pa.* 9987. 16545.
- *pa. t.* of **BLENGH**, *v.* SAX. Shrunked, started aside. 1080. And so perhaps it should be understood in ver. 3761. and T. iii. 1352.
- BLERED**, *part. pa.* SAX. In its literal sense is used to describe a particular disorder of the eye, attended with soreness and dimness of sight: and so perhaps it is to be understood in ver. 16198. But more commonly, in Chaucer, a man's eye is said to be *blered* metaphorically, when he is any way imposed upon. 17201. R. 3912. See also ver. 3863.
- BLEVE**, *v.* SAX. To stay. T. iv. 1357.
- BLIN**, *v.* SAX. To cease. 16639.
- BLISSE**, *v.* SAX. To bless. 8428.
- BLIVE**, **BLIVE**, *adv.* SAX. Quickly. 5973. 7102.
- BLOSME**, *n.* SAX. Blossom. 3324.
- *v.* To blossom. 9338.
- BLOSMY**, *adj.* Full of blossoms. 9337.
- BOB UP** and **DOWN**, *pr. n.* of a town in the road to Canterbury. 16931. It is not marked in the common maps.
- BORANCE**, *n.* FR. Boasting. 6151.
- BOCHE**, *n.* FR. *Bosse*. A swelling; a wen or boil. Bo. iii. pr. 4.
- BODE**, **BODEN**, *part. pa.* of **BEDE**, *v.* SAX. Bidden, commanded. 6612.
- BODE**, *pa. t.* of **BIDE**, *v.* SAX. Remained. T. v. 29.
- *n.* SAX. A stay, or delay. An. 120.
- An omen. A. F. 343.
- BODEKIN**, *n.* SAX. A dagger. 3958.
- BOETHI**, *pr. n.* 6750. 15248. Boethius. His most popular work *De consolations Philosophie* was translated by Chaucer certainly before 1391, (See L. W. 425), and probably much earlier. The reflections on Predestination, in T. iv. 968—1078, of which there is no trace in the *Filosofo*, are almost entirely taken from Bo. v. pr. 3. Several other passages of the same work, which our author has copied, have been pointed out in the notes on ver. 743. 2923.
- BOISTE**, *n.* FR. A box. 12241.
- BOISTOUS**, *adj.* SAX. Boisterous; rough. 17160.
- BOISTOUSLY**, *adv.* Roughly. 8967.
- BOKBLER**, *n.* FR. A buckler. 112.
- BOKELING**, *part. pr.* FR. Buckling. 2505.
- BOKET**, *n.* SAX. A bucket. 1535.
- BOLAS**, *n.* Bullace; a sort of plumb, or sloe. R. 1377.
- BOLK** **ARMONAC**. 16258. Armenian earth. FR. Ga

**BOLLEN**, *part. pa.* of **BOLGE**, *v.* SAX. Swollen. B. K. 101.  
**BOLT**, *n.* SAX. An arrow. 3264. *Bolt-upright*. 13246.  
 'Straight as an arrow.'  
**BOVE**, *n.* SAX. A boon, petition. 2671. *He bade hem all a bone*. 9492. He made a request to them all.  
**BORAS**, *n.* Fr. Borax. 632. 16258.  
**BORD**, *n.* Fr. A border; the side of a ship. 3585. *Over bord*. 5342.  
**BORDE**, *n.* SAX. A table. 52.  
**DORDEL**, *n.* Fr. A brothel.—*Bordel-women*. P. 169, col. 2, l. 26. Whores.  
**BORDELLERS**, *n. pl.* Keepers of bawdy-houses. R. 7084.  
**BORSEL**, *n.* Fr. Bureau. Coarse cloth of a brown colour. See Du Cange, in *v.* BURELLUS. In *ver.* 5933, it seems to signify *clothing* in general.  
 — *adj.* made of plain, coarse stuff. 11023.—*Borel folk*. 7454, G. *Borel men*. 13961. Laymen. So in P. F. 50. *Burel clerks* is probably put for *Lay clerks*.  
**BORWE**, *n.* SAX. A pledge. *Hath laid to borwe*. 1634. Hath pledged. *Have here my feth to borwe*. 11546. Have here my faith for a pledge. *Saint John to borwe*. 10910. St. John being my security.  
**BOSARD**, *n.* Fr. A buzzard; a species of Hawk, unfit for sporting. R. 4033.  
**BOSSE**, *n.* Fr. A protuberance. 3266.  
**BOST**, *n.* SAX. Pride, boasting. 14105.  
 — *adv.* Aloud. *He cracked bost*. 3990. *He spake this wordes bost*. P. L. 275.  
**BOTE**, *n.* SAX. Remedy; Help; Profit. 426. 13396.  
 — *v.* SAX. To help. P. 155, col. 2, l. 46.  
 — *pa. t.* of **BITE**, *v.* SAX. Bit. 14519. *His sword beat bote*. P. L. 243.  
**BOTELES**, *adj.* SAX. Bontless; remediless. T. i. 783.  
**BOTEL**, **BOTELLE**, *n.* Fr. Bottle. 7513. 13820.  
**BOTERFLIE**, *n.* SAX. A butterfly. 15230.  
**BOTHE**, *adj.* SAX. Two together. *Our bothe labour*. T. i. 973. The labour of us two together. *Nostrum amborum labor*. In T. iv. 163. Ed. C. reads *your botther love*, which might lead one to suspect that *botther* was the ancient genitive case of **BOTHE**, as *Aller* was of *Alle*. See the Essay, &c. n. 27.  
 — *conj.* is generally used to copulate two members of a sentence; but sometimes *more*. See *ver.* 992.  
 And rent adoun *bothe* wall, and sparre, and rafter.—*And ver.* 2300.  
 To whom *bothe* heaven, and erthe, and see is sene.  
 So the Greeks sometimes used *ἄμφω*.  
 Od. 6. 78. *Ἀμφὼτερον νυκὸς τι, καὶ ἡμέρας, καὶ οὐραγε*.  
**BOTHUM**, *n.* Fla. Bouton. A bud, particularly of a rose. R. 1721. *et al.*  
**BOUGERON**, *n.* Fr. A sodomite. R. 7072.  
**BOUGHTON UNDER BLEB**, *pr. n.* of a town in Kent. 16024.  
**BOUKE**, *n.* SAX. The body. 2748.  
**BOULIE**, *v.* SAX. To sift, to separate the flour of wheat from the bran. 15246.  
**BOUN**, *adj.* SAX. Ready. 11807. *And bade hem all to be boun*. P. P. 10, b.  
**BOUNTEE**, *n.* Fr. Goodness. 8033, 10163.  
**BOURDE**, *n.* Fr. A jest. 17030.  
**BOURDE**, *v.* Fr. To jest. 12712.  
**BOURDON**, *n.* Fr. A staff. R. 3401. 4092.  
**BOURE**, *n.* SAX. A house; a chamber. 3367. 13672.  
**BOWE**, *n.* SAX. A bow, 108. *A dagge for the bowe*. 6951.  
 9811. A dog used in shooting.  
**BOXE**, *n.* A blow. L. W. 1386.  
**BRICER**, *n.* Fr. Armour for the arm. 111.  
**BRADWARDIN**, *pr. n.* 15248. Thomas Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1349. His book *De causa Dei*, to which our author alludes, is in print. See Tanner, in *v.* BRADWARDINUS.  
**BRAIDE**, *n.* SAX. A start. L. W. 1164. *At a BRAIDE*. R. 1336. *Tantost*. *Orig.*  
 — *v.* SAX. To awake; to start. 4233. 6381. See **ABRAIDE**. *Out of his wil he braide*. 11339. 14456. He ran out of his senses. In *ver.* 5257, it signifies to *take off*. See also P. iii. 586.  
**BRACKET**, *n.* Brit. Bragot. A sweet drink made of the

wort of ale, honey, and spice. 3261. It is still in use in Wales. Richards, in *v.* *Bragot*.  
**BRASIL**, *n.* A wood used in dyeing, to give a red colour. 15465.—This passage of Chaucer is a decisive proof, that the Brazil-wood was long known by that name before the discovery of the country so called in America. See *Huctiana*, p. 268. In the inventory of the effects of Henry V. *Rot. Parl.* 2 II. VI. m. 20. is the following article. "ii Graundes peces diu Braicte, pris vi. s. viii d." *Bratt*, *n.* SAX. A coarse mantle. 16349.  
**BRECH**, *n.* SAX. Breaches. 12883.  
**BREDE**, *n.* SAX. Breadth. 1973. *In brede*. T. i. 531. A broad. In P. iii. 132. it seems to be put for *bride*.  
**BREMR**, *adj.* SAX. Furious. 1701. *full scharply and full brim*. P. L. 244.  
**BRENNE**, *v.* SAX. To burn. 2333.  
**BRENT**, *pa. l. & part.* Burnt. 2427. 2959.  
**BRENNINGOL**, *adv.* SAX. Hotly. 1566.  
**BREKES**, *n. pl.* Fr. Briars. 1534.  
**BRESTE**, *v.* SAX. To burst. 1922. 11071.  
**BRET-FUL**, *adj.* 683. The sense is much more clear than the etymology.  
**BRIKE**, *n.* Fr. Properly, what is given to a beggar; *What is given to an extortioner, or cheat*. 6960.  
**BRIEN**, *inf.* *n.* Fr. To beg. 4415. or perhaps, *To steal*. See *Rot. Parl.* 22 II. IV. n. 30. *Have stolen and bribed Signetts* (Signets). And so in P. P. 115. b. a *bribour* seems to signify a *thief*; as *brilors*, *pilors*, and *pkharneis*, are classed together; and still more plainly in *Lydg. Trag.* 152.  
 Who saveth a *thefe*, when the rope is knet,—  
 With some false turne the *bribour* wil hum quite.  
 See also *Antient Scottish Poems*, p. 171. st. 7. l. 3.  
**BRIBOURES**. 6940. Upon second thoughts, I believe that I was wrong in adopting this word from *Ms. C.* and that we should rather read with other *Mss.*  
 "Certain he knew of *briboures* mo."  
 See the *n.* on *ver.* 2469.  
**BRIDALE**, *n.* SAX. A marriage-feast. 4373.  
**BRIDDES**, *n. pl.* SAX. Birds. 10955.  
**BRIGE**, *n.* Fr. Contention. M. 118, col. 1, l. 4.  
**BRIKE**, *n.* SAX. Breach; Ruin. 14700.  
**BRIMME**, *adj.* R. 1836. T. iv. 164. as **BREME**.  
**BROCADE**, *n.* A treaty by a broker or agent. 3375. R. 6971.  
**BROCHE**, *n.* Fr. Seems to have signified originally the tongue of a buckle or clasp; and from thence the buckle or clasp itself. 3265. 8131. T. v. 1660. But see *ver.* 166. It probably came by degrees to signify any sort of jewel.  
**BROCHE JUELL**. *Monile*, *armilla*. *Prompt Parv.* See **NOUCHE**.  
**BROIDED**, *part. pa.* Fr. Braided; woven. 1051.  
**BROKKING**, *part. pr.* Throbbing; quaveing. 3377.  
**BROMERHOLME**, *pr. n.* A priory in Norfolk. 4284. *The roode of Bromholme* is mentioned in P. P. 24.  
**BRONDE**, *n.* Fr. A torch. 9651.  
**BROSTEN**, *part. pa.* of **BRESTE**. 3827.  
**BROTEL**, *adj.* SAX. Bittle. 9155. M. 114, col. 2, l. 45.  
**BROTELNESSE**, *n.* Brittleness. 9155.  
**BROTHERHEED**, *n.* SAX. Brotherly affection. 13972.  
**BROUDED**, *part. pa.* Fr. *Broddé*. Embroidered. 14337.  
**BROKEN**, *inf.* *n.* SAX. To brook; enjoy; use. 10182. 15306.  
**BUCKES HORNE**. A buck's horn. 3387. *To blow the buckes horne* is put for any *useless employment*.  
**BUFFETTS**, *n.* Fr. A blow. P. 151, col. 2, l. 46.  
**BUGLE-HORN**, *n.* A drinking vessel made of horn. 11565.  
 Gloss. *Ur.* derives it from *Bucula cornu*. The Gloss. to *Anc. Scott. Po.* explains *Bugle* to mean a *Buffalo*. I have been told that in some parts of the North a *Bull* is now called a *Boogle*.  
**BUMBLE**, *v.* SAX. To make a humming-noise. In *ver.* 6554. it is used to describe the noise made by a bittern.  
**BURDON**, *n.* Fr. *Bourdon*. A humming noise; the bass in music. 675. 4163.  
**BURIELS**, *n. pl.* SAX. Burying-places. 15654.  
**BURNED**, *part. pa.* Fr. Burnished. 1985.  
**BURNEL THE ASSE**. 15138. See the note. The story supposes, that the priest's son, when he was to be ordained,

- directed his servant to call him at cock-crowing, and that the cock, whose leg he had formerly broken, having overheard this, purposely refrained from crowing at his usual time; by which artifice the young man was suffered to sleep till the ordination was over.
- BURNETTE, *n. FR.* *Brunette*. Cloth dyed of a brown colour. R. 226. 4756. See *Du Cange* in *v. BURNETUM*.
- BUSK, *n. FR.* A bush. R. 54. 102.
- BUTTE, *Butt*, *adv.* & *conj.* *Sax.* But; *Sed.* 4834.—Unless; *Mist.* 13115. *I n're but lost. Non essem nisi perdit.* 15042. 16069.—Only. 11349. *which that am but lorne.*
- BUT, *prep.* *Sax.* Without. *Gloss. Ur.* I cannot say that I have myself observed this preposition in Chaucer, but I may have overlooked it. The Saxons used it very frequently; and how long the Scottish writers have laid it aside, I am doubtful. It occurs repeatedly in *Bp. Douglas*. *But spot or fall.* p. 3. l. 53. *Poete but pere.* p. 3. l. 19.
- BUT and BEN. p. 123. l. 40. *Without and within*; *Butan and binnan*; originally, I suppose, *Bi utan and bi innan*. *By and with* are often synonymous.
- BUXOME, *adj.* *Sax.* Obedient; civil. 13107. 13172.
- BUXOMLY, *adv.* *Sax.* Obediently. 8062.
- BY, *prep.* *Sax.* has sometimes the signification of *IN*. *By the morwe.* 16065. In the morning, or day-time. See the note. *By his life.* R. 5955. In his life-time.—It is sometimes used adverbially. *By and by.* 1013. 4141. Near, hard by. *By and by.* *Sigillatim*. *Prompt. Parv.* See R. 4581. *These were his wordes by and by.* i. e. *Severally*; *distinctly*. And so perhaps this phrase should be understood in the passage above quoted.
- BYFORNE, *See* *BEFORE*.
- BYLEVE, *v. SAX.* To stay. 10897. T. iii. 624.
- BYRAFT, *part. pa.* of *BYREVE*, *v. SAX.* Bereaved; taken away. 1383.
- BYWORD, *n. SAX.* A proverb. T. iv. 769.
- C.
- CACCHE, *v.* To catch. P. 166, col. 1, l. 57.
- CADENCE, *n. FR.* F. ii. 114. See the *n.* on *ver.* 17354. and *Jun. Etymolog.* in *v.*
- CAIRUD, *pr. n.* of a city in Bretagne. 11120.
- CAITIF, *n. & adj.* *FR.* *Chetif*. A wretch; wretched. 1719. 1943.
- CALCINATION, *n. FR.* A chemical process, by which bodies are reduced to a calx. 16272.
- CALCULUD, *pa. t. FR.* Calculated. 11506.
- CALEWEIS, R. 7093. is probably mis-written. The Orig. has *La poire du CAILLOUEL*. 12468. *Cotgrave* says, that *Caillouet* is the name of a very sweet pear.
- CALIDONE, *pr. n.* 12839. It should be *Lacedonie*. See the *n.* on *ver.* 12537.
- CALIOPIA, *pr. n.* F. iii. 182. We should rather read *CALYPSA*, with the two Bodl. MSS. for *Calyseo*.
- CALLE, *n. FR.* A species of cap. 6300. T. iii. 775.
- CAMAILLE, *n. FR.* A camel. 9072.
- CAMELINE, *n. FR.* A stuff made of camel's hair. R. 7367.
- CAMUSE, *adj.* *FR.* Flat. 3932. 3972.
- CAN, *v. SAX.* To know. 4467. 5638. See *CONNÉ*.
- CANANEE, *adj.* *FR.* Cananean. 15527.
- CANE, *pr. n.* Canna in Galilee. 5593.
- CANEL, *n. FR.* Canal. Channel. Du. 943.
- CANELLE, *n. FR.* Cinnamon. R. 1370.
- CANEVAS, *n. FR.* Canvas. 16407.
- CANON, 12824. The title of Avicenna's great work. See *D'Herbelot* in *v. Canon*.
- CANTEL, *n. SAX.* A fragment. 3010.
- CAPEL, *n. LAT.* A horse. 17013. 4. And gave him CAPLES to his carte. P. P. 109.
- CAPITAINE, *n. FR.* A captain. 12516.
- CAPITOLIE, *n. LAT.* The Capitol at Rome. 14621. 3.
- CAPPE, *n. LAT.* A cap, or hood. To set a man's cap. 588. 3145. To make a fool of him.
- CAPTIF, *adj.* *FR.* Captive. T. iii. 383.
- CARDIACLE, *n. FR. GR.* A pain about the heart. 12247.
- CARECTES, *n. pl. LAT. GR.* Characters. P. P. 61.
- CARPE, *pa. t.* of *CARVE*, *v. SAX.* Cut. 14519.
- CARLE, *n. SAX.* A churl; a hardy country fellow. 547.
- CARNES, *n. pl. FR.* Carmelite Friars. R. 7462.
- CAROLE, *n. FR.* A sort of dance. 1933.
- *v. FR.* To dance. 2204. In *caroling*. 16813. In dancing.
- CARPE, *v.* To talk. 476. *By CARPING of tongue*; By speech. P. P. 566.
- CARRAINE, *n. FR.* A carrion: dead or putrified flesh. 2015. 14542.
- CARRIKE, *n. FR.* A large ship. 7270.
- CARTE, *n. SAX.* A chariot. 2024.
- CARTER, *n. SAX.* A chariot-car. 2024.
- CAS, *n. FR.* Cas. Chance. 846. Upon cas. 3661. T. i. 271. By chance.
- *n. FR. Casse.* A case; quiver. 2360.
- CASSIODORUS, *pr. n.* M. 111, col. 1, l. 18. Cassiodorus; a Roman Senator and Consul. A. C. 513. Several of his works are extant. See *Fabric. Bibl. Lat. and Bibl. Med. Æt.*
- CAST, *n. SAX.* A contrivance. 3605. 2470.
- CASTE, *v.* To throw. T. iii. 712. L. W. 1531.—To contrive. M. 120, col. 1, l. 23.
- CASTELOINE, *pr. n.* Catalonia, in Spain. F. iii. 158.
- CASUEL, *adj.* *FR.* Accidental. T. iv. 419.
- CATAPUCE, *n. FR.* A species of spurge. 14971.
- CATEL, *n. FR.* Goods; valuable things of all sorts. 542. 3977. 4447.
- CATERWAUED, 5936. To gon a caterwaued seems to signify the same as to oo a caterwauling; or caterwauling, as it has been called by later writers.
- CATON, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on *ver.* 3227.
- CAUGHT, *pa. t. et part.* of *CATCH*. 8986. 11824.
- CAVILATIOUN, *n. FR.* Cavil. 7718.
- CECILIE, *CECILIE*, *pr. n.* Cecilia. 15664. 15686.
- CEISE, R. 7253. *CESE.* A. F. 481, are misprinted for *SEISE*, *v. FR.* To seize; to lay hold of.
- CELERER, *n. LAT.* *Celerarius*. The officer in a monastery who had the care of the provisions. 13942.
- CELLE, *n. LAT.* A religious house. 172. It seems to be put for a man's head. 13978. See also 1378.
- CELSITUDE, *n. FR.* Highness. C. L. 611.
- CENSER, *n. FR.* An incense-pot. 3340.
- CENSING, *part. pr.* *FR.* Fumigating with incense. 3341.
- CENTAURIE, *pr. n.* of an herb. 14969.
- CERCLE, *v. FR.* To surround. R. 1619.
- CERCLES, *n. pl. FR.* Circles. 2039.
- CERIAL, *adj.* *FR.* Belonging to the species of oak called *Cerrus*. *LAT. Cerro. ITAL. Cerra.* *FR.* 2292.
- CERTAIN, *adj.* *FR.* is used sometimes as a substantive. *Of unces a certain.* 16244. *A certain of gold.* 16492. i. e. A certain number of ounces; a certain quantity of gold.
- CERTAIN, *CERTES*, *adv.* Certainly. 3495. 6790.
- CERUSE, *n. FR.* White lead. 632.
- CESED, *part. pa.* for *SEISED*. C. M. 87. is used in a legal sense. *To that he be cessed therewith*; Till that he be possessed thereof; Till he have seised thereof.
- CESE, *v. FR.* To cease. T. ii. 483.
- CHACE, *v. FR.* To chase; to pursue. 8217. 8269.
- CHAFE, *v. FR.* To grow warm or angry. F. 161, col. 1, l. 64.
- CHAFFARE, *n. SAX.* Merchandise. 4558. 13215.
- *v. SAX.* To merchandise. 4559.
- CHAIERE, *n. FR.* A chair. 14531. The chair, or pulpit, of a professor or preacher. 7100.
- CHALONS, 4138. See the note.
- CHAMBERERE, *n. FR.* A chamber-maid. 5882. 8695.
- CHAMPARTIE, *n. FR.* A share of land; A partnership in power. 1251. Lydgate has the same expression. *Trag.* 139. B. vii. 17.
- CHANTEPLEURE, *n. FR.* A sort of proverbial expression for singing and weeping successively. An. 323. See *Lydg. Trag.* St. the last; where he says that his book is
- "Lyke Chantpleure, now singing now weping."
- In *MS. Harl.* 4333. is a Ballad, which turns upon this expression. It begins; *Moult vault mieux pleure chan: que ne fait chante pleure.*
- CHANTERIE, *n. FR.* An endowment for the payment of priest, to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of its founder. 512. There were thirty-five of these Chanteries

established at St. Paul's, which were served by fifty-four Priests. *Dugd. Hist.* pref. p. 41.

CHAFFMAN, n. SAK. A merchant or trader. 13184. 6.

CHAFFMANHEDER, n. SAK. The condition of a chapman or tradesman. 13169.

CHAF, n. FR. A chariot. 2140. 14365

CHARBOUCLE, n. FR. A carbuncle. 13800.

CHARGE, n. FR. A load, burthen; business of weight. *It nere no charge.* 2999. It were no harm. *Of which there is no charge.* 10673. From which there is no consequence to be expected. *Of that no charge.* 16217. No matter for that.

— v. FR. To weigh, to incline on account of weight. F. ii. 237.—Which chargeth not to say. T. ii. 1592. Which it is of no importance to say.

CHARGEANT, *particp. pr.* Burthensome. M. 111, col. 2, l. 49. P. 162, col. 1. l. 56.

CHARKRESSE, n. FR. An enchantress. F. iii. 171.

CHASTELAINE, n. FR. The wife of a *Chastelain*, or lord of a castle, R. 3740.

CHASTIE, v. FR. To chastise. R. 6993.

CHAUNTECLERE, *pr. n.* of a cock. 14855.

CHEKRE, n. FR. A chess-board. Du. 660.

CHESS, *pa. t.* of CHESE, v. SAK. Chose. 9471. 10039.

CHEFFIS. R. 7091. We should read *Chess*. The Orig. has *fromages*.

CHEKE. Du. 659. A term at chess, to give notice to the opposite party, that his king, if not removed, or guarded by the interposition of some other piece, will be made prisoner. It is derived originally from the Persian *Shdh*, i. e. *King*; and means, *Take care of your king*. See Hyde, *Hist. Shahiud*, p. 3, 4.

CHEKELATOUN, 13034. See the note.

CHEKEMATE, or simply *MATE*, is a term used at chess, when the king is actually made prisoner, and the game consequently finished. The Persian phrase is *Shdh mat*, i. e. *The King is conquered*. T. ii. 754. Du. 659. 660. See Hyde, *Hist. Shahiud*, p. 152.

CHELAUNDRE, n. FR. A goldfinch. R. 81.

CHEPE, v. SAK. To cheapen; to buy. 5830.

— n. Cheapness. 6105 F. iii. 884.

— *pr. n.* Cheapside in London. 756. 4375.

CHECHER, n. SAK. A church. 2762.

CHEER, n. FR. Countenance; appearance. 8114. 8117.—Entertainment; good cheer. 13257.

CHEERIC, v. FR. To cheerish. 14438.

CHEIRANCE, n. FR. Comfort. R. 3337.

CHERL, n. SAK. A man of mean birth and condition. 6740. 7764.

CHERLISH, *adj.* Illiberal. 11827.

CHEP, n. FR. The game of chess. 11212.

CHESE, v. SAK. To choose. 6490. 11398.

— for CHESETH. 6497.

CHESTE, n. LAT. A coffin. 7905.

— n. Debate. P. 158, col. 2, l. 57.

CHESENE, n. FR. The chesnut tree. 2924.—The chesnut fruit. R. 1375.

CHEVACHIE, n. FR. An expedition. See the n. on ver. 85. and ver. 1690.

CHI VALRIE, n. FR. Knighthood; the manners, exercises, and valiant exploits, of a knight. 45. 2103. 2106.

CHYVALROUS, *adj.* Valiant. T. v. 802.

CHEYR, v. FR. To come to an agreement, or conclusion. *Yvel mote he cheyr.* 16693. *III* may he end. See ver. 4172. *Ye, they shal have the flour of yvel ending.*

CHEYSSAILE, n. FR. A necklace. R. 1062. The word does not occur in the Orig. in this place, but it is used in ver. 21397.

*Et pour tenir la CHEYSSAILE  
Deux fermeaux d'or au col huybaile.*

CHEVRAIN, n. FR. Cheftain. 2557.

CHEVISANCE, n. FR. An agreement for borrowing of money. 13259. 13277. 13321.

CHICHE, *adj.* Fr. Niggardly, sparing. R. 5538.

CHICHEVACHE. See the n. on ver. 9064.

CHIDPRESS, n. SAK. A female scold. R. 4266.

CHIDESTER, n. SAK. A female scold. 9409.

CHIERTE. FR. Tenderness; affection. 5078. 13266.

CHIKE, n. SAK. A chicken. R. 541.

CHIMBE, n. SAK. The prominent part of the staves beyond the head of a barrel. 3893.

CHIMBE, n. To sound in consonance, like bells. 3894.

CHIMENEY, n. FR. A chimney. T. ii. 1147.

CHINCHE, *adj.* as CHICHE. R. 5998. *Conf. Am.* 109. b.

CHINCHERIE, n. Niggardliness. M. 116, col. 2, l. 63.

CHIRCHS, n. SAK. A church. 12263.

CHIRCHEREVE, n. SAK. A church-yard. 6880.

CHIRCHHAWE, n. SAK. A church-warden. P. 169, col. 1, l. 54.

CHIRK, v. SAK. To chirp, as a sparrow. 7386.

CHIRKING, n. A disagreeable sound. 2006. F. iii. 853.

CHIT for CHIDETH. 16389.

CHIVACHEE, n. as CHEVACHIE. 16909.

CHIVER, v. SAK. To shiver. R. 1732. B. K. 231.

CHIROES, n. pl. FR. Wax-tapers. R. 6948.

CIPION, *pr. n.* Scipio. R. 10.

CIPRIS, *pr. n.* Venus. F. ii. 10.

CIRCES, *pr. n.* for CIRCE, 1946.

CITEE, n. FR. A city. 941.

CITOLE, n. FR. A musical instrument. 1961. Sir John Hawkins, in his very curious *History of Music*, v. 2. p. 106. n. supposes it to have been a sort of *Dulcimer*, and that the name is a corruption of the LAT. *Castella*. Beside the passage which he has quoted from *Gower*, *Conf. Am.* 178. it is mentioned again in fol. 189. among the instruments which *sounded lowe*. See also *Du Cange*, in v. CROALA, and M. de la Ravalliere, *Poésies du Roy de Navarre*. T. i. p. 248.

CITRIN, *adj.* FR. Of a pale yellow, or citron-colour. 2169.

CITRINATION, n. A chemical term. *Ainoldus in Rosario MS. l. r. c. 5. Citrinacio nihil aliud est quam completa albedinis digestio, nec albedo est aliud quam nigredinis ablatio.* Gloss. Carpent. in v.

CLAMBE, *pa. t.* pl. of CLINE, v. SAK. F. iii. 1061.

CLAPERS, n. pl. FR. Rabbit-burrows. R. 1405.

CLAPPE, v. SAK. To knock repeatedly. 7153. 6.—To talk fast. 9076.

CLAPPETH, *imp. m.* 2 pers. pl. 9076.

CLAPPING, n. Noisy talking. 8873.

CLAPSED. Clapsed. 275.

CLARRE, n. FR. Wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till it is clear. 1473. 9717. It was otherwise called *Piment*; as appears from the title of the following receipt, in the *Medulla Chirurgie Rolandi MS. Bod.* 761. fol. 85. "*Claretum bonum, sive pigmentum. —Accipe nucem moschatam, cariglios, gingebas, macis, cinamomum, galangum; que omnia in pulverem redacta distempera cum bono vino cum tertid parte mellis: post cola per sacculum, et da ad bibendum. Et nota, quod illud idem potest fieri de cerevisia.*" And so in R. 5967. *Clarre* is the translation of *Piment*. Orig. 11473.

CLATTEREDEN, *pa. t.* pl. of CLATTER, v. SAK. 2425.

CLAUDIAN, *pr. n.* His poem *De rapto Proserpine* is alluded to in v. 10106. See also F. i. 449. iii. 419.

CLAUSS, n. FR. An end, or conclusion. T. ii. 728.

CLAW, v. SAK. To stroke. T. iv. 728. He clawed him on the back. 4324. He stroked him on the back, to encourage him. To claw on the gall, 6522. signifies the same as To rub on a sore place.

CREO for CLAD. T. ii. 1527.

CLFNESESE, n. SAK. Purity. 7465. 7492.

CLAKE, v. SAK. To call 3432.—To name. 4611.

CLERGIE, n. FR. The clerical profession. 6859.

CLERICAL, *adj.* Learned. 16920.

CLERGION, n. A young clerk. 13433.

CLERK, n. FR. A person in holy orders. P. 169, col. 1, l. 44. —A man of learning. 492.—A student at the university 3199. 6109. THE CLERK OF OXFORD. See his CHARACTER, ver. 287—310.

CLAYES, n. pl. SAK. Rocks. L. W. 1468. See CLIFFE.

CLIFFE, n. SAK. A rock. L. W. 1495.

CLIFFE, n. SAK. A cleft. 7727.

CLIKET, n. FR. A key. 9901. 5, 7.

CLINKE, v. FR. To ring. 12926.

— v. *neut.* To tinkle. 12598.

CLIPPE, v. SAK. To cut hair. 3324.—To embrace. 10287.

CLIPPE, *adj.* As if eclipsed. R. 5349.

- CLOBBER**, *adj.* SAX. Like a club. 13904.  
**CLOISTRE**, *n.* FR. A cloister. 7681.—An inclosure. 15511.  
**CLOMBEN**, *pa. t. pl.* of CLIMB. *v.* SAX. 3636.  
**CLOSER**, *n.* FR. An inclosure. R. 4069.  
**CLOTE-LEFE**. A leaf of the bur-dock, or clote bur. 16045.  
**CLOTTERED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Clotted. 2747.  
**CLOUE-GILOFRE**. See the note on ver. 13692.  
**CLOUTES**, *n. pl.* SAX. Small pieces. 9827.  
**CLUM**, 3639. This word seems to be formed from the SAX. *v.* Clumian. *Mustilare, murmurare*; to express the mumbling noise, which is made by a congregation in accompanying prayers, which they cannot perfectly repeat.  
**COAGULAT**, *part. pa.* LAT. Curdled. 16279.  
**COCKES BONES**. 16958. 17340. A corruption of a familiar oath, which appears undisguised in ver. 12629.  
**COD**, *n.* SAX. A bag. 12468.  
**COFRE**, *n.* FR. A chest. 300. 8461.  
**COGGE**, *n.* SAX. A cock-boat. L. W. 1479. See Du Cange, in *v.* Cogo.  
**COILONS**, *n. pl.* FR. Testicles. 12886.  
**COINE**, *n.* FR. A piece of money. 9044.  
 — A quince. R. 1373.  
**COINT**, *adj.* FR. Neat; trim. C. D. 1824.  
**COKE**, *n.* LAT. A cook. See his CHARACTER, ver. 381, 9.  
**COKESEY**. See the *n.* on ver. 4206.  
**COKEWOLD**, *n.* A cuckold. How this word has been formed is difficult to say, but probably it has some relation to the FR. *Cocu*. In the best MSS. of the CANTERBURY TALES it is constantly spelled as above; and is always, I believe, to be pronounced as a *triseyllable*. See ver. 3154. 3226. 6796. 7198. 10130. 12316. The author of the *Remedie of Love*, ver. 298. seq. pretends, that the true orthographie of this word is *cokold*, according to a most absurd *etymologie*, which he has there given of it; an additional proof, if any were wanted, that the *Remedie of Love* was not written by Chaucer.  
**COL**. See the *n.* on ver. 15521.  
**COLD**, *v.* SAX. To grow cold. 5299.  
**COLER**, *n.* FR. A collar. 3239. T. V. 1659.  
**COLERED**, *part. pa.* Collared; wearing collars. 2154.  
**COLLATION**, *n.* FR. A conference. 8201.  
**COLLINGS**, *n. pl.* FR. Embraces round the neck. T. L. ii. 340.  
**COLTISH**, *adj.* SAX. Playful as a colt. 9721.  
**COLUMBINE**, *adj.* LAT. Belonging to a dove; dove-like. 10015.  
**COMERE-WORLD**, *n.* An incumbrance to the world. T. iv. 279.  
**COMBUST**, *adj.* LAT. Burnt. 16279. A term in astrology, when a planet is not more than 8° 30' distant from the sun. T. iii. 718.  
**COME** for COMETH, 15710.  
**COMMENSAL**, *n.* FR. A companion at table. T. L. i. 319.  
**COMMUNE**, *n.* FR. Commonalty. 7946.  
**COMMUNES**, *n. pl.* Commoners; common people. 5511.  
**COMPAIGNABLE**, *adj.* FR. Sociable. 12934.  
**COMPANE** for COMPAGNE. 3709. See the note.  
**COMPAS**, *n.* FR. A compass; a circle. The *trine compas*. 15513. The Trinity; an appellation borrowed, as it seems, from the common emblem of that mystery, a circle circumscribing a triangle.—Contrivance. F. i. 461. iii. 80.  
**COMPASMENT**, *n.* L. W. 1414. } Contrivance.  
**COMPASSING**, *n.* 1998. }  
**COMPASS**, *v.* To contrive. L. W. 1412. He compassed his thought. 5011. He contrived in his thought.  
**COMPENTABLE**, *adj.* FR. 14878 as COMPAGNABLE.  
**COMPLERE**, *n.* FR. A gossip; a near friend. 672. 4417.  
**COMPLIN**, *n.* FR. *Complie*. Even-song; the last service of the day. P. 154, col. 2, l. 68.—Singing, in general. 4169.  
**COMPOWNED**, *part. pa.* Composed; put together. L. W. 2574. F. ii. 521.  
**COMPT**, *n.* FR. Account. R. 5026.  
**CONCEITE**, *n.* FR. Conception; apprehension. Bo. iii. pr. 10.  
**CONDESCENDE**, *v.* FR. To yield. 10721.  
**CONDISE**, *n. pl.* FR. Conduits. R. 1414.  
**CONFECTURE**, *n.* FR. Composition. 12796.  
**CONFUSE**, *adj.* FR. Confounded. 2232. 15931. He became so CONFUSE, he conneth not loke. F. P. 47. b.  
**CONJECTE**, *v.* FR. To project. R. 6928.  
**CONSAUNCE**, *n.* FR. Understanding. R. 5465.  
**CONJURE**, *v.* FR. To adjure. 13574.  
**CONNIE**, *v.* SAX. To know; to be able. I shall not CONNIE answer. M. 118, col. 1, l. 55. I shall not know how, or be able, to answer. Thou shalt never—CONNENGE. R. 7135. Thou shalt never be able to know.—To connie thank: to be pleased, or obliged; Spavoir *gré*. FR. 1810. 3066. To connie maugr. R. 4559. To be displeased; Spavoir *malgré*. Orig.  
**CONSEIL**, *n.* FR. Counsel. 9237.  
**CONSENTANT**, *part. pr.* FR. *Consentant of this cursedness*. 12210. Consenting to t. c.  
**CONSERVE**, *v.* FR. To preserve. 15855.  
**CONSIORY**, *n.* FR. signifies usually an Ecclesiastical Court; but in v. 12096. 12191. any court of justice.  
**CONSTABLERIE**, *n.* FR. A ward, or division of a castle, under the care of a constable. R. 4218. See Du Cange, in *v.* CONSTABULARIUS CASTRI.  
**CONSTANTINE**, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on ver. 9684.  
**CONTEKE**, *n.* SAX. Contention. 2005. T. V. 1478.  
**CONTENANCE**, *n.* FR. Appearance; pretence. 4419. 16732.  
**CONTRACT**, *part. pa.* LAT. Contracted. F. 153, col. 2, l. 18.  
**CONTRARIAUNTES**, *part. pr.* Is used in the plural number, according to the French custom. T. L. i. 319. b. Opposing; contradicting.  
**CONTRARIE**, *v.* FR. To contradict. 6636.  
**CONTRARIOUS**, *adj.* FR. Opposite. 6280. Perverse. 6362.  
**CONTRARY**, *n.* FR. Adversary. 1361.  
**CONTREFEITE**, *v.* FR. To counterfeit; imitate. 130. 15327.  
**CONTROVE**, *v.* FR. To invent. R. 4249. 7547.  
**CONTUBERNIAL**, *adj.* LAT. Familiar. P. 163, col. 2, l. 69.  
**CONTUNE** for CONTINUE. R. 4354. 5205. 5332. This is one of those licences for the sake of rhyme, of which see the *n.* on v. 8915. Our author seems to have been ashamed of it, as I do not recollect to have met with it in the CANTERBURY TALES. Lydgate has been less scrupulous. See *Trag.* 2 b. 14. b. 24. b.  
**COPE**, *n.* FR. Cape. A cloak. 13955.  
**COPEE**, *n.* SAX. The top of any thing. 556. F. iii. 70.  
**CORAGE**, *n.* FR. Heart. 22.—Inclination. 9130.—Spirit; courage. 1947. 8096.  
**CORETTES**, *n. pl.* FR. Niches for statues. F. iii. 214.  
**CORDETH** for ACCORDETH. T. ii. 1043.  
**CORDEWANE**, *n.* FR. *Cordovan*. Spanish leather, so called from Corduba. 13662.  
**CORDELIERS**, *n. pl.* FR. *Cordellers*. An order of Friars, so called from their wearing a cord for a girdle. R. 7461.  
**CORINNE**, *pr. n.* An. 21. What author is meant, I cannot say. One can hardly suppose that Chaucer had met with that poem of the ancient Corinna, the contemporary of Pindar, which was entitled 'Ερρα εις Ουγκας (*Fragm. ex Apollonio Dyscolo*, ap. Maittaire de Dialect. p. 429. l. 4.) nor do I know that any fictitious work upon the War of Thebes has ever been set forth under her name. She is mentioned by Propertius (3 El. 3. v. 21.) and by Statius (Sylv. V. Carm. 3. v. 158.) but neither of them takes notice of her having written on the affairs of Thebes.  
**CORNEWAILE**, *pr. n.* Cornouaille, in Bretagne. R. 4250.  
**CORNICULERS**, *n.* LAT. An officer in the Roman Government. 15837. See *Pitisc. Lex. Ant. Rom.* in *v.* *Cornicularius*.  
**CORNUISE**, *n.* FR. A bagpipe. F. iii. 128.  
**CORNY**, *adj.* SAX. Strong of the corn, or malt. 12949. 12390.  
**COROUNE**, *n.* FR. A crown, or garland. 2292. 15689.  
**CORPS**, *n.* FR. Body. 12233. 13836.  
**CORPUS**, *n.* LAT. Body. *Corpus Domini*. 13365. God's body. *Corpus Madrian*. 13698.  
**CORRIGE**, *v.* FR. To correct. Bo. iv. pr. 4. pr. 7.  
**CORRUPTABLE**, *adj.* FR. Corruptible. 3012.  
**CORRUMPE**, *v.* FR. To corrupt. 2748.  
**CORSE**, *v.* SAX. To curse. T. ii. 107.  
**CORSEINT**, *n.* FR. A hol body; a saint. C. D. 940. *Th. corsaynt and the kike*. P. L. 44.  
**CORVEN** *part. pa.* of CARVE, *v.* SAX. Cut. 2698.  
**COSIN**, *n.* FR. A cousin, or kinsman. It is sometimes used adjectively. 744. 17158. Allied; related.



**COSINAGE**, *n. Fr.* Kindred. 13339.  
**COSTAGE**, *n. Fr.* Cost, expense. 5331. 9002.  
**COSTIER**, *v. Fr.* To go by the coast. B K 36.  
**COSTLEWE**, *adj.* Costly. P. 155, col. 2, l. 23.  
**COSTRELL**, *n.* A drinking-vessel. L. W. 2655 See Du Cange, in *v. COSTRELLUS*.  
**COTE**, *n. SAX.* A cottage. 8274.  
 — *n. Fr.* A coat. 8739 — **COTE-ARMURE**; A coat worn over armour; upon which the armorial ensigns of the wearer were usually embroidered. 1018. 2142.  
**COTIDJEN**, *adj. Fr.* Daily. It is used as a *substantive* for *A quotidian ague*. R. 2401.  
**COUCHF**, *v. Fr.* To lay. 16620.  
**COUCHED**, *part. pa.* Laid. 16608. **COUCHED with perles**. 2163. Laid, or trimmed with pearls.  
**COUD**, **COUDE**, *pa. t. of CONNE.* Knew; was able. 94, 5. See the Essay, &c. n. 35. It is used as a *participle pa.* P. 171, col. 1, l. 46. So that instead of *always* in the note, I should have said *generally*.  
**COVETRE**, *v. Fr.* To covet. R. 6173.  
**COVENABLE**, *adj. Fr.* Convenient; suitable. P. 148, col. 1, l. 12.  
**COVERCHIEFS**, *n. pl. Fr.* Head-cloaths. 455.  
**COVERCLE**, *n. Fr.* A potlid. F. ii. 284.  
**COVERT**, *adj. Fr.* Secret; covered. R. 6149.  
**COVINE**, *n. Fr.* Secret contrivances. 606. R. 3799.  
**COULPE**, *n. Fr.* A fault. P. 153, col. 2, l. 23.  
**COUNT**, *v. Fr.* To account; to esteem. 4054. 4190.  
**COUNTERPEISE**, *n. Fr.* A counterpoise; a weight which balances another. T. iii. 1413.  
 — *v. Fr.* To counterpoise. F. iii. 660.  
**COUNTERPLETE**, *v. Fr.* To plead against. L. W. 476.  
**COUNTERWAITE**, *v. Fr.* To watch against. M. 119, col. 2, l. 65.  
**COUNTOUR**, *n. Fr.* *Comptoir*. A counting house. 13143. — *Compteur*. An arithmetician. Du. 435.  
 361. See the note.  
**COUNTRETAILE**, *n. Fr.* A tally answering exactly to another. Hence echo is said to answer *at the countretaille*. 9066.  
**COUSE**, *v. Fr.* To sit crouching, like a brooding hen. R. 465.  
**COURTEFY**. See the *n.* on ver. 292.  
**COURT-MAN**. 9360. A courtier. *Hommes de Cour*. Fr.  
**COUTH**, **COUTHE**, *pa. t. of CONNE.* Knew; was able. 392. R. 753.  
 — *part. pa.* Known. 14. 8919.  
**COWARDISE**, *n. Fr.* Want of courage. *Cowardie*, 2732. R. 2490. As to the etymology of the *adj.* from which this word has been formed, I think the opinion of Twysden and Somner. Gloss. ad X. Script. *v. Friduite*, much the most probable, who derive it from the *BARB*, *LAT. Culum vertere*; to turn tail, or run away. See Du Cange, in *v. CULVERTA*, and *CULVERTAGIUM*, who rejects the opinion above mentioned, but without suggesting any thing so plausible. *Culvert*, as it is written in the oldest and best French MSS. that I have seen, might easily be corrupted, according to the French mode of pronunciation, into *Cowart* and *Coward*.  
 I have somewhere seen the French language seriously charged with indelicacy for its frequent and wanton use of the word *cul* in composition; nor can the charge be said to be groundless. Beside the numerous instances which will occur to every body, I suspect that this monosyllable makes part of a common and solemn term in our Law, imported originally from France. *Culprist* seems to me to have been a vulgar name for a prisoner; a person taken by that part which is most exposed in running away. Hollinshed has expressed the same idea more delicately. Vol. iii. p. 842. *The prentiss were caught by the backs and had to prison*. And so it is expressed in "*Ancient Scottish Poems*," p. 182. ver. 15.  
*Yet deid [death] sal tawhim be the bak.*  
**COYE**, *v. Fr.* To quiet, to soothe. T. ii. 801.  
**CRAFTSMAN**, *n. SAX.* A worker of skill. 1893.  
**CRACK**, *v. Fr.* To crack. 3999.  
 — **CRACK**, *v. SAX.* To quaver hoarsely in singing. 9724. C. N. 119.

**CRAMPISH**, *v. Fr.* To contract violently, as the cramp does. AN. 170.  
**CRATCHING**, *n. SAX.* Scratching. 2836.  
**CRASED**, *part. pa. Fr.* *Ecrasé*. Broken. 16402.  
**CREANCE**, *n. Fr.* Faith; belief. 5335.  
 — *v. Fr.* To borrow money. 13219, 33, 96.  
**CREATE**, *part. pa. LAT.* Created. P. 150, col. 2, l. 63.  
**CRANCLD**, *part. pa.* Crinckled; circularly formed. L. W. 2010. Perhaps from the Island. Krynge. *Circino, gyro*.  
**CRAPIL**, *n. SAX.* A cripple. T. iv. 1458.  
**CRAYASSE**, *n. Fr.* A chink, or crevice. F. iii. 996.  
**CRIANDE**, *part. pr. of CRIE, *v. Fr.* Crying. R. 3138.  
**CRIPS**. F. iii. 296. as *CRISPE*.  
**CRISIFFUS**, *pr. n.* 6259. I find the title of a work in Montfaucon, *Bibl.* p. 513. to which Chaucer may possibly allude. *Chrysippi, discipuli Euthymi, in Joannem encommium*.—and again p. 1314. *Chrysippi Presbyteri laudatio S. Joannis Baptistae*. It is not likely that a Panegyrist on the Baptist might be led by his rage against Hierodias to say some harsh things of women in general.  
**CRISPE**, *adj. LAT.* Curled. 5886.  
**CROCE**, *n. SAX.* A cross. 6066.  
**CROIS**, *n. Fr.* A cross. 12885.  
**CROMES**, *n. pl. SAX.* Crumbs. 15528.  
**CROMMED**, *part. pa. SAX.* Stuffed, crammed. F. iii. 1039.  
**CRONE**, *n. SAX.* An old woman. 4852. *Kronie*; *Ovis vetula*. Kilian.  
**CROPE**, **CROPEN**, *part. pa. of CREPE, *v. SAX.* Crept. 4257. 11918.  
**CROPPES**, *n. pl. SAX.* The extremities of the shoots of vegetables. 7. *Now in the crop*. 1534. *Now at the top*. *Crope and rote*. T. ii. 343. *Root and branch*; the whole of a thing.  
**CROSSELET**, *n. Fr.* A crucible. 16565.  
**CROUCHE**, *v. SAX.* To sign with the cross. 9581.  
**CROUDE**, *v. SAX.* To shove together. 4716.  
**CROUKE**, *n. SAX.* An earthen pitcher. 4156.  
**CROUKE**, *n. Fr.* signifies *Head*. 4039. 4097.  
**CROUPE**, *n. Fr.* The ridge of the back. 7141.  
**CROWES FEET**. T. ii. 404. The wrinkles which spread from the outer corners of the eyes. Spenser describes this mark of old age in the same manner, Eccl. 12.  
*And by mine eie the crow his claw doth wright.*  
**CROWNED**, *part. pa.* Wearing a crown. *Crowned malice*. 10840. *Sovereign malice*.  
**CRULL**, *adj. SAX.* Curled. 81. 3314.  
**CUCURBITE**, *n. LAT.* A gourd; a vessel, shaped like a gourd, used in distillation. 16262.  
**CULPONS**, *n. pl. Fr.* Shreds. 631. Logs. 2869.  
**CULVER**, *n. SAX.* A dove. L. W. 3307.  
**CUPPE**, *n. Fr.* A cup. *Withouten cuppe he drank all his penance*. 11254. He took large draughts of grief; he made no use of a cup, but drank out of the pot.  
**CURATION**, *n. Fr.* Cure; healing. T. i. 792. Bo. i. pr. 6.  
**CURSE**, *n. Fr.* *Cara*. I do no cure. L. W. 152. I take no care.  
**CURFEW-TIME**, 3645. according to the Conqueror's edict, is said to have been 8 h. P. M. Walsingham, speaking of an event on the 2d of September, 1311 mentions 9 h. as the *hora ignitegi*. It probably varied with the seasons of the year.  
**CURIOUS**, *adj. Fr.* Careful. 13156. R. 6578.  
**CURTEIS**, *adj. Fr.* Courteous. 99. 6889.  
**CUSTOMER**, *adj. Fr.* Accustomed. R. 4936.  
**CUTTE**, *Cut.* 837. 847. 12727. seq. See the *n.* on ver. 837.  
 D.  
**DAFFE**, *n. SAX.* A fool. 4206. *Thou dotest, DAFFE, quod she, dull are thy wittes*. P. 6. b.  
**DAGGE**, *n.* A slip, or shred. R. 7212.  
**DAGGED**, *part. pa.* Cut into slips. P. 155, col. 2, l. 44.  
**DAGGING**, *n.* slitting; cutting into slips. P. 155, col. 2, l. 33.  
**DAGON**, *n.* A slip, or piece. 7383.  
**DAMASCENE**, *pr. n.* The country about Damascus. 14013.  
 — *pr. n.* 435. *Joannes Mesue Damascenus*, an Arabian Physician, in the ninth and tenth century. See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* t. xlii. p. 256.**

**DAME**, *n.* FR. LAT. *Domina*. Mistress, Lady. 7387. 7451.  
—Mother. 3260.

**DAMPNE**, *v.* FR. To condemn. 5530. 5652.

**DAN**, *n.* FR. LAT. *Dominus*. Lord; was a title commonly given to Monks. 12973 13935, 6. See the *n.* on ver. 9684. It is also prefixed by Chaucer to the names of other persons of all sorts. *Dan Arcite*. 2893. *Dan Burnell*. 15318. *Dan Coton*. 14977.

**DANCE**, *n.* FR. *The oide dance*. 478. 12013. The old game. See R. 4300. T. ii. 696. The French have the same phrase. *Elle sçait assez de la vieille danse*. Cotgrave.

**DANGER**, *n.* FR. A dangerous situation. *In danger*. 665. See the note; and R. 1470.—Coyneess; sparingness. R. 1147. T. ii. 384. *With danger*. 6103. Sparingly.

**DANGEROUS**, *adj.* Difficult; sparing. 519. 5733.

**DANTE**, *pr.* *n.* 6708. 14771. L. W. 360. F. i. 450. See the *n.* on ver. 6710. and Gloss. in *v.* LAVENDER.

**DAFFLE-GRAY**. 13915. The colour which is called in FR. *Pommele*. See ver. 618.

**DARE**, *v.* SAX. To stai. 13033.

**DARES**, *pr.* *n.* of a supposed Historian of the Trojan war. F. iii. 379. Du. 1070.

**DARRINE**, *v.* FR. *Desrener*. LAT. *Derationare*. To contest. 1611. 1633.

**DART**, *n.* SAX. A spear, or javelin. *The dart is sette up for virginitee*. 5657. There is an allusion to the same custom in Lydg. *Trag.* 26.

And oft it happeneth, he, that hath best ron,  
Doth not the spaces like his desert possede.

**DASEN**, *pr.* & *pl.* of DASE, *v.* SAX. Grow dim-sighted. 16980.

**DAUNT**, *v.* FR. To conquer. P. 152, col. 1, l. 10. R. 4764. *That he with love may daunted be*. Orig. 4444. *Qui par amours ne soit domptez*.

**DAWE**, *v.* SAX. To dawn. 1678. 9716.

**DAWENING**, *n.* SAX. Day-break. 14888. L. W. 2183.

**DAWES**, *n.* *pl.* for DAVES. 11492. The Saxon  $\sum$  is frequently expressed by *w* as well as by *y*.

**DAYE**, *n.* SAX. Day; Time. 9012. *At my day*. 16495. At the day appointed to me *To graunt him dayes of the remenant* 11879. To permit him to pay the remainder at certain days, by instalments.

**DEAURAT**, *part. pa.* LAT. Gilded. B. K. 598.

**DEBATE**, *v.* FR. To fight. 13707.

**DEBONAIRE**, *adj.* FR. Courteous. M. 118, col. 2, l. 37. Gentle. Bo. i. m. 5.

**DECOPED**, *part. pa.* FR. Cut down. R. 843.

**DECORATE**, *pr.* *n.* Decoratus. Bo. iii. *pr.* 4.

**DEDE**, *v.* SAX. To grow dead. F. ii. 44.  
—*part. pa.* Dead. 7090.

**DEDREY**, *adj.* SAX. Devoted to death. 11352. Bo. v. *pr.* 6.

**DEDUIT**, *n.* FR. Pleasure. 2179.

**DEFAIT**, *DEFAITED*, *part. pa.* FR. Wasted. T. V. 618.

**DEFAME**, *n.* FR. Infamy. 14467.  
—*v.* FR. To make infamous. 3149.

**DEFAUTE**, *n.* FR. Want. Bo. iii. *pr.* 3. **DEFAUTES**, *pl.* Defects. 7392.

**DEFENDE**, *v.* FR. To forbid. 7416. 16938.—To ransom. R. 7088.

**DEFENCE**, *n.* FR. Prohibition. T. iii. 138.

**DEFINISHE**, *v.* FR. To define; to make a definition of. Bo. v. *pr.* 1.

**DEGRABE**, *n.* FR. A stair, or set of steps. R. 45.—Rank in life. 9901.

**DEIDEN**, *pa. t.* *pl.* of DREYE, *v.* SAX. Died. 7493.

**DEINE** for DEIEN, *inf. m.* of DREYE, *v.* SAX. To die. L. W. 1179.

**DEINOUS**, *adj.* FR. Disdainful. 3930.

**DEINTREE**, *n.* FR. Value; a thing of value. *Hath deintree*. 4559. Values highly. *Told no deintree of*. 5790. Set no value upon. *It was deintree*. 8983. It was a valuable thing. See also T. ii. 164.

**DEINTREUS**, *adj.* Choice; valuable. 8141.

**DEIS**, *n.* FR. See the *n.* on ver. 372.

**DEL**, *n.* SAX. A part. *Never a del*. 3066. Not a bit. *Every del*. 3369. Every part.

**DELE**, *v.* SAX. To divide. 7831.

**DELIBERATE**, *v.* FR. To deliberate. M. 118, col. 2, l. 12. T. iv. 169.

**DELICACIE**, *n.* FR. Pleasure. 14397.

**DELICIS**, *n.* *pl.* FR. Delights. 15471.

**DELIE**, *adj.* FR. *Delid*. Thin; slender. Bo. i. *pr.* 1.

**DELIT**, *n.* FR. Delight. 7457.

**DELITABLE**, *adj.* FR. Delectable. 7938. 8075.

**DELIVER**, *adj.* FR. Nimble. 84. *Conf. Am.* 177. b.

**DELIVERLY**, *adv.* Quickly. 15432.

**DELIVERNESS**, *n.* FR. Agility. M. 110, col. 1, l. 66.

**DELVE**, *v.* SAX. To dig. 538.

**DELUVY**, *n.* LAT. Deluge. Bo. ii. *pr.* 6.

**DEMAINE**, *v.* FR. To manage. F. ii. 451.  
—*n.* FR. Management. 14583.

**DEME**, *v.* SAX. To judge. 1453.

**DEMONIAK**, *n.* FR. One possessed by a devil. 7822.

**DENT**, *n.* SAX. A stroke. F. ii. 26. See DINT.

**DENWERE**, *n.* Doubt. Sk. This interpretation suits well enough with the only passage in which I have found this word. T. L. i. 323. b. but I must be glad to see some other instance of the use of it.

*De par dieux j'eo assente*. 4459. In God's name I agree.

**DEPART**, *v.* FR. To part; to distribute. 7796.

**DEPEINT**, *part. pa.* FR. Painted. 12894.

**DEQUACE**, *v.* To shake down. q? T. L. i. 327. b.

**DERE**, *v.* SAX. To hurt. 1824. 10554. 14007.  
—*adj.* SAX. Dear. 2455.

**DERELING**, *n.* SAX. Darling. 3791.

**DEREWORTH**, *adj.* SAX. Precious; valued at a high rate. Bo. ii. *pr.* 1.

**DERNE**, *adj.* SAX. Secret. 3200. 3297.

**DERRE**, *comp.* of DERE. Dearer. 1450. T. i. 174.

**DES**, F. iii. 270. AS DESIS.

**DESCENSORIE**, *n.* FR. A vessel used in Chemistry for the extraction of oils *per descensum*. 16260.

**DESCRIVEN**, *inf. m.* FR. To describe. 10354.

**DESIROUS**, *adj.* FR. Eager. 10337.

**DESOLAT**, *part. pa.* LAT. Abandoned; distressed. 6285.

**DESPITE**, *n.* FR. Malicious anger. 949.

**DESPITOUS**, *adj.* Angry to excess. 6340.

**DESPITOUSLY**, *adv.* Angriily. 8411.

**DESPOILE**, *v.* FR. To undress. 8250.

**DESTREINE**, *v.* FR. To vex; to constrain. 1818. 17110.

**DESTRER**, *n.* FR. A war-horse. *Lat. Dextrarius*. 13841.

**DESTRIE**, *DESTRUIE*, *v.* FR. To destroy. 1332. 17110.—C. D. 1605. *Descried* should be *Destried*.

**DETERMINAT**, *part. pa.* LAT. Fixed; determined. 7941.

**DETTELES**, *adj.* Free from debt. 584.

**DEVE**, *adj.* SAX. Deaf. 15754.

**DEVINING**, *n.* FR. Divination. 2523.

**DEVISE**, *n.* FR. Direction. 618. R. 1974.  
—*v.* FR. To direct; to order. 1418. 1427.—To relate. 7486. 7928.—*At point devise*. 3989. *A point deviset*. FR. With the greatest exactness.

**DEVOIR**, *n.* FR. Duty. 2600. *Wels thei stode and did thei devere*. P. L. 331.

**DEY**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 14852.

**DEYE**, *v.* SAX. To die. 6987. 7210.

**DEYER**, *n.* SAX. A Dyer. 364.

**DIAPRED**, *part. pa.* FR. Diversified with flourishes, &c. 2160. R. 934.

**DICHE**, *v.* SAX. To dig; to surround with a ditch. L. W. 708.

**DIDE** for DREDDE. 6547.  
—*pa. t.* of DO. *v.* SAX. 3421. **DIDEN**, *pa. t.* *pl.* 7073. 12901.

**DIE**, *v.* SAX. Toinge. R. 1705.

**DITE**, *n.* FR. Daily food. 437.

**DIFFAME**, *n.* FR. Bad reputation. 3416. 8606. See DEFAMM.

**DIGESTABLE**, *adj.* LAT. Easy to be digested. 439.

**DIGESTIVES**, *n.* *pl.* FR. Things to help digestion. 14967.

**DIGHT**, *v.* SAX. To dispose. 14447.—To dress. 6349. 17361. See ver. 10235.

**DIGNE**, *adj.* FR. Worthy. 2218. 5198.—Proud; disdainful. 519.

**DIKE**, *v.* SAX. To dig; to make ditches. 533.

**DILATATION**, *n.* FR. Enlargement. 4652.

**DINT**, *n.* SAX. as DENT. *Thunder-dint*. 5358. T. V. 1504. A stroke of thunder.

**DIOSCORDERE**, *pr.* *n.* of a Greek writer on Plants, whose work is extant. 432.

- DJSARRAY**, *n. Fr.* Disorder. P. 163, col. 1, l. 62.  
**DJSVAUNCE**, *v. Fr.* To drive back. T. ii. 511.  
**DISAVENTURE**, *n. Fr.* Misfortune. T. iv. 297.  
**DISBLANE**, *v. Fr.* To clear from blame. T. ii. 17.  
**DISCOMFURE**, *n. Fr.* Defeat. 1010.  
**DISCOMFORT**, *n. Fr.* Displeasure. 11208.  
**DISCOMFORTEN**, *v. Fr.* To discourage. 2705.  
**DISCOVERTE**, *adj. Fr.* At discoverte. P. 162, col. 2, l. 51.  
 Uncovered. A discoverte.  
**DISDEINOUS**, *adj. Fr.* Disdainful. R. 7412.  
**DISENCRESSE**, *n. Fr.* Diminution. B. K. 203.  
 — *v. neut. Fr.* To decrease. Bo. v. pr. 6.  
**DISFIGURE**, *n. Fr.* Deformity. 6542.  
**DISHERITED**, *part. pa. Fr.* Disinherited; stripped of possessions. 2928. L. W. 1063.  
**DISHEVELE**, *part. pa. Fr.* With hair hanging loose. 685.  
*Deschevelé.*  
**DISJOINT**, *n. Fr.* A difficult situation. 2964. 13341.  
**DISOBESANT**, *part. pa. Fr.* Disobedient. A. F. 429.  
**DISORDEINED**, *part. pa. Fr.* Disorderly. P. 165, col. 2, l. 5.  
**DISORDINATE**, *adj. Lat.* Disorderly. P. 163, col. 1, l. 14.  
**DISORDINAUNCE**, *n. Fr.* Irregularity. F. i. 27.  
**DISPARAGE**, *n. Fr.* A disparagement. 8784.  
**DISPENCE**, *n. Fr.* Expence. 443. 6845.  
**DISPERANCE**, *n. Fr.* Despair. T. ii. 530.  
**DISPITIOUS**, *adj.* Angry to excess. 518. See **DESPITIOUS**.  
**DISPLEASANCE**, *n. Fr.* Displeasure. R. 3436.  
**DISPONE**, *v. Lat.* To dispose. Bo. iv. pr. 6.  
**DISPORT**, *n. Fr.* Depart. Sport; diversion. 777.  
 — *v.* To divert. T. ii. 1139.  
**DISPREISING**, *part. pa. Fr.* Undervaluing. M. 116, col. 1, l. 1. 34.  
**DISPUTION**, *n. Fr.* Dispute. 9348. 11202. *The clergy of the south made a disputousoun.* P. L. 300.  
**DISRULLY**, *adv.* Irregularly. R. 4900.  
**DISSIMULE**, *v. Fr.* To dissimule. 17296.  
**DISSIMULINGS**, *n. pl. Fr.* Dissemblings. 10599.  
**DISSONED**, *part. pa. Fr.* Dissonant. R. 4248.  
**DISTAINE**, *v. Fr.* To discolour; to take away the colour. T. ii. 840. L. W. 274.  
**DISTINCT**, *v. Lat.* To distinguish. R. 6199.  
**DISTINGUED**, *part. pa. Fr.* Distinguished. Bo. ii. pr. 5.  
**DISTOUBLED**, *part. pa. Fr.* Disturbed. R. 1713.  
**DISTREYNE**, *n. Fr.* To constrain. P. 148, col. 2, l. 23. See **DESTRINE**.  
**DISTROUBLE**, *v. Fr.* To disturb. P. 148, col. 1, l. 22. Du. 524.  
**DISTURNE**, *v. Fr.* To turn aside. T. ii. 719.  
**DITE**, *v. Fr.* To dictate; to write. R. 6786.  
**DITES**, *n. pl. Fr.* Sayings; ditties. F. ii. 114.  
**DITUS**, *pr. n.* Dictys Cretensis. F. iii. 379.  
**DIVERSE**, *adj. Fr.* Different. 4631.  
 — *v.* To diversify. T. iii. 1758.  
**DIVINE**, *n.* for *Divinity*. R. 6488.  
**DIVINISTRE**, *n. Fr.* A divine. 2613.  
**DO**, *v. Sax.* See the Essay, &c. n. 37.  
 — for **DON**, *part. pa. M.* 120, col. 1, l. 34.  
**DOAND**, *part. pr.* Doing. R. 2700.  
**DOGEREL**, *adj.* derived, I suppose, from *Dog*; so that *Rime-dogerei* in ver. 13853. may be understood to mean what in French might be called *Rime de chien*. See Cotgrave, in *v. CHIEN*. "*Chose de chien*; A paultie thing; a trifle; trash, trumperie."
- DOGGE** FOR **THE BOWE**. 6951, 9888. A dog used in shooting.  
**DOKE**, *n. Sax.* A duck. 3576.  
**DOLE**, *n. Sax.* as **DEL**. R. 2384.  
 — *n. Fr.* Grief, mourning. R. 2959.  
**DOLVEN**, *part. pa. of DELVE*, *v. Sax.* Buried. 4070.  
**DOMBE**, *adj. Sax.* Dumb. 776.  
**DOMR**, *n. Sax.* Judgement, opinion. 10999.  
**DOMESMAN**, *n. Sax.* A judge. 14408.  
**DONET**, *n.* A grammar; the elements of any art; from *Aelius Donatus*, a Roman Grammarian, whose introduction to the Latin language (*Inter Gramm. Vel. Putsch.* p. 1735) was commonly read in schools. T. L. ii. fol. 333. *Then drave I me among drapers, my doner to lerne.* P. 23. b.  
**DONNOW**, *pr. n.* 5799. See the note; and P. P. 44. b.  
**DONNE**, **DON**, *adj. Sax.* Of a brown or dun colour. T. ii. 908. A. F. 334.
- DORMANT**, *part. pr. Fr.* Fixed; ready. 355. *Les vaisseaux qui la dorment à l'ancre.* Froissart, v. iii. c. 52.  
**DORTOUR**, *n. Fr.* A dormitory, or common sleeping-room. 7437.  
**DOSSEIN**, *n. Fr.* A dozen. 580.  
**DOSSEIN**, *n. Fr.* A basket to be carried on the back. i. iii. 850.  
**DOTE**, *v. Sax.* To be foolish, through age or otherwise. 9315. 16451.  
**DOTR**, *imp. m. 2 per. pl. of Do.* 6631. Do ye.  
**DOUCED**, *F. iii. 131.* may perhaps be a corruption of *Doucete*, which is the name of a musical instrument, in a poem of Lydgate's. MS. Bodl. Fairf. 16.  
 "There were trumpes and trumpetes,  
 "Lowde shaliys and doucetes."
- DOUGHTREN**, *n. pl. Sax.* Daughters. 41835.  
**DOUTANCE**, *n. Fr.* Doubt. T. iv. 903.  
**DOUTE**, *v. Fr.* To fear. R. 1089.  
**DOUTELES**, **DOUTELES**, *adv.* Without doubt. 2669. 4511.  
**DOUTOUS**, *adj.* Doubtful. T. iv. 992.  
**D'OUTRE mere**, *Fr.* From beyond sea. Du. 253.  
**DOWAIRE**, *n. Fr.* Dower. 8724.  
**DRADDE**, **DRAD**, *pa. t. & part. of DREDE*, *v. Sax.* Fear. 15483. 7945.  
**DRAF**, *n. Sax.* Things thrown away, as unfit for man's food. 17346.  
**DRAF-SAK**. 4304. A sack full of draffe.  
**DRAFTY**, *adj. Sax.* Of no more value than draffe. 13<sup>d</sup>.  
**DRAGGES**, *n. pl. Fr.* Drugs. 428.  
**DREDE**, *n. Sax.* Fear; Doubt. *Withouten drede.* 3  
 Without doubt. *Out of drede.* 5313. Out of doubt.  
 — *v. Sax.* To fear. 2595. **DRED** *pa. t.* 3056. for **D** **AD**.  
**DREDEFUL**, *adj.* Timorous. 1481. 1621.  
**DREDELES**, *adv.* Without doubt. T. i. 1035.  
**DREINT**, *pa. t. & part. of DRENCH*. Drowned. 11690. 7320.  
**DRENCH**, *v. Sax.* To drown. 3617.  
 — *v. neut. Sax.* To be drowned. 3521. 5343.  
**DRENERESSE**, *n. Sax.* Sorrow. R. 4728.  
**DRERY**, *adj. Sax.* Sorrowful. T. i. 13.  
**DRESSE**, *v. Fr.* To address; apply. 8883.  
**DRETCH**, *v. act. Sax.* To vex; to trouble. T. ii. 1471.  
**DRETCHED**, *part. pa.* Oppressed; troubled. 14893. *ny*  
*Am. 79.*  
**DRETCH**, *v. neut. Sax.* To delay. T. ii. 1264. iv. 1. 46.  
*Conf. Am. 178.*  
**DRETCHING**, *n.* Delay. T. iii. 875.  
**DRIE**, *v. Sax.* To suffer. R. 4390. 7484. T. v. 264. 296.  
**DRIFE**, *v. Sax.* To drive. R. 1674.  
**DRINKLES**, *adj. Sax.* Without drink. T. ii. 718.  
**DRONKELEW**, *adj. Sax.* Given to drink. 7625. 12429. P. P. 41.  
**DRONKEN**, *part. pa. of DRINK*, *v. Sax.* Drunk. 7481.  
**DROUGH**, *pa. t. of DRAW*, *v. Sax.* Drew. T. V. 1557. W  
 1457.  
**DROVY**, *adj. Sax.* Dirty. P. 165, col. 1, l. 63.  
**DRUERIE**, *n. Fr.* Courtship; gallantry. 13923. R. 344.—  
 A mistress. R. 5064. See Du Cange, in *v. DRUCARI*.  
 The reader may perhaps be not displeased to see the following description of a *Drut*, or *Lover*, by Gu in Aesmar a Provençal poet. MS. Crofts. fol. ccxviii.
- Ben paoc ama *drut*, qí non es gelos,  
 Et paoc ama, qí non est aros,  
 Et paoc ama, qí non es soletis,  
 Et paoc ama, qí non fa tracios;  
 Mais vaut d' amor qí ben est enveios  
 Un dolz plorar non fait qatorze ris.  
 Quant eu li quer merces en genoilos,  
 E la mi colpa el mi mot ochaïos,  
 Et l'agua m' cur aval per mer lo vis,  
 Et ela m' fai un regard amors,  
 Et eu h'iais la bucha els els amdos,  
 Adonc mi par un loi de paradís.
- DRUGGE**, *v. Sax.* To drag. 1418.  
**DUBBED**, *part. pa. Sax.* Created a knight. P. 84, col. 1. 24. The phrase is derived from the *stroke*, with a sword or otherwise, which was always a principal ceremony at the creation of a knight. *At Dubba*, a *Island* signifies to *strike*. This *stroke* in French was called *La colée*. See *L'Ordene de Chevalerie*, par Hue de Tabarie,

- nedeth no strange FARE.* T. iv. 532. *And leve this nice FARE.* In other instances it follows the sense of the Saxon *v. Fare*, as in the compound words *Welfare*, *Thoroughfare*, &c.
- FARME, n. SAX.** Food; a meal. C. D. 1750. See *Spelman*, in *v. Firma*.
- FARSE, v. FR. Farcir.** To stuff. 233.
- FATHE, n. P. ni.** 1050. See *LATHE*.
- FATHE, n. FR.** Want. 10757.
- FAWE, adj. SAX.** Glad. 5302. as *FAIN*.
- FAY, n. FR.** Faith. 3284.
- FAYRE, adj. SAX.** Fair. 204. 234.
- *adv.* Fairly; gracefully. 94. 275.
- FEBLESS, n. FR.** Weakness. T. ii. 863.
- FECHE, v. SAX.** To fetch. 6942. 7133.
- FEE, n. SAX.** Money. 6212. In R. 6044. it seems to signify *immovable possessions* in contradistinction to *money*, or *moveables*.
- FEFFE, v. FR.** To incoff; to present. T. v. 1638. C. L. 932.
- FEINE, v. FR.** To feign. 738.
- FEL, adj. SAX.** Cruel; destructive. 7584. 13758.
- FELAW, n. SAX.** Fellow; companion. 6907.
- FELAWSHIP, n. SAX.** Company. 476.
- FELAWSHIRE, v. TO** accompany. Bo. iv. m. l. pr. 3.
- FELDES, n. SAX.** A field. 1524.
- FELDEN, pa. t. pl. of FELLE, v. SAX.** Felled; made to fall. R. 911.
- FELF, adj. SAX.** Many. 8793. C. L. 191.
- *v. SAX.* To feel. 6082. To have sense. 11039. To perceive. 15623.
- FELL, n. SAX.** Skin. T. i. 91.
- FELONIE, n. FR.** All sorts of criminal violence. 1998.
- FELOUN, adj. FR.** Cruel. R. 3250.
- FEMINE, pr. n. The** country of Amazons 969. See the note.
- FEMINITEE, n. FR.** Womanhood. 4790.
- FEND, n. SAX.** An enemy; the devil. 5200. 7030.
- FENDLICH, adj.** Devilish. 5171. 5203.
- FENNE, n.** 13824. The name of the *Sections of Avicenne's* great work, entitled *Canon*. See *CANON*.
- FEOFFED, part. pa. FR.** Infeoffed. 9572.
- FER, adv. SAX.** Far. 4013. 5078.
- FERRE, comp. 48.** 1852. 2062. Further.
- FERREST, superl.** 496. Furthest.
- FERD, FERED, part. pa. of FERRE.** Terrified. 15302. 16392. T. ii. 124.
- *FERDE, pa. t. of FARE.* 1374. 3457. 10775.
- FERDEN, pa. t. pl.** 1649. 2119.
- FERE, n. SAX.** A companion; a wife. T. iv. 791. In *ferre*. 4748. 4814. Together; in company.
- *for FIRE.* R. 2471. T. i. 229.
- *n. SAX.* Fear. 2346. 6604.
- *v. SAX.* To terrify. T. iv. 1483.
- FERFORTH, FERFORTHLY, adv. SAX.** Far forth. 962. 4992.
- FERLY, adj. SAX.** Strange. 4171.
- FERMACE, for PHARMACE, n. FR.** A medicine. 2715.
- FERME, n. FR.** A farm. 253.
- FERMERERE, n. LAT. Infirmary.** The officer, in a religious house, who had the care of the infirmary. 7441. Du Cange, in *v*.
- FERNE, adv. SAX.** Before. 10570. See the note.
- FERS, adj. FR.** Fierce. 1600.
- *n. Du.* 654. seq. The piece at chess next to the king, which we and other European nations call the *queen*; though very improperly, as Hyde has observed. *Phers*, or *Phersan*, which is the Persian name for the same piece, signifies the King's *Chief Counsellor*, or *General*. Hist. Shahiud. p. 88. 9.
- FERTHING, n. SAX.** A farthing; any very small thing. *No forthing*—of grease. 134. Not the smallest spot of grease.
- FEST, n. SAX.** Fest. 12736.
- FESTE, n. FR.** Feast. 10375.
- FESTYING, part. pr. FR.** Feasting. 10659.
- FESTLICH, adj.** Used to feasts. 10595.
- FECHE, n. SAX.** A vetch. T. iii. 938.
- FETE, n. FR.** Work. 8305.
- FETIVE, adj.** Well made; neat. 157.
- FETISILY, adv.** Neatly; properly. 124. 3205.
- FETTS, FET, part. pa. of FECHE.** 821. 2529. 5087.
- FEY, n. FR.** Faith. L. W. 2508.
- FEYRE, n. FR.** A fair, or market. 5803.
- FRANCE, n. FR.** Trust. R. 5481.
- FIDEL, n. SAX.** A fiddle. 239.
- FILL for FELL, pa. t. of FALL.** 1105. 9663.
- FINCH, n. SAX.** A small bird. *To pull a finch.* 654. was a proverbial expression, signifying, *To strip a man, by fraud, of his money.* &c. See R. 5993.
- If I may gripe a riche man,  
I shall so *pulle* him, if I can,  
That he shall in a fewe stoundes  
Lese all his markes and his poundes.—  
Our maidens shall eke *pliche* him so,  
That him shall nedes *fether* mo.—
- See also R. 6820.
- Without scalding they hem *pulle*.
- FIND, v. SAX.** To find; to supply. 12471. See the *n*.
- FINT for FINDETH.** 4069. 15686.
- FINE, FIN, n. FR.** End. 4844. 9980.
- *v. FR.* To cease. 6718. R. 1797.
- *adv. FR.* *Of fine force.* T. v. 421. Of very necessity.
- FIT, n. SAX.** A division, or short portion of a poem. 13816. See *Gloss. Percy*, in *v*.
- FITTINGEST, adj. sup. SAX.** Most fitting. A. F. 551.
- FIXE, adj. FR.** Fixed. 11594. 16247.
- FLAIS for FLEY, pa. t. of FLEE.** Flow. C. N. 213.
- FLAINE, part. pa. of FLAIE, v. SAX.** Flaied, or lead. P. 155. col. 2. 1. 62.
- FLAMBE, n. FR.** Flame. T. v. 302.
- FLATOUR, n. FR.** A flatterer. 17331. *Conf. Am.* 154. b.
- FLAWE, adj.** Yellow; from the *Lat. Flavus*. C. L. 782. *Gloss. Ur.*
- FLECKED, adj. Spotted.** 9722. 16033.
- FLECKERING, part. pr.** 1964. See *FLICKER*.
- FLEE, v. neut. SAX.** To fly. 6102. 10436.
- FLEN, n. pl. SAX.** Fleas. 16966.
- FLENE, v. SAX.** To banish. 17131. R. 6761.
- FLENED, part. pa.** 15529.
- FLENFR, n.** Banisher. 4880.
- FLETE, v. SAX.** To float; to swim. 2390.
- *for FLETETH.* 4893.
- FLETING, part. pr.** 1088.
- FLICKER, v. neut. SAX.** To flutter. P. 166. col. 2. l. 3. T. iv. 1921.
- FLET, v. neut. SAX.** To fly. P. 154. col. 2. l. 3. R. 5359.
- Elle flet*. Orig.
- *v. act. R.* 1812. To remove. 2.
- FLUTED, part. pa.** Removed; shifted. T. v. 1543.
- FLUTTERING, part. pr.** Floating. Bo. iii. m. 9. *Futtan-tis*. Orig.
- FLO, n. SAX.** An arrow. 17213. *FLONE pl.* B. K. 469.
- FLOCKME, adv. SAX.** In a flock. 7992.
- FLOREN, pr. n.** A species of gold coin. 12704.
- FLOTFFY, adj. SAX.** Floating. See the *n*. on *v*. 2865.
- FLOTTE, v. Bo. iii. pr. 11.** as *FLETE*.
- *v. FR.* To float. Bo. iii. pr. 11.
- FLOUREIES, adj.** Without flower. C. D. 1860.
- FLOURETE, n. FR.** A small flower. R. 891.
- FLOYTING, 91.** Playing on the flute. See the note.
- FOINE, v. FR.** To make a pass in fencing; to push. 1656. 2652.
- FOISON, n. FR.** Abundance. 3165. 4924.
- FOLED, part. pa. SAX.** Foaled. 7127.
- FOLEHARDINESS, n. FR.** Rashness. Bo. i. pr. 3.
- FOLE LARGE, adj. M.** 117. col. 1. l. 26. P. 165. col. 1. l. 56.
- Foolishly liberal.
- FOLIE, n. FR.** Folly. 3148. 1800.
- FOLLY, adv.** Foolishly. 9277. 15896.
- FOLWE, v. SAX.** To follow. 530. 6165.
- FOLY, adj.** Foolish. R. 5006. 5085.
- FOND, adj. SAX.** Foolish. R. 3366.
- *pa. t. of FIND.* 3819. 10121.
- TONDE, v. SAX.** To try. 4767. 9284. T. iii. 1161.
- FONG, v. SAX.** To take. 4797.
- FONNE, n. SAX.** A fool. 4067.
- *v.* To be foolish. C. L. 453.
- FONT STONE, n. SAX.** A font for baptizing. 5143.
- FOR, prep. SAX. Pro. LAT. Pour. FR.** It is frequently prefixed to verbs in the infinitive mode, in the French
- n 2

- manner. *For to tellen* 73. *For to don* 78. *Pour dire* ; *Pour faire*. *For to han ben* 754. *Pour avoir été*—It sometimes signifies—Against. *For prying of his herte* 13791. Against, or to prevent, piercing. *For steling of the Rose* R. 4229. Against stealing. See P. P. 31. *Some shall sow the sacker for sheding of the wheate* i. e. to prevent shedding.
- FOR**, *conj.* SAX. *Quia*. LAT. *Pour ce que*. FR. Because that. *For him luele to ride so* 102. *For she wolde virtue pless* 8068. *For I teche* 12374.
- in composition, has various powers. It is most commonly intensive of the signification of the word with which it is joined; as in *Fordranken*, *Fordry*, *Forfered*, &c., sometimes privative, as in *Forboden*, *Forvete*; and sometimes only communicative of an ill sense, as in *Forfaile*, *Forfare*, *Forfyged*, &c.
- For**, *Pa* and *Ver*, BELG. have similar powers in composition.
- FORBERE**, *v.* SAX. To abstain. R. 4751.
- FORBODEN**, *part. pa.* of **FORSEDE**, *v.* SAX. Forbidden. P. 163, col. 1, l. 32. R. 6616.
- FORBRAKE**, *pa. t.* Broke off. Bo. iv. pr. 1. *Abrevi.* Orig.
- FORBRUSED**, *part. pa.* FR. Sorely bruised. 14532.
- FORCE**, *n.* FR. *No force*. 7771. No matter. *I do no force* 6616. *I care not*. *I do no force of your divinites* 7004. *I care not for your divinity*. *No force of death* 4963. No matter for death. *They yeve no force* R. 4839. *They care not*. *"De fruit avoir ne fait force"* Orig.
- FORCUTTE**, *v.* SAX. To cut through. 17239.
- FORDO**, *v.* SAX. To do away; to ruin. 13057.
- FORDON**, *FORDO*, *part. pa.* Undone. 11966. 17239.
- FORDRIVE** (*Fordriven*), *part. pa.* SAX. Driven away. R. 373.
- FORDRONKEN**, *part. pa.* SAX. Very drunken. 3122. 12608.
- FORDRY**, *adj.* SAX. Very dry. 10723.
- FORDWYNED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Wasted away. R. 366.
- FORE**, (*Foren*), *part. pa.* of **FARE**, *v.* SAX. Gone. R. 2710.
- *prep.* SAX. Is seldom used by itself. In composition it has the power of *Before*.
- FOREIN**, *n.* L. W. 1590. A jakes. *Gloss. Ur.* from Sk. The context seems rather to require that it should signify *An outland court, or garden*.
- FOREWETING**, *n.* SAX. Foreknowledge. 15249.
- FOREWOTE**, *FOREWETE*, *v.* SAX. To foreknow. 15240.
- FORFAITE**, *v.* FR. To misdo. P. 153, col. 1, l. 19.
- FORFARE**, *v.* SAX. To fare ill. R. 5399.
- FORFERED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Much afraid. 10841. T. iv. 1411.
- FORGIFTE**, *n.* SAX. Forgiveness. L. W. 1851.
- FORGOM**, *tr.* *v.* SAX. To omit; to lose. 9989. 17244.
- FORGROWN**, *part. pa.* SAX. Overgrown. F. L. 45.
- FORJUDGED**, *part. pa.* FR. Wrongfully judged. B. K. 275.
- FORKERVE**, *v.* SAX. To carve, or cut through. 17239.
- FORLAFF**, *part. pa.* SAX. Left off entirely. 12117.
- FORLESE**, *v.* SAX. To lose entirely. P. 164, col. 3, l. 37.
- FORLETE**, *v.* SAX. To give over; to quit. P. 143, col. 1, l. 49.
- FORLORE** (*Fortoren*), *part. pa.* SAX. Utterly lost. 3505.
- FORLOYNE**, *n.* FR. *Fortonge*. A term of the chase, which signifies that the game is far off. Du. 386.
- FORME**, *adj.* SAX. First. *Adam oure forme father*. M. 109, col. 2, l. 2.
- FORMEST**, *adj. sup.* SAX. First. Du. 890.
- FORMELL**, A. F. 371. Is put for the female of any fowl; more frequently for a female eagle. See ver. 445. 535.
- FORPINED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Wasted away; tormented. 205. 1455.
- FORSAKE**, *v.* SAX. To deny. Bo. ii. pr. 3, 4.
- FORSHAPEN**, *part. pa.* SAX. Transformed. T. ii. 66.
- FORSHRINK** (*Forshronken*), *part. pa.* SAX. Shrunk up. F. L. 338.
- FORSLOTHR**, **FORSLOTHE**, **FORSLOUGE**, *v.* SAX. To lose through sloth. 15102. P. 162, col. 1, l. 33.
- FORSONGEN**, *part. pa.* SAX. Tired with singing. R. 664.
- FORSTEN**, *n.* FR. A forester. 117.
- FORSTRAUGHT**, *part. pa.* SAX. Distracted. 13035.
- FORTHBY**, *adv.* SAX. Forward by. 13499. 13532.
- FORTHER**, *v.* SAX. To further; to advance. T. ii. 1368.
- FORTHINK**, *v.* SAX. To grieve; to vex. 9780. T. ii. 1414.
- FORTROUGHT**, *pa. t.* of **FORTHINK**. R. 1671.
- FORTHREN**, *inf. m.* of **FORTHER**. T. v. 1706.
- FORTHY**, *conj.* SAX. Therefore. 1843.
- FORTRODEN**, *part. pa.* of **FORTRÉAD**, *v.* SAX. Trodden down. P. 150, col. 1, l. 53.
- FORTUIT**, *adj.* FR. Accidental. Bo. v. pr. 1.
- FORTUNE**, *v.* FR. To make fortunate. 419. To give good or bad fortune. 2379.
- FORTUNOUS**, *adj.* Proceeding from fortune. Bo. ii. pr. 3, 4.
- FORWAKED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Having waked long. 5016.
- FORWANDERED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Having wandered long. R. 3336.
- FORWELKED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Much wrinkled. R. 360.
- FORWEPT**, *part. pa.* SAX. Having much wept. G. D. 1833.
- FORWZED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Worn out. R. 235.
- FORWERIE**, *adj.* SAX. Very weary. R. 3336.
- FORWORD**, (*Foreword*), *n.* SAX. A promise, or covenant. 831. 854.
- FORWOUNDED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Much wounded. R. 1830.
- FORWRAPPED**, *part. pa.* WRAPPED up. 12652. P. 153, col. 1, l. 35.
- FORWELDE**, *v.* SAX. To repay. 6707. L. W. 457.
- FORVETE**, *v.* SAX. To forget. 1884.
- FORVETTER**, *part. pa.* 3055.
- FOSTER**, *n.* FR. R. 6329. as **FOSTER**.
- FOSTRÉD**, *part. pa.* of **FOSTER**, *v.* SAX. Nourished. 8916, 9.
- FOSTRING**, *n.* Nutrient. 7427.
- FORE-HOT** 4853. Immediately. See the n. and add to the instances there quoted. Du. 375.
- FOTE MANTHEL** 474. means, I suppose, a sort of riding-petticoat, such as is now used by market-women.
- FOTER**, *n.* SAX. A carriage-load; an indefinite large quantity. 532. 1910.
- FOUDRE**, *n.* FR. Lightning. F. ii. 27.
- FOULE**, *n.* SAX. A bird. 10463.
- FOUND**, *pa. t.* of **FIND**. Supplied. 13471. See the n.
- FOUNDE**, *v.* AN. 344. as **FONDE**.
- FOUNDERED**, *pa. t.* of **FOUNDER**, *v.* FR. Fell down. 2689.
- FOWERTIE**, *num.* SAX. Forty. R. 5753.
- FOXERIE**, *n.* Foxish manners. R. 6793.
- FRA** for **FRO**, *prep.* SAX. From it is sometimes used adverbially. *Til and fra* 4037. To and fro. 2650.
- FRANE**, *v.* SAX. To ask. T. v. 1226.
- FRANKES**, *n.* pl. SAX. Spots, freckles. 2171.
- FRANCHISE**, *n.* FR. Frankness; generosity. 9861. 11828.
- FRANK**, *n.* A denomination of French money; answering at present to the *Libre Tournois*. 13111.
- FRANKLEIN**, *n.* FR. See his CHARACTER. ver. 333–362. and the n. on ver. 333.
- FRAUGHT**, *v.* SAX. To freight, load a ship. 4591.
- FRE**, *adj.* SAX. Willing; unconstrained. 834.—At liberty. 5631.—Liberal, bountiful. 13106. 13462.
- FREDOM**, *n.* SAX. 46. 17075. as **FRANCHISE**.
- FRELTER**, *n.* FR. Frality. 5674.5.
- FREGIUS** for **FRYGIUS**. Du. 1070.
- FRENDE**, **FRENED**, *adj.* SAX. Strange. 10743. T. ii. 248. *To friend ne* to **FRENED**. P. P. 79.
- FRENTIKE**, *adj.* FR. Frantick. T. v. 206.
- FRENSEIE**, *n.* FR. A frenzy. T. i. 729.
- FRERE**, *n.* FR. A Friar. See his CHARACTER. ver. 208—271. and P. P. 12. a. b.
- FRESHE**, *v.* FR. To refresh. R. 1513.
- FRET**, *n.* FR. A band. L. W. 225.5. F. L. 152.
- FRET**, **FRETTE**, *part. pa.* FR. Fiaught, filled. R. 4705. L. W. 1115. C. L. 134. or, perhaps, *Wrought in a kind of fret-work*. A sort of Blazon is called *Fretted*. In R. ver. 4705. And through the *fret full of falsheede*—we should read—A trouthe *fret full of falsheede*.
- FRETE**, *v.* SAX. To eat, devour. 2070.
- FRETING**, *part. pr.* 2021.
- FRETTE** (*Fretted*), *part. pa.* 4895.
- FREYNE**, *v.* SAX. 13330. 15901. as **FRANE**.
- FRISE**, *pr.* n. Friesland. R. 1093.
- FRO YE**, T. i. 5. From you. *Ye* is put for *You*, that *Fro ye* may rhyme, in appearance at least, with *joye* and *Troye*. So in ver. 7038. *say ye* times to *praye*. See more of these double rimes in the n. on ver. 674. and add the following passages, in which *the* (*thee*), being the eleventh and last syllable of the verse, is to be pronounced without any accent.

- Ver. 10987. *along the rimcs to youthe.*  
 16131. *to the* ——— *sothe.*  
 16762. *hie the* ——— *swilke.*
- FRONTE, *v. Fr.* To rub. 3746. T. iii. 1121.  
 FROUNCELES, *adj. Fr.* Without wrinkle. R. 860.  
 FROWARD, *adj. Sax.* Averse. R. 4940.  
 FRUCTUOUS, *adj. Fr.* Fruitful. 17384.  
 FRUITESTERE, *n. Sax.* A female seller of fruit. 12402.  
 FUL DRIVE, *part. pa. Sax.* Fully driven, completed. 12402.  
 FULKE (f. FOLKE), *n. Sax.* People. F. i. 73.  
 FULSUMNESSE, *n. Sax.* Satiety. 10719.  
 FUMETERE, *pr. n.* of a plant; Fumitory. 14969. FUMARIA  
 — *purgat bilem et humores adustos.* Ray's Synops.  
 FUMOSITRE, *n. Fr.* Fumes arising from excessive drink-  
 ing. 10672. 12501.  
 FUNDAMENT, *n. Fr.* Foundation. 7683.  
 FURIAL, *adj. Fr.* Raging. 10762.  
 FUSIBLE, *adj. Fr.* Capable of being melted. 16324.  
 FY, *interj. Fr.* 7509. *I say fy.* 4500. *I crie shame.*
- G.
- GABBE, *v. Fr.* To talk idly; to lye. 3510. 15072. *Gabbe I*  
*of this?* Bo. ii. pr. 5. *Num id mentior?*  
 GACIDES, F. iii. 116. is probably a misprint for *Æcides*;  
 though I do not know that Chiron had any right to that  
 title.  
 GADLING, *n. Sax.* An idle vagabond. R. 938.  
 GADRED, *part. pa. Sax.* Gathered. 4379.  
 GAILER, *n. Fr.* Gaoler. 1476.  
 GAILLARD, *adj. Fr.* Brisk, gay. 3336. 4365.  
 GATTE-BERIES. 14971. Berries of the dog-wood tree; *Cornus*  
*fumina.*  
 GALAXIE, *pr. n.* The milky way; a tract in the heaven so  
 called. F. ii. 423.  
 GALE, *v. Sax.* See the *n.* on ver. 6414.  
 GALTFRIDE, *pr. n.* Geoffrey of Monmouth. F. iii. 382.  
 Geoffrey Vinsauf. C. L. 11. See GAUFRIK.  
 GALICE, *pr. n.* A province of Spain. 463. The famous  
 shrine of St. James at Compostella was in Galicia.  
 GALLINGALE, *n. Fr.* Sweet cyprus. 383.  
 GALLIN, GALLIAN, *pr. n.* Galen. 433. 12240. See the notes.  
 GALOCHE, *n. Fr.* A shoe. 10939.  
 GALT, *v. Sax.* To gape, to yawn. 10904.  
 GALTING, *part. pr.* Gaping, yawning. 10664.  
 GALTIVES, *n. pl. Sax.* The gallowes. 6240. 14652.  
 GAN, *pa. t. of GINNE, v. Sax.* Began. 11153. GANNEN, *pl.*  
*T. ii.* 194.  
 GAR, *v. Sax.* To make. 4130.  
 GARDEBRACE, *n. Fr.* Armour for the arm. C. D. 1554.  
 GARGATE, *n. Fr.* The throat. 15341.  
 GARLSON, R. 3249. Seems to be used as a *v.* To heal. The  
 Oig. has *Garison*, a *n.* Healing recovery.  
 GARNEMENT, *n. Fr.* A garment. Magd. 354.  
 GARNER, *n. Fr.* A granary, or store-room. R. 1148. 6810.  
 GARNISON, *n. Fr.* A guard, or garrison. M. 107., col. 2,  
 1. 68. R. 4204.  
 GASTNESS, *n. Sax.* Gastliness. Bo. iii. pr. 5.  
 GATE, GATTE, *pa. t. of GAT, v. Sax.* Gate; Begate. R.  
 2692. L. W. 2561.  
 — *n. Sax.* A way. *Went her gate.* R. 3332. *Went her way.*  
 GATESDEN, *pr. n.* 436. John Gatesden, author of a medical  
 work, entitled *Rosa Anglicana*, in the XIVth Century.  
 See Tanner, in v.  
 GAT-TOTHE, 470. See the note.  
 GAUD, *n. Fr.* Jest. 12323. T. ii. 351.  
 GAUDES, *pl.* Ridiculous tricks. P. 161, col. 1, l. 45.  
 GAUDES. 159. See the note.  
 GAUFRIE, *pr. n.* 15353. See the note.  
 GAURE, *v.* To stare. 3825. 5332. *For them, that GAURED*  
*and cast on me their sight.* Lydg. *Trag.* B. ix. f. 22. b.  
 GAWAIN, *pr. n.* nephew to King Arthur, by his sister,  
 married to King Lot. So says the *British History*,  
 which goes under the name of *Geoffrey of Monmouth*;  
 and I believe it will be in vain to look for any more  
 authentic genealogist of all that family. He is there  
 called *Walganus*. The French Romancers, who have  
 built upon Geoffrey's foundations, agree in describing  
 Gawain as a model of knightly courtesy. To this his
- established character our author alludes in ver. 10409.  
 and in R. 2209.  
 GAYLER, *n. Fr.* 1472. as GAILER.  
 GRANT, *n. Fr.* Giant. *The Crane the giant.* A. F. 344.  
 GRAR, *n. F. L.* 26. See GERRE.  
 GENDE, for GENT. B. K. 127.  
 GENELON, *pr. n.* of one of *Charlemaigne's* officers, who, by  
 his treachery, was the cause of the defeat at *Roucevaux*,  
 the death of *Roland*, &c. for which he was torn to pieces  
 by hoises. This at least is the account of the author  
 who calls himself *Archbishop Tuvyn*, and of the Ro-  
 mancers who followed him; upon whose credit the name  
 of *Genelon*, or *Gandlon*, was for several centuries a  
 synonymous expression for the *worst of traitors*. Our  
 author alludes to his treachery, ver. 14699. 15233. and to  
 his punishment, ver. 13124. See also Du. 1121.  
 GENT, *adj. Fr.* Neat, pretty. 3234. 13645.  
 GENTERIE, *n. Fr.* Gentility. 6728.  
 GENTIL, *adj. Fr.* In its original sense means *Well-born*;  
*of a noble family.* 6735. R. 2194. *Il y avoit un Chevalier*  
*Capitaine de la ville; — point gentilhomme n'estoit:*  
*— et l'avait fait, pour sa vaillance, le Roy Edouard Chevalier.*  
*Froissart, v. ii. c. 77.*—It commonly put for  
*Civil; liberal; gentlemanlike.*  
 GENTILLESSE, *n. Fr.* follows the significations of GENTIL.  
 GEOMANCIE, *n. Fr.* Divination by figures made on the  
 earth. P. 160, col. 1, l. 27.  
 GERF, *n. Sax.* All sorts of *instruments*; of Cookery. 354.  
 of War. 2182. of Apparel. 8248. of Chemistry. 16263. *In*  
*hir quainte geres.* 1533. In their strange fashions.  
 GERIE, GERFUL 1538. 1540. Changeable. Probably from  
 the *Fr. Giver*. To turn round. GIERFUL. T. iv. 286.  
 GERLOND, *n. Fr.* A garland. 668. The name of a dog. 15389  
 GESSE, *v. Sax.* To guess. 2595. 3467.  
 GEST, *n. Sax.* A guest. 8214.  
 GESTE, *v.* See the *n.* on ver. 17354.  
 GESTES, *n. pl. Lat.* Actions; adventures. T. ii. 1349  
*The Roman gestes.* 10158. See the note.  
 GESTOUR, *n.* A relater of gestes. See the *n.* on ver. 13775.  
 GET, *n. Fr.* *Geste.* Fashion; behaviour. 684. See the  
 note. *With that false get.* 16745. With that cheating  
 contrivance.  
 GETHE, for GOETH. L. W. 2143.  
 GIE, *v. Sax.* To guide. 15604. 15827.  
 GIGES, *n. pl. F. iii.* 852. Irregular sounds, produced by  
 the wind, &c. *Gigue*, *Fr.* signified a musical instrument,  
 like a fiddle; and from thence a sort of *light tune*.  
 Menage, in v. It is probably a word of Teutonic origi-  
 nal. See Junius.  
 GILBERTIN, *pr. n.* An English Physician of the ninth  
 Century. See Fabricius *Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. GILBERTUS  
 DE AQUILA.  
 GILOUR, *n. Fr.* A deceiver. 4319.  
 GILT, *part. pa. Sax.* Gilded; of the colour of gold.  
 L. W. 230.  
 GILT, *n. Sax.* Guilt. 5969.  
 GILTE-LES, *adj. Sax.* Free from guilt. 1312. 1314.  
 GILTF, *adj. Sax.* Guilty. 5088. *Conf. Am.* 62. b.  
 GIN, *n. Fr.* Engine; contrivance. 10442. 16633.  
 GINGIBER, *n. Fr.* Ginger. R. 1369.  
 GINNE, *v. Sax.* To begin. T. v. 657.  
 GIPCERE, *n. Fr.* A pouch or purse. 339.  
 GIP, *n. Fr.* An upper trock, or cnsock. R. 7214.  
 GIPON, *n. Fr.* A short cnsock. 75. 2122.  
 GRDE, *v. Sax.* To strike; to smite. 14464. This word is  
 perhaps the original of *Gride*, in Spenser. See *Obs.* on  
*Sp. v. l. p. 62.*  
 GRDELSTEDE, *n. Sax.* The waist; the place of the girdle.  
 R. 826.  
 GRILES, *n. pl. Sax.* Young persons, either male or  
 female. 606.  
 GIRT, *part. pa. of GRDE.* *Thurgh girt.* 1012. *Smitten*  
*through.*  
 GISARME, *n. Fr.* A battle-ax. R. 5978. See Du Cange, in  
 v. *GISARMA*.  
 GISE, *n. Fr.* Guise; fashion. 2127. *At his owen gise.* 865.  
 In his own manner; as he would wish.  
 GITE, *n. Fr.* A gown. 3982. 6141.

**GITERNE**, *n.* Fr. A guitar. 3333. 4394.  
**GITERNING**, *n.* Playing on a Giterne. 3323.  
**GLADE**, *v.* SAX. To make glad. 11280. 14817.  
**GLADER**, *n.* One that maketh glad. 2234.  
**GLADSON**, *adj.* SAX. Pleasant. 14794.  
**GLASS** for **GLOSE**, *v.* T. v. 469.  
 — *v.* SAX. To put glass into windows. Du. 323.  
**GLASINGE**, *n.* Glass-work. Du. 327.  
**GLE**, *n.* SAX. Mirth. 13769.—Musick. T. ii. 1036. **GLEES**, *pl.* Musical instruments. R. iii. 119.  
**GLEDE**, *n.* SAX. A burning coal. 3379. **GLEDES**, *pl.* 3381.  
**Spails** of fire.  
**GLEIRE**, *n.* Fr. The white of an egg. 16274.  
**GLENT**, *pa. t.* Glanced. T. iv. 1223.  
**GLEVE**, *n.* Fr. *Glaive*. A lance. C. L. 544.  
**GLIMMING**, *n.* Glimmering. 10237.  
**GLITEREN**, *pr. t. pl.* of **GLITTER**, *v.* SAX. 979.  
**GLODE**, *pa. t.* of **GLIDE**, *v.* SAX. 10797. 13833. *She GLODE forth, as an adder doth.* Conf. Am. 105.  
**GLOMBE**, *v.* SAX. To look gloomy. R. 4359.  
**GLOSE**, *n.* Fr. A comment or interpretation. 7374.  
 — *v.* To comment, or interpret. 5609. 5701.—To speak tenderly. 10235.—To flatter. 6091. 16383.  
**GLUTON**, *n.* Fr. A glutton. R. 4307.  
**GLOWEDEN**, *pa. t. pl.* of **GLOW**, *v.* SAX. 2134.  
**GNARRE**, *n.* SAX. A hard knot in a tree. 551.  
**GNAT**, *n.* SAX. is put for any little, worthless thing. 5029. 17204.  
**GNIDING**, *part. pr.* SAX. Rubbing. 2506.  
**GNOFFER**, *n.* 3188. "An old cuff; a miser." *Gloss. Ur.* I know not upon what authority.  
**GNOWE**, *v.* SAX. means sometimes *To walk*, in contradistinction to *riding*. 1353 2254.  
 — (*Gon*), *part. pa.* T. ii. 795.  
**GOBER**, *n.* Fr. A morsel; a bit. 698.  
**GOD**, *n.* SAX. *God tufarne*. R. 7294. T. i. 1060. God going before. *Deo faciente*.—*Goddies armes* too. 6415. 12588. *Goddies bones*. 13029. 12906. Vulgar oaths.—*A Goddess kicht*. 7323. See the note. *A' Goddess half*. 5632. See **HALFE**.  
**GODE**, **GOOD**, *n.* SAX. Wealth; goods. 7534, 5.  
**GODE-LES**, *adj.* Without money or goods. 13220.  
**GODELYHEDE**, *n.* SAX. Goodness. R. 4604. T. ii. 1736.  
**GODENESS**, *n.* SAX. *At godeness*. R. 1453. At advantage. And so we should read in R. 3462. where the Edit. have *At gode mes*. The Orig. has *en bon point*.  
**GODSIB**, *n.* SAX. A gossip; a godfather. P. 167, col. 2, l. 58.  
**GOFISH**, *adj.* Foolish. T. iii. 385. from the Fr. *Goffa*; Dull, stupid.  
**GOLD**, *n.* A flower, commonly called *A Turnsol*. 1031.  
 Gower says, that *Leucothea* was changed  
*Into a flower was named GOLDE,*  
*Which stont governed of the sonne.*  
 Conf. Am. 121. b.  
**GOLD-HEWEN**, *adj.* SAX. Of a golden hewe, or colour. 2502.  
**GOLDSMITHRIS**, *n.* SAX. Goldsmith's work. 2500.  
**GOLET**, *n.* Fr. The throat, or gullet. R. 7096.  
**GOLIARDEIS**. See the *n.* on ver. 562.  
**COMME**, *n.* Fr. Gum. L. W. 121.  
**GON**, *inf.* *n.* SAX. To go. 2512. *So mote I gon*. 3116. 11069.  
 So may I fare well. *So mote I ride* or *go*. 7324. So may I fare well, riding or walking, i. e. in all my proceedings. See **Go**.  
 — *pr. t. pl.* 771. 2604. 2965.  
 — *part. pa.* *Gone*. 4427. 5137.  
**GONFANON**, *n.* Fr. A banner, or standard. R. 1201. 2018.  
**GONG**, *n.* SAX. A little-house; a jakes. P. 167, col. 1, l. 35.  
**GONNE**, *n.* A gun. L. W. 637. P. iii. 553.  
**GONNEN**, **GONNE**, *pa. t. pl.* of **GINNE**. 11230. 15985.  
**GORE**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 3237, since which it has been suggested to me by a learned person, whom I have not the honour to know, that *Gore* is a common name for a *strip* of cloth or linen, which is inserted in order to widen a garment in any particular place. **GOOR** OF A CLOTH. *Lacina*. Prompt. Parv. See also the Glossary to *Kent's Paroch. Antiq.* in *v. Gore*. This sense will suit

very well with the context of ver. 3237, but hardly, I think, with that of ver. 13719; unless we suppose, that *gore* is there put for *shirt*, because *shirts* have usually *gores* in them. The expression would certainly be very awkward, and unlike Chaucer's general manner, but in this place, the *Kime of Sure Topas*, he may be supposed to have taken it purposely from one of those old Romances, which are the objects of his ridicule. See the *n.* on ver. 13845.

**GOSH** for **GOES**. C. D. 1296. Goeth.  
**GOSPELLERE**, *n.* SAX. Evangelist. R. 6887.  
**GOSSOMER**, *n.* A thin cobweb-like substance which flies about in the air. 10373.  
**GOST**, *n.* SAX. Spuit; mind. 5679.  
**GOTH**, *imp. m.* 2 *pers. pl.* Go ye. 2560. 14200.  
**GOVERNAILLE**, *n.* Fr. Government, steccage. 9068.  
**GOUNE-CLOTH**. 7829. 7834. Cloth enough to make a gown.  
**GOULD**, *n.* A vessel to carry liquor; perhaps so called from its shape. 17031, 40.  
**GOWER**, *pr. n.* T. v. 1855. An eminent English poet, to whom Chaucer directs his *Troilus* and *Creside*. Some circumstances relating to him are touched upon in the Essay, &c. n. 55. the Discourse, &c. §. xiv. xv. n. 15, 16 and in the notes, p. 202.  
**GRACE**, *n.* Fr. Favour. 3071. *Sory grace*. 6328. *Harde grace*. 16133. Misfortune. T. i. 713.

So full of sorowe am I, sothe to sayne,  
 That certainly no more *harde grace*  
 May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

So Hercules, *ap. Euripid.* Hg. M. 1250.

Цѣмъ нѣмѣмъ бѣ, нѣмѣмъ бѣ бѣ бѣ бѣ бѣ.

The criticism of Longinus, sect. xl. is perhaps equally applicable to both passages.

With *harde grace*. 7810. is to be understood as spoken, in a parenthesis, of the Cheri; *Misfortune attend him!* See **With**. *Save your grace*. M. 108. col. 2, l. 59. With your favour. *Savez votre grace*.

**GRACIOUS**, *adj.* Fr. Agreeable. 3693. Graceful. 8489.  
**GRAME**, *n.* SAX. Grief. 16871. Anger. T. iii. 1030.

*Felle it to gode or GRAME*. P. L. 327.

**GRAMMERE**, *n.* Fr. Grammar. 13466.  
**GRAND MERCE**, *Fr.* Great thanks. 8964.  
**GRANK**, *n.* Fr. A grain; a single seed. T. ii. 1028.  
**GRANGE**, *n.* Fr. A Farm-house. 3668.  
**GRAPINEL**, *n.* Fr. A grappling-iron. L. W. 640.  
**GRATCHE**, *n.* 7368. "is perhaps the same with *Grailhe*, if not mistaken for it." *Gloss. Ur.* See **GRATHE**. The Orig. has—*s'aourne comme beguine*.  
**GRAVE**, *v.* SAX. To carve; to engrave. T. ii. 47. T. iii. 1468.  
 — (*Graven*), *part. pa.* Buried. 6647. 11288.  
**GRAUNSON**, *pr. n.* C. M. V. ver. ult. See *An account of the works of Chaucer*, &c. in this vol. p. 446.  
**GRE**, *n.* Fr. Pleasure; satisfaction, from *Gratus*, *LAT.* To receive in *gre*. 4679. 9027. To take kindly. *The gre*. 2733. The prize. See the note.—From *Gratus*, *LAT.* it signifies *A step*, or *degree*. 9240.  
**GREDE**, *n.* SAX. A greedy person. R. 6002.  
 — *v.* *DARE*. *LAT.* To cry. C. N. 135.  
**GREIN**, *n.* Fr. *Grain de Paris*. R. 1369. *de Paradis*. Orig. Grains of Paradise; a sort of spice. The same are meant in ver. 3690.—*Grain of Portingale*. 15463. A sort of scarlet-dye, called *Kermes*, or *Vermillion*.  
**GREITHE**, *v.* SAX. To prepare, make ready. 4307. 14512.  
**GRENEHED**, *n.* SAX. Childishness. 4583.  
**GRESE**, *n.* Fr. Grease. 135. 6069.  
**GRETE** for **GREDE**, *v.* R. 4116.  
**GRETE**, *pa. t.* of **GRETE**, *v.* SAX. Greeted; saluted. 5471. 8823.  
**GREVES**, *n. pl.* SAX. Groves. 1497. R. 3019.  
**GRILLE**, *adj.* R. 73 f. Horrible. **GRYMM**, **GRYLAND** **HORRYBLE**.  
*Horridus*. Prompt. Parv.  
**GRINT** for **GRINDETH**, 5971.  
**GRINTE**, *pa. t.* of **GRIND**, *v.* SAX. Ground. *Grint with his teeth*. 7743. Gnashed with h. t.  
**GRINTING**, *n.* Grinding; gnashing. P. 150, col. 2, l. 37.  
**GRIS**, *n.* Fr. A species of Furr. See the *n.* on ver. 194.  
**GRISLY**, *adj.* SAX. Dreadful. 1973. 6318.

**GROCHE**, *v. SAX.* To grutch; to murmur. 3861. 6025.  
**GROFF**, *adj. SAX.* Flat on the ground. 951. 13605. R. 2561.  
**GROINS**, *n. FR.* The snow of a swine. P. 149, col. 2, l. 29.  
 A hanging lip. T. i. 350.  
 — *v.* To hang the lip, in discontent. R. 7099.  
**GRONE**, *v. FR.* To groan. To grunt. 7411.  
**GRONT**, *pa. t.* 14637. Groaned.  
**GROPE**, *v. SAX.* To search; to examine by feeling. 7399. 7723.  
**GROT**, *n.* A coin, worth four-pence. 6374. 7346.  
**GROUNDING**, *part. pa.* of **GRIND**. 16343.  
**GROYNING**, *n.* 2462. Discontent. See **GROIVE**.  
**GUERDON**, *n. FR.* Reward; Recompense. 7460. 8759.  
 — *v.* To reward. P. 152, col. 1, l. 55.  
**GUERDONLES**, *adj.* Without reward. B. K. 400.  
**GUIDO**, *pr. n.* L. W. 1462. **GUIDO DE COLUMPENS**. F. iii. 381. *Guido dalle Colonne*, of Messina in Sicily, a lawyer and poet, died about 1290. Quadrio, vol. ii. p. 160. His *History of the Trojan war*, to which our author refers, was written in Latin, and finished in 1287. See the *n.* on ver. 15147. I have there intimated my suspicion, that he translated it, for the most part, from a French Romance of *Beuoté de Sainte More*. However that may have been, Guido's work is certainly the original, from which the later writers of the middle ages have generally taken their accounts of Trojan affairs. It was translated into Italian in 1324 by *Filippo Ceffi*, a Florentine. Quadrio, vol. vi. p. 475. A French translation is also extant, in which it is said to be *translatée en François* *premierement du commandement du Maire de la cité de Beauvais, en nom et en honneur de Karles le roy de France*, l'an mil ccc. quatre vingt. MS. Reg. 16. F. ix. This is probably the French translation mentioned by Lydgate in the Prologue to his *Boke of Troye*, which is a mere paraphrase *en verse* of Guido's history, with some digressions and additions of his own. Lydgate's work was finished, as he tells us himself at the end, in 1420.

## H.

**HABERGEON**, *n. FR.* A diminutive of *Hauberg*, a coat of mail. 76. 13700.  
**HABILITEE**, *n. FR.* Ability. C. L. 1344.  
**HABITACLES**, *n. pl. FR.* Places of habitation. F. iii. 104.  
**HABITE**, *v. FR.* To dwell. R. 686.  
**HABUNDANT**, *part. pr. FR.* Abundant. 7935.  
**HACKENAIE**, *n. FR.* An ambling horse, or pad. R. 1137.  
**HACKING**, *n. FR.* Cutting in pieces. F. iii. 213.  
**HADEN**, *pa. t. pl.* of **HAVE**. 375. 762.  
**HAF**, *pa. t.* of **HÈVE**, *v. SAX.* Heaved, raised. 2430.  
**HAE**, **HAY**, *n. FR.* A hedge. R. 54. 3007.  
**HAILE**, *n. SAX.* Health; welfare. 4087.  
**HAILES**, *pr. n.* of an Abbey in Gloucestershire. See the *n.* on ver. 12587.  
**HAIRE**, *n. FR.* A hair-cloth. 15601. R. 438.  
**HAKENEY**, *n. FR.* 16027. as **HACKENAIE**.  
**HAKERTON**, *n. FR.* A short cassock, without sleeves. 13739.  
**HALDEN** for **HOLDEN**, *part. pa.* of **HOLD**. 4206.  
**HALFE**, *n. SAX.* A side; a part. *A' Goddes half*. 5632. Du. 370. On God's part; with God's favour. *A' this half's God*. T. L. i. 325. b. On this side of God. *Four halves*. 3481. Four sides.  
**HALT**, *pr. n.* 423. An Arabian Physician. Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 17.  
**HALKE**, *n. SAX.* A corner. 11433. 15779.  
**HALPE**, *pa. t.* of **HÈLP**, *v. SAX.* 14052. R. 1911.  
**HALS**, *n. SAX.* The neck. 4493.  
**HALSE**, *v. SAX.* See the *n.* on ver. 13375.  
**HALT**, *pa. t.* of **HOLD**, *v. SAX.* Held, or kept. 5141.  
 — for **HOLT**, *i. e.* Holdeth. Du. 621.  
**HALTE**, *v. FR.* To go lamely. Du. 622.  
**HAME** for **HONE**, *n. SAX.* 4030.  
**HAMELE**, *v. SAX.* To hamstring; to cut off. T. ii. 964.  
**HAMERS**, *n. pl. SAX.* Hammers. Du. 1164.  
**HAN**, *inf. m.* of **HAVE**, *v. SAX.* 754. 1048. 2109.  
 — *pr. t.* pl. 931. 1022. 7581.  
**HANSELINES**, R. 155, col. 2, l. 50. appears from the context to mean a sort of breeches.

**HAPPE**, *n. SAX.* Chance. 13163. Bo. v. pr. i.  
 — *v.* To happen. 587. 6467.  
**HARD**, *adj. SAX.* Hard. *Harde grace*. 7810. 16133. Misfortune. See **GRACE**. It is used adverbially. 2979. 13133.  
**HARDE**, *v. SAX.* To make hard. 10550.  
**HARDELY** (*Hardly*), *adv. FR.* Boldly. 10147. *adv. SAX.* Certainly. 7867. 7901. 9188. T. v. 673.  
**HARDING**, *n. SAX.* Hardening. 10557.  
**HARIE**, *v. FR.* To hurry. To harie and drive. P. 149, col. 2, l. 64.  
**HARIED**, *part. pa.* Hurried. 2738. *Its seroient hâiez en grand manere*. Froissart, v. i. c. 225.  
**HARLOT**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 649.  
**HARLOTRIES**, *n. pl.* Ribaldries. 563.  
**HARNEIS**, *n. FR.* Armour. 1615. Furniture. 3710.  
**HARNEISE**, *v. FR.* To dress. R. 2648.  
**HAROW**, *interj. FR.* See the *n.* on ver. 3295.  
**HARPOUR**, *n. FR.* A harper. T. ii. 1030. In the Act of Resumption, 28 H. vi. there is a proviso in favour of John Turges, *Harpourt with the Queens*, for the reversion of an annuity of 10 Marks, after the death of William Langton, Minstrell.  
**HARWED**, *pr. t.* of **HARWE**, *v. SAX.* See the *n.* on ver. 3512.  
**HASARDOUR**, *n. FR.* A Player at Hazard; a gambler. 12530.  
**HASARDRIE**, *n. FR.* Gaming, in general. 12524.  
**HASELWODE**. T. iii. 892. V. 585. 1174. All these passages plainly allude to the same proverbial saying, which appears to have been used in scorn or derision of any improbable hope or expectation. Why it was so used, is beyond my reach to discover. It may be proper however to mention that in T. iii. 892. MS. Hal. 3943. reads—*Haselwode is shaken*;—and that the passage, T. v. 1174. is an imitation of the following in the *Filosofo*. See Essay, &c. n. 62.

Ma panderò seco tacitamente  
 Ride de ciò che Troilo dicea—  
 Chel si fusse sembiante faccia  
 Di credèro, e di ciò, di mungibelo  
 Aspetta ti vento questo tapinello.

**HASTIF**, *adj. FR.* Hasty. 3545.  
**HASTIFLY**, *adv.* Hastily. 13545.  
**HATE**, *v. SAX.* To be named. R. 38.  
**HAUBERK**, *n. FR.* A coat of mail. 13792.  
**HAVEN**, *inf. m.* of **HAVE**, *v. SAX.* Bo. iv. pr. 2. It is more commonly abbreviated into **HAN**.  
**HAUNCE**, *v. FR.* To raise, to enhance. B. K. 431.  
**HAUNT**, *n. FR.* Custom; practice. 449.  
**HAUNTE**, *v. FR.* To practise. P. 164. col. 2, l. 4.  
**HAUNTEDEN**, *pa. t. pl.* 12398. Practised, frequented.  
**HAUTEIN**, *adj. FR.* Haughty. 3739.—Loud. 12264.—*A hautein faucon*. L. W. 1118. A high-flying hawk; *Faucon haullain*. FR.  
**HAVOIR** for **AVOIR**, *n. FR.* Wealth. R. 4720.  
**HAWE**, *n. SAX.* A hawthorn-berry. 6241. T. iii. 856.—A farm-yard. 12789. A church-yard. P. 165, col. 1, l. 10.  
**HAVEBAKE**, 4515. See the note.  
**HE**, *pron. SAX.* is often prefixed in all its cases to proper names *emphatically*, according to the Saxon usage. *He Moises*. 10564. *He Tityus*. T. i. 787. See the *n.* on ver. 9594.—**HE** is also frequently used for **IT** in all cases. 7550. 7638. 9737. See the *n.* on ver. 9594.  
**HED**, *n. SAX.* Head. *On his hed*. 1346. On pain of losing his head. See the note.  
**HEDDE** for **HIDDE** (**Hidden**), L. W. 208.  
**HEGGES**, *n. pl. SAX.* Hedges. 15224.  
**HEISUGGE**. A. F. 612. *Curruco*, a little bird, which is supposed to hatch the Cuckoo's egg, and to be destroyed by the young Cuckoos. *Sp.*  
**HELE**, *v. SAX.* Helan. To hide. 6531. R. 6882.  
 — *v. SAX.* Helan. To heal; to help. 1250. 10955.  
 — *v. SAX.* Health. 3104. 4237.  
**HELELES**, *adj.* Helpless. T. v. 1552.  
**HELISE**, *pr. n.* Elysium. C. L. 119.  
**HELMED**, *part. pa.* FR. Armed with an helmet. 14376. T. ii. 593.  
**HELOWIS**, *pr. n.* 6259. Eloisa, the mistress of Abelard. See a summary of their history in *Rom. de la Rose*, ver. 9172—9247.  
**HEM**, *adv. c. pl.* of **HE**. Them. See **HIM**; and Essay, &c. n. 22.



**HIMSELF, HIMSELVE, HEMSELVEN.** See **SELF**.  
**HENCHMEN, n. pl.** Pages F. L. 252. See a note on the *Midsommer Night's Dream* of Shakespeare. Act. ii. Sc. 2. Last Edit.  
**HENDE, HENDY, adj. SAX.** Civil; courteous. 6863. 3199.  
**HENNEN, 4031. HENNE, 2330. 3067. HENNES, R. 4922. HENS, 12021. adv. SAX.** Hence.  
**HENG, pa. t. and part. of HANG, v. SAX.** 369. 673. 9757.  
**HENNESFORTH, adv. SAX.** Hencesforth. 10972.  
**HENTE, v. SAX.** To take hold of; to catch. 906. 7002.  
**HENT, pa. t. and part. 700. 6899. 1553.**  
**HEPPE, n. SAX.** A heap. *To hepe.* T. iii. 1776. Bo. iv. pr. 6. Together; in a heap.—The fruit of the Dog-rose. 13677.  
**HERAUD, n. FR.** A herald. 2535.  
**HERBERGAGE, n. FR.** Lodging. 4327.  
**HERBERGOURS, n. pl. FR.** Providers of lodgings; Harbingers. 5417.  
**HERBERWE, n. SAX.** An inn; a lodging. 767. 4143.—The place of the Sun. 11347. In ver. 405. (see the note) it rather means, I think, *A harbour.*—**HERBER.** T. ii. 1705. F. L. 40. An harbour.  
**HERDE, n. SAX.** To lodge. R. 6145.  
**HERD, HIERDE, n. SAX.** A keeper. 605. 15660.—**HERDEGRONES, F. iii. 135.** Shepherd-boys.  
**HERDES, n. pl. Coarse flax. Herde, fibra lini. Kilian. R. 1233.**  
*That not of heme ne herdís was.*  
 So this ver. is written in Ms. Hunter. The Orig. has only—*elle ne fut de bonurra.*  
**HERE for HIRE, pron. 2054. 3691. 4890.** and in other places, *for the sake of the time.*  
**HERE, adv. SAX.** In this place.  
 — In composition, signifies this, without including any idea of place. *Heregatus.* 3041. Against this. *Herebefore.* 1598. Before this.  
 — **v. SAX.** To hear. 2347.  
**HERD, HERDE, pa. t. and part. 221. 955. 1397.**  
**HERDEN, pa. t. pl. 15382.**  
**HERRE, n. SAX.** Hair. 677.  
**HERRE, adj.** Made of hair. 13670.  
**HERKING, part. pr. of HERKE, v. SAX.** Harkening. 10392.  
**HERMES, pr. n. 10902.** A chemical treatise under his name is extant in the *Theat. Chemic. t. iv.* See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr. l. i. c. 10.* **HERMES BALENCUS, F. iii. 183.** Whether a different person from him just mentioned, I cannot tell.  
**HERNE, n. SAX.** A corner. 11433. 16129.  
**HERONERE, n. FR.** A hawk made to fly only at the heron. T. iv. 413. L. W. 1118.  
**HERONSEWES, n. pl. FR.** Young Herons. 10382. See the note.  
**HERTE for HURT, v. SAX.** Du. 833.  
 — **n. SAX.** Heart. *Herte-blood.* 6300. 19836. Heart's blood. *Herte-sponne.* See the n. on ver. 2608.  
**HERTELES, adj.** Without courage. 14914.  
**HERTLY, adj.** Hearty. 10319.  
**HERY, v. SAX.** To praise. 8492. 13548.  
**HERVING, n. Praise.** 13389.  
**HERTE, n. SAX.** Command. 12574.—Promise. R. 4475. 7.  
**HERT, HYTE, pa. t. of HIRTE, v. SAX.** Heated. A. F. 145.  
**HERTE, v. SAX.** To promise. 2400. 4754. To be called. Du. 200. See **HIRTERE**.  
**HERTHENESSE, n. SAX.** Country of Heathens. 49. 5532.  
**HERTHING, n. SAX.** Contempt. 4109. *All is thy HERTHING fallen upon thee.* F. L. 273.  
**HERVE, v. SAX.** To heave, to raise. 532.—**v. neut.** To labour. T. ii. 1289.  
**HERVO, n. SAX.** Heed. F. ii. 42. *Every virtue in my heved.* So I apprehend this line should be read, instead of *in me heved.*  
**HERVEN QUEENE, n. SAX.** The queen of heaven; the Virgin Mary. 16557.  
**HEW of LINCOLN, pr. n. 13614.** See Discourse, &c. §. xxxii.  
**HEWE, v. SAX.** To cut. 1424.  
 — **v. neut.** C. L. 980. T. L. i. 325. b. *He that heweth to ále, with chippes he may lese his sight.* So Conf. Am. 18. b.  
*Full ofte he heweth up so hye,  
 That chippes fallen in his eye.*

**HEWE, n. SAX.** Colour; appearance. 10901. T. ii. 21.  
**HEWED, part. pa.** Coloured. 11557.  
**HEXT, adj. superl. SAX.** Highest. C. D. 345. *Hegh, Hephst, Hephst, Hext.* In the same manner Next is formed from *Negh*.  
**HINDOUS, adj. FR.** Dreadful. 2520.  
**HINDOUSLY, adv.** Terribly. 1703.  
**HIE, v. SAX.** To hasten. 10605. C. D. 1350.  
 — **n. Haste; diligence.** In, or On *hie*, 2081. 4029. T. iv. 1335. In haste.  
 — **HIGH, adj. SAX.** High. In *high* and *low*. 819. 5413. See the n. on ver. 819.  
**HIERDESSE, n. SAX.** A shepherdess. T. i. 654. See **HERDE**.  
**HIGHEN, F. iii. 1062.** is perhaps miswritten for *Highe*.  
**HIGHT, n. SAX.** Highth. 1892. *On hight.* 1785. seems to signify—aloud; in a high voice. *En haut.* Fr.  
**HIGHT, v. SAX.** See the n. on ver. 1016.  
**HIM, obl. c. of HE,** is often used alone in that reciprocal sense, which is generally expressed by the addition of the adj. *Self*. 3052. *Than hath he don his frend, ne him, no shame, i. e. nor himself.* *As he him laud.* 1390. *And clad him.* 1411. *And bare him.* 1449.  
 It is also frequently put without the usual preposition. *Him to grete shame.* 17209. To great shame of him. *She falleth him to fete.* 5524. She falleth at the feet of him. *She swore him.* 6343. She swore to him. *Hem* and *Hire* are used in the same manner.  
**HIMSELF, HIMSELVE, HIMSELVEN.** See **SELF**.  
**HINDEREST, superl. d. of HIND, adv. SAX.** Hindmost. 624.  
**HINE, n. SAX.** A servant in livery; a hind. 605.  
 — **n. Bal. VII. 35.** should probably be *Hiene*. The *gall of an hyena* was used to cure a certain disorder of the eye. Plin. N. II. l. 29, c. 38.  
**HIPPOCRAS, pr. n. Hippocrates.** 433. See the note.  
**HIN, pron. poss. SAX.** Their. See Essay, &c. p. xlv1.  
**HIRE, obl. c. of SHE, pron. SAX.** is often put for *Herself*. 139. 4869. and without the usual preposition. 11057. See **HIM**.  
 — **pron. poss. SAX.** Her. See Essay, &c. p. xlv1.  
**HIRESELF, HIRESELVE, HIRESELVEN.** See **SELF**.  
**HINS, pron. poss. SAX.** Theirs. 7508. See the Essay, &c. n. 29.  
**HISTORIAL, adj. FR.** Historical. 12090.  
**HO, interj. FR.** commanding a cessation of any action. See the n. on ver. 2535. and I believe *o* in that verse is put for *Ho*, and not for *Oyez*. See the C. L. ver. 270.  
**HOCHOPOT, n. FR.** A mixture of various things shaken together in the same pot. M. 112, col. 1, l. 10. *Hutspot.* BELG.  
**HOKER, n. SAX.** Frowardness. 5717.  
**HOKERLY, adv.** Frowardly. P. 150, col. 2, l. 11.  
**HOLD, n. SAX.** A fort, or castle. 4927.  
 — **v. SAX.** To keep. *To hold in hande.* T. V. 1370. To keep in suspense. T. V. 1614. 1679. To amuse in order to deceive.  
 — **HOLDEN, part. pa.** Obligated. 5717. T. iii. 1265.  
**HOLE, HOL, adj. SAX.** Entire; whole; sound. 6982. 7615.  
**HOLLY, adv.** Entirely; wholly. 5793.  
**HOLOUR, n. SAX.** A whoremonger. 5836. P. 166, col. 2, l. 2.  
**HOLT, n. SAX.** A grove, or forest. 6 T. iii. 352.  
 — **for HOLDETH.** 9224. 9386.  
**HOMLY, adj. SAX.** Domestic. 9606.—Plain; simple. 7425.  
**HOMLINESSE, n. SAX.** Domestic management. 8305.—Familiarity. M. 118, col. 1, l. 10.  
**HONDE, n. SAX.** A hand. *An honde-bredr.* 3809. An hand's breadth. *Withouten honde.* T. iii. 138. Without being pulled by any hand.—**HONDEN, pl. R.** 6663.  
**HONEST, adj. FR.** means generally, according to the French usage, Creditable; honourable. 246. 13401. Becoming a person of rank. 8302. 9902.  
**HONESTETE, HONESTER, n. FR.** Virtue. 8298.—Decency. 14630.—Good manners. 6849.  
**HONG, v. SAX.** To hang. 17274.  
**HONT, n. SAX.** Du. 385. as **HUNT**.  
**HOVY-SWETE, adj. SAX.** Sweet as honey. 9270.  
**HOPE, v. SAX.** To expect. 4027. See the note.  
**HOPPERTERES, n. pl. SAX.** Dancers. 2019. See the note.  
**HORD, n. SAX.** Treasure. 13014.—A private place, fit for the keeping of treasure. P. 165, col. 2, l. 18.

HORE, HOOR, *adj.* SAX. Hoary; grey. 7764. 9335.  
 HOROWE, *adj.* SAX. Foul. C. M. 52.  
 HORRIBLETE, *n.* FR. Horribleness. R. 7285.  
 HORS, *n. pl.* SAX. Horses. 5867. 7141. 13563.  
 HORSE, *adj.* SAX. Hoarse. Du. 347.  
 HORSLY, *adj.* 10508. is applied to a horse, as *manly* is to a man.

HOSPITALERS, *n. pl.* LAT. Religious persons, of both sexes, who attended the sick in hospitals. P. 167, col. 1, l. 59.—Knights Hospitalers, of different orders. R. 6633. See Du Cange, in *v. Hospitalarius*.

HOT, *n.* FR. An army. 14486.  
 HOSTELERE, *n.* FR. An inn-keeper. 4358. 15035.  
 HOSTELRIE, *n.* FR. An inn, or lodging-house. 39.  
 HOSTILEMENTS, *n. pl.* Household furniture. Bo. ii. pr. 5.  
 HOTE, *adj.* SAX. Hot. 7018.

HOTE, HOTE, *part. pa.* of HETE. Called. 3939.  
 HOVE, *v.* SAX. To hover. T. iii. 1433. T. v. 33.  
 HOUND-FISH, *n.* SAX. The dog-fish. 9690.  
 HOUNE, *n.* for HOUND. T. iv. 210. *Thus said both here and hounce*, i. e. hare and hound; all sorts of people.  
 HOUPED, *pa. t.* FR. Hooped, or hollowed. 15406.  
 HOUSEL, *n.* SAX. The Eucharist. R. 6386.  
 ——— *v.* To administer the sacrament. R. 6437.  
 ——— *To ben houseled.* To receive the sacrament.

P. 170, col. 2, l. 69.  
 HOWVE, *n.* SAX. A cap, or hood. See the *n.* on *ver.* 3909.  
 HULFERE, *n.* SAX. Holly. B. K. 129.  
 HULSTRED, *part. pa.* SAX. Hidden. R. 6146.  
 HUMBLEHEDE, *n.* SAX. Humble state. 14590.  
 HUMBLESE, *n.* FR. Humility. 4585.  
 HUMBLING, *n.* A humming. F. ii. 531. *Hommelen*; Bombilari, bombum edere. Kilian. Hence our *Humble-bee*.  
 HUNT, *n.* SAX. A huntsman. 1680. 2020.  
 HURLE, *v.* FR. To push. 2618. 4717.  
 HUSBANDRIE, *n.* SAX. Thrift, economical management. 4075.  
 HUSBOND-MAN, *n.* SAX. The master of the family. 7350.  
 HUST, *adj.* SAX. Silent; whist. Bo. ii. m. 5.  
 HYLDE, *v.* SAX. To pour. Bo. ii. m. 2.  
 HYLLED, *part. pa.* SAX. Hidden. 15061. See HELE.

## I.

I, at the beginning of a word, in the common Edit. and even in the MSS. of Chaucer, is often used to express a corruption of the Saxon prepositive particle *Le*; which, in this Edit. of the Canterbury Tales, (as has been said before in the Essay, &c. p. xlv.) is always expressed by *y*. All such words, therefore, occurring in the works of Chaucer not contained in this Edition, should be looked for either under *y*, or under their second letters.

JACKS OF DOVER. 4345. See the note.  
 JACKS FOOL. 3708. See the *n.* on *ver.* 14816.  
 JACOBIN, *pr. n.* A grey-frier. R. 6338.  
 JAKKE STRAW, *pr. n.* 15400. The *noise* made by the followers of this rebel, to which our author alludes, he had probably heard himself. It is called by Walsingham, p. 251. *clamor horrendissimus, non similis clamoribus quos edere solent homines, sed qui ultra omnem estimationem superaret omnes clamores humanos, et maxime posset assimilari simulatibus infernalium incolarum.* Many Flemings (*Flandrenses*) were beheaded by the rebels *cum clamore consueto*. Walsingham, *ibid*.  
 JAMBUX, *n. pl.* FR. Boots; armour for the legs. 13804.  
 JANE, *n.* A coin of (Jana) Genoa. It is put for any small coin. 3875. 13665.  
 JANGLE, *v.* FR. To prate; to talk much, or fast. 10534.  
 ——— *n.* Prate; babble. 6989.  
 Jangler, Janglour, *n.* A prater. 17292. 7.  
 Jangleresse, *n.* A female prater. 6220. 10181.  
 JAPE, *n.* SAX. A trick; a jest. 4341. 16780.  
 ——— *v.* To jest. 13623.—To cheat; to laugh at. 1731.  
 JAPE-WORTHY, *adj.* Ridiculous. Bo. v. pr. 3.  
 JAPER, *n.* A common jest, or buffoon. P. 161, col. 1, l. 43.  
 JAPERIE, *n.* Buffoonerie. P. 161, col. 1, l. 45.  
 ICH, ICH, *pron.* SAX. I. So the ich. 12881. So the ich. 16397. So may I prosper.

IDEL, *adj.* SAX. Idle; fruitless. *In idel*. 11179. P. 159, col. 2, l. 29. *In vain*.

IDOLASTRE, *n.* FR. An idolater. 10172.  
 JEOPARD, *v.* To hazard; to put in danger. T. iv. 1566.  
 JEOPARDIE, *n.* Danger. T. ii. 465. T. v. 1523. JEOPARDISE. Du. 666.

JEREMIE, *pr. n.* Jeremias. 12509.  
 JEROME, *pr. n.* 6256. Our author has made much use of a treatise of St. Jerome, *contra Jovinianum*. See the *n.* on *ver.* 9172, and *ver.* 11679, and the Discourse, &c. n. 19.  
 JESTES, *n. pl.* T. v. 1510. F. iii. *passim*. as GESTES.  
 JEWERIE, *n.* FR. A district, inhabited by Jews. 13419.  
 JEWISE, *n.* Judgement; punishment. 1741. 5215. It may have been formed by corruption either of the LAT. *Judicium*, or the FR. *Justice*. Conf. Am. 157. b. 158.

IX, *pron.* SAX. I. 3862. 3865. See ICH.  
 ILTON, *pr. n.* The citadel of Troy. 15362.  
 ILKE, *adj.* SAX. Same. 64. 3035.  
 IMAGINATIF, *adj.* FR. Suspicious. 11406.  
 IMPED, *part. pa.* SAX. Planted. R. 5137.  
 IMPETRE, *pr. t. pl.* FR. Obtain by prayer. Bo. v. pr. 3.  
 IMPES, *n. pl.* SAX. Shoots of trees. 13962. R. 6293.  
 IMPORTABLE, *adj.* FR. Intolerable. 14520. R. 6902.—Impossible. 9020.

IMPORTUNE, *adj.* FR. Troublesome. R. 5632.  
 IMPOSSIBLE, *adj.* FR. used as a substantive. 6270. T. iii. 525.  
 IN, *prep.* SAX. Upon. 6350. 14500. 14545. *In with*. 9490. 9818. Within.

INCOMBROUS, *adj.* FR. Cumbersome. F. ii. 354.  
 INCONSTANCIE, *n.* FR. Inconstancy. 7540.  
 INCUBUS. 6462. See the *n.* on *ver.* 6441.

INDE, *adj.* FR. Azure-coloured. R. 677.  
 INDIGNE, *adj.* FR. Unworthy. 8235.  
 INECHED, *part. pa.* SAX. Inserted. T. iii. 1335.

INEQUAL, *adj.* FR. Unequal. 2273.  
 INFORTUNAT, *adj.* LAT. Unfortunate. 4722.  
 INFORTUNE, *n.* FR. Misfortune. R. 5551.  
 INGOT, *n.* A mould for casting ingots. 16674. 16701. 16782.  
 INHABIT, *part. pa.* FR. Inhabited. C. D. 1400.

INHILDE, *v.* SAX. To pour in. T. iii. 44. See HYLDE.  
 INJURE, *n.* FR. Injury. T. iii. 1020.

INLY, *adv.* SAX. Inwardly, deeply, thoroughly. 6930. R. 397. T. iii. 1612. F. i. 31.  
 INNE, *prep.* SAX. In. 14002.

— *IN, n.* SAX. A house, habitation, lodging. 3547. 5517. 13372.

INNED, *part. pa.* SAX. Lodged. 2194.

INNERESTE, *adj. s. p.* SAX. Inmost. Bo. iv. pr. 6.  
 INNOCENT, *adj.* FR. Inignorant. 8150. 10840.

INSELED, *part. pa.* FR. Attested under seal. C. D. 1014.  
 INSET, *part. pa.* SAX. Implanted. Bo. ii. pr. 3.

INTERMINABLE, *adj.* FR. Infinite. Bo. v. pr. 6.  
 INWITTE, *n.* SAX. Understanding. T. L. i. 320. b.

JOCE, *pr. n.* 6085. See the note.  
 JOCONDE, *adj.* FR. Joyous; pleasant. 16064.

JOGELOUR, *n.* FR. A juggler. 7049.  
 JOINANT, *part. pr.* FR. Joining. 1062.

JOINE, *v.* FR. To enjoin. R. 2355.  
 JOLIE ROBIN. The name of a dance. R. 7455. *De la danse le beau Robin*. Orig. 12864.—See T. v. 1174.

JOLIF, *adj.* FR. Jolly; joyful. 3355. 4152.  
 JOMBRE, *v.* To jumble. T. ii. 1037.

JONGLERIE, *n.* T. v. 755. should rather be *Janglerie*; Idle talk. See JANGLE.

JORDANES, *n. pl.* See the *n.* on *ver.* 12239.

JOSSA, *interj.* 4099. seems to be partly formed from the FR. *ga!* Come hither!

JOVIS, *pr. n.* Jupiter. T. iii. 15. F. i. 219. F. iii. 917.  
 JOURNEE, *n.* FR. A day's journey. 2740. C. D. 1945.

— *A day's work.* R. 579.  
 JOUSTES, *n. pl.* FR. Justs. C. D. 1987.

JOWELS, *n. pl.* FR. Jewels. R. 5420.  
 JOYE, *v.* FR. To enjoy. R. 5028.

IPOCRAS, *n.* FR. Wine mixed with spices and other ingredients; so named, because it is strained through a woollen cloth, called the *sieve* of Hippocrates. 9681.

See CLARRE.  
 IRE, *n.* FR. Anger. 7416.

**Trous**, *adj.* Passionate. 7596, 7, 8.

**ISAUDE**, *pr. n.* F. iii. 707. See **BELLE ISAUDE**. She is called **Yseut** by Bernard da Ventador. MS. Crofts. fol. LXVII.

Tant trag pena d'amor,  
Q'anc *Tristan* l'amador  
Non sofret maior dolor  
Per *Xseut* la blonda.

And so in *Fabliaux*, &c. T. i. p. 242. *Yseut la blonde*. Petrarch calls her *Isotta*. Trionfo d'Amore. iii. 82. A late French writer, in what he has been pleased to style, "*Histoire littéraire des Troubadours*," (T. ii. p. 323.) having quoted a passage celebrating the love of "*Tristan à Isault*," adds very coolly—*C'est une allusion à quelque Roman*; which is just as if a commentator upon Ovid should say of the epistle from *Paris to Helen*, that it *alludes to some Greek story*.

**Ir**, *pron.* 3 *pers. neut. gend.* SAX. is used instead of *He* and *She*. 3764. 5529. 13144.

**ITAILLE**, *pr. n.* Italy. 8142.

**JUBALTARE**, *pr. n.* Gibaltair. 5367.

**JURBE**, *n.* A vessel for holding ale, or wine. 3628. 13000.

**JUDICUM**. 14052. The book of Judges. So *Metamorphoseos* is put for the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid. 4513. and *Eneidos* for the *Æneis* of Virgil. 15365.

**JUGE**, *n.* FR. A judge. 12067. 12100.

**JUL**, *pr. n.* The month of July. 10007.

**JULIAN**, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on ver. 341.

**JUPARDIE**, *n.* R. 2606. as *JEOPARDIE*.

**JUPARTIE**, *n.* FR. Jeopardie. See the *n.* on ver. 16211.

**JUSTICE**, *n.* FR. A judge. 15065.

**JUSTINIAN**, *pr. n.* R. 6615. The law referred to is in the Code, L. xl. tit. 25. *De mendicantibus valdit*.

**JUVENAL**, *pr. n.* The Roman Satirist. 6774. T. iv. 197.

## K.

**KALENDER**, *n.* LAT. A Calendar. 15136.—A guide, or director. L. W. 542.

**KALENDES**, *n. pl.* LAT. The first day of the month; the beginning of any thing. T. ii. 7. T. v. 1633.

**KAYNARD**. See the *n.* on ver. 5817.

**KELE**, *v.* SAX. To cool. C. L. 775.

**KENED**, **KEMPED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Combed. 2291. 2136.

**KENELIN**, *n.* SAX. A tub. 3548.

**KENELM**, *pr. n.* 15116. See the note.

**KEVE**, *n.* SAX. Care; attention. 4162. 8934.

— *v.* To take care. 2240. 2962.

**KERCHES**, *n.* 6600. a corruption of *COVERCHIEF*.

**KERNELS**, *n. pl.* FR. Battlements. R. 4195.

**KERS**, *n.* SAX. Water-cresses. *Of paramours ne raught he not a kers*. 3754. He cared not a rush for love. *Cresse* is used, in the same sense, in T. L. i. 320. and ii. 332. b.

**KERVER**, *n.* SAX. A carver. 1901.

**KESSE**, *v.* SAX. To kiss. 8933. R. 2610.

**KESTE**, *part. t.* Kissed. 10664.

**KETCHE**, *v.* T. iii. 1381. as *CACCHE*.

**KRYERE**, *v.* FR. To cover. In T. i. 918. it signifies to recover.

**KICHEL**, *n.* SAX. A little cake. 7329. See the note.

**KID**, **KIDDE**, *part. t.* and *part.* of **KITH**. Made known; discovered. 9817. T. i. 208. R. 2172.

**KIKE**, *v.* SAX. To kick. 6523.

**KIN**, *n.* SAX. Kindred. *By my fader kin*. 9369. 16297. By my father's kindred.

— *adj.* Of the same nature. 5557.

**KIND**, *n.* SAX. Nature. 17130. T. i. 233.

**KINDLY**, *adv.* Naturally. 5994.

**KINREDE**, *n.* Kindred. M. 113. col. 2, l. 33.

**KIRTEL**, *n.* SAX. A tunic, or waistcoat. 3321. 11884. In *kirtels* and none other wede. R. 778. *Qui estoient en pure cottes*. Orig. 775.

**KITH**, *v.* SAX. To shew; to make known. 5056. 7191. *Ne kith he hire jealousy*. 11060. Nor shew to her any jealousy.

**KITHED**, *part. pa.* 16524. See **KIN**.

**KITTE**, *part. t.* SAX. Cut. 6304.

**KNAKKES**, *n. pl.* SAX. Trifling tricks. 4049. The word seems to have been formed from the *knacking*, or *snapping*, of the fingers, used by jugglers. See Cotgrave, in *v.* *Matassiner des mains*, and *Niquet*.—Trifling words. P. 161. col. 1, l. 49.

**KNAPPE**, *n.* A short sleep; a nap. R. 4005.

**KNARRY**, *adj.* SAX. Full of *gnarres*, or knots. 1179.

**KNAVE**, *n.* SAX. A servant; properly, a boy-servant. 2730. 13240.—A *knave-child*. 5135. 8320. A male child.—*Thus boie knave*. R. 3849. *Ce garçon*. Orig.

**KNEDDE**, *part. pa.* of **KNEDE**, *v.* SAX. Knedded. R. 4811.

**KNEEN**, **KNENE**, *n. pl.* SAX. Knees. C. D. 294. 436.

**KNET**, *part. pa.* R. 2092. as **KNIT**.

**KNIGHT**, *n.* SAX. A servant; generally, a servant in war; a soldier. M. 117, col. 2, l. 31. 15851.—A dubbed knight. See his **CHARACTER**, ver. 43—78.

**KNIGHTHODE**, *n.* Valour. 14560.

**KNIT**, *part. pa.* SAX. Joined; bound. 11298.—Agreed. 11542.

**KNOBBS**, *n. pl.* SAX. Excrescences, in the shape of buds, or buttons. 635. See **KNOPPE**.

**KNOPPE**, *n.* SAX. A button. R. 1080.—A rose-bud. R. 1702.

**KNOPPED**, *part. pa.* Buttoned; fastened. R. 7212.

**KNOTTE**, *n.* SAX. A knot. In ver. 10718. 10721. it is used, in the sense of *Nerd*, FR. for the *chief point*, or *head* of a matter.

**KNOTTELES**, *adj.* SAX. Without a knot; without any thing to obstruct or retard the passage. T. V. 763.

**KNOWE** for **KNEE**. T. ii. 1202.

**KNOWLECHE**, *v.* SAX. To acknowledge. M. 118, col. 2, l. 45.

**KNOWLECHING**, *n.* Knowledge. 16900. R. 4676.

**KONNING**, *n.* F. iii. 966. as **CONNING**; Cunning.

**KYKE**, *v.* SAX. To look steadfastly. 3445. *Kijcken*. TEUT. *Spectare*. Kilian.

## L.

**LAEBE**, *n.* A blab; a great talker. 3509.

**LAEBING**, *part. pr.* Blabbing. 10302.

**LACED**, *part. pa.* FR. Tied, bound. R. 3178.

**LACHT**, *n.* FR. "A fleshy muscle; so termed from its having a tail like a lizard. *Colg*" 2755.

**LACHE**, *adj.* FR. Sluggish. Bo. iv. pr. 3.

**LACHESSE**, *n.* FR. Slackness; negligence. P. 102, col. 2, l. 67.

**LAD**, **LADDE**, *part. t.* of **LEDE**, *v.* SAX. Led; carried. 7360. 13264.

**LAFT**, *part. t.* and *part.* of **LEVE**, *v.* SAX. Left. 16351. L. W. 168.

**LAIE**, *n.* T. i. 341. 1002. as **LAY**.

**LAIED**, *part. pa.* of **LAY**, *v.* SAX. *With onfrefys LAIED*, i. e. trimmed. R. 1076. So this word is frequently used by Hollinshed, vol. iii. p. 1317. *LAIED with gold lace*.—*LAIED on with red silke and gold lace*.—*LAIED about with silver lace*. See **COUCHED**.

**LAINE**, *inf. v.* SAX. To lay. R. 184.

**LAINERS**, *n. pl.* FR. Straps, or thongs. 2506.

**LAKE**, *n.* 13787. It is difficult to say what sort of cloth is meant. *Laecken*, BELG. signifies both *lunen* and *woollen cloth*. Kilian.

**LAKKE**, *n.* SAX. A fault; a disgraceful action. 10073.—Want. 10145.

**LAKKE**, *v.* To find fault; to blame. R. 284. 4804.

**LAMBEN**, *n. pl.* SAX. Lambs. R. 7003.

**LANGURE**, *v.* FR. To languish. 9741.

**LAPIDAIRE**. F. iii. 262. A treatise on precious stones, so entitled; probably a French translation of the Latin poem of Marbodius *de gemmis*, which is frequently cited by the name of *Lapidarius*. Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt. in *v.* *MARODIUS*.

**LAPPE**, *n.* SAX. A skirt, or lappet of a garment. 8461. 15490. T. iii. 59. 743.

**LARGE**, *adj.* FR. Spacious; free. Prodigal. 13361. *At large*. 2290. At liberty. *Ti that it was prime ta-ge*. 10674. Till prime was far spent.

**LARGELY**, *adv.* Fully. 1910.

**LAS**, *n.* FR. A lace. 394.—A snare. 1819. 1933.

LASSE, LAS, *adj. comp.* SAX. Less. 4407. 13047. R. 3045.

LATCHE, n. R. 1624. as LAS.

LATERED, *part. pa.* SAX. Delayed. P. 162, col. 2, l. 62.

LATHE, n. 4006. A barn. "It is still used in Lincolnshire. Sk." In F. iii. 1050. where the Edit. have *rathe* and *fathe*, the MSS. give the true reading—*lathe*.

LATON, n. FR. A kind of mixed metal. 701. of the colour of brass 11357.

LAUDE, n. LAT. Praise. 13365.

LAUDES, 3635. The service performed in the fourth, or last watch of the night. *Dicuntur autem Laudes, quod illud officium laudem precipue sonat divinam, &c.* Du Cange in v. LAUS 2. The same service was often called *Matins*. Idem in v. MATUTINI.

LAYED, *part. pa.* FR. Drawn; spoken of water taken out of a well. Bo. iii. m. 12.

LAVENDER, n. FR. A washerwoman, or laundress. L. W. 358. In the passage of DANTE, which is here quoted, *Envy* is called,

LA MERETTRICE, che mai dall' ospizio  
di Cesare non torse gli occhi puliti,  
Morte comune, e delle corte vizio.

Inf. xiii. 64.

LAVEROCK, n. SAX. A lark. R. 662.

LAUNCEGAY, n. A sort of lance. See the n. on ver. 13682.

LAUNCHLOT DU LAKE, 15918. An eminent knight of the round table, whose adventures were the subject of a Romance begun by *Chrestien de Troyes*, one of the oldest of the Romance-poets, and finished by *Godefroid de Leigni*. See Fauchet. L. H. c. 10, 11. They have been repeatedly printed in French prose, and make a considerable part of the compilation called "*Mort d'Arthur*." His accomplishments, as a courtier and a man of gallantry, have been alluded to before, ver. 10601. Signor Volpi, in his notes upon Dante, *Inf.* v. 128, has most unaccountably represented *Lanciotto*, as *innamorato di Ginevra*, *moglie del Re Marco*. If there be any faith in *history*, Ginevra was the wife of King ARTHUR. The story in Dante, which is the occasion of Signor Volpi's note, is a curious one. It is alluded to by Petrarch, *Trionfo d'Amore*. iii. 82.

Vedi Ginevra, Isotta, e l'altre amanti,  
E la coppia d'Arimino.

LAUNDE, n. FR. A plain not ploughed. 1603.

LAVOURES, n. pl. FR. Lavours. 5869.

LAUREAT, *adj.* LAT. Crowned with laurel. 7907. 14614.

LAUREOLE, n. FR. Spurge-laurel. 14969.

LAURER, n. FR. Laurel. 9340.

LAUS, *adj.* SAX. Loose. 4062. *Laus*. Island. *Solutus*. This is the true original of that termination of adjectives, so frequent in our language, in *les* or *less*. Consuetud. de Beverley. MS. *Harl.* 560. *Itujus sacrilegii emenda non erat determinata, sed dicebatur ab Anglis Dotalaus, i. e. sine emenda*. So Chaucer uses *Doteles*, and other words of the same form; as *Detteles*, *Drunketes*, *Giltetes*, &c.

LAWE, *adj.* for LOW. R. 5046.

LAXATIVE, n. FR. A purging medicine. 2758. 14949.

LAW, n. SAX. Law; religious profession. 4796. 10332.

LAY, n. FR. A species of poem. 9755. 11259. See the Discourse, &c. n. 24.

LAY, *pa. t.* of LIE, or LIGGE. 972. LAYEN, *pl.* 3210.

LAZAR, n. FR. A leper. 242.

LECHE, n. SAX. A physician. 3902. *Lecheecraft*. 2747. The skill of a physician.

— v. To heal. C. D. 8<sup>o</sup> 2.

LECHEROUS, *adj.* Provoking lechery. 12483.

LECHOUR, n. FR. A leacher. 6953.

LECTORNE, n. LAT. A reading-desk. C. L. 1383.

LEDEN, n. SAX. Language. 10749. See the note.

LEDGE, v. C. L. 1005. as ALLEDGE.

LEES, n. FR. A leash, by which dogs are held. P. 155, col. 1, l. 3.

— *adj.* SAX. False. *Withoute lees*. R. 3004. *Without lying*; truly.

LEFE, *adj.* SAX. Pleasing, agreeable. *At be him LOTHE or LEFE*. 1839. Though it be unpleasant to him, or pleasing

For LEFE ne LOTHE. 13062. For friend nor enemy. *He turned not—for LEFE ne for LOTHE*. P. L. 286.—It sometimes signifies, *Pleased*. *I am not LEFE to gabbe*. 3510. *I am not pleased to prate*; *I take no pleasure in prating*.

LEFUL, *adj.* Lawful. 5619. 9322.

LEGE, v. SAX. To lay. 2935.

— v. FR. To ease. R. 5016. as ALEGE.

LEIE, v. SAX. To lay. T. iii. 72.

LEISER, n. FR. Leisure. 1190. 9708. Opportunity. 3292.

LEITE, n. SAX. Light. *Thunder-leite*. Bo. i. m. 4. Lightning.

LEKE, n. SAX. A leek. 3877. It is put for any thing of very small value. 16263. R. 4830.

LENES, n. pl. SAX. Flames. 14936.

LENMAN, n. SAX. A lover, or gallant. 4238. 5337.—A mis tress. 14069.

LENDES, n. pl. SAX. The loins. 3237.

LENE, *adj.* SAX. Lean. 289 9727.

— v. SAX. To lend. 613. 3775.—To grant. 7226. 13613.

LENGER, *adv. comp.* SAX. Longer. 14437.

LENTE, *pa. t.* of LENE, 13284.

LENTON, n. SAX. The season of Lent. P. 148, col. 2, l. 21.

L'ENVOY, FR. was a sort of postscript, sent with poetical compositions, and serving author to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call the *moral* of them. The six last Stanzas of the *CLERKES TALE* in many MSS. entitled, *L'envoy de Chaucer a les mariz de nostre temps*. See also the Stanzas at the end of the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, and of *Chaucer's Dreame*.

LEON, n. LAT. A lion. 16010.

LEONINE, *adj.* Belonging to a lion. 14564.

LEOPART, LEPARD, n. FR. A leopard. 2188. 14307.

LEOS, n. GR. People. 15571, 4.

LEPANDE, *part. pr.* of LEPE, v. SAX. Leaping. R. 1528

LEPE, LEF, for LEPETH, 3 *pers. sing.* 4226. 10285.

— for LEPED, *pa. t.* 2699. C. D. 2164.

— *pr. n.* A town in Spain. 12504.

LERE, LERNE, v. SAX. To learn. 10002. 13466.—To teach 16312.

LERED, *pa. t.* and *part.* 577. 13449.

LERE, n. SAX. The skin. 13786. See the note.

LESE, n. FR. as LEES. *In lustie lese*. T. ii. 752. *In Love's leash*.

— *adj.* SAX. as LEES. R. 85093.

— v. SAX. To lose. 11672, 4.

LESETH, 2 *pers. pl. imp.* m. 4439. Lose ye.

LESING, n. SAX. A lie; a falsity. 15947. R. 4508. LESINGES, *pl.* 12525.

LEST, LIST, LUST, n. SAX. Pleasure. 132. 192. 6215. 11124.

LESTE, LISTE, LUSTE, v. To please. It is generally used, as an impersonal, in the third person only, for *It pleased*, or *It pleased*. *Him luste to ride so*. 102. *It pleased him t. r. s. Wel to drink us leste*. 752. *It pleased us well t. d. If you test*. 830. *If it please you. Me list not play*. 3365. *It pleased me not to play*.

— *adj.* SAX. *superl. d.* Least. 2200. *At the leste way*. 1123. *At the leste*. 5432. At least.

— for LAST. T. ii. 1330.

LET, v. SAX. To leave; to omit. 1319. To leave; to permit. 1325. *Let thy japes be*. 5824. *Let the sumpnour be*. 6871.—To cause. 2978. 5377.—To hinder. T. iii. 736.

LETE, *pr. n.* The river Lethe. F. i. 71.

LETGAME, n. SAX. A hinderer of pleasure. T. iii. 528.

LETTE, n. Delay; hindrance. 8176.

LETTOWE, *pr. n.* Lithuania. 54.

LETTRED, *adj.* FR. Learned. R. 7601.

LETTURE, LETTERE, n. FR. Literature. 14414. 16314.

LETTUARE, n. FR. An electuary. 428. 9683.

LEVE, v. for LIVE. 7114.

— n. SAX. Desire; inclination. 13952.

— *adj.* Dear. 3132. See LEVE.

— v. SAX. To believe. 10679.

LEVETH, *imp. m.* 2 *pers. pl.* 3090. *Leveth me*. Believe me. In R. 3519. *Leveth* is misprinted for *Leveth*.

He *leveth* more than ye may doe.

So this verse should be written.

Plus y pert-il que vous ne faictes. Orig.

- In T. iii. 56. *Leve* is misprinted for *Lene*; and also in T. ii. 1212. and T. v. 1749.
- LEVELES, *adj.* SAX. Without leave. C. D. 74.
- LEYEN, *n.* SAX. Lightning. 5358.
- LEVER, *comp. d.* of LEFE. More agreeable. *It were me lev. r.* 10095. *I hadde lever.* 10037. *Hire hadde lever.* 5447. See also ver. 16844. 16972.
- LEYSELL. See the *n.* on ver. 4059. though I am by no means satisfied with the explanation there given of this word. The interpretation of it in the *Prompt. Parv.* will not help us much. "LEVECEL BEFORN A WYNDOWE OR OTHER PLACE. *Umbraculum.*" My conjecture with respect to the origin of the proverb, *Good wine needs no bush*, is certainly wrong. That refers to a very old practice of hanging up a bush, or bough, where wine is to be sold. The Italians have the same proverb, *Al buon vino non bisogna frasca.*
- LEWED, LEWDE, *adj.* SAX. Ignorant; unlearned. 6928. 12370.—Lascivious. 10023.
- LEVE, *v.* SAX. as LEGGE. Tolay. R. 4143.—To lay a wager. 16064.
- LEYES, *pr. n.* Layas, in Armenia. 53. See the *n.* on ver. 51.
- LEYTE, *n.* SAX. Flame. P. 169, col. 1, l. 21. See LEITE.
- LIARD, *pr. n.* belonged originally to a horse of a grey colour. See the *n.* on ver. 7145.
- LICENCIAT, *n.* LAT. 220. seems to signify, that he was licensed by the Pope to hear confessions, &c. in all places, independently of the local ordinaries. See R. 6394—6472.
- LICHE-WAKE. See the *n.* on ver. 2900.
- LIDE, *pr. n.* Lydia. 14645.
- LIEGES, *n. pl.* Fr. Subjects. 7943.
- LIEN, *pr. t. pl.* of LIE, or LISAG. 16247.
- *part. pa.* of LIE, or LIOGE. Lain. P. 170, col. 1, l. 55. P. 173, col. 1, l. 20.
- LIES, *n. pl.* Fr. Lees of wine, &c. F. iii. 1040.
- LIEHT, R. 4143. is misprinted for LEYETH.
- LIFLY, *adv.* SAX. Like the life. 2093.
- LIGEANCE, *n.* Fr. Allegiance. 5315.
- LIGGE, LIE, *v. neut.* SAX. To lye down. 2207. 13879.
- LIGGING, *part. pr.* Lying. 1013.
- LIGHT, *v.* SAX. To enlighten. 15530. 13401.—To make light, or pleasant. 10710.
- *v. neut.* To descend; to alight. 5524. 10483.
- LIGNE, *n.* Fr. Lineage; lineal descent. T. v. 1480. LIGNE. C. D. 1517. should probably be *Lignee*, to rime to *Compagne*.
- LIGNE ALOES. T. iv. 1137. Lignum aloes; a very bitter drug.
- LIKE, LIKEN, *v.* SAX. To compare. 5951. 3 5.
- *v.* SAX. To please. 8392. T. i. 432. *If you liketh.* 779. If it pleaseth you. *It liketh hem.* 5679. It pleaseth them.
- LIKEROUS, *adj.* SAX. Gluttonous. 12473.—Lascivious. 6048.
- LIRING, *part. pr.* Pleasing. R. 868.
- *n.* Pleasure. 12389.
- LIMAILLE, *n.* Fr. Filings of any metal. 16321.
- LIME, *v.* SAX. To smear, as with bird-lime. T. i. 354.
- LIMED, *part. pa.* Caught, as with bird-lime. 6516.
- *part. pa.* Fr. Polished, as with a file. P. iii. 34.
- LIMER, *n.* Fr. *Limier*. A blood-hound. Du. 362. 5.
- LIME-ROD 14694. A twig with bird-lime.
- LIMITATION, *n.* LAT. A certain precinct allowed to a Limitour. 6459.
- LIMITOUR, *n.* A Fryer licensed to beg within a certain district. 209. 253. 4.
- LIMNES, *n. pl.* SAX. Limbs. P. 149, col. 1, l. 45.
- LINAGE, *n.* Fr. Family. 4270. R. 253.
- LINDE, *n.* SAX. The lime tree. 9087. R. 1385.
- LISSE, *n.* SAX. Remission; abatement. 11550.
- *v. neut.* SAX. To grow easy. R. 3758. 4129.
- LISSED, *part. pa.* of LISSE, *v.* SAX. Eased; relieved. 11482.
- LISSE, *v.* See LESTE.
- LISTENETH, *imp. m.* 2 *pers. pl.* of LISTEN, *v.* SAX. Hearken ye. 13642.
- LISTES, *n. pl.* Fr. Lists; a place enclosed for combats, &c. See the *n.* on ver. 1715.
- LITARGH, *n.* Fr. White lead. 16243.
- LITH, *adj.* SAX. Little. 1195. P. 162, col. 1, l. 47.
- LITH, *n.* SAX. A limb. 14881.
- for LIETH. 3653. 10349.
- LITHS, *adj.* SAX. Soft; flexible. Du. 933. F. i. 119.
- *v.* SAX. To soften. T. iv. 734.
- LITHEB, *adj.* SAX. Wicked. C. N. 14. In the Edit. it is *Litky*. LUTHER and *quede*. R. G. 414. See QUADE.
- LITHEBLY, *adv.* SAX. Very ill. 3299.
- LITLING, *adj.* SAX. Very little. F. iii. 133.
- LIVAND, *part. pr.* SAX. Living. C. D. 1628.
- LIVE, *n.* SAX. Life. *On live.* 3041. 5622. In life; a live. *Lives creature.* 2397. 8779. Living creature. *Lives body.* F. ii. 555. Living body.
- See the note on ver. 405. and the statute 3 Geo. I. c. 13. where *Load-manage* is used repeatedly in the sense of *Li-lotage*.
- LODENMANAGE. 405.
- LODESTERRE. 2061.
- LODESMEN, *n. pl.* SAX. Pilots. L. W. 1486.
- LOFT, *adv.* SAX. *On loft.* 4697. On high; A-loft.
- LOGE, *n.* Fr. A lodge; habitation. 14879.
- LOGGED, *part. pa.* Fr. Lodged. 15004.
- LOGGING, *n.* Lodging. 15001.
- LOKE, *v.* SAX. To see; to look upon. Bo. iv. pr. 6. v. pr. 3.
- LOKEN, LOKE, *part. pa.* of LOKE, *v.* SAX. Looked. 14881. R. 2092. Shut close. *Conf. Am.* 29. *His one eye anon was LOCKE.*
- LOLLER, *n.* A Lollard. See then. on ver. 12923. and ver. 12914.
- LOLLIUS, *pr. n.* of a writer, from whom Chauver professes to have translated his poem of *Troilus and Creseide*. See the note on P. 172, col. 2, l. 23. I have not been able to find any further account of him.
- LONDE, *n.* SAX. Land. 4806. 5323.
- LONDENOVS. A Londoner; one born in London. T. L. i. 325.
- LONE, *n.* SAX. A loan; any thing lent. 7443.
- LONG, *v.* SAX. To belong. 2280. *Longing for his art.* 3209. Belonging to his art. 10353.—To desire. L. W. 2275.
- 16300. See ALONG.
- LOOS, LOS, *n.* Fr. Praise. 16336. M. 117, col. 2, l. 1. *Loses*, *pl.* F. iii. 509.
- LORE, *n.* SAX. A title of honour, given to Monks, as well as to other persons of superior rank. 172. 13390.—In ver. 830. *Lordes* is used in the sense of *Lordings*.
- LORIDINGS, *n. pl.* Sirs; Masters. 763. 790. A diminutive of *Lords*.
- LORDSHIP, *n.* SAX. Supreme power. 1627.
- LORE, *n.* SAX. Knowledge. 8064.—Doctrine. 529.—Advice. 3527.
- LOREL, *n.* SAX. A good-for-nothing fellow. 5855. Bo. i. pr. 4. where it is the translation of *perditissimum*. Skinner supposes it to be derived from the LAT. *Lurco*; and in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, "LOSEL, or LOREL, or LURDEN," is rendered "*Lurco*." But *Lurco*, I apprehend, signifies only a *glutton*, which falls very short of our idea of a *lorel*; and besides I do not believe that the word was ever sufficiently common in Latin to give rise to a derivative in English. One of Skinner's friends deduces it with much more probability from the BELG. (rather SAX.) *Loren*; Lost; *Perditus*.
- LORNE, *part. pa.* of LESE, *v.* SAX. Lost. 8647. Undone. 10943. 13939.
- LOS, *n.* SAX. Loss. 16477. T. iv. 27.
- LOSED, *part. pa.* SAX. Loosed. R. 4511.
- *part. pa.* Fr. Praised. T. L. i. 325.
- LOSENGE, *n.* Fr. A quadrilateral figure, of equal sides but unequal angles, in which the Arms of women are usually painted. R. 893. In F. iii. 227. *Losynges* seems to signify small figures of the same form in the first work of a crown.
- LOSENGEOUR, *n.* Fr. A flatterer. 15332.
- LOTEBY, *n.* R. 6330. In the Orig. *Compaigne*. A private companion, or bed-fellow. In P. P. 14. the concubines of priests are called their *Lotebies*. Perhaps it may be derived from the Sax. *Loute*; to lurk.
- LOTH, *adj.* SAX. Disagreeable; odious. 3393.
- LOTHER, *comp. d.* More hateful. L. W. 191.
- LOTHEST, *superl. d.* Most unwilling. 11625.
- LOTHLY, *adj.* Loathsome. 6682.
- LOVE-DAYES. See the *n.* on ver. 260. and add T. L. i. 319. "Maked I not a Love-daye betwene God and mankynde, and chese a mayde to be *nompere*, to p at the quarell at ende?"

LOVE-DRINKER, *n.* SAX. A drink to excite love. 6336.  
 LOVE-LONGING, *n.* SAX. Desire of love. 3349. 3679.  
 LOVESOME, *adj.* SAX. Lovely. T. v. 465.  
 LOUGH, *pa. t.* of LAUGH, *v.* SAX. Laughed. 6354. 12410.  
 LOUKE. 4413. See the note. In P. P. 20. *Wrong* is called a *wicked luske*; and I learn from Cotgrave, that *luske* is a synonymous word to *lout*, *lorel*, &c. so that perhaps *Louke* may be still another term for an *idle, good-for-nothing fellow*. See Cotg. in *v.* *Luske*, Eng. and in *v.* *Loricard*, *Falourdin*, Fr.  
 LOURE, *v. neut.* SAX. To look discontented. R. 7099.  
 LOURING, *part. pa.* 6849.  
 LOUTE, *v.* SAX. To bow. 14168. R. 4384.—To lurk. 15654.  
 LOW, *n.* for LAW. C. D. 319.  
 LOWLYHEDD, *n.* SAX. Humility. B. K. 315.  
 LUCAN, *pr. n.* The Roman poet. 14637.  
 LUCE, *n.* LAT. The fish, called a pike. 352.  
 LUCINA, *pr. n.* The Moon. 11337.  
 LULLED, *pa. t.* of LULL, *v.* SAX. Invited to sleep. 8429.  
 LUMBARDES, *n. pl.* Bankers; Remitters of money. 13297.  
 LUNARIE, *pr. n.* of a herb; moon-wort. 16268.  
 LURE, *n.* FR. A device used by falconers for calling their hawks. 6922. 17021.  
 — *v.* FR. To bring to the lure. 5907.  
 LUSSEBURGHES. See the *n.* on ver. 13963.  
 LYST, *n.* See LEST.  
 LUSTE, *v.* See LESTE.  
 LUSTYHEDD, *n.* SAX. Pleasure, mirth. 17223. L. W. 1522.  
 LUXURIE, *n.* FR. Lecherie. 5345.  
 LYNIAN, *pr. n.* 7910. See the note. A learned correspondent, to whom I am obliged for other useful hints, has suggested to me, that Fabricius, upon the authority of Ghilini, has placed the death of *Joannes Lignanus* in 1363. Bibl. Med. Æt. in *v.* This furnishes an additional reason for believing that the Canterbury Tales were composed, or at least collected into a body, after that period.

M.

MACC, *n.* FR. A club. 2126.  
 MACCHABE, *pr. n.* The books of the Maccabees. 14497. 14573.  
 MACROBES, *pr. n.* R. 7. MACROBIUS. 15129. Du. 284. A. F. 111. The author of the Commentary on the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero.  
 MADDE, *v.* SAX. To be mad. 3559. R. 1072.  
 MADRIAN, 13398. See the note. I have found since that the French have a Saint called *Materna*. But Mr. Stevens, with much more probability, supposes, that the *precious body*, by which the Host swears, was that of St. *Mathurin*. See his story in the *Golden Legend*, Edit. 1527, by Winkin de Worde, 151. b. "Than toke they the *precious body* and enoynted it with moche reverence; and when they had layd it in the erth, on the morowe they came to the sepulture and founde the *holy body* above the erth nygh unto the same sepulture, and than were they all abashed and wylt not what to do." It seems, the knights, who had brought him out of France, had promised that, if he died on his journey, he should be sent back and buried "where as they had taken him;" and therefore his body would not stay in the ground, till it was deposited, according to promise, in France; where it afterwards worked many miracles.  
 MAFFEE, *Fr.* *Ma joy*; by my faith. T. iii. 52.  
 MAGICIEN, *n.* FR. A magician. 11553.  
 MAGIKE, *n.* FR. Magick. 11607. *Magike naturel.* 418. See the note.  
 MAHOWND, *pr. n.* Mahomet. 4644. See Du Cange, in *v.* MAILLE, *n.* FR. A coat of mail. 9078.  
 MAINTIE, *part. pa.* B. K. 230. as MEINT.  
 MAINTENANCE, *n.* FR. Behaviour. Du. 834.  
 MAISONDEWE, *Fr.* *Maison-dieu*; a hospital. R. 5619.  
 MAISTER, *n.* FR. A skilful artist; a master. 11514. 11532. *Maister-strete.* 2904. The chief street. *Maister-temple.* L. W. 1014. The chief temple. *Maister-tour.* 10540. The principal tower.  
 MAISTYFUL, *adj.* Imperious. T. ii. 756.  
 MAISTERIE, MAISTRIE, *n.* FR. Skill; skilful management. 3383. 6400.—Power; superiority. 6922. 9048. 11076.

Love wol not be constricted by maistris.  
 Whan maistris cometh, the God of love anon  
 Beteth his wings, and, farewell! he is gone.

I cite these elegant lines, as I omitted to observe before, that Spenser has inserted them in his *Faery Queen*, B. 4. C. 1. St. 23. with very little alteration, and certainly without any improvement.

Ne may love be compeld my mastery;  
 For, soon as mastery comes, sweet love anon  
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.

MAISTRIS. 16328. A mastery operation; *Un coup de maistris*.—For the *maistris*. 165. See the note.  
 MAISTRESSE, *n.* FR. Mistress, governess. 12040.  
 MAISTRISE, *n.* FR. Mastery workmanship. R. 4172.  
 MAKE, *n.* SAX. A fellow; a mate. 2558.—A husband. 5667. 8716. A wife. 9175. 9690. *MAKER* or *METCHER*. *Compar.* Prompt. Parv.  
 — *v.* SAX. To compose, or make verses. L. W. 69. 364. *To solace him sometime, as I do when I MAKE.* P. P. 60.—*To make a man's berde*; To cheat him. See the *n.* on ver. 4094.  
 MADE, *part. pa.* Made. 2526.  
 MAKE, *Bo. iv. m. 7.* Why MAKE ye your backs? We should read—*make*, i. e. make naked. *Cur inertes terga nudatis?* Orig.  
 MAKEIES, *adj.* SAX. Peculiar; without a fellow. T. i. 172.  
 MAKING, *n.* Poetry. L. W. 74. MAKINGES, *pl.* Poetical compositions. L. W. 413. *And thou meddest with MAKINGS.* P. P. 60.  
 MALAPERT, *adj.* Pert, forward. C. L. 737. And so we should read in T. iii. 87. with the MSS. J. K. instead of *in all apert*. The word seems to be evidently of French original, though I do not recollect to have seen it used by any French writer. *Appert*, *adj.* FR. signifies *Ex-pert*, &c. Cotgrave.  
 MALE, *n.* FR. A budget, or portmanteau. 3117. 12854.  
 MALEFICE, *n.* FR. Enchantment. P. 153, col. 2, l. 47.  
 MALE-TALENT, *n.* FR. Ill will. R. 274. 330.  
 MALISON, *n.* FR. Malediction, curse. 16713. P. 156, col. 1, l. 10. *I gve it my MALISON.* P. L. 318.  
 MALT, *pa. t.* of MELT, *v.* SAX. Melted. T. i. 583.  
 MALVESIE, *pr. n.* Malmsey-wine. See the *n.* on ver. 9681.  
 MALURE, *n.* FR. Misfortune. C. D. 599.  
 MANACE, *n.* FR. A threat. 2905.  
 — *v.* To threaten. 7998. 9625.  
 MANAGING, *n.* Threatening. 2037.  
 MANCIPE, *n.* An officer, who has the care of purchasing victuals for an Inn of Court. See his CHARACTER, ver. 569—588. The name is probably derived from the LAT. *Manceps*, which signified particularly the *superintendent of a public bakehouse*, and from thence a *baker* in general. See Du Cange, in *v.* MANCIPS. The office still subsists in several Colleges as well as Inns of Court.  
 MANDEMENT, *n.* FR. Mandate. 6929.  
 MANERE, *n.* FR. Carriage, behaviour. 140. 10860.—Kind, or sort. *A manere Latin.* 4939. A kind of Latin. *Sweiche a maner love-drinke.* 6335. Such a sort of love-potion. *Sweiche maner rime.* 6709.  
 MANGONEL, *n.* FR. An engine used to batter walls. R. 6279.  
 MANTIE, *n.* FR. Gr. Madness. 1376.  
 MANNIS, *adj.* SAX. Human; proper to the human species. M. 112, col. 1, l. 25.—Masculine; proper to man, as distinguished from woman. T. i. 284. In this last sense, when applied to a woman, it is a strong term of reproach. 5202.  
 MANOR, *n.* FR. Dwelling. Du. 1004.  
 MANSUETE, *adj.* FR. Gentle. T. v. 194.  
 MANTELET, *n.* FR. A short mantle. 2165.  
 MARCIAN, *pr. n.* Martianus Capella. 5606. F. ii. 477.  
 — *adj.* Martial; under the influence of Mars. f. 62.  
 MAREIS, *n.* FR. A marsh. 6552.  
 MARGARITE, *n.* FR. A pearl. T. L. i. 315. b.  
 MARIE, MARV, *n.* SAX. Marrow. 12475. *Marieboncs.* 382. Marrow-bones.  
 MARKET-BETER. 3934. See the note. But I am now more inclined to believe, that this word is to be understood in a sense similar to that in which the French phrases, *Battre les rues*—and *Batteur de pavés* are used. *Baltre*

*les rues*; To revel, jet, or swagger up and down the streets at nights. *Batteur de pavé*; A jettor abroad in the streets.—A pavement beater. See *Cotgrave*, in v. *Bateur*. *Batre Pavé*. So that "He was a market-better *alle full*" may mean perhaps,—He was used to swagger up and down the market, when it was fullest: a circumstance, which suits very well with the rest of his character.—MARKET DASHAR. *Circumforaneus*. Prompt. Parv. MARKIS, n. FR. A marquis. 7940.

— for MARKISES, *gen. ca. sing.* 8970. In the same manner *Peneus* is put for *Peneuses*. 2066. *Theseus* for *Theseuses*. 2201. 2307. *Venus* for *Venuses*. 2774. 10586. *Ceres* for *Ceresses*. 10139. *Melibeus* for *Melibeuses*. 13902. and in prose, M. 119, col. 1. l. 50. Perhaps it might have been proper to add a mark of *Apocope* to the words so abbreviated. As to the present method of expressing the genitive cases of nouns ending in *s*, by adding another *s*, with a mark of *Syncope*, as *Peneus's*, *Theseus's*, *Venus's*, &c. it seems absurd, whether the addition be intended to be pronounced, or not. In the first case, the *s* should not be cut out; in the second, the *s* is quite superfluous. But the absurdity of this practice is most striking, when the genitives of monosyllable nouns are thus written; an ox's horns; an ass's ears; a fish's tail; St. James's park; notwithstanding that the *e*, which is thus directed to be cut out, is constantly and necessarily to be pronounced, as if the several words were written at length; oxes, asses, fishes, Jameses.

MARCISSÈSE, n. FR. The wife of a Marquis. 8159. 8270.

MARTE, *pr. n.* Mars. 2023.

MARTIRE, n. FR. Martyrdom; torment. R. 2547.

— v. FR. To torment. 1564.

MARY, MARIE, *pr. n.* A vulgar oath; *Dy Mary*. 13322. 1651.

MASE, n. A wild fancy. 15699. T. v. 469.

— v. *neut.* To doubt; to be confounded. 10261.

MASEDNÈSE, n. Astonishment; confusion. 8937.

MASERIN, n. Rather *Maserin*. 13781. A drinking cup. See *Du Cange*, in v. *MASER*.

MATE, *part. pa.* of *MATE*, v. FR. Dejected; struck dead.

957. R. 1739. *So felle and mate*. *Conf. Am.* 127. b.

MATIRE for MATERE, n. FR. Matter. T. iv. 818.

MAUGRE, MALGRE, FR. In spite of. *Maugre all they might*. 1690. *Maugre thin eym*. 5957. *Maugre hire hed*. 6469. P. 169, col. 2, l. 17.—The original of this expression appears more plainly in the following passages. *I drede thou canst me grete maugre*. R. 4399.

*Car je cuide, que me sceavez  
Mal gre.*

Orig. 4118.

*Malgre his*. R. 2386. 5933. With his ill will; against his will; *Malgré lui*.

MAVIS, n. SAX. A thrush. R. 619.

— R. 5590 is probably a mistake for *Mvis*, n. *pl.* FR. The Orig. has *Centmuyes de Froment*. 5197. The Paris *Muid* contains something more than five quarters English.

MAUMET, n. An idol. P. 163, col. 2, l. 31.

MAUMETRE, n. The religion of Mahomet. 4656.—Idolatrie. P. 163, col. 2, l. 34.

MAWE, n. SAX. The stomach. 12930.

MAY, v. SAX. To be able, physically. 2314. 3045. 8. morally.

739. 2355. 6. See *Mowe*.

MAY, n. SAX. A virgin. 5271. *Of Mary, moder and MAY*.

P. L. 235. 307.—A young woman. T. v. 1719.

MAYDENED, n. SAX. Virginity. 2331.

MAXIMIAN, *pr. n.* C. L. 798. The author of vi Elegies, which have been frequently printed under the name of Gallus. He is said by Fabricius (Bibl. Lat. T. i. p. 297. Ed. Patav.) to have lived under the Emperor Anastasius, q. I. or II.? A translation, or rather abridgement, of these Elegies, in English verse, is in MS. Harl. 2253.

MEANEUGH, *adj.* SAX. Moderate. Bo. i. pr. 6. *Mediocribus* Orig.

MEBLISS, n. *pl.* FR. Moveable goods. 9188. 16008.

MEDP, n. SAX. Reward. 3390. P. 164, col. 2, l. 65.—A meadow. 84.

— METHE, METH, n. BARB. LAT. Mead; a liquor made of honey. 2281. 3378. 3261.

MEDLE, v. FR. To mix. P. 149, col. 1, l. 1.

MELLEE, *adj.* Of a mixed stuff, or colour. 330.

MEINIE, n. FR. Household attendants. 7627. 7738.—An army. 14348. 17177. *Hurlecaynes meyne*. Contin. of *Canterb. Tales*, l. 8. This obscure phrase, I think, may be understood to relate to a particular set of ghostly apparitions, which were used to run about the country at night, and were called in French *La megnie de Hellequin* or *Herlequin*. The fullest account that I have seen of them is in "L'histoire de Richard sans peur, Duc de Normandie, qui fut fils de Robert le Diable." In one of his rides he met with three black Knights, whom he engages. "Et quand les Chevaliers voient le jeumal party pour eux ils monterent à cheval et s'enfuyrent;—et Richard—chevaucha apres eux; et ainsi qu'il chevauchoit il apperçut une dance de gens noirs qui s'entoyent. Adonc luy souvint de la megnie de Hellequin, dont il avoit autres foyz ouy parler." The title of the next chapter (4.) is "*Cy devise de la megnie de Hellequin et qui il estoit*." He is there said to have been a knight, who, having spent all his substance in the wars of Charles Martel against the Saracens, lived afterwards by pillage. "Adonc il avint qu'il mourut et fut en danger d'estre damne, mais Dieu luy fit pardon, pource que il avoit bataille contre les Sarrazins et exauce la foy. Si fut condamne de Dieu que pour un tems determine luy et ceux de son lignage feroient penitence et vroient toute la nuit parmy la terre, pour leurs penitences faire et endurer plusieurs maux et calamitez." The belief of such apparitions was certainly of great antiquity in Normandy, as they are mentioned by Ordericus Vitalis, under the title of *familia Herlechini*, in a most extraordinary story related by him, L. viii. p. 695. ann. 1091. And I suspect that in a passage quoted by Du Cange, in v. HERLINGS, from Petr. Blesensis Ep. 14, we should read *Herlechini* instead of *Herlunt*.

Gervase of Tilbury, who wrote in 1211, mentions another set of apparitions, which were called *familia Arturi*. Ot. Imper. Dec. ii. c. 12. "In sylvis Britanniae majoris aut minoris consimilia contigisse referunt, narrantibus nemorum custodibus, quos *forestarios*—vulgus nominat, se alternis diebus circa horam meridianam, et in primo noctium contigitio sub plenilunio luna lucente, sepiissime videre militum copiam venientium et cauum et cornuum strepitum, qui seiscitantibus se de *seculatate* et *familia Arturi* esse affirmant." He had just said that Arthur, not long before, had been seen in a palace, "*mira opere constructo*," in a most delicious valley in the neighbourhood of Mount Etna, where he had resided ever since the time of his supposed death, "*vulneribus quotannis reconvalescentibus*."

MEINT, *part. pa.* of MENGE, v. SAX. Mixed, mingled. R. 2296.

MEKE, *adj.* SAX. Meek, humble. 9017.

— v. To become meek. R. 3541. 3584.

MELES, n. *pl.* SAX. Meals; dinners, &c. Du. 612.

MELE TIDE, n. SAX. Dinner-time. T. ii. 1556.

MELLE, v. FR. To meddle. C. D. 536.

— n. for MILLE. 3921.

MEMORIE, n. FR. Remembrance. *To be drawn to memorie*. 3114. To be recorded.

And for to drawe in to memorye

Her names bothe and her histore.

*Conf. An.* f. 76.

— v. To remember. 10118.

MENDIANTS, n. *pl.* FR. Fryers of the Begging orders. 7488. See the note.

MENE, v. SAX. To mean; to intend. 2065. 2218.

— n. FR. *Moyen*. A mean, or instrument. 9545.

T. iii. 235. Where the Orig. has *mezzano*; a procurer.

MENES, *pl.* 7064. 3275.

— *adj.* Middle. 7027. 17322. But see the note on the latter verse.

MENIVERE, n. FR. A sort of furr. R. 227. See the n. on ver. 193.

MERCKENRIKE, *pr. n.* The kingdom of Mercia. 15113.

MERCIA, *pr. n.* F. iii. 139. *Marsyas* is probably meant; but our Poet, I know not upon what authority, has turned him into a female.

MERCIBLE, *adj.* FR. Merciful. 13618.

**MERITORIE**, *adj.* FR. Meritorious. P. 165, col. 2, l. 47.  
**MERKE**, *n.* SAX. A mark; an image. 11192. *All the merke of Adam*. 6278. All the images of Adam; all mankind.  
 — *adj.* SAX. Dark. R. 5339.  
**MERLON**, *n.* FR. *Emerillon*. A merlin; a sort of hawk. A. F. 339.  
**MERVAILLE**, *n.* FR. Wonder. marvel. 10974.  
**MERRY**, *adj.* SAX. Merry. 804.—Pleasant. 14972.  
**MESSE**, R. 3462. *At gode mes* should probably be *At gode-ness*. The Orig. has *en bon point*. See **GODENESS**.  
**MESSE**, *n.* for **MESSE**. C. D. 2116.  
**MESSEL**, *n.* FR. A leper. P. 109, col. 2, l. 19.  
**MESSELRIE**, *n.* FR. Leprosie. P. 109, col. 2, l. 24.  
**MESSAGE**, *n.* FR. A messenger. 8314. 8323.  
**MESSAGEUR**, *pr. n.* A fictitious attendant in the Temple of Venus. A. F. 228. Boccaccio calls her *Ruffiania*. Thersida. b. vii.  
**MESSE**, *n.* FR. The service of the Mass. 9768.  
**MESTE**, *adj.* SAX. *supel. l. d.* 8006. as **MOSTRE**.  
**MFSUABLE**, *adj.* FR. Moderate. 437. 10676.  
**MEASURE**, *n.* FR. Moderation. 11081.  
**METAMORPHOSOS**. 4513. **METAMORPHOSOSE**. C. L. 1260. Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. See **JUDICIUM**.  
**METE**, *adj.* SAX. Fitting; convenient. 1633.  
 — *n.* SAX. Meat. 1617. *During the metes space*. 5434. During the time of eating.  
**METE BORDE**, *n.* SAX. An eating-table. T. li. ii. 326. b.  
**MISTELV**, *adj.* Proportionable. R. 822.  
**MISTRE**, *v.* SAX. To meet. 12627.—To dream. T. iii. 1350.  
**MISTRE**, *MET*, *pa. t.* Dreamed. 15089. 15118. *I mette*. 6159. *Me mette*. 14900. 4. I dreamed.  
**METRICKES**, *n. pl.* Writers in verse. C. L. 30.  
**MEVABLE**, *adj.* FR. Moveable. R. 4736.  
**MEWE**, *n.* FR. A cage for hawks, while they *mue*, or change their feathers. 10957.—A cage, in general, or any sort of confinement. R. 4778. T. iii. 603. *In mewe*. T. i. 382. *In secret*.  
**MEWEZ**, *adj.* FR. Mute. *In mewet*. C. L. 148. Dumbly, speaking inwardly.  
**MICHER**, *n.* A thief. R. 6541. *Lierres*. Orig. 13008. *MYCHYN OF PRYVELY STELYN SMALE THYNGH. Surripio*. Prompt. Parv.  
**MIGHT**, *pa. t.* of **MAY**, *v.* SAX. Was able. 301. 1519.  
**MIGHTEN**, *pl.* 7985.  
 — *part. pa. t.* iii. 655. *If godely had he might*. If he had been able with propriety.  
 — *n.* SAX. Power; strength. 1152. 1853.  
**MILKOP**, *n.* An effeminate fellow. 13916.  
**MILNE-STONES**, *n. pl.* SAX. Mill-stones. T. ii. 1384.  
**MINDE**, *n.* SAX. Remembrance. 1908. *Conf. Am.* 148. *As the bokes maken minde*.  
**MINE**, *v.* FR. To penetrate. T. ii. 627.  
**MINISTRALLES**, *n. pl.* FR. Minstrels. 10392.  
**MINISTRES**, *n. pl.* FR. Officers of justice. 15049. 15064.  
**MINISTERS**. C. D. 2130. Minstrels.  
**MINORESSE**, *n.* R. 149. A nun, under the rule of St. Clare.  
**DU Change**, in *v.* **MINORISSA**. It is not clear however why Chaucer has likened *Hate* to a Sister of this order. His original gave him no authority.  
**MINOUR**, *n.* FR. A miner. 247.  
**MINISTRALCIE**, *n.* FR. Musick. 2190. 10582.—Musical instruments. 17216.  
**MIRROUR**, *n.* FR. A looking-glass. 10446.  
**MIRTHLES**, *adj.* SAX. Without mirth. A. F. 592.  
**MIS**, *adv.* III; amiss. 16467. R. 3243. T. iv. 1207. It is often to be supplied to a second verb, having been expressed in composition with a former. *If that I mispeke* or *say*. 3141. *That hure misdoth* or *saith*. 13928. *There is nothing misseide nor do*. Du. 528.  
 — *n.* A wrong. 17228.  
**MIS-ACCOMPTED**, *part. pa.* Misreckoned. T. v. 1184.  
**MIS-ADVENTURE**, *n.* Misfortune. 6916.  
**MIS-ADVISE**, *v.* To advise wrongly. 5812.  
**MIS-BODEN**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-BED**. Injured. 911.  
**MIS-BORNE**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-BERE**. Misbehaved. M. 120, col. 2, l. 19.  
**MISCHANCE**, *n.* FR. Misfortune. *With mischance*. 6916. 17142. See **WITT**.

**MISCHEFE**, *n.* FR. Misfortune. R. 6741.  
**MISCOVERTING**, *n.* R. 196. should probably be **MISCOMPTING**. *Mescompter*. Orig.  
**MIS-DEPART**, *v.* To distribute wrongly. 4527.  
**MISERICORDE**, *n.* FR. Mercy; pity. 7492.  
**MIS ESE**, *n.* Uneasiness. P. 150, col. 1, l. 10.  
**MIS-FORAYVE**, *pa. t.* of **MIS-FORVEYE**. Mis-gave. T. iv. 1426.  
**MIS-GIED**, *part. pa.* of **MIS GIE**. Misguided. 14451.  
**MIS-GON**, *MIS-go*, *part. pa.* of **MIS-go**. Gone wrong. 4218. 4252.  
**MIS-HAPPING**, *part. pr.* Falling amiss. R. 5543.  
**MIS-LEDE**, *v.* To conduct amiss. T. iv. 48.  
**MIS-LIVED**, *part. pa.* Having lived to a bad purpose. T. iv. 330.  
**MIS-METRE**, *v.* To spoil the metre of verses, by writing or reading them ill. T. v. 1795.  
**MIS-SATE**, *pa. t.* of **MIS SIT**. Misbecame. R. 1194.  
**MIS-SAYDE**, *part. pa.* of **MIS SAYE**. Ill spoken of. R. 1266.  
**MIS-SAYER**, *n.* An evil speaker. R. 2231.  
**MISSE**, *v.* SAX. To fail. T. iii. 1630.  
**MISSE-METRE**, *v.* See **MIS-METRE**.  
**MISTAKE**, *v.* To take a wrong part; to transgress. R. 1540. *Meeprendre*. Orig.  
**MISTERE**, *n.* FR. Trade; occupation. 615.—Condition of life. 1342. *What mistere men ye beu*. 1712. What kind of men ye are.—Need. R. 5614. 6078.  
**MISTHEDE**, *n.* SAX. Darkness. C. M. 71.  
**MISTILY**, *adv.* SAX. Daintily. 10862.  
**MISTRIST**, *v.* for **MISTRUST**. 12303.  
**MIS-WAIE**, *n.* FR. A wrong way. R. 4766.  
**MIS-WENT**, *part. pa.* of **MIS WENDE**. Gone amiss. R. 7280.  
**MIS-WRITE**, *v.* To write wrong. T. v. 1794.  
**MITAINE**, *n.* FR. A glove. 12307. 8.  
**MITCHE**, *n.* FR. A manchet; a loaf of fine bread. R. 5585.  
**MITE**, *n.* SAX. A small worm. 6142. 16106.  
**MIXEN**, *n.* SAX. A dunghill. P. 167, col. 2, l. 67. —for **MIX**. 8915. See the note.  
 — *for MORE*, *adj.* comp. 546. 810. 1937.—*adv.* comp. 1354. 2073.  
**MOCHEL**, **MOCHE**, *adj.* SAX. Great, in quantity. 2354. 7593. in number. 6506. 6855. in degree. 496.—*adv.* Much, greatly. 1118. 2852.  
**MODER**, **MODRE**, *n.* SAX. Mother. 10139. 10691.—The *Ma-trix*, or principal plate of the *Astrolabe*. *Ast*.  
**MOISON**, *n.* FR. Harvest; growth. R. 1677.  
**MOIST**, **MOISTY**, *adj.* FR. New. 459. 12249. 17009. See the *n.* on ver. 459.  
**MOKEL**, *n.* Du. 454. 861. may perhaps signify *size*, *magnitude*, as *Michel* seems to be used in that sense in P. P. 89. b. *Of one MICHEL and night*.  
**MOLESTIE**, *n.* FR. Trouble. Bo. iii. pr. 8.  
**MOLTE**, *pa. t.* of **MELTE**, *v.* SAX. Melted. F. ii. 414.—*part. pa. t.* v. 10.  
**MONCHE**, *v.* To chew. T. i. 915.  
**MONNE**, *n.* SAX. The Moon. 9759.—Lamentation. 5076. 11332.  
**MONESTE**, *v.* FR. To admonish. R. 3579.  
**MONTOURS**, *n. pl.* FR. Comers. R. 6811. In the Original it is *Faulx Monnoyeurs*.  
**MONSTRE**, *n.* FR. A monster, or prodigy. 11656.—A patten. Du. 912.  
**MOOD**, *n.* SAX. Anger. 1762.  
**MORCELS**, *n. pl.* FR. Morsels. R. 6179.  
**MORE**, *adj.* comp. SAX. Greater, in quantity. 705. 785. in number. 10192. in degree. 1758. 6516.—*adv.* comp. 1309. 2746. It is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs to express the comparative degree. 6023. 7551. 10786.  
**MORMAL**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 388.  
**MORTER**, *n.* FR. A sort of wax-light. T. iv. 1245.  
**MORTIFIE**, *v.* FR. To kill (speaking of *Quicksilver*). 16594.  
**MORTREVES**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 396.  
**MORIVE**, *n.* SAX. The morning. 2493. *A'morice*. 824. 6175. In the morning. 1623. 2491. In the morning of the following day.—*To-morve*, I believe, always means the following day. 782. 1612. 2241. 2404. and it includes the whole day. *To-morve* at night. 3593.  
**MORWENING**, *n.* SAX. The morning. 4232. 15308. **MORWENINGES**, *pl.* 6457.  
**MOSSEL**, *n.* FR. The muzzle; mouth of a beast. 2153.



**MOSTE**, *adj. superl. SAX.* Greatest, in quantity. 305. 897. *in number.* 10675. *in degree.* 2300. 10614.—*adv. superl.* 563. 2409. It is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs to express the superlative degree. 2305. 9425.

— *v. SAX.* Must. 734. 7. **MOSTEN**, *pl.* 6024.

**MOTE**, *v. SAX.* Must. 233. 1647. 8.—May. 834. 4175. **MOTEN**, *pl.* 10630. 2.

— *n. SAX.* An atom. 6450. T. iii. 1609.

**MOTHE**, *n. pl. SAX.* Moths. 6142.

**MOTIF**, *n. FR.* A motive, incitement. 5043. 9365.

**MOUGHT**, *pa. t. of MOWE*, *v. SAX.* Might.

**MOUL**, *v. SAX.* To grow mouldy. 4452. **MOULED**, *part. pa.* 3963.

**MOUIN** for **MOWEN**, *pr. t. pl. of MOWE*, *v. SAX.* May. 12868. 13160.

**MOUNTANCE**, *n. FR.* Amount; in value. 1572.—in quantity. 12737. *Not full the mountance of a mile.* Conf. Am. 187.

**MOURDANT**, *n. FR.* The tongue of a buckle. R. 1094.

**MOWE**, *v. SAX.* May; to be able. **MOWEN**, *pl.* 13967. 16149.—It is sometimes used in the *inf. m.* 115, col. 1, l. 5. *Which thou shalt not mowe suffer.* Which thou shalt not be able to endure.—*To mowen such a knight done live or die.* T. ii. 1594. *To be able to make such a knight to live or die.* —*She should not con ne mow attaine.* C. D. 150. She should not know nor be able to attain.

**MOWE**, *n. FR.* A distortion of the mouth. T. iv. 7. F. iii. 716. *What do I than but laugh and make a mowe?* Lydg. *Trag.* 137.

**MOWING**, *n.* Ability. Bo. iv. pr. 4. In the following passage it seems to be used as a *GERUND.* *That shrewes weren dispoiled of mowing to don yvel.* Ibid.

**MUCH**, **MUCHEL**. See **MOCH**.

**MUCKRE**, *v. SAX.* To heap. T. iii. 1381.

**MUR**, *v. FR.* To change. T. ii. 1258.

**MURT**, *adj. FR.* Dumb, mute. T. v. 194.

**MULLOK**, *n. SAX.* Dung; rubbish. 3371. 16408.

**MULTIPLICATION**, *n. FR.* The art of making gold and silver. 16317.

**MULTIPLE**, *v. FR.* To make gold and silver. 16303.

**MUSARD**, *n. FR.* A musar, or dreamer. R. 3256. 4034.

**MUSE**, *v. FR.* To gaze. R. 1592.

**MYSELF**, **MYSELVE**, **MYSELVEN**. See **SELF**.

## N.

**NA** for **NO**. 4174. See the *n.* on ver. 4021.

**NADDER** for **NE HADDE**; Had not. 10212.

**NAILE**, *n. SAX.* A nail. 6351. *By nailes.* 12222. *By Goddes nailes.* 12385. an oath. See the *n.* on ver. 12585.

**NAKERRS**, *n. pl. FR.* See the *n.* on ver. 2513.

**NAL**, *n. SAX.* An ale-house. 6931. See the note. But I am now less inclined to adopt Skinner's explanation of this word, because I observe that *Ale* alone is commonly put for an *Ale-house*, and I cannot find that *Nale* is ever used, except where it follows the preposition *Atte*. In the passage quoted from P. P. 32 b. the *Cotton MS.* Vesp. B. xvi. has *at the ale*. And so in P. P. 26 b. With idle tales *at the ale*.—Robert of Brunne's translation of *Manuel des pechiez*. *MS. Bodl.* 2313. fol. 1.

In gamys, in festys, and at the ale—  
fol. 38. Or yf thou leddest any man to the ale.

I suspect therefore that *Nale*, in those few passages in which it is found, should be considered as merely a corruption, which has arisen from the mispronunciation and consequent miswriting of *alle nale* for *allen ale*. See the *n.* on ver. 12542. A similar corruption seems to have taken place in the name of that celebrated personage in our law, Mr. *John a-noke*, whose original appellation, I believe, was *John allen oke*, as that of his constant antagonist was *John alle stile*. *Sim. alle stile* is a name in P. P. 23 b. and there are many others of the same form; as, *Alle-cliff*, *Alle-ley*, *Alle-well*, *Alle-wood*, &c. That the letter *n* is apt to pass from the end of one word to the beginning of another, we have an instance in *Nent*, which has certainly been formed by corruption from *An ent*, or *ent*; and perhaps *Nedder*, *n. SAX.* may have been formed in the same way from *An adder*. The

word in the Teutonic is *Adder*, as we write it now, without the initial *n*. The same corruptions have happened in other languages. See the notes of Signor *Kedi* upon his *Bacco in Toscana*, p. 133. 4. 5. 182. 3.

**N'AM** for **NE AM**; Am not. 5730.

**NAME**, *pa. t. of NINE*, *v. SAX.* Took. 16765.

**NAPPE**, *v. SAX.* To sleep. 16953. See **KNAP**.

**NARCOTIKES**, *n. pl. FR. GR.* Drugs causing sleep. 1474. L. W. 2659.

**NARWE**, *adj. SAX.* Close, narrow. 3224. 14828. *When they hem narwe avise.* 9862. When they closely consider their conduct.

**NAS** for **NE WAS**; Was not. 1450. 1651.

**NASO**, *pr. n. L. W.* 928. 2218. P. Ovidius Naso. See **OVIDE**.

**NAT**, *adv. SAX.* Not. 5889. 6551.

**NATAL**, *adj. LAT.* Presiding over nativity. T. iii. 150.

**NATHELESS**, **NATHELES**, *adv. SAX.* Not the less; nevertheless. 2473. 3606.

**NATION**, *n. FR.* 4701. *Nation*.—Family. 6550.

**NAUGHT**, **NOUGHT**, *n. SAX.* Nothing. 758. 770.

— *adv.* Not; not at all. 2070. 4620. It may more properly perhaps be considered as a noun used adverbially. See **NOTHING**.

**NAY**, *adv. SAX.* 8257. It seems to be used sometimes as a noun. *It is no nay.* 8892. 9015. It cannot be denied.

— *v.* To deny. P. 170, col. 2, l. 20.

**NE**, *adv. SAX.* Not. 9356. 10070. *Ne had he ben hotpen.* 10990. Had he not been helped.

— *conj. SAX.* Nor. 970, l. 1. 8847. 11795.

**NECE**, *n. FR.* A niece.—A cousin. 13030. 13055.

**NECESSARIE**, *adj. FR.* Necessary. T. iv. 1021.

**NEDE**, *n. SAX.* Need; necessity. 4523.

— *v.* is generally used as an Impersonal. *It nedeth thee nought techen.* 3590. *Nedeth hem no dralle.* 4159. *Neded no more to hem to go ne ride.* 8489.

**NEDFUL**, *adj.* Distrest, indigent. 4532.

**NEDELY**, *adv.* Necessarily. 6550.

**NEDES**, **NEDE**, *adv.* Necessarily. It is usually joined with *must*. 1171. 11475. 17157.

**NEDDER**, *n. SAX.* An adder. 9660. **NEDERS**, *pl. L. W.* 699.

**NEIGH**, *adj. SAX.* Nigh. 3392.

— *v.* To approach; to come near. R. 1775. 2063.

**NEKKE**, *n. SAX.* The neck. 3850. *Nekkebene.* 6488.

**NEMPNE**, *v. SAX.* To name. 10632.

**NER**, *adv. SAX.* Near. 10315. 12900.

**NERE**, *comp. d. Nigher.* *Never the nere.* 16189. *Never the nigher.* *Nere and nere.* 13450. *Nigher and nigher.* *Ferre ne nere.* 1852. *Later nor earlier.*

**N'ERE** for **NE WERE**; Were not. 17322. *N'ere it.* 1602.

*Were it not. N'ere the friendship.* 16830.

**NERFE**, *n. FR.* Nerve; sinew. T. ii. 642.

**NESHE**, *adj. SAX.* Soft; tender. C. L. 1092. *Nesch and hard.* P. L. 242. 700.

**N'ETE**, *n. SAX.* Neat-cattle. 309.

**NETHER**, *adj. comp. SAX.* Lower. 3850.

**NETTLEIN**, *block out.* T. iv. 461. See **RAKET**.

**NEVEV**, *v. SAX.* To name. 9445. 16390.

**NEVEV**, *n. FR.* A nephew.—A grandson. L. W. 2648.

**NEWE**, *adj. SAX.* New; fresh. 459.

— *adv.* Newly. 7879. *N'ew and newe.* T. iii. 116.

Again and again. *All newe.* 9700. *Of newe.* 9814.

Newly; lately. *All newe.* 13306. *Anew; afresh.*

— *v.* To renew. T. iii. 305.

**NEWED**, *part. pa.* Renewed. M. 20, col. 1, l. 6.

**NEWETANGEL**, *adj.* Desirous of new things. 10632. 17142.

**NEWERINGNESSE**, *n.* Inconstancy. 10924.

**NEXTE**, *superl. d.* Nextest. It generally signifies the highest following, but sometimes the highest preceding. F. iii. 682.

**N'HATH** for **NE HATH**; Hath not. 925.

**NICE**, *adj. FR.* Foolish. 5508. 6520.

**NICETLE**, *n. Polly.* 4044. 17101. *Do his nicetee.* 5994. *So the French use Faire folie.*

**NIFLES**, *n. pl. T. i.* 7342.

**NIGARD**, *n.* A stingy fellow. 5915.

**NIGARNIE**, *n.* Stinginess. 13102.

**NIGHTTIE**, *supl.* Night-time. See the note.

**NIGHT-SPEL**, *n. SAX.* A night charm. See the *n.* on ver. 3460.

N'ILL for N<sup>r</sup> WILL; Will not. 3724. 5762.

N'in for N<sup>r</sup> is; Is not. 976. 1679.

N'ISTE for N<sup>r</sup> WISTE; Knew not. *sing.* 11340. 3414. N'ISTEN for N<sup>r</sup> WISTEN; Knew not. *pl.* 10948.

NOBLEST, *pa. l. 2 pers. sing.* of NOBLE, *v. Fr.* Ennobledst. 15308.

NOBLESS, *n. Fr.* Dignity, splendour. 8344. 8658.

NOBLEY, *n.* 8704. 10391. as NOBLESS.

NOCKED, *part. pa.* Notched. R. 942.

NOIE, *n. Fr.* Hurt; trouble. 3772.

— *v. Fr.* To hurt; to trouble. R. 4416.

NOISE, *v. Fr.* To make a noise. *Bo. iii. m. 6.*

N'OLDE for N<sup>r</sup> WOLDE; Would not. 3159. 3168.

NOMBRE, *n. Fr.* Number. 718.

NOMEN, NON<sup>r</sup>, *part. pa.* of NIM<sup>r</sup>, *v. SAX.* Taken. T. v. 190. 514. L. W. 1016.

NONPERE, *n.* An arbitrator. T. L. i. 319. See the passage quoted above in *v. LOVEDALE*. The sense of this word is established by the *Prompt. Parv.* "NONPAPER or OWAPEPE. *Arbitr. Sequester.*" If the etymology of it were as clear, we might be able to determine which of the two methods of writing it is the best. Custom has long declared for the latter. The modern word is *umpire*; and in P. P. 25 b. the Edit<sup>r</sup>. read *an umpir*; but the *Cotton MS. Vesp. B. xvi.* has—a *numper*. I cannot find that any such word is used, in the same sense, in any other of the Gothic or Romance languages. It has been supposed by some to be a corruption of *un pere*, *Fr.* which I can hardly believe; and perhaps the reader will be as backward to admit of a derivation of it from the *Fr.* *Nonpair*; An odd, or third person; which an arbitrator generally is. This however is the most probable etymology that has occurred to me; and I see that the compiler of the Statutes for the University of Oxford (whoever he was) had the same idea, for he expresses the word *umpire*, in his Latin, by *Impar*. Tit. xv. §. 14. *Indez, IMPAR, aut Arbitrator, in quoduncque causâ electus.*

NON, *adj. SAX.* Not one; none. 656. 682.

NON, *adv. Fr.* Not. 13011. *Absent or non.* 8311. *Whether ye wol or non.* 11090.

NON<sup>r</sup>, *n. Fr.* The ninth hour of the natural day; Nine o'clock in the morning; the hour of dinner. 9767. T. v. 1114. 22. 30.

NONES. For the *notes*. See the *n.* on ver. 381. and add, if necessary, the following instances, T. i. 563. ii. 1381. iv. 428. L. W. 295. 1063. 1114. [There seems to be now no doubt that the original form was the Saxon for *than ones*. See Price's note on *Watson's Hist. of Engl. Poet.* ii. 496, and Sir F. Madden's *Gloss. to Syr Gawayne*, &c.]

NONNE, *n. Fr.* A nun. 118.

NORICE, *n. Fr.* A nurse. 5881. *Bo. ii. pr. 4.* In other passages, *Bo. l. pr. 3. iii. pr. 9.* it is printed by mistake, I suppose, for NORIE, *n. Fr.* A foster-child. *Alumnus*.

NORTEURIE, *n.* Nurture; education. 3965.

NORSETHIRLES, *n. pl. SAX.* Nostrils. 559. P. 150, col. 2, l. 38. N'or for N<sup>r</sup> wor; Know not. 286. 3664.

NOTABILITEE, *n. Fr.* A thing worthy of observation. 15215.

NOTE, *n. SAX.* Need; business. 4066.

— *n. Fr.* A musical note. To cry by note. T. iv. 583. To cry aloud, in a high tone.

NOTENUGE, *n.* Nutmeg. 13693. R. 1361.

NOTES, *n. pl. SAX.* Nuts. R. 1377.

NOT-HED; A head like a nut. See the *n.* on ver. 109.

NOTHER, *conj. SAX.* Nor, neither. 8796. 9951.

N'OTHER, *adj. SAX.* for N<sup>r</sup> OTHER. *Neither* n'other. L. W. 192. Nor one nor other. *He n'is in neither n'other habite.*

*Bo. v. m. 3. Neutro est habitus.* Orig.

NOTHING, *adv. SAX.* Not; not at all. 1756. 8251.

NOUCHES, *n. pl.* 8258. See the note. It is probable, I think, that *Nouche* is the true word, and that *Ouche* has been introduced by a corruption, the reverse of that which has been taken notice of in *NALKE*. See Du Cange, in *v. Nockia*, and *Nusca*; and Schilter, *Gloss. Teut.* in *v. Nuosci*, from whence it appears that *Nuschin*, *TEUT.* signifies *Fibula*; a clasp, or buckle. As these were some of the most useful instruments of dress, they were probably some of the first that were ornamented with jewels; by which means the name by degrees may have been ex-

tended, so as to include several other sorts of jewels. The same thing may have happened in the case of the word *Broche* (see above); which indeed seems, originally, to have been a *French* expression for *Nouche*.

NOVELRIES, *n. pl. Fr.* Novelties. F. ii. 173.

NOUGHT, *n. & adv. SAX.* See NAUGHT.

NOUTH<sup>r</sup>, *adv. SAX.* Now. 464. T. i. 986. See the *n. cu* ver. 464.

Now, *adv. SAX.* Now and now. 10744. Once and again. *Now adays.* 9040. 16864. In these days.

NOWEL, *n. Fr.* Christmas. See the *n.* on ver. 11567.

NOYSAUNCE, *n. Fr.* Offence; trespass. C. D. 255.

## O.

O for Ho. 2535. See Ho.

O, *adj.* for On; One. 740. 5555. In the curious old Ballad on the battle of Lewes (*Ant. Poet.* v. ii. p. 4.) i. 10. *oferlyng* should be written, I believe, *oferlyng*. i. e. one farthing.

OBEYSANCE, *n. Fr.* Obedience. 8378. OBEYSING, R. 3380.

OBEYSANT, *part. pr. Fr.* Obedient. 7942. OBEYSING, L. W. 1264.

OBSERUIES, *n. pl. Fr.* Funeral rites. 995.

OBSERVANCE, *n. Fr.* Respect. 10630.

OBSERVE, *v. Fr.* To respect; to pay regard to. 13500.

OCCIDENT, *n. Fr.* The West. 4717.

OCTAVIEN, *pr. n.* Du. 368. I do not suppose that Augustus is meant, but rather the fabulous emperor, who is a subject of a Romance entitled "*Octavian imperator.*" MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ii. See Percy's Catalogue, n. 18. and the passage quoted from MS. Reg. 17. C. viii. in the *n.* on ver. 13775. The same Octavian, I apprehend, was celebrated in a piece of Arras hangings, which made part of the furniture of Henry V. and is thus described in the Inventory. *Rot. Parl.* 2 Hen. VI. Item i autre pece d'arras d'or q' comence en l'estorie "Le Octavian Roy de Rome."

OCT, OCV. C. N. 124. The nightingale's note.

OERTHROW for OVERTHROW, *part. pa. SAX.* Overthrown. C. D. 1151.

OESTUS, *pr. n.* *Æetes* L. W. 1436.

OV, *adv. SAX.* Off. 552. 784. 2678.

OFFENDED, *part. pa. Fr.* Hurt. 2996.

OFFENSUON, *n.* Offence; damage. 2418.

OFFERTORIE, *n. Fr.* A part of the Mass. 712.

OFFRING, *n. Fr.* Offering at Mass. 452. P. 155, col. i, l. 63.

OFT, OFTE, *adv. SAX.* Often. OFTENTH; Oftentimes. 1879. 8109.

OINEMENT, *n. Fr.* Ointment. 633.

OLIFAUNT, *n. Fr.* Elephant. 13739. See the note, and *R. de la Rose*. 16866. OLIPHANT *sur sa haute eschine*, &c.

OLIVERES, *n. pl. Fr.* Olive-trees. 14042. R. 1314.

OMER, *pr. n.* Homer. T. i. 146. F. iii. 376.

ON, *prep. SAX.* In. *On live.* 3041. In life; Alive. *Or twelve.* 7549. In twelve. *On hunting.* 1689. *On hawking.* 13667. See *A. prep.*—Upon. *On to see.* 3247. To look upon. See the note; and add L. W. 2414. Lyceurgus daughter, fairer on to *sene*—So this line is written in MS. Bodl.

— *adj. SAX.* One. *After on.* 343. 1783. Alike. *They were at on.* 4195. They were agreed. See R. 5817. T. iii. 566. *Ever in on.* 1773. 3878. Continually. *I mine on.* C. D. 1019. I single; I by myself. *And thus I went widerher walking mine one.* P. P. 40 b. *Non saw but he one.* P. L. 44. *All him one.* Conf. Am. 175.

ONDE, *n. SAX.* Zeal; malice. R. 148. *Ny the and ONDE.* P. L. 249.

ONED, *part. pa. SAX.* Made one, united. 7550. P. 150, col. i, l. 62.

ONES, *pl. of On.* 12630. *We three den alle ones.* We three are all one.

— *adv. SAX.* Once. *At ones.* 767. At once; at the same time. 3470.

ONHED, *n. SAX.* Unity. T. L. ii. 339.

ONLY, *adv. SAX.* At only. 13385. M. 115, col. i, l. 10. Solely

ONY, *adj. SAX.* Any. 2410.

OPEN-ERS, *n. SAX.* The fruit of the Medlar-tree. 3569.

OPEN-HEADED, *adj.* Bare-headed. 6228.

OPHE, *n.* FR. Opium. 1474.

OPPRESSE, *v.* FR. To ravish. 11723. OPPRESSED, *part. pa.* 11697.

OPPRESSION, *n.* Rape. 6471. L. W. 1865.

OR, *adv.* SAX. Er, before. 275. 1157.

ORATORIE, *n.* FR. A chapple. 1907. A closet. 6376.

ORDAL, *n.* SAX. Judicial trial. T. iii. 1048. See Kilian. in v. *Oor-deel*, and Hickes. *Dissert. Epist.* p. 149. It is possible however that Chaucer may have used this word in its more confined sense, for a trial by fire, or water, without considering whether such trials were practised at Troy.

ORDE, *n.* SAX. A point. L. W. 645.

ORDERED, *part. pa.* Ordained, in holy orders. P. 164, col. 2, l. 13.

ORDERS FOUR, 210. The four orders of Mendicant Friars.

ORDINANCE, *n.* FR. Orderly disposition. 8837. 11215.

ORDINAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Orderly; regular. 9160.

ORE, *n.* SAX. Grace; favour. 3734. See the note.

OREWELL, *pr. n.* A sea-port in Essex. 379.

ORFRAVS, *n.* FR. Gold-embroidery. R. 562. 869. See Du Cange, in v. *Aurifrigia*.

ORIENT, *n.* FR. The east. 14320.

ORIGENES, *pr. n.* In the list of Chaucer's works in L. W. ver. 427. he says of himself, that

"He made also, gon is a grete while,  
Origenes upon the Maudelaine."

meaning, I suppose, a translation, into prose or verse, of the *Hymn de Marie Magdalene*, which has been commonly, though falsely, attributed to Origen. v. Opp. Origenis. T. ii. p. 291. Ed. Paris. 1504. I cannot believe that the Poem, entitled "*The Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*," which is in all the editions of Chaucer, is really that work of his. It can hardly be considered as a translation, or even imitation, of the *Hymn*; and the composition, in every respect, is infinitely meaner than the worst of his genuine pieces.

ORISONT, *n.* FR. The horizon. 9671.

ORLOGE, *n.* FR. A clock, or dial. 14880.

ORPIMENT, *pr. n.* A mineral so called. 16291.

OTHER, *adj.* SAX. Alter. LAT. The other of two. 1134. 1137. 1277. OTHERS. *gen. cu.* 2736.

— *adj.* SAX. *Alius.* LAT. 463. 1218.

— *conj.* SAX. Or, either. 1714. 1814. 5356.

OUCHER, *n.* 6325. F. iii. 260. See NOUCHE.

OVER, *prep.* SAX. Above. 2045. *Over all.* In every case; on every side. 240. 5846. 8924.

— *adj.* SAX. Upper. 133.

OVEREST, *superl. d.* Uppermost. 292. 16101.

OVER GRET, *adj.* SAX. Too great. 16116.

OVER-LADDE, *part. pa.* Overburden. 13917. *Do not the people oppresse, nor overlede.* Lydg. *Trag.* 104.

OVER-LIVE, *v.* SAX. To out-live. 6842.

OVER-MERILY, *adv.* SAX. Too merrily. C. L. 406.

OVER-MOCHE, *adj.* SAX. Too great. C. L. 384.

OVER-NOME, *part. pa.* of OVER-NIME, *v.* SAX. Overtaken. 2302.

OVER-SPRADDE, *pa. l.* SAX. Over-spread. 2873. T. ii. 769.

OVERTE, *adj.* FR. Open. F. l. 210.

OVERTHREW, *pa. t.* of OVERTHROW, *v.* neut. SAX. Fell down. C. D. 663.

OVERTHROWING, *part. pr.* SAX. Falling headlong. *By overthrowing way.* Bo. i. m. 6. *Præcipiti viâ Oig.* And therefore clepeth Cassiodore ponete the moder of ruine, that is to say, the moder of overthrowing or falling down. M. 116 col. 1, l. 62.

OVER-THWART, *adv.* SAX. ACROSS. 19973. Du. 863.—Over against. T. iii. 686.

OVER-TIMELICHE, *adv.* SAX. Too early. Bo. i. m. l.

OUGH, *n.* SAX. Opiht. Any thing. 5153. 3471. *adv.* 3047. See AUGHT. The difference has arisen merely from the different usages of writing *A* or *O* for *One*.

— *pa. t.* of OWE. 4331. L. W. 589. 1607.

OUHTEN, *oughte.* pl. M. 118, col. 2, l. 31.—From hence, as it seems, has been formed a new verb *Ought*, which is very commonly used in the present tense, for

*Owe*, in both numbers. 3053. 90400. 2. 14637. M. 10 col. 1. l. 38.

*Ought* is also used as an *Impers.* in the *pr.* and *pa. t.* *Wel ought us werke.* 15482. *Well behoveth it us to work* *Item oughte have gret repentance.* M. 118, col. 2, l. 21. *It behoved them to have g. r.*

OVIDE, *pr. n.* 4474. 6334. 9999. M. 107, col. 1, l. 8. Our author seems to have been well acquainted with the best part of Ovid's works. Most of the histories in his *Legende of good women* are taken from the *Epistole Heroidum*, or the *Metamorphoses*. That of *Lucrece* shews that he had read the *Fasti*.

OUNDING, *n.* FR. Waving; imitating waves. P. 155, col. 2, l. 29.

OURES, *pr. poss.* SAX. Ours. 12730. 13203. See the *Evay*, &c. n. 20.

OUT, *interj.* SAX. Away! 3823. 10240.

— *adv.* SAX. Out and out. T. ii. 739. Throughout.

OUTHEES, *n.* LAT. BARB. Outcry. 2014. *And born to London brigue full his outheys.* P. L. 339.

OUTRAGE, *n.* FR. Violence. 2014.

OUTRAIE, *v.* FR. To fly out; to be outrageous. 8519.

OUT-REDE, *v.* SAX. To surpass in counsel. 2451.

OUTRELY, *adv.* FR. Utterly. 12783.

OUT-RUNNE, *v.* SAX. To out-run. 2451.

OUT-STRAUGHT, *pa. t.* of OUT-STRETCH, *v.* SAX. Stretched out. R. 1515.

OUT-TAKEN, *part. pa.* Taken out; excepted. OUT-TAKEN *Crist* on *loft*. 4097. *Christ* in heaven being excepted.

OUT-TAKE *Cartoon*, that was in *Arthure tyme.* P. L. 332.

OWE, *v.* SAX. Debito. 3091. OWEN, *pl.* 7088. M. 115, col. 2, l. 13.

OWEN, OWNE, *part. pa.* 8390. 9684. 13126.

OWHERE, *adv.* SAX. Anywhere. 655.

OWNDE, *adj.* FR. Waving. F. iii. 296.

OXENFORD, *pr. n.* Oxford. 3320.

OYSE, *pr. n.* A river in Picardie. F. iii. 838.

## P.

PAGE, *v.* FR. To pass away. 8968. 10808.—To surpass. 576.

PAGE, *n.* FR. A boy-child. 3970.—A boy-servant. 12975. L. W. 2035.

PAIE, *n.* FR. Liking; satisfaction. R. 5938.

— *v.* FR. To please; to satisfy. R. 3599.—To pay. 13120.

PAIDE, *part. pa.* Pleased. 6767. C. D. 426.—Paid. 13319, 29.

PAILET, *n.* FR. A couch (properly of straw). T. iii. 230.

PAINDEMAINE. 13855. See the note.

PAIRE, *v.* FR. To impair. R. 6103. *If I speke ought to PAIRE her toos, i. e. to impair her credit or reputation.*

So this line is written in *Edit.* 1542. and MS. Hunter.

PALAMIDES, *pr. n.* B. K. 331. Not the son of Nauplius, one of the Grecian commanders at the war of Troy, but a knight of the Round table, called PALOMIDES in "*Mort d' Arthur*," the unsuccessful rival of Tristan for the love of *la belle Isoude*. See *Mort d' Arthur*, B. ii. which seems to be compiled chiefly from the *Roman de Tristan*.

PALASINS, *n.* pl. FR. R. 6862. *Ladies Palasins*; Ladies of the court. In the Orig. *Palatines*. See Du Cange, in v. *PALATINI*.

PALATIE, *pr. n.* See the n. on ver. 65.

P'ALE, *n.* A perpendicular stripe, in Heraldry F. iii. 750.

— *v.* FR. To make pale. Bo. ii. m. 3.

P'ALEIS, *n.* FR. A palace. 2201. 10374.

PALFREIS, *n.* pl. FR. Horses for the road. 2497. where *Stedes* are horses for battle. *Ne large palFREIS esy for the nones.* L. W. 1114.

PALING, *n.* FR. Imitating pales. P. 155, col. 2, l. 29.

PALLADION, *n.* GR. The image of Pallas at Troy. T. i. 153.

PALLED, *part. pa.* FR. Made pale. 17004.

PALMARES, *n.* pl. See the n. on ver. 13.

PALMERIE, *pr. n.* Palmyra in Syria. 14253.

PAMPHILUS, *pr. n.* 11422. See the note.

PAMPRED, *part. pa.* Pampured; made plump. C. L. 177. See *Jen. Etymol.* who derives it from the FR. *Pamper*, a vine branch, full of leaves.

PAN, *pr. n.* The heathen deity. Du. 512.

— *n.* SAX. The skull; the head. 1167. 13952.

PANTER, *n.* FR. A net. R. 1621. L. W. 131

- PAPZLARD**, *n. Fr.* A hypocrite. R. 7233.  
**PAPZLARDIE**, *n. Fr.* Hypocrisis. R. 6796.  
**PAPER-WHITE**, *adj.* White as paper. L. W. 1196.  
**PAR**, *prep. Fr.* *Par amour*. 1157. With love. See the note. *Par compaignie*. 3337. For company. *Par chance*. 12540. By chance. *Par cuer*. R. 4706. By heart. *Memoirer*. So this line should be written.  
**PARABOLES**, *n. pl. Fr.* Parables; the Proverbs of Solomon. 6261.  
**PARAGE**, *n. Fr.* Kindred. 5332.  
**PARAILLE**, *n. Fr.* Apparel. 6143.  
**PARAMOUR**, *PARAMOURS*, *n. Fr.* Love; gallantry. 3354. 3754, 6. 13772.—A lover, of either sex. 6036. 6054. See the *n.* on ver. 1157.  
**PARAVENTURE**, *adv. Fr.* Haply; by chance. 6475.  
**PARAUNTER**, corruption of *Peraventure*. Du. 556, 779.  
**PARCE**, *n. pl. Lat.* The Fates. T. v. 3.  
**PARCEL-MELE**, *adv.* By parcels, or parts. P. 170, col. 1, l. 61.  
**PARDES**, *PARDIEUX*. 7257, 9110. T. ii. 759. A common Fr. oath, which most of the personages in Chaucer express very frequently in English, with as little ceremony as the Greeks used their *μετα*, and with as little meaning too. See ver. 1812. 4024. 4033. 6163. 7432.  
**PARDONER**, *n. Fr.* A seller of pardons or indulgences. See his *CHARACTER*, ver. 671—716. See also the *n.* on ver. 710. and P. P. 2.  
**PARREMENTS**, *n. pl. Fr.* Ornamental furniture, or clothes. See the *n.* on ver. 10583.  
**PARENTELE**, *n. Fr.* Kindred. P. 167, col. 2, l. 53.  
**PARFAY**, *Fr. Par foy*. By my faith. 3681.  
**PARFEL**. R. 6228. as *PARFAY*.  
**PARFIT**, *adj. Fr.* Perfect. 72. 5697.  
**PARFITLY**, *adv.* Perfectly. 5693.  
**PARFOURME**, *v. Fr.* To perform. 7643. 9926.  
**PARISHENS**, *n. pl. Fr.* Parishioners. 484.  
**PARITORE**, *n. Fr. Lat.* The herb *Parietaria*, or *Pellitory of the wall*. 16049.  
**PARLEMENT**, *n. Fr.* An assembly for consultation. 2972. T. iv. 211.—A consultation. R. 7358.  
**PARTEN**, *inf. m. Fr.* To take part. 9504. L. W. 465.  
**PARTIE**, *n. Fr.* A part. 3010. 4437.—A party, in a dispute. 2659.  
**PARVIS**, *n. Fr.* A portico before a church. Du Cange, in *v. Paradisus*, l. It appears from R. 7153. Orig. 12530. that books were commonly sold *du parvis devant Notre Dame* at Paris. At London, the *Parvis* was frequented by Sergeants at Law. See ver. 312. and Fortescue *de laud. leg. Ang. c. li. Post meridiem curia non tenetur; sed plantantes tunc se divertunt ad Pervium et alibi, consulentes cum servientibus ad Legem et alius constabulis suis*. There is a difference of opinion where the *Parvis* at London, to which the Lawyers resorted, was situated. Somner supposes it to have been in Old Palace-yard, before Westminster-hall. Gloss. in *x Script. v. Triforium*. But others, with more probability, think it was what Dugdale calls the *Pervyse of Pavles*. See the notes upon Fortescue, *loc. cit.* When the Sergeants had dined in any of the Inns of Court, St. Paul's lay much more conveniently for an afternoon consultation than Westminster-hall.  
**PAS**, *n. Fr.* A foot-pace. See the *n.* on ver. 827. and T. ii. 627. *His horse*—On which he rode a *pas sui softly*.  
**PASS**, *v. Fr.* To surpass; to excel. 450. L. W. 1125.—To judge; to pass sentence. 3091. T. iii. 1288 L. W. 162.  
**PASSANT**, *Passing*, *part. pr.* Excelling. 2109. 16062.  
**PATRENT**, *inf. m.* To pray; properly, to repeat the *Pater noster*. R. 7195. 6794.  
**PAYADE**, *n.* 3927. See the note.  
**PAUMES**, *n. pl. Fr.* The palms of the hands. T. iii. 1120.  
**PAX**. To *kisse the Pax*. F. 155, col. 1, l. 63. For an account of this ceremony, see Du Cange, in *v.*  
**PAYEN** *adj. Fr.* Pagan. 2372.  
**PAYEN** *s. n. pl.* Heathens. 4962.  
**PAYSA** *ICE*, *n. C. D.* 1673. “Pausing or stopping. Gloss. *Ur.*”  
**PECUNI**, *adj.* Pecuniary; paid in money. 6896.  
**PEES**, *n. Fr.* Pease. 2319. When used as an *interjection*, 6420. 6432. it signifies the same as *Hold thy pees*. 2670. Be silent.  
**PEINE**, *n. Fr.* Penalty. *Up peine of dath*. 5304. See *Ur—Grief*; torment. 1321. 2385.—Labour. 11042.  
*v. Fr.* To torture; to put to pain. 1748. *She peinede hitre*. 139. 4740. She took great pains.  
**PEISE**, *v. Fr.* To polize; to weigh. T. iii. 1413.  
**PELL**, *n. Fr. iii.* 220. “A house; a cell. *Sp.* and *Sk.* f. a palace. Gloss. *Ur.*” q?  
**PELLET**, *n. Fr. Pelotte*. A ball. F. iii. 552.  
**PENANCE**, *n. Fr.* Repentance. P. 148, col. 1, l. 15.—Pains to be undergone by way of satisfaction for sin. 223. 5411.—Pain; sorrow. 4788. 5224. 11050.  
**PENANT**, *n. Fr.* A person doing penance. 13940.  
**PENCELL**, *n. Fr. Pennoncel*. A small streamer. T. v. 1043.  
**PENIBLE**, *adj. Fr.* Industrious; pains-taking. 7428. 8590.  
**PENITENCER**, *n. Fr.* A priest, who enjoins penance in extraordinary cases. P. 170, col. 1, l. 68.  
**PENMARK**, *pr. n.* A place in Bretagne. See the *n.* on ver. 11113.  
**PENNER**, *n.* 9753. A pen-case. In the inventory of the goods of Henry V. *Rot. Parl.* 2 H. 6. n. 13. is the following article: “*Un penner et i ynkhorn d' arg' dorrez.*” And again, n. 20. “*i peinnere et i corne covert du velvet bloy.*”  
**PENON**, *n. Fr.* A streamer, or ensign. 980.  
**PENS**, *n. pl. Sax.* Pennies. 12310. 12864.  
**PENSELL**, *n. R.* 6286. as *PENCELL*.  
**PENSIFERED**, *n.* Pensiveness. B. K. 102.  
**PEPER**, *n. Lat.* Pepper. 16230. To *breve peper*. R. 6028. seems to be an expression for the preparation of a hot, pungent liquor, which should burn the throats of the drinkers. In the Orig. it is—*Dames les brassent tel poivre*. 11514.  
**PEPLE**, *n. Fr.* People. 2532, 6.  
**PEPLISH**, *adj.* Vulgar. T. iv. 1677.  
**PERCHE**, *n. Fr.* A perch for birds. 14690.  
**PERCEL**, *adv. B. K.* 225. *r. Parcel*. Ed. 1542. By parcels, or parts.  
**PERDE**. F. ii. 332. as *PARDE*.  
**PERE**, *v.* To appear. C. L. 55.  
*— n. Fr.* A peer, an equal. 4024. 10990.  
**PEREGAL**, *adj.* Equal. T. v. 840.  
**PEREGRINE**, *adj. Fr.* Wandering. 10742. See the note.  
**PERELES**, *adj.* Without an equal. B. K. 347.  
**PERJENNER**, *n. Fr.* A young peer. See the *n.* on ver. 3243.  
**PERNASO**, *pr. n.* Mount Parnassus. 11033.  
**PERRIE**, *n. Fr.* Jewels; precious stones. 9938. 5926.  
**PERSAUNT**, *part. pr. Fr.* Piercing. R. 2809.  
**PERSE**, *n. Fr.* Persia. 14253.  
*— adj. Fr.* Slike-coloured; of a bluish-grey. 441.  
**PERSLEKE**, *n. Sax. Lat.* Parsely. 4343.  
**PERSONE**, *n. Barb. Lat.* A man; generally, a man of dignity. 10339.—A paison, or rector of a church. 7590.—See his *CHARACTER*, 479—539. *PERSONER*. T. L. ii. 326.  
**PERTELOTE**, *pr. n.* of a hen. 14876.  
**PETURBE**, *v. Fr.* To trouble. 908.  
**PETURBING**, *n.* Disturbance. 7835.  
**PERVINKE**, *n. Sax. Lat.* The herb periwinkle. R. 903.  
**PERY**, *n. Fr.* A pear-tree. 10091.  
**PESE**, *n. Fr. R.* 4703. as *PESSE*.  
**PESEN**, *n. pl. Sax.* Pears. L. W. 648.  
**PESIBLE**, *adj.* Peaceable. R. 7413.  
**PETER ALFONSE**. M. 110, col. 2, l. 60. 111, col. 1, l. 60. *Pierre* ALFONSE. M. 108, col. 2, l. 2. 112, col. 2, l. 42. 116 col. 1, l. 63. See the note on M. 108, col. 2, l. 2.  
**PETRARK**, *pr. n.* 7907. 14331. See the note on ver. 7027. and 14253. Our author has inserted a translation of the 102d Sonnet of Petrarch into his *Troilus and Creseide*. B. i. ver. 394—421. It is not in the *Filosofo*. There seems to be no sufficient reason for believing that Chaucer had ever seen Petrarch. See the Discourse, &c. §. xx. n. 20.  
**PETREL**, *n. Fr.* The breast-plate of a horse. 16032. P. 156, col. 1, l. 17.  
**PHISIKE**, *n. Fr.* Medicine. 415. 2762. *Doctour of Phisike*. See his *CHARACTER*. 413—446.  
**PHYSIOLOGUS**, *pr. n.* 15277. See the note. There was a larger work, with the same title, in prose, which is frequently quoted by Vincent of Beauvais.

- PHITON**, *pr. n.* The serpent Python. 17058. 77.  
**PHITONESSE**, *n.* BARB. LAT. A witch. 7092. F. iii. 171. See the *n.* on ver. 7092.  
**PIK**, *n.* FR. A nag-pike. 10063.—A prating gossip, or tell-tale. T. ii. 522. F. ii. 195.  
**PIERRIE**, *n.* FR. Jewels; precious stones. 14311.  
**PIGGESNIE**. See the *n.* on ver. 3269.  
**PIGHT**, *pa. t.* of **PIKE**, *v.* SAX. Pitched. 2691.  
**PIKE**, *v.* SAX. To pitch. To pick, as a hawk does his feathers. 9085. To steal L. V. 3456.—To peep. T. iii. 60.—*n.* SAX. A fish so called. 9293.  
**PIKEREL**, *n.* SAX. A young pike. 9293.  
**PILCHE**, *n.* SAX. A coat, or cloak, of skins. Prov. 4. *Toga pellicea*. Junius in *v.*  
**PILER**, *n.* FR. A pillar. 1995. Du. 739.  
**PILLE**, *v.* FR. *Piller*. To lob; to plunder. 6944. P. 164, col. 1, l. 25.  
**PILLED**, rather **PILED**, *part. pa.* FR. *Peld*. Bald. 629. 3933.  
**PILLOURS**, *n. pl.* FR. Plunderers. 1009. P. 164, col. 1, l. 31.  
**PILWE**, *n.* SAX. A pillow. T. v. 224.  
**PILWE-BERE**, *n.* SAX. The covering of a pillow. 696.  
**PIMENT**, *n.* BARB. LAT. Spiced wine. R. 6027.—Winemixed with honey. Bo. ii. m. 5. See **CLARRE**.  
**PINCHE**, *v.* FR. To squeeze. *Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing*. 328. No one could lay hold of any flaw in his writings.  
**PINE**, *n.* SAX. Pain; grief. 1336. 6369.  
 — *v.* SAX. To torment. R. 3511.  
**PINED**, *part. pa.* Tortured. 16065.  
**PIPE**, *v.* SAX. To play on a pipe. 3874. *To pipe in an ivy leaf*. 1840. T. L. iii. 348. is put for *any useless employment*, as it is now said of a disappointed man, *He may go whistle*. See **BUCKES HORN**.  
**PISTELL**, *n.* SAX. LAT. An epistle. 9030.—A short lesson. 6693.  
**PITANCE**, *n.* FR. A mess of victuals. 224. It properly means an extraordinary allowance of victuals, given to Monastics, in addition to their usual commons. See Du Cange, in *v.* **PICANTIA**.  
**PITH**, *n.* SAX. Marrow; strength. 8037.  
**PIUOUS**, *adj.* FR. Merciful. 10334.—Compassionate. 8990.—Exciting compassion. 8062.  
**PIROUSLY**, *adv.* Pitifully. 5399. 8958.  
**PLAGE**, *n.* LAT. The plague. P. 159, col. 2, l. 49.  
**PLAGES**, *n. pl.* LAT. The divisions of the globe. *The plagues of the North*. 4963. The Northern regions.  
**PLAIN**, *n.* FR. A plain. 4444. 11510.  
 — *adj.* Simple; clear. 11032. It is often used as an *adverb*. 792. 5306. See **PLAT**.  
 — *v.* To make plain. T. v. 1229.  
**PLAINES**, *v.* FR. To complain. 5993. 11629.  
**PLAINICHES**, *adv.* Plainly. T. ii. 272.  
**PLAT**, **PLATTE**, *adj.* FR. Flat; plain. 1847. 12582.—The flat of a sword. 10476. T. iv. 937.—It is often used as an *adverb*. 12582. *All plat*, i. e. Flatly. *Ful plat and che ful plain*. 14075.  
**PLATE**, *n.* A flat piece of metal. *A breast-plate*. 2122. Armour for the breast. *A pair of plates*. 2123. Armour for the breast and back.  
**PLAY**, *n.* SAX. Sport; pleasure. 8906. 3047.  
 — *v.* To sport; to take pleasure. 13692. 12902. To act upon a stage. 3394. To play upon musical instruments. 3906. 3333. *To play a pilgrimage*. 13163. 4. To withdraw upon pretence of going on a pilgrimage.  
**PLE**, *n.* FR. An argument, or pleading. A. F. 483.  
**PLEIN**, *adj.* FR. Full; perfect. 339. 8802.  
**PLENER**, *adj.* FR. Compleat. L. V. 1605.  
**PRESANCE**, *n.* FR. Pleasure. 9303. 9534.  
**PRESINGS**, *n. pl.* Pleasures. 6131.  
**PLETE**, *v.* FR. To plead. T. ii. 1469.  
**PLETING**, *n.* Pleading. P. 149, col. 2, l. 48.  
**PLIK**, *v.* FR. To bend, or mould. 9045. 9304.  
**PLIGHT**, *n.* Condition. P. 164, col. 1, l. 7.  
 — *pa. t.* and *part. of* **PLUCK**, *v.* SAX. Pulled; plucked. 4435. 6372. 14055. R. 1745.  
**PLIGHTS**, *v.* SAX. To engage; to promise. 6391. 13122.  
 — *pa. t.* 6633. **PLIGHTEN**, *pl.* 11640.  
**PLITE**, *v.* To plait, or fold. T. ii. 697. 1204. See **FLITE**.
- PLITE**, *n.* Condition; form. 16420. See **PLIGN**.  
**PLUNGY**, *adj.* FR. Wet; rainy. Bo. iii. m. 1.  
**POIRIS**, *adj.* FR. Of Apollo, anciently called **PORE**. See the *n.* on ver. 10609. *William's dogter Converse in Poyle to weye he nome*. R. G. 413.  
**POINT**, *n.* FR. The principal business. 2967.—A stop, or full point. 16948.—*In good point*. 200. In good case, or condition. *At point devise*. 3689. 10874. R. 1215. With the greatest exactness. *At point to brest*. T. iv. 1638. *In point for to brest*. R. 3186. Ready to burst.  
**POINTEL**, *n.* FR. A style, or pencil, for writing. 7324. Bo. i. pr. 1.  
**POINTEIN**, *inf. m. v.* FR. To prick with any thing pointed. R. 1058.  
**POKE**, *n.* FR. A pocket. 3778.—A bag. 4276. See **POUCHER**.  
 — *v.* FR. To thrust. 4167.  
**POLIVE**, *n.* A pullic. 10490.  
**POLLAX**, *n.* SAX. A halberd. 2546. *Bienniss*. Prompt. Parv.  
**POMEL**, *n.* FR. Any ball, or round thing. The top of the head. 2691.  
**POMELEE**, *adj.* FR. Spotted with round spots like apples, dappled. *Pomelee gris*. 16027. Of a dapple grey colour.  
**POPELOT**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 3254.  
**POPET**, *n.* FR. A puppet. 13631.  
**POPINGAY**, *n.* A parrot. 10196. 13299. *Papegaut*, FR. *Papegacy*, BELG. *Papagallo*, ITAL.  
**POPPED**, *adj.* FR. Nicely dressed. R. 1019.  
**POPPER**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 3929.  
**PORE**, *v.* To look earnestly. 5877. 7320.  
 — *adj.* 7518. for **POURE**.  
**PORIN**, *pr. t. pl.* 10138.  
**PORISME**, *n.* GR. Bo. iii. pr. 10. is used in the sense of—A corollary; a theorem deduced from another.  
**PORPHURE**, *pr. n.* of a species of mable; Porphyrie. 16243.  
**PORT**, *n.* FR. Carriage; behaviour. 60. 138.  
**PORTECOLISE**, *n.* FR. A falling gate, a portcullis. R. 4168.  
**PORTOS**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 13061.  
**POSE**, *n.* A rheum, or defluxion, obstructing the voice. 4150. 17011. *Catarrus*. *Corvise*. Prompt. Parv.  
 — *v.* FR. To suppose. 1164. T. iii. 572. I rose, I had sinned so. P. P. 95. b.  
**POSSE**, *v.* FR. To push. L. V. 2405.  
**POSSEY**, *part. pa.* R. 4479.  
**POSSSESSIONERS**, *n. pl.* LAT. An invidious name for such religious communities as were endowed with lands, &c. 7394. The Mendicant orders professed to live entirely upon alms.  
**POST**, *n.* SAX. A prop, or support. 214. T. i. 1001.  
**POSTE**, *n.* FR. Power. R. 6494. 6533.  
**POTECARY**, *n.* FR. An apothecary. 12786.  
**POTENT**, *n.* FR. A clutch. R. 368. 7417. A walking stick. 7369.  
**POTENTIAL**, *adj.* FR. Strong; powerful. F. iii. 5.  
**POTESTAT**, *n.* FR. A principal magistrate. 7509.  
**POUCHE**, *n.* FR. Pocket; pouch. 3929.  
**POUDRE**, *n.* FR. Powder. 16228. F. ii. 28.  
**POUDRES**, *pl.* 16275.  
**POUDRE MARCHANT**. 383. See the note.  
**POVERTE**, *n.* FR. Poverty. 6759. 6767. It is to be pronounced *Povérte*; the final *e* being considered as an *e* feminine.  
**POULCE**, *n.* FR. The pulse. T. iii. 1120.  
**POULE**, *pr. n.* St. Paul. 7229. *Poules windowes*. 3318. See the note.  
**POUNSOVED**, *part. pa.* FR. Punched with a bodkin. P. 155. col. 2, l. 44.  
**POUPE**, *v.* To make a noise with a horn. 15405. 17036.  
**POURCHACE**, *n.* FR. To buy. 610.—To provide. 5293. T. ii. 1125.  
**POURCHAS**, *n.* FR. Acquisition; purchase. 258. 7633.  
**POURE**, *v.* R. 1640. T. ii. 1708. as **PORE**.  
 — *adj.* FR. Poor. 6769. 6775.  
**POURTRAIS**, *v.* FR. To draw a picture. 96.  
**POURTRAIOR**, *n.* A drawer of pictures. 1901.  
**POURTRAITURE**, *n.* A picture, or drawing. 1917. 1976.  
**PRACTICKE**, *n.* FR. Practice. 5769.  
**PREAMBLE**, *n.* FR. Preface. 6413.  
**PREAMBULATIOUN**, *n.* Preamble. 6414.

**PRECIOUS**, *adj.* Fr. Over-nice. 5730. 9636.  
**PREDESTINE**, *n.* Fr. Predestination. T. iv. 966.  
**PREDICATION**, *n.* Fr. Preaching; a sermon. 12279.  
**PRES**, *n.* Fr. A press, or crowd. 5066. 6104.  
**PREVE**, *n.* Fr. Proof; trial. 8663. *At preve*. T. iii. 1004. Upon trial. *With evil prefe*. 5829. Evil may it prove! See **WITH**.  
**PREFECH**, *n.* Fr. LAT. A governour, or principal magistrate. 15830.  
**PREISE**, *n.* Fr. Commendation. 8902.  
 — *v.* Fr. To commend 8898. 9420.—To value. 9738.  
**PRENTIS**, *n.* Fr. An apprentice. 4383. 5885.  
**PRENTISHODE**, *n.* Apprenticeship. 4398.  
**PREPARAT**, *part. pa.* LAT. Prepared. 16278.  
**PRES**, *adv.* Fr. Near. So I suspect this word is to be understood in ver. 14143. *Of près* i.e. at hand; close. *De pres*. Fr. Or perhaps *Of près* may be put for *In a pres*. See **PARIS**.  
**PRESE**, *v.* Fr. To press, or crowd. 2592. R. 4198.  
**PRESENT**, *v.* Fr. To offer; to make a present of. 12190. *And with the wine she gan him to present*. L. W. 1093. *And smote his hed of, his fader to present*. P. L. 18.  
**PRESENTARIS**, *adj.* LAT. Present. Bo. v. pr. 6.  
**PREST**, *adj.* Fr. Ready. T. ii. 785. iii. 919.  
**PRETEND**, *v.* Fr. To lay claim to. T. iv. 922.  
**PRETERIT**, *adj.* Fr. Passed. R. 5011.  
**PREVE**, *v.* Fr. To try. 8875. 9028.—To demonstrate by trial. 10112.  
 — *v. neut.* To turn out upon trial. 8876.  
**PRICK**, *n.* SAX. A point. Bo. II. pr. 7. F. ii. 399.—A pointed weapon. 2608.  
 — **PRIKE**, *v.* SAX. To wound. 8914.—To spur a horse; to ride hard. 16029. R. 2314.  
**PRICKASOUR**, *n.* A hard rider. 189.  
**PRICKING**, *n.* Hard riding. 191.  
**PRIDELES**, *adj.* SAX. Without pride. 8900.  
**PRIE**, *v.* To look curiously. 3458. 7320.  
**PRIKKE**, *n.* 5449. See **PRICK**.  
**PRIME**, *adj.* Fr. LAT. First. *At prime temps*. R. 3373. *At the first time*. *At prime face*. T. iii. 921. *At first appearance*.  
 — *n.* The first quarter of the artificial day. T. ii. 1095. *Half way prime*. 3904. Prime half spent. See the *n.* on ver. 3004. *Prime large*. 10674. Prime far advanced. In ver. 10387. it seems to be used metaphorically for the season of action or business.  
**PRIMEROLE**, *n.* Fr. A primrose. 3269. *Conf. Am.* 142. b.  
**PRIMETEMPS**, *n.* Fr. Spring. R. 4747.  
**PRIS**, *n.* Fr. Price. 817.—Praise. 67. 237. T. ii. 181. 376. *Or it be prys, or it be blame*. *Conf. Am.* 163.  
**PRIVE**, *adj.* Fr. Private. *Privé and apert*. 6696. Private and publick. *Privé man*. 8395. A man entrusted with private business.  
**PRIVELY**, *adv.* Privately. 1445.  
**PRIVETE**, *n.* Private business. 3454. 3503.  
**PROCESSE**, *n.* LAT. Progress. 2999.  
**PROFESSIOUN**, *n.* Fr. The monastic profession. 13085. R. 4910.  
**PROHEME**, *n.* Fr. Gr. A preface. 7919.  
**PROIND**, *v.* Fr. *Provigner*. It seems to have signified, originally, to take cuttings from vines, in order to plant them out. From hence it has been used for the cutting away of the superfluous shoots of all trees; which we now call *pruning*; and for that operation, which birds, and particularly hawks, perform upon themselves, of picking out their superfluous or damaged feathers. In allusion to this last sense, Damian is said to *pr oïne* and *pke* himself. 9885. Gower, speaking of an eagle, says,  
 For there he *pruneth him and piketh*,  
 As doth an hauke, when him wel liketh.  
*Conf. Am.* 139.  
**PROLLE**, *v.* To go about in search of a thing. 16880.  
**PROVABLE**, *adj.* Fr. Capable of being demonstrated. R. 5414.  
**PROVENDRE**, *n.* Fr. *Prebenda*. LAT. A prebend; a daily or annual allowance, or stipend. R. 6931. See *Du Cange*, in *v.* **PREBENDA**.  
**PROVENDRE**, *n.* A prebendary. T. L. ii. 326.  
**PROVERBO**, *n.* Fr. LAT. A prudential maxim. 6233. 9441.

**PROVERBE**, *v.* To speak proverbially. T. iii. 294.  
**PROVOSTRY**, *n.* Fr. The office of Provost, or Prefect. *Præfectura*. Bo. iii. pr. 4.  
**PROW**, *n.* Fr. Profit; advantage. 12234. 13338.  
**PROWESSE**, *n.* Fr. Integrity. Bo. iv. pr. 3.  
**PRUCE**, *n.* Prussia. 53.  
 — *adj.* Prussian. 2124.  
**PRUNED**, *pa. t.* C. D. 1874. as **PROINED**.  
**PTHOLOMER**, *pr.* n. 5764. 5906. See the note on ver. 5764. and 17278. and *Rom. de la R.* 7399. 19449.  
**PUELLA** and **RUBEUS**. 2047. "The names of two figures in Geomancie, representing two constellations in heaven: *Puella* signifieth Mars retrograde, and *Rubeus* Mars direct." Sp.  
**PULCHERTUDE**, *n.* LAT. Beauty. C. L. 613.  
**PULLAILE**, *n.* Fr. Poultry. R. 7094.  
**PULLED HEN**. 177. See the note. I have been told since, that a hen whose feathers are pulled, or plucked off, will not lay any eggs. If that be true, there is more force in the epithet than I apprehended.  
**PUNICE**, *v.* Fr. To punish. R. 7187. T. v. 1706.  
**PURE**, *n.* Fr. Mere; very. See the *n.* on ver. 1381. and add these instances. *Pure fere*. Du. 1251. *Pure kind*. F. ii. 316.  
**PURED**, *part. pa.* Purified. 5725. 11864.  
**PURFIELED**, *part. pa.* See then. *n.* on ver. 193.  
**PURPOS**, *n.* Fr. Purpose; design. 6293.—Proposition in discourse. T. ii. 897.  
**PURPRISE**, *n.* Fr. An inclosure. R. 3987.  
**PURVEYANCE**, *n.* Fr. Foresight; Providence. 1254. 3013. —Provision. 3505.  
**PURVEYE**, *v.* To foresee. T. iv. 1068.—To provide. 6173.  
**PURTERIE**, *n.* Fr. Whoredom. F. 167, col. 1, l. 38.  
**PUTORIS**, *n. pl.* Whoremongers. F. 167, col. 1, l. 37.  
**PYTHAGORAS**, *pr.* n. Du. 1167. See the passage quoted in *v.* **AURORA**.  
 Q.  
**QUAD**, **QUADE**, *adj.* TEUT. Bad. See the *n.* on ver. 4345. and ver. 13368. *None quad*; Nothing evil. *Conf. Am.* 103.  
**QUAILE-PIPE**, *n.* A pipe used to call quails. R. 7213.  
**QUAIRE**, *n.* Fr. A quire of paper; a book. B. K. 675.  
**QUAKKE**, *n.* 4150. seems to be put for an inarticulate noise, occasioned by any obstruction in the throat.  
**QUALME**, *n.* SAX. Sickmess. 2016.—The noise made by a raven. T. v. 382.  
**QUAPPE**, *v.* To tremble; to quake. T. iii. 57. L. W. 865.  
**QUARELS**, *n. pl.* Fr. Square arrows. R. 1823.  
**QUERINT**, *n.* See *Junit Etymolog.* in *v.*  
**QUERINTE**, *adj.* Fr. Strange. 2335. 10553. *I made of that left full querint*. R. 3679. See ver. 11530. He made it strange.—Cunning; artful. 3905. 4049.—Trim; neat. R. 2251.  
 — *pa. t.* & *part.* of **QUENCH**, *v.* SAX. Quenched. 2336. 2338, 9.  
**QUERINTISE**, *n.* Trimness; neatness. R. 2250.—Excessive trimness. F. 168, col. 2, l. 16.—Cunning. F. 163, col. 1, l. 42.  
**QUELLE**, *v.* SAX. To kill; to destroy. 15396. 10173.  
**QUENE**, *v.* SAX. To please. R. 7222. T. v. 693. *Nel snc* *QUEMETH*. *Conf. Am.* 68.  
**QUENE**, *n.* SAX. A queen. 4581.—A harlot. R. 7082.  
**QUERNE**, *n.* SAX. A hand-mill. 14080. F. iii. 708.  
**QUERROUR**, *n.* Fr. One that works in a stone-quarry. R. 4149.  
**QUEST**, *n.* Fr. A prayer or demand. F. iii. 648.  
**QUEST MONGERS**, *n. pl.* Packers of inquests, or juries. P. 164, col. 2, l. 67.  
**QUETHE**, *v.* SAX. To say; to declare. *I quethe him quite*. R. 6999. is a translation of an old technical term in the law; *Clamo illi quietum*. The original Fr. has only *Je quite*.  
**QUIK**, *adj.* SAX. Alive. 1017. R. 5056.  
**QUIKKEST**, *superl. d.* Speediest. *The quikkest strete*. 11806. The most expeditious way.  
**QUIKEN**, *v.* SAX. To make alive. 15949.  
**QUIKED**, *part. pa.* Made alive. 11862.  
 — *pa. t.* of the same *v.* used in a *neutral* sense. 2337.  
 — *Became alive*.  
**QUINTELE**, *n.* 3332. is the instrument, I suppose, which is

- called in BARB. LAT. *Quinterna* and *Quintaria*. See Du Cange, and Carpenter, in v. *Quinternare*; and Mehus, *Vita & Ambr. Canad.* p. 323. *Lyrâ lambuld*, *quintaria*, *ribbed*, *avend*, *tibique*.
- QUISHIN, n. Fr. A cushion. T. ii. 986.
- QUISTRON, n. R. 893. A beggar. Gl. Ur. I rather believe it signifies a Scullion; *un garçon de cuisine*.
- QUITE, adj. Fr. Free; quiet. 13916.
- v. Fr. To require; to pay for. 772. 3121.—To acquit. R. 3069.
- QUITTE, part. pa. Required. R. 3146.
- QUITLY, adv. Freely; at liberty. 1794.
- QUOD, pa. t. of QUETH. Said. 790. 539.
- QUOKE, pa. t. of QUAKE, v. SAX. Trembled; shook. 1578. 14310.
- R.
- RA, n. SAX. A roe deer. 4084.
- RACINE, n. Fr. A root. R. 4881.
- RAD, RADDE, pa. t. of RADE, v. SAX. Advised. A. F. 579.—Explained. Du. 281.
- RADVORE, L. W. 2341. Tapestry. "Ras in Fr. signifies any stuff, as *Ras de Chalons*, *Ras de Gennes*, *Ras de Vore*, or *Vaur*, may be a stuff made at such a place." Gloss. Ur. There is a town in Languedoc, called *La Vaur*; but I know not that it was ever famous for tapestry.
- RAFLER, n. pl. Fr. Plays with dice. P. 164, col. 2, l. 51.
- RAFT, pa. t. of REVE, v. SAX. Took away. 14104, 7.
- RACE, v. Fr. To toy wantonly. 259. 3273.
- RACERIE, n. Wantonness. 6037. 9721.
- RACOUNCES. R. 1117. should probably be JACOUNCES, as in the Orig. Fr. The precious stones, called Jacinths, or Hyacinths.
- RAINES, pr. n. The city of Rennes in Bretagne. Du. 235.
- RAKE-STELE, n. SAX. The handle of a rake. 6531.
- RAKEL, adj. Hasty, rash. 17227. T. i. 1068.
- RAKELNESSE, n. Rashness. 17232.
- RAKIT. To play raket; *nettle in, dock out*; seems to be used as a proverbial expression, signifying, to be inconsistent. T. iv. 461. T. L. i. 319. b. What the original of the phrase may have been is not so clear.
- RAMAGE, adj. Fr. Wild. R. 5394.
- RAMMISH, adj. SAX. Rank, like a ram. 16355.
- RAMPE, v. Fr. To climb. *She rampeth in my face*. 13910. She rises against me; flies in my face.
- RAN, pa. t. of RENNE, 4103. 6552. RANNEN, pl. 2927.
- RAPPE, adv. Quickly; speedily. R. 6516.
- n. Haste. Ch. *wordes to his Scrivener*. 7.
- v. SAX. To take captive. To rape and rennr. 16890. To seize and plunder. See RENNE.
- RASIS, pr. n. 434. An Arabian Physician of the xth Century. See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr. t. xiii.* p. 46. in v. ALBUERCAR.
- RASKALE, n. A pack of rascals. T. v. 1652.
- RATED, part. pa. Chidden. 3463.
- RATHE, adv. SAX. Soon; early. 13029.—Speedily. T. ii. 1088.
- RATHER, comp. d. Sooner. 10176.
- RATHEST, superl. d. Soonest. B. K. 428.
- RATHER, adj. SAX. comp. d. Former. T. iii. 1342.
- RATOUNS, n. pl. Fr. Rats. 12738.
- RAUGHT, pa. t. of REACAN, v. SAX. Reached. 136. 2917. On his way he raught. T. ii. 447. He sprang forth on his way.
- pa. t. of RECCAN, v. SAX. Cared; rekked. 3770. 15346.
- RAVENERS (*Ravinnours*), n. pl. Plunderers. Bo. i. pr. 3.
- RAVINE, n. Fr. Rapine. *Foules of ravine*. A. F. 323. Birds of prey.
- RAVISABLE, adj. Fr. Ravenous. R. 7066.
- RAVISHING, part. pr. Fr. Rapid. With a ravishing swoigh. Bo. i. m. 5. *Rapido turbine*. Orig. See SWEGH.
- RAUNSON, n. Fr. Ransom. 1178.
- RAYED, part. pa. Fr. Stréaked, or striped. Du. 252.
- REAL, adj. Fr. Royal. 1499. 15190.
- REALLER, comp. d. More royal. 4822.
- REALLICH, adv. Royally. 380.
- REALTIE, n. Royalty. 4838.
- REBEKKE, pr. n. Rebecca. 9578.
- n. Fr. A musical instrument. See the n. on ver. 6959.
- RECHASED, pa. t. Fr. A term in hunting. Du. 579.
- RECOCHE, REKKE, v. SAX. To care. 2247. 4514.
- RECCELES, adj. Careless. 8364.
- RECCELESSNESS, n. Carelessness. P. 162, col. 2, l. 38.
- RECLAME, v. Fr. A term in Falconry, for blinging tl hawk to the fist, by a certain call. 17021.
- RECLAIMING, n. Calling; in the sense of RECLAME. L. V. 1369.
- RECOMFORT, v. Fr. To comfort. 2854. M. 117, col. 2, l. 34.
- RECORD, n. Fr. Witness; testimony. Du. 934.
- RECORDE, v. Fr. To remember. Bo. iii. m. 11.—In ver. 1747, it seems to be used in a technical legal sense, for what is called to *enter upon record* in judicial proceedings.
- RECREANDISE, n. Fr. signifies fear; cowardice; desertion of principle. R. 2107. 4038.
- RECREANT, adj. One who yields himself to his adversary, in single combat. P. 162, col. 2, l. 4. R. 4690. For the full import of these two words, see Du Cange, in v. RECRENTIA.
- RECURE, n. Fr. Recovery. B. K. 692.
- RECOVERED, part. pa. Fr. Recovered. R. 4920. B. K. 672.
- REDDE, RED, pa. t. of REDD, v. SAX. 6396. 6303. T. v. 757.
- REDDOUR, n. Fr. Strength; violence. *Foyt* 13.
- REDR, n. SAX. Advice; counsel. 14407. 3527.—A. recd. T. ii. 1387.
- v. SAX. To advise. 3073. 16476.—To read. 6232. 5367.—To explain. Du. 279.
- adj. SAX. Red. 1971. 14934.
- REDOUTE, v. Fr. To fear. R. 8023.
- REDOUTING, n. Reverence. 2052.
- REDRESSE, v. Fr. To recover. T. ii. 969.—To make amends for. 11748.
- REFECT, part. pa. LAT. Recovered. Bo. iv. pr. 6.
- REFIGURING, part. pr. Fr. Figuring again. T. v. 472.
- REFRAIN, n. Fr. The burden of a song. T. ii. 1571.
- REFRAINING, n. The singing of the burden of a song. R. 749.
- REFREIDE, v. Fr. To cool. T. ii. 1943.
- REFRETE, n. The same as REFRAIN. T. L. iii. 341. b. In *Ber*. 468 it is printed corruptly *Preffret*.
- REFTE, RIFTE, n. SAX. A chink, or crevice. R. 2661.
- REFUTE, n. Fr. Refuge. 5272. 15543.
- REGALS, n. pl. Fr. Royalties. L. V. 2126.
- REGARD, n. Fr. *At regard* of. P. 164, col. 2, l. 34. 171, col. 2, l. 49. With respect to; in comparison of.
- REGNE, n. Fr. A kingdom. 866. 14190.
- REHETE, v. Fr. *Rehaier*. To revive; to cheer. R. 6509.
- REHETING, n. T. iii. 350. according to several MSS. "And all the reheting of his sikis sore." "Some MSS. and most of the printed Editions read *richesse* instead of *reheting*." Gloss. Ur. *Richesse*, though almost as awkward an expression as the other, is more agreeable to the corresponding passage in the *Filosostrato*—
- "E sospir che gii avea a gran dovicia"—
- and one can hardly conceive that it could come from any hand but that of the author. I can make no sense of *reheting*; but at the same time I must allow that it is not likely to have been inserted by way of a gloss.
- REILE, v. neut. To roll. *Relleth averely*. Bo. i. m. 7. *Vagatur*. Orig.
- REINBS, pr. n. R. 3826. See RAINFS.
- REJOICE, v. Fr. To rejoice. T. v. 395.
- REKE, v. SAX. To exhort. L. W. 2601.
- REKEN, v. SAX. To reckon. 3190.—To come to a reckoning. 4530.
- REKES, n. pl. SAX. Ricks (of corn). T. L. Prol.
- RELAIRES, n. pl. Fr. Fresh sets of hounds. Du. 362.
- RELEES, n. Fr. Release. B. K. 333. See the n. on ver. 15514.
- RELEFE, n. SAX. What is left. T. L. Prol.
- RELIGIOUSITE, n. Fr. Persons of a religious profession; the Clergy. C. L. 686.
- RELIKE, n. Fr. A reliok. 12883. RELIKES, pl. 703.
- REMANANT, n. Fr. A remnant; a remaining part. 1571. 3166.
- RFMES, n. pl. Fr. Realms. 15142.
- REMUSAILS, n. pl. Fr. Orts; leavings. T. L. Prol.
- REMORDE, v. Fr. To cause remorse. T. iv. 491. To afflict. Bo. iv. pr. 6.

RENUABLE, *adj.* Fr. Moveable; inconstant. T. iv. 1632.  
 RENUE, RENUEWE, REMUE, *v.* Fr. To remove. 11305.  
 11332. *Conf. Am.* 164. b.  
 REVUED, *part. p.* 11517. R. 7432.  
 REVUABLY, *adv.* Fr. Reasonably. 7091.  
 REVEGATE, *n.* Fr. An apostate from Christianity. 5353.  
 RENUE, *v.* Fr. To renounce; to abjure. 4760. 4796.  
 RENGES, *n. pl.* Fr. Ranks. 2596.—The steps of a ladder.  
 3625. See the note.  
 RENNE, *v.* SAX. To run. 3938. 4063.—To rend. q. ? 16990.  
 RENOMER, *n.* Fr. Renown. 6741. L. W. 1511.  
 RENOUVELANCE, *n.* Fr. A renewing. F. ii. 185.  
 RENOUVELLE, *v.* Fr. To renew. M. 120, col. 1, l. 4. P. 170,  
 col. 2, l. 70.  
 RENT, *v.* SAX. To tear, or rend. R. 324.  
 REPAIR, *n.* Fr. Resort. 6806.  
 ——— *v.* Fr. To return. 10903.  
 REPENTANT, *part. pr.* Fr. Repenting. 228 10969.  
 REPREFE, REPREVE, *n.* Fr. Reproof. 10080. 10137.  
 REPRESSION, *n.* T. iii. 1040. seems to be put for *power of*  
*repressing*.  
 REQUISRE, *v.* Fr. To require. 6592.  
 RERE, *v.* SAX. To raise. C. D. 469.  
 RESCOURS, *n.* Fr. Rescue. 2645.  
 RESCOWE, *v.* Fr. To rescue. T. v. 231.  
 RESON, *n.* Fr. Reason. 5532. Proportion. Bo. ii. pr. 7.  
 RESONS, *n. pl.* Fr. Discourses. T. iii. 90.  
 RESPITE, *n.* T. v. 137. may, perhaps, be put for *Respect*.  
 RESPITE, *inf.* m. Fr. To grant a respite. 11886.—To  
 excuse. R. 6084.  
 RESPONT, *n.* T. iv. 850. is probably put for *Respect*.  
 RESTE, *n.* SAX. Repose. 9729.  
 ——— *v.* SAX. To repose; to cease from labour. 2623.  
 RETENUE, *n.* Fr. Retinue. 8146. *At his retinue.* 6937.  
 Retained by him.  
 RETHOR, *n.* Fr. LAT. An orator, or rhetorician. 10352.  
 REVE, *n.* SAX. A steward, or bailiff. See his CHARACTER,  
 ver. 589—624.  
 ——— *v.* SAX. To take away. 4009. P. 159, col. 1, l. 4.  
 REVEL, *n.* Fr. Entertainment, properly *during the night*.  
 2719. Sport; festivity. 4400. L. W. 2242.  
 REVELOUR, *n.* A reveller. 4389.  
 REVELRIE, *n.* Pleasure. R. 720.  
 REVERS, *adj.* Fr. Contrary. 7638. 14963.  
 REVERSE, *v.* Fr. To overturn. R. 5469.  
 REVERT, *v.* Fr. To turn back. R. 7284.  
 REVEST, *v.* Fr. To cloath again. T. iii. 354.  
 REW, *n.* A row, or line. *On a row.* 2868. In a line. *All by*  
*row.* 6098. See A' row.  
 REWAKS, *v.* SAX. To waken again. T. iii. 1124.  
 REWARD, *n.* Fr. Regard; respect. *Take reward of thin*  
*own value.* P. 149, col. 2, l. 16. Have regard to t. o. v.  
*In reward of.* R. 3254. In comparison with. See  
 REGARD.  
 REWE, *v.* SAX. To have compassion. 1855.—To suffer; to  
 have cause to repent. 3530.  
 REWEL DONE, 13007. See the note.  
 REVES, *n. pl.* F. iii. 146. Dances, in use among the Dutch.  
 REYE, *Belg.* Chorea exterior, chorea in longam seriem.  
 Kilian.  
 REYED, See the n. on ver. 54. "*Les Gandois firent une*  
*rese sur les marches de Haynault, et dedans le pays pil-*  
*le-ent, brusterent, et firent moult de mauz.*" Mem. de la  
 Marche, p. 284. Where a note in the margin says, "*Reyse*  
*en bas Alemand signifie un voyage ou course.*"  
 RIBANINGES, *n. pl.* R. 1077. seems to signifie *Borders*.  
 RIBAUP, *n.* A poor labourer. R. 5673. But the word  
 generally implies profligacy of manners as well as mean-  
 ness of condition. See Du Cange, in v. RIBALDUS.  
 RIBAUDRIE, *n.* Ribaldry; indecent words, or actions.  
 3864. 12253.  
 RIBRE, *n.* See the n. on ver. 6959.  
 RIBSLE, *n.* A small ribbe. 3331. 4394.  
 RICHARD, *pr.* n. 15354. In the Essay, &c. n. 50. I have  
 vindicated the character of this heroic prince from an  
 aspersion, which was first cast upon him, I find, by Mr.  
 Rymer, in consequence of a mistaken construction of a  
 passage in Hoveden. I am tempted to add here the be-

ginning of a poem, which having been composed after  
 his death by *Anselm Faydit*, must stand clear of all sus-  
 picion of having been either *begged or bought*.

For chausa es et tot lo maior dan,  
 El maior dol, las q' eu ans mas agues,  
 Et zo, don dea toz temps plaquer pioran,  
 M'aven a dir en chanter et reitair,  
 De cel q' era de valorz caps et patie,  
 Li reis valenz Rizard, reis des Engles,  
 Es morz; ai deus! cals perda et cals danz es!  
 Can estraing mox et gan greu per audr!  
 Ben a dur cor toz hom co po sofrir.  
 Morz es li reis, et son passat mil an  
 Qanc tan pros hom no fo ne nol vit res,  
 Ne ia mais hom non er del sen senblant,  
 Tan lars, tan pros, tan arduz, tals donaire,  
 Q' Alixandres lo reis, q' venqi Daure,  
 No cuit q' tan dones ni tan messes,  
 Ni an Charles ni Artus tan valgues,  
 Q' a tot lo mon sen sez, q' i n' vol ver dir,  
 Als us dopiar et als altres gruzi.

M. S. Crofts. fol. cxi.

RICHESS, *n.* Fr. Wealth. 6092. RICHESSES, *pl.* Riches.  
 M. 113, col. 2, l. 28. 114, col. 1, l. 38.  
 RIDDELED, *part. pa.* R. 1235. 43. Planted. Gl. Uv. In the  
 first of the places quoted, the French Orig. has—*Et fut*  
*si bien cueillie et jointe*,—which Chaucer has translated  
 —*Lorde! it was riddled fully*.  
 RIDDEN, *part. pa.* of RIDE. *He is ridden.* 1505. *They ben*  
*ridden.* 1689. *He had ridden.* 13720.  
 RIDE, *v.* SAX. *He rideth him.* 1693.  
 RIDING, *n.* See the n. on ver. 4375.  
 RIFE, RIVE, *v.* SAX. To thrust through. 9112. 12762.  
 RIGHT, *n.* SAX. A right, or due. *At alle rights.* 1854.  
 2102. At all points.  
 ——— *adj.* Good; true. 189.  
 ——— *adv.* Truly; rightly; exactly; completely. It is  
 frequently joined to adjectives, as the adverbs *well* and  
*full* are, to augment their force. 290. 617.  
 RIME, *n.* Fr. A composition in rime. 13639. Hence the  
 title of THE RIME OF SIRS THOPAS. For the original of  
 compositions in rime, see the Essay, &c. n. 43—*Rime-*  
*dogel.* 13651. See DOGEREL.  
 RIMEYED, *part. pa.* Fr. Composed in rime, or verse.  
 11023. See the n. on ver. 11021.  
 RIMPLED, *part. pa.* SAX. Wrinkled. R. 4405.  
 RING, *v.* SAX. To make to sound. 2433. 12265.  
 ——— *v. neut.* To sound. 2602.  
 RISE, *n.* SAX. Small twigs of trees or bushes. 3324. R. 1015.  
 RISSE, *n.* SAX. A rush. R. 1701. T. iii. 1167.  
 RIST for RIDETH. 3588. T. ii. 812.  
 RIT for RIDETH. 976. 17029.  
 RIVAGE, *F.* l. 223. See ARIVAGE.  
 RIVE, *v. neut.* SAX. To split; to fall asunder. R. 5393. 5718.  
 RIVELING, *part. pr.* SAX. Wrinkling. R. 7214. *Ruyfelen*  
*Belg.* *Rugare.* Kilian.  
 RIVER, *n.* Fr. See the n. on ver. 6466.  
 ROCHE, *n.* Fr. A rock. F. iii. 26. ROCES, *pl.* F. ii. 527.  
 RODE, *n.* SAX. The Cross. *Rode-beem.* 6078. It is also  
 called the *Rode-tree*; from its being made of wood.  
 ——— *n.* SAX. Complexion. 3317.  
 RODY, *adj.* SAX. Ruddy. 10699.  
 ROFE, *pa. t.* of RIFE. L. W. 661. 1349. ROFTE. *F.* l. 373.  
 should probably be ROFS.  
 ROGGE, *v.* SAX. To shake. L. W. 2697. ROGYN or  
 MEVYN. *Agilo.* Prompt. Parv.  
 ROIGNE, *n.* Fr. A scab, mange, &c. R. 553.  
 ROIGNOUS, *adj.* Fr. Scabby; rough. R. 6190. 988.  
 ROKETTE, *n.* Fr. A loose upper garment. R. 1240. 2. 4754.  
 ROKING, *part. pr.* of ROKKE, or ROGGE, *v. neut.* SAX. Shak-  
 ing; trembling. R. 1906. ROGYN or WAVERYN. *Vacillo*  
 Prompt. Parv.  
 ROMAUNCES REALES. See the n. on ver. 13777.  
 ROMBEL, *n.* A rumbling noise. 1981.—*Rumour.* 8873.  
 ROME, *v.* SAX. To walk about. 7994. 11155.  
 RONDEL, *n.* Fr. "A rime or sonnet which ends as it  
 begins. *Cotgrave.*" L. W. 423.  
 RONE, *pr.* n. Rouen in Normandy. R. 1674.  
 ——— *pa. t.* of RAIN, *v.* SAX. Rained. T. iii. 678.  
 ROPEN, *part. pa.* of REPE, *v.* SAX. Reaped. L. W. 74.



ROSALGAR. 16282. Red arsenic; a preparation of orpiment Chambers, in *v. Roalgar*. It should rather perhaps have been written *Rysalgar*, with MS. C. 1. as the Latin name is *Risgaltem*.

ROSEN, *adj.* Rosy. B K. 657.

ROSER, *n.* FR. A rose-bush. P. 166, col. 2, l. 10.

ROSE RED, *adj.* 15722. Red as a rose.

ROTE, *n.* SAX. A root & T. ii. 348.

— A root, in astrology. 4734. See EXPANS VERES.

— *n.* A musical instrument. 236. See Du Cange, in *v. ROTA*. Notker, who lived in the xth century, says, that it was the ancient *Psalterium*, but altered in its shape and with an additional number of strings. Schilter, in *v. ROTA*.

— *n.* FR. Practice. *By rote*. 13452, 75. *By heart*. *Par routine*. Cotg.

— *v.* SAX. To rot. 4405.

ROTEN, *part pa.* 3871.

ROTHER, *n.* SAX. The rudder of a ship. C. D. 1377.

ROUGHT FOR RAUGHT, *pa. t.* of *RECHE*. 8561. T. i. 497.

ROUKE, *v.* SAX. To lie close. 1310. T. v. 409. *But now they RUCKEN in her nest*. Conf. Am. 72.

ROULE, *v.* *neut.* SAX. To roll; to run easily. 6235. Where some copies have *royle*. See *REULE*.

ROUME, *n.* SAX. Room; space. L. W. 1997.

— *adj.* Wide; spacious. 4124.

ROUMER, *comp. d.* Wider. 4143.

ROUNCEVALL, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on ver. 672.

ROUNCIE, *n.* BARB. LAT. A common hackney horse. 392. See Du Cange, in *v. RUNCINUS*.

ROUNDEL, *n.* FR. A sort of song. 1531. See RONDEL.—A circular figure F. ii. 283, 590.

ROUTE, *n.* FR. A company. 624, 9424.

— *v.* To assemble in a company. 4950.

— *v.* FR. To smore. 3647, 4165.—To roar. F. ii. 530.

ROUTHE, *n.* SAX. Compassion. 11824.—The object of compassion. 11833.

ROUTHELES, *adj.* Without compassion. T. ii. 346.

ROW, *n.* A line of writing. F. i. 448. See *REV*.

— *adj.* SAX. Rough. 3736, 10329. C. D. 772. *He looked wel ROWE*. R. G. 507.

ROWNE, *v.* SAX. To whisper. 5923, 7132.

RUBES. 2047. See *PUFILA*.

RUBINS, *n.* pl. FR. Rubies. 2149.

RUCKING, *part pa.* of *RUCKE*, or *ROUKE*, *v.* SAX. Lying close. 15232.

RUDDE, *n.* SAX. Complexion. 13657. See *RODE*.

RUDDOCK, *n.* SAX. A bird, called Robin red-breast. A. F. 349.

RUFUS, *pr. n.* 432. A Greek physician, of whose works some are extant. See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* L. iv. c. 3.

RUGEY, *adj.* Rough. 2885.

RUSSEL, *pr. n.* The fox is called *Dan Russel* in ver. 15340, from his red colour, I suppose.

## S.

SACHELLES, *n.* pl. FR. Small sacks. Bo. i. pr. 3.

SACKED FRERES. R. 7462. Friars wearing a coarse upper garment called *Saccus*. Mat. Paris, ad. 1257. *Eodem tempore novus ordo apparuit Loudni de quibusdam fratribus ignotis et non præstitis, qui, quia saccis incedebant induti, FRATRES SACCATI vocabantur*.

SACRE, *n.* FR. A sacred solemnity. C. D. 2135.

SADE, *adj.* SAX. Grave; steady. 3878, 8923.—Sorrowful; repentant. 16345.

SADLY, *adv.* Steadily; carefully. 2804. This messenger drank sadly ale and wine. 5163. This messenger applied himself to drink a & w.

SADNESS, *n.* Gravity; steadiness. 8328, 9465.

SAFFRON, *v.* FR. To tinge with saffron. 12279.

SAIS, for SEIS, *pa. t.* of SE, *v.* SAX. Saw. T. iii. 993.

SAILB, *v.* FR. To assail. R. 7338.

SAILOURS, *n.* pl. R. 770 may mean *Dancers*, from the LAT. FR. So in P. P. 68. *For I can—neither saylen, ne saute, ne syng to the gyterne*. The lines which Chaucer has here translated are not in the best Edit. of the *Rom*.

*de la Rose*. Paris. 1735. but they are quoted by Junu *Etym. Ling. Angl.* in *v. Timbestere*, from an Edit. 1529.

*Après y eul farceit joyeuses,  
Et batelleurs et batelleuses,  
Qui de passe passe jouoyent,  
Et en l'air ung bassin ruoyent,  
Puis le scavoyent bien recueillir  
Sur ung doy, sans point y faillir.*

Where it is plain that the author is speaking of juggler rather than *dancers*.

SAINB for SEINE, *port. pa.* of SE, *v.* SAX. Seen. R. 7445.

— *pr. n.* The river Seine. 11534.

SALADE, *n.* FR. A sort of armour for the head. C. D. 1554.

SALADES, *n.* pl. FR. Salads of herbs. F. L. 412.

SALWE, SALUS, *v.* FR. To salute. 1494, 10405.

SALUED, *part pa.* 11622.

SALUTINGS, *n.* pl. Salutations. T. ii. 1668.

SAMITE, *n.* FR. GR. A rich silk. R. 873. T. i. 109. See *DI Cange*, in *v. EXAMITUS*.

SANGUIN, *adj.* FR. Of a blood-red colour. 441, 2170.

SARLINISHE. R. 1188, should perhaps be SARBINISHE, from the *FR. Sarrainois*; a sort of fine silk used for veils. See Du Cange, in *v. SARACENIUM* and *SARACENUM*. It is still called *Saracenet*.

SARPLERES, *n.* pl. Packages of a larger size than sacks. Bo. i. pr. 3. See Du Cange, in *v. SARPLERIUM*. *Sarpillere*, FR. A piece of canvas, &c. to wrap or pack up wares in. Cotgrave.

SATEN, *pa. t.* pl. of SIT, *v.* SAX. 2805.

SATALIE, *pr. n.* The ancient Attalia. 53.

SAVE, *n.* LAT. The herb sage. 2716.

SAUF, *adj.* FR. Safe. See *VOUCHE*.—Saved, or accepted. 685, 12048, 12216.

SAVETE, *n.* FR. Safety. R. 6869.

SAULE for SOULE. 4135, 4261.

SAVOUR, *v.* *neut.* FR. To taste; to relish. 5753.

SAVOURING, *n.* FR. The sense of tasting. P. 150, col. 2, l. 34.

SAVOUROUS, *adj.* Sweet; pleasant. R. 84.

SAUSEFLEMME. See the *n.* on ver. 627. But MS. Bodl. 2463, furnishes another etymology, which I think still more probable. "Unguentum contra *salum flegma*, scabiem, &c." See Galen, in Hippoc. de Aliment. Comment. iii. p. 277. *ἡ λαχρῶν-νιτται ἀπὸ φαετματοῦ* 'AAMTPOY καὶ τοῦ ἐνδὸς χόλου. And again, *ἡ ἀλας-ἵνα τῷ φαετ. MATOZ, αὐχ* 'AATKOT.

SAUTES, *n.* pl. FR. Assaults. B. K. 419.

SAUTRIE, *n.* FR. GR. A musical string-instrument. 3213, 3305. See *ROTE*.

SAWE, *n.* SAX. Speech; discourse. 1528, 16150. R. 6475.—A proverb, or wise saying. 6242.

SAV for SEY, *pa. t.* of SE, *v.* SAX. Saw. 6227, 9810.

SCALL, *n.* SAX. A scale or scab. *C. words to his Scrivener*. 3.

SCALLED, *adj.* Scabby; scurfy. 630.

SCANTLOWE, *n.* FR. A pattern; a scantling. R. 7114.

SCARCE, *adj.* FR. Sparing; stingy. R. 2320.

SCARIOY, *n.* Judas Iscariot. 15233.

SCARMSHE, *n.* FR. A skirmish; a battle. T. ii. 931. V. 1507.

SCATHE, *n.* SAX. Harm; damage. 448, 9048.

SCATHEFUL, SCATHELICHE, *adj.* Pernicious. 4519. L. W. 1370.

SCATHLES, *adj.* Without harm. R. 1550.

SCLAUNDRE, *n.* FR. Slander. 8598, 8906.

SCLENDRE, *adj.* Slender. 9476.

SCOCHONS, *n.* pl. FR. Scutcheons of arms. F. L. 216.

SCLAIB, *v.* FR. To attend school; to studie. 304. See the *note*.

SCRIPT, *n.* FR. A writing. 9571. T. ii. 1130.

SCRIPTURES, *n.* pl. FR. Writings; books. 2046.

SCRIVEN-LIKE. T. ii. 1026. Like a scrivener, or writing-master; *Comme un escrivain*.

SEAMES, *n.* pl. SAX. Seams; *Suturae*. P. 160, col. 2, l. 19.

SECREB, *adj.* FR. Secret. 9783, 15646.

SECRENSESSE, *n.* Privacy. 5193.

SECULER, *adj.* FR. Of the laity; in opposition to Clerical. 9127, 15456.

SEDE, *v.* SAX. To produce seed. R. 4344.

SEE, n. FR. A seat. 14155. T. iv. 1023. SEES, pl. F. iii. 120.  
— r. SAX. To see. *God you see!* 7751. *God him see!* 4576. *May God keep you, or him, in his sight!* In T. ii. 85. it is fuller:—*God you save and see!*—To look. *On to see.* 3247. To look on. See the note, and T. iii. 130. *That—Ye wold sometime frondly on me see.* That ye would sometimes look friendly on me.

— n. SAX. The sea. 2423. 3033. *The Grete see.* 59. A learned friend has suggested to me, that the Sea on the coast of Palestine is called the *Great Sea* in the Bible (see Num. xxxiv. 6, 7. Josh. xv. 12); which puts the meaning of the appellation in this passage out of all doubt.

SEGE, n. FR. A siege. 939.

SEIR, SEY, p. t. of SEE, v. SAX. Saw. 5229. 6990. T. v. 816.—part. p. a. Seen. 6134.

SEIGNORIE, n. FR. Power. R. 3213.

SEIN, part. p. a. of SEE, v. SAX. Seen. 10267.

SEINDE, part. p. a. of SENG, v. SAX. Singed. 14851.

SEINT, n. FR. Cinct. A girdle. 331. 3235.

SEINTUARIE, n. FR. Sanctuary. 12887.

SEKE, v. SAX. To seek. 13. 17.

— v. adj. SAX. Sick. 18.

SELDEN, adv. SAX. Seldom. 10125. *Selden time.* 8022.

SELE, n. FR. A seal. 7710. SELES, pl. T. iii. 1468.

SELF, SELVE, adj. SAX. answering to the BELG. *Self*, the FR. *Même*, the LAT. *Ipse*, and the GR. *Autos*. See the Essay, &c. n. 30.—With the article prefixed it answers to the LAT. *Idem*, and the GOTH. *Samo*, from whence our *Same*. See ver. 2556. In the *selve moment*; In the same moment. ver. 11706. In the *selve place*; In the same place.

These two usages of the adj. SELF, when joined to a substantive, might be confirmed by the uniform practice of all our writers, from the earliest times down to Shakespeare; but, as they are both now obsolete, I choose rather to take this opportunity of adding a few words to what has been said in the Essay, &c. loc. cit. upon the usage of the adj. SELF, when joined to a Pronoun; in which light only it appears to have been considered by Wallis, when he pronounced it a Substantive, answering nearly to the Latin *persona*.

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, has very rightly established the primary signification of SELF to be that of an Adjective; but, in its connexions with Pronouns, he seems rather inclined to suppose it a Substantive, first, because it is joined to possessive, or adjective pronouns, as *my*, *thy*, *her*, &c. and secondly, because it has a plural number *selves*, contrary to the nature of the English adjective.

The latter reason, I think, cannot have much weight, when it is remembered, that the use of *Selves*, as the plural number of *Self*, has been introduced into our language since the time of Chaucer. *Selven*, which was originally the accusative ca. sing. of SELF, is used by him indifferently in both numbers. *I myselfen.* 9334. *Ye yourselfen.* 9380. 12676. *He himselfen.* 4464. 9919.

The former reason also will lose its force, if the hypothesis, which I have ventured to propose in the Essay, &c. loc. cit. shall be admitted, viz. that, in their combinations with SELF, the pronouns *my*, *thy*, *her*, *our*, *your*, are not to be considered as possessive or adjective, but as the old oblique cases of the personal pronouns *I*, *thou*, *she*, *we*, &c. According to this hypothesis, the use of these combinations, with respect to the pronouns, is almost always solecistical; but not more so than that of *himself* in the nominative case, which has long been authorised by constant custom; and it is remarkable, that a solecism of the same sort has prevailed in the French language, in which *moi* and *toi*, the obl. cases of *je* and *tu*, when combined with *même*, are used as ungrammatically as our *my* and *thy* have just been supposed to be, when combined with SELF. *Je l'ai vu moi-même*; I have seen it myself: *Tu le verras toi-même*; Thou shalt see it thyself; and so in the accusative case, *moi-même* is added emphatically to *me*, and *toi-même* to *te*.

It is probable, I think, that these departures from grammar, in both languages, have been made for the

sake of fuller and more agreeable sounds. *Je-même, me-même, tu-même, and te-même*, would certainly sound much thinner and more languid than *moi-même* and *toi-même*; and myself, thyself, &c. are as clearly preferable, in point of pronunciation, to *Isself, meself, thousself, theeself*, &c. though not all, perhaps, in an equal degree. It should be observed, that *itself*, where a change of case in the pronoun would not have improved the sound, has never undergone any alteration.

SELLE, n. FR. Cella. Cell. C. D. 2064.

SELLE for SILL, n. SAX. A door-sill or threshold. 3920. See the note.

SELVE, adj. 2586. 2862. See SELF.

SELY, adj. SAX. Silly, simple; harmless. 4088. 4106. 5522.

SELYNESSE, n. SAX. Happiness. T. iii. 815. 827.

SEMBLEABLE, adj. FR. Like. 9374.

SEMBLAUNT, n. FR. Seeming; appearance. 10630.

SEMBLICHE, SEMELY, adj. SAX. Seemly; comely. SEME-LESTE, *superi* d. 17068.

SEMELYHDE, n. Seemliness; comeliness. R. 777. 1130.

SEMISOUN, n. LAT. A low, or broken tone. 3697.

SEMICOF, n. A half, or short, cloke. 264.

SEN, SENE, *trif.* m. of SE. 1711. 2178.—part. p. a. 1967. 2300.

SEND for SENDETH. 4134.

SENDALL, n. 442. A thin silk. See Du Cange, in v. CEN- DALUM.

SENEK, pr. n. Seneca, the philosopher. 6750. 6767. 9397.

What is said of him in the *Monkes tale*, ver. 14421—14436 is taken from the *Rom. de la Rose*, ver. 6461—6499.

SENGE, v. SAX. To singe. 5931.

SENIOR, pr. n. 16918. See the note.

SENTENCE, n. FR. Sense; meaning. 308. 10102.—Judge- ment. 4533.

SEPT, pr. n. 5367. Ceuta, formerly *Septa*, in Africa, over- against Gibraltar.

SEPTULTURE, n. FR. Grave. T. iv. 327.

SERAPHON, pr. n. 434. Joannes Serapion, an Arabian physi- cian of the xth Century. Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 299.

SERE, adj. SAX. Dry. R. 4749.

SERGEANT, n. FR. A Squier, attendant upon a prince or nobleman. 8395.—A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE. See his CHARACTER, ver. 311—332. His name is derived from his having been originally a *servant* of the King in his law-business; *Servicus ad legem*, just as *Servicus ad arma*. The King had formerly a *Sorjeant* in every county. Spelman, in v. SERVIENTS.

SERIE, n. FR. Series. 3069.

SERMONING, n. FR. Preaching. 3063.

SERVAGE, n. FR. Servitude; slavery. 4789. 11106. 7.

SERVAND, part. pr. of SERVE. Serving. C. D. 1627.

SERVE, v. FR. To serve. 3945.—To behave to. 8516. 7.

SET for SETTETH. 7564. for SETTE, p. a. t. 11124.

SETEWALE, n. SAX. The herb Valerian. 3207. 13691.

SETHE, v. SAX. To boil. 385.

SETHE for SETHED, p. a. t. 3103.

SETTE, v. SAX. To place; to put. 7851. *Settleth him down* P. 170, col. 1, l. 10. *Placeth himself on a seat.* *Yet sette I cas.* M. 115, col. 1, l. 54. *Yet I put the case, or suppose.—To put a value on a thing; to rate.* *I wold sette his sorrow at a myle.* T. iii. 902. *I would not value h. s.—To sette a man's cappe; to make a fool of him.* See the n. on ver. 588.

— p. a. t. 6241.

SEUREMENT, n. FR. Security, in a legal sense, 11838.

SEURETEE, n. FR. Certainty. 6485.—Surety, in a legal sense. 6493.

SEWE, v. FR. To follow. R. 4953.

SEWES, n. pl. FR. Dishes. 10381. See the note.

SEVE. See SEE.

SHADDE, p. a. t. of SHADE, v. SAX. Fell in drops. 14649.

— p. a. t. of SHADE, v. SAX. Shaded; covered with shade. Du. 426.

SHADOWY, adj. SAX. Unsubstantial. Bo. iii. pr. 4.

SHAFT, n. SAX. An arrow. 1364.

SHAL, auxil. v. SAX. is used sometimes with an ellipsis of the infinitive mode, which ought to follow it. 10912. *Beth swiche as I have ben to you and shal, i. e. shall be.* 15771. *First tell me whither I shal, i. e. shall go.* T. ii.

46. *Yet all is don or shal, i. e. shall be done.* See also ver. 15100. T. v. 833.
- SHALE, n. SAX. A shell, or husk. F. iii. 191. *But all n's worthe a nutte shale.* Conf. Am. 66.
- SHALMES, n. pl. Shalms; Musical string-instruments, otherwise called *Pealteries* or *Sautres*. F. iii. 138. See *ROTE*.
- SHAME, n. SAX. *Shames delthe.* 5239. 10251. A death of shame; a shameful death. *To York he did him lede,* SHAMES DEDE *to dele.* P. L. 247.
- SHAMEFAST, adj. SAX. Modest. 2057.
- SHAPE, n. SAX. Form; figure. 7040. 7052.
- SHAPELICH, adj. SAX. Fit; likely. 374. T. iv. 1452.
- SHAPEN, SHAPE, part. pa. of SHAPE, v. SAX. Formed; figured. 7045. 7096. Prepared. 1110. 1227. 1394.
- SHAW, n. SAX. A shade of trees; a grove. 4365. 6968. T. iii. 731.
- SHEFE, n. SAX. A bundle. A sheaf of arrowes 104. SHEVES, pl. of corn. R. 4335.
- SHEFFELD pr. n. Sheffield, in Yorkshire. 3931.
- SHELLO, n. SAX. A shield. 2124. SHELDES, pl. French crowns, called in Fr. *Ecus*, from their having on one side the figure of a shield. 280. 13261.
- SHEMERINO, n. SAX. A glimmering. 4295.
- SHERO, n. SAX. To ruin. 5247. P. 162, col. 1, l. 42.
- SHENDSHIP, n. Ruin; punishment: P. 152, col. 1, l. 22.
- SHENE, adj. SAX. Bright; shining. 1070.
- SHENT, part. pa. of SHEND. 5351. 9194.
- SHEPEN, n. SAX. A stable. 2002. 6453 See the n. on ver. 2002.
- SHERE, v. SAX. To cut.—To shave. R. 6196.
- SHERTE, n. SAX. A shirt. 9859. *I hadde lever than my sherte.* 15126. I would give my shut, i. e. all that I have.—It seems to mean the linen in which a new-born child is wrapped. 1569. *That shapen was my delthe erst than my sherte.* Compare T. iii. 734.
- O fatal sustren, whiche, or any clothe  
Me shapen was, my destinee me epoune—  
and L. W. 2618.*
- Sene first that day, that shapen was my sherte,  
Or by the fatal suster had my dome.—*
- In T. iv. 96. *Alas! that I ne had brought her in my sherte!* It seems to be put for *skirt* (or *lap*), which perhaps was the original word.
- SHERTE, v. SAX. To shoot. 3296. R. 909.
- SHERTES, n. pl. SAX. Sheets. 4138.
- SHERTE, SHET v. SAX. To close, or shut. 15085. 16905.
- SHET, part. t. and part. 2569. 3499. *So was hire herte shette in hire distresse.* 5478. So was her heart overwhelmed with h. d.
- SHIFF, v. SAX. To divide. 5686.
- SHILDE, SHELDE, v. SAX. To shield. *God shilde.* 3427. God shield, or forbid!
- SHIPMAN, n. SAX. A mariner; the master of a barge. See his CHARACTER, ver. 390—412.
- SHIVER, n. SAX. A small shoe. 7422.
- SHODE, n. SAX. The hair of a man's head. 2009. 3316.
- part. pa. of SHOE, v. SAX. Shod, having shoes on. R. 7463.
- SHOFN, part. t. of SHOVE, v. SAX. Pushed. R. 534. L. W. 2401.
- SHOVDE, n. SAX. Harp. 13836 F. 1. 88.
- SHOPE, part. t. of SHAPE. 7120. 11121.
- SHORE, part. pa. of SHERL. 13978.
- SHORTS, v. SAX. To make short. P. 163, col. 1, l. 21.
- SHOT, part. pa. of SHETTE. Shut. 3358. 3695. See the n. on ver. 3358.
- SHOTER, n. SAX. A shooter. A. F. 180. The yew-tree is called *Shoter*, because bows are usually made of it.
- SHOTTES, n. pl. SAX. Arrows, darts; any thing that is shot. T. ii. 58.
- SHOVE, SHOWVE, v. SAX. To push. 3910.
- part. pa. 11593.
- SHRWVE, n. SAX. To curse. 6644. 7809.
- n. SAX. An ill-tempered, *curs* man, or woman. 5947. 6087. 10302. SHREWS, pl. Bo. i. pr. 3. *Pessim.* Orig.
- SHREWED, adj. SAX. Wicked. *Shreude folk.* Bo. i. pr. 4. *Impios.* Orig.
- SHREWEDNESSE, n. SAX. Ill-nature. T. ii. 838.
- SHRIFT, n. SAX. Confession. P. 169, col. 2, l. 11.
- SHRIFTE-FADERS, n. pl. SAX. Father-confessors. 7024.
- SHRIVE, v. SAX. To make confession. P. 170, col. 1, l. 41.
- SHRIVEN, part. pa. 7022. *I have ben shriven this day of my curat.* 7677. I have made my confession t. d. to my curate. P. 170, col. 1, l. 70.
- SHRIGHT for SHRICETH. 2819. Shrieketh.
- part. t. of SHRICH, v. SAX. Shrieked. 10731. 15368.
- SHROUDE, v. SAX. To hide. B. K. 148.
- SHULDE, part. t. of SHAL. Should. 964. See the Essay, &c. p. xxvii. n. 35. SHULDEN, pl. 747. 3329.
- SHULLEN, SHULN, SHUL, ind. m. pr. t. pl. of SHAL. 3016. 2766. 1823, 4. M. 111, col. 1, l. 5.
- SIBDE, adj. SAX. Related; allied. M. 113, col. 2, l. 40.
- SIE for SEIE. Saw. 11102. F. L. 194.
- SIFT, v. SAX. To shake in a sieve. 16409.
- SIGH for SEIE. Saw. R. 818.
- SIGHTE, part. t. of SIKKE. 5455. R. 1746. Sighed.
- SIGNE, v. FR. To appoint. C. L. 642.
- SIGNIFER, n. LAT. The Zodiac. T. v. 1020.
- SIGNIFIANCE, n. FR. Signification. T. v. 1446.
- SIKE, adj. SAX. Sick. 426. 9165. In ver. 5976. It seems to be used, as a noun, for *Sickness*.
- v. SAX. To sigh. 2987. 11316.
- n. SAX. A sigh. 10812. SIKES, pl. 1922. 11776.
- SIKER, adj. SAX. Sure. 9264. 9587.
- SIKERDE, part. t. pa. of SIKER, v. SAX. Assured. L. W. 2126.
- SICURENESSE, n. Security. 9156.
- SICKERLY, adv. Surely. 13084. 13213.
- SIMPLESSE, n. FR. Simplicity. R. 954.
- SIN, adv. SAX. abbreviation of SITTEN. Since. 5234. 10181.
- SINAMONE, n. FR. Cinnamon. 3699.
- SIP, n. SAX. Drink. An. 195.
- SIPHER, n. A cipher, or figure of 0, in Arithmetic. *Al-though asipher in augim have no might in signification of itself, yet he geveth power in signification to other.* T. I. ii. 333. b. There is another passage in Du. ver. 435—40, which seems to imply that, in Chaucer's time, the numerals, commonly called Arabian, had not been long in use in this country.
- SIRE, n. FR. *Sieur, Seigneur.* A respectful title, given formerly to men of various descriptions, as well as to knights. *Sire knight.* 839. *Sire clerk.* 842. *Sire monk.* 3120. *Sire man of lawe.* 4453. It was so usually given to priests, that it has crept even into acts of parliament. *Rot. Parl.* 12 and 13. E. IV. n. 14. *Sir James Thekeness, Preste* 1. H. VII. p. 11. *Sir Oliver Langton, Prest.* *Sir Robert Naylesthorp, Prest.* Hence a *Sir John* came to be a nickname for a *Priest*. See ver. 14816, and the note.—*Sire* is sometimes put for *personage*. R. 4988. *And melancholy, that angry sire—Our sire.* 6295. Our husband; our goodman; as the French, in their old familiar language, use *Notre sire*.
- SIS, n. FR. The cast of six; the highest cast upon a die. 14579.
- SIT for SITTETH. 5641. 9008. *It sit me not to be.* 10189. It doth not become me t. l. 8335. 9133. *It sit a kynge uel to be chast.* Conf. Am. 163. b.
- SITHE for SITHES, n. pl. SAX. Times. 5153. 5575.
- SITHEN, SITH, adv. SAX. Since. 1817. 4478. 5341.
- SITHES, n. pl. SAX. Scythies. T. L. prol.
- SITTE, v. SAX. To sit.—To become; to suit with. See SIT.
- SITTAND, part. pr. R. 2263.
- SITTEN, part. pa. 1454. 6002.
- SKAFFAUT, n. FR. A scaffold; a wooden tower. R. 4175.
- SKAFFOLD, n. A scaffold, or stage. 3384.
- SKIE, n. SAX. A cloud. F. iii. 510.
- SKILL, n. SAX. Reason. 9028. 9552. SKILLES, pl. 10519.
- SKILFUL, adj. Reasonable. T. iii. 288. 940.
- SKINKE, v. SAX. To pour out; to serve with drink. 3936.
- SKIPE, part. t. of SKIPPE, v. SAX. Leaped. 11714.
- SKOGAN, pr. n. See the Account, &c. p. 449.
- SKORCLE, v. SAX. To scorch. Bo. ii. m. 6.
- SKRIPPE, n. FR. *Eschape*. A scrip. R. 7405.
- SLACKE, adj. SAX. Slow. 2903.
- SLAIN, part. pa. of SLE. 1743. 2040.
- SLAKE, v. SAX. To appease; to make slack. 8679. 8983.

SLAKE, *v. neut.* To fail. 8013. To desist. 8581.  
 SLAWE, *part. pa.* of SLE 15020.  
 SLE, *v. SAX.* T; kill; to slay. 2538.  
 SLEER, *n. SAX.* A killer. 2007. L. W. 1367.  
 SLEIGHTLY, *adv. SAX.* Cunningly. 1446.  
 SLEIGHT, *n. SAX.* Contrivance. R. 7109.  
 SLEIGHTES, *pl. R.* 7121. *Suche sleighes as I shall you neuen.*—So this line should probably be written. See the Orig. ver. 12495. *Neuen* is from MS. Hunter.  
 SLEN, *pr. t. pl.* of SLE. 1569. 5394.—*inf. m.* 1565. 5379.  
 SLEP, SLEPR, *pa. t.* of SLEPE, *v. SAX.* Slept. 98. 399.  
 SLETE, *n. SAX.* Sleet; a mixture of rain and snow. 11562. R. 2651.  
 SLEVELESSE, *adj. T. L. B.* 334. seems to signify *idle, unprofitable*; as it does still in vulgar language.  
 SLIDER, *adj. SAX.* Slippery. 1296. L. W. 648.  
 SLIDING, *part. pr.* Uncertain. 16200. Lydg. *Triag.* 99. b. *Sliding fortune.* Bo. i. m. 5. *Lubrica fortuna.* Orig.  
 SLEK, SLEGH, *adj. SAX.* Cunnng. 3393.  
 SLIKE for SWILKE, *adj. SAX.* Such. 4129.  
 SLIT for SLIDETH. 16150.  
 — *v. SAX.* To cut through, to cleave. 11372.  
 SLIVER, *n. SAX.* A small slice, or piece. T. iii. 1015.  
 SLO, *v. SAX.* To slay. R. 1953. 4592.  
 SLOGARDIE, *n. FR. SAX.* Sloth. 1044.  
 SLOMBERINGS, *n. pl. SAX.* Slumberings. T. v. 246.  
 SLOPPE, *n. SAX.* A sort of birches. 16101. P. 135, col. 2, l. 80.  
 SLOW, *pa. t.* of SLO. Slew. 11745. 14104.  
 SLOWE, *n. SAX.* A moth. R. 4751. In the Orig. *FR. Taigne*.  
 SLOGGY, *adj. SAX.* Sluggish. P. 162, col. 2, l. 27.  
 SMAILIS, *adj. SAX.* Diminutive of *Smale*, or *Small*. It 926.  
 SMERTE, *v. SAX.* To smart; to suffer pain. R. 7107.  
 — 149. seems to be used as an *Adverb*; *Smaitly*. P. L. Gl. v. *Portthought*.  
 SMIT for SMITETH, *ind. m. 3 pers. sing.* 7993.  
 SMITETH, *imp. m. 2 pers. pl.* Smite ye. 784.  
 SMITHE, *v. SAX.* To forge, as a smith. 3760. P. P. 16 b.  
 SMITTED for SMITTEN, *part. pa.* of SMITE. T. v. 1544.  
 SMOKLES, *adj. SAX.* Without a smock. 8751.  
 SMOTERLICH, *adj.* 3961. means, I suppose, smutty, dirty.  
 But the whole passage is obscure.  
 SNEWE, *v. SAX.* To snow; to be in as great abundance as snow. 347.  
 SNUBBE, *v. SAX.* To snubb; to reprove. 525. 11000.  
 SNOW-WHITE, *adj. SAX.* White as snow. 15722. 17082.  
 SODEN, *adj. SAX.* Sudden. 4841.  
 SODET, *n. FR.* Subject. C. L. 93.  
 SOIGNE, *n. FR.* Care. R. 3682.  
 SOJOUR, *n. FR.* Stay; abode. R. 4282.  
 SOKEN, *n. SAX.* Toll. 9965.  
 SOKINGLY, *adv.* Suckingly; gently. M. 116, col. 2, l. 14. See *SOUKE*.  
 SOLAS, *n. FR.* Mirth; sport. 800. 3684.  
 SOLEIN, *adj. FR.* One; single. Du. 982.—Sullen. R. 3997.  
 SOLEMPNE, *adj. FR.* Solemn. 10425.  
 SOLEMPNELY, *adv.* Solemnly. 276.  
 SOLER HALL. See the *n.* on ver. 3988. *A solere windowe* occurs in *Gam.* ver. 267. for *the window of a loft*, or garret. See before, ver. 252.  
 SOM, *adj. SAX.* Some. *This is all and som.* 5673. This is the whole. *All and some.* 8817. T. ii. 1149. One and all.  
 SOMDEL, *adv. SAX.* Somewhat; in some measure. 448. 3909.  
 SOMER, *pr. n.* In the treatise on the *Astrolabe*, fol. 291. b. Chaucer professes to make use of the *Kalenders of the reverent clerkes frere JOHN SOMER and frere NICHOLAS LENNE*. The *Kalendar of John Somur* is extant in MS. Cotton, Vesp. E. vii. It is calculated for 140 years from 1367, the year of the birth of Richard II, and is said, in the introduction, to have been published in 1380, at the instance of Joan mother to the King. The *Kalendar of Nicholas Lenne, or Lynne*, was calculated for 76 years from 1387. Tanner in *v. NICHOLAS LINENSIS*. The story there quoted from *Hakluyt* of a voyage made by this Nicholas in 1360 *ad insulas septentrionales antehac*

*Europæis incognitas*, and of a book written by him to describe those countries *a gradu 54. usque ad polum*, is a mere fable; as appears from the very authorities which Hakluyt has produced in support of it.  
 SOMME. T. ii. 1249. *Lo! Troilus*—

*Come riding with his tenthe somme fere.*

So this line stands in the Edit. but a MS. quoted in Gloss. *Ur.* instead of *tenthe* has *x.* and MS. I. *tenteth*. Perhaps the original reading was *xx.* *With his twenty some fere*, according to the Saxon mode of expression would signify *Together with some twenty of his attend ants.* See HICKES, *Gramm.* A. S. p. 32, 4.  
 — *n. FR.* A sum. Bo. iv. pr. 2.  
 SOMMER, *n. SAX.* Summer. *A Sommer-game.* 6230. See the note.  
 SOMONE, SOMPNE, *v. LAT.* To summon. 7159. 6929. 43.  
 SOMPOUR, *n.* An officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in Ecclesiastical courts, now called an *Apparitor*. See his *CHARACTER*, ver. 625—670.  
 SOND, *n. SAX.* Sand. 15973.  
 — *n. C. D.* 1147. seems to signify a *sounding line*, from the *FR. Sonde*.  
 SONDR, *n. SAX.* A message. 4808. 5469. *Goddess sonde.* 4943. 13149. What God has sent; God's gift.  
 SONE, *adv. SAX.* Soon. 12002, 4.  
 — *n. SAX.* A son. 79. 338. *Soves*, pl. 10343.  
 SOKEN, *part. pa.* of SINK, *v. SAX.* Sunk. R. 5113.  
 SONNE, *n. SAX.* The Sun. 1511. 2524.  
 SONNISH, *adj. SAX.* Like the Sun, T. iv. 738. See ver. 11971, 2.  
 SOOTY, *adj. SAX.* Foul with soot. 14838.  
 SOP, *n. FR.* A piece of bread dipped in any sort of liquor. 338. 9717. *He took a soppe.* *Conf. Am.* 104.  
 SOPHIME, *n. FR.* Gr. A sophism, a subtle fallacy. 7881. 10868.  
 SORF, *v. FR.* *Esorver.* To soar. T. i. 671.  
 SORT, *n. FR.* Chance; destiny. 846. T. ii. 754.  
 SORTED, *pa. t.* of SORT, *v. FR.* Allotted. T. v. 1625.  
 SORWE, *n. SAX.* Sorrow. 1221. 2824.  
 SORY, *adj. SAX.* Sorrowful. 3618, 9. *Sory gracer.* 6323. Misfortune. See *GRACE*, and *WRTH*.  
 SOTE, *n. SAX.* Soot. T. iii. 1200.  
 — SWOTE, *adj. SAX.* Sweet. 3205. 3691.  
 — *n. FR.* A fool. F. L. 101.  
 SOTED, *part. pa. FR.* Fooled; besotted. 16809.  
 SOTEL, *adj. FR.* Subtle; artfully contrived. 1056.  
 SOTH, *adj. SAX.* True. 4355. Certain. 3885. *SOTHER, comp. & 15682.*  
 — SOTHLY, *adv.* 1523. 1627. 1186. 1201. Truly.  
 SOTHE, *n. SAX.* Truth. 3922. 6513.  
 SOTHEFASTNESS, *n. SAX.* Truth. 17344.  
 SOTHERNE, *adj. SAX.* Southern. 17343.  
 SOTNESS, *n. SAX.* Truth; reality. 16729.  
 SOTH-SAY, *n.* Veracity; true-saying. R. 6125.  
 SOUDAN, *n.* A Sultan; any Mahometan Sovereign. 4527. See *D'Herbelot*, in *v. SOLTHAN*.  
 SOUDANESSE, *n.* The wife of a Sultan. 4778.  
 SOUDED, *part. pa.* See the note on ver. 13509. *SOWDE-METEL. Consolium.* Prompt. Parv.  
 SOVERAINE, *adj. FR.* Excellent; in a high degree. 15215.  
 SOVERAINLY, *adv.* Above all. 15368.  
 SOUKE, *v. FR.* To suck. 4155.  
 SOUKED, *part. pa.* 8326.  
 SOULED, *part. pa. SAX.* Endued with a soul. 15797.  
 SOUN, *n. FR.* Sound; noise. 7815. 12497.  
 SOUNDY, *v. SAX.* To make sound; to heal. *An.* 245.—*v. neut.* To grow sound. B. K. 293.  
 SOUNE, *v. FR.* To sound. 567. *As fer as souneth into honestee.* 13973. *As far as is consonant to h. That souneth unto gentillesse of love.* 10631. That is consonant to *g o l*.  
 SOUNING, *part. pr.* 277. 309.  
 SOUPE, *v. FR.* To sup; to take the evening-meal. 11572.  
 SOUPEY, pl. 10611.  
 SOUPER, *n.* Supper; the evening-meal. 350. 10604.  
 SOUFLE, *a. v. FR.* Supple; plant. 203.  
 SOURDE, *v. FR.* To rise. P. 156, col. 1, l. 66.

**SOURS, n.** A rise; a rapid ascent. 7520. 3. F. il. 36. 43.—  
The source of a stream of water. 7925.

**SOUTER, n. LAT.** A oobler. 3902.

**SOVER, n. LAT.** To sew. T. ii. 1201, 3. It was usual, and indeed necessary, formerly to *sew* letters, when they were written upon parchment. But the practice continued long after the invention of paper.

— **n. SAK.** To sow. 17346. 7.

**SOWERS, n. pl. Sores;** Bucks in their fourth year. Du. 429.

**SPAN-NEWS, adj.** T. iii. 1671. seems to signify *Quite new*; but why it does so, I cannot pretend to say.

**SPANNISHING, n. Fr. Espanouissement.** The full blow of a flower. R. 3633.

**SPARE, v. SAK.** To refrain. 7017. L. W. 2391.

**SPARETH, imp. m. 2 pers. pl.** 6919. 7004.

**SPARANO, part. pr.** Sparing; nigardly. R. 3363.

**SPARHAWK, n. SAK.** A sparrow-hawk. 15463.

**SPARRE, n. SAK.** A wooden bar 902.

**SPARRED, part. pa.** Barred; bolted. R. 3320.

**SPARTHE, n. SAK.** An ax, or halberd. R. 6978. See Du Cange, in *v. SPARTH, SECURIS DANICA*.

**SPECES, n. pl. Fr.** Sorts, or kinds. 3015.

**SPEDE, v. Fr.** To dispatch. Bo. v. pr. 4, 5.

**SPEDEFUL, adj.** Effectual. Bo. iv. pr. 4, v. pr. 4.

**SPEKTAKEL, n. Fr. LAT.** A spying glass. 6785.

**SPELL, n. SAK.** Sport; play. 4355. See the note.—Tale, or history. 13621.

**SPENCE, n. Fr. Despence.** A store-room for wine, or victuals 7513.

**SPERS, n. Fr. A sphere.** 11592.

— **n. SAK.** A spear. 2712.

**SPEKED, R. 2039. SPEERED, T. v. 531.** as *Sparred*.

**SPEERNE, n. Fr. Gr. Seed.** 14015.

**SPICED 528 6017.** See the note. I have since met with a passage, in which *spiced*, applied to *conscience*, seems to signify *nice, scrupulous*. Beaumont and Fletcher. *Mad Lover*. Act 3. When *Cleanthe* offers a purse, the *Priestess* says,

“Ty! no corruption—

*Cle.* Take it; it is yours;

Be not so *spiced*; it is good gold;

And goodness is no gail to the conscience.”

**SPIERS, P. 148, col. i, l. 20.** as *Speeces*.

**SPILLS, v. SAK.** To waste; to throw away. 17102.—To destroy. 6480.—*v. neut.* To perish. 5007. 5235.

**SPIKE, n. A stake.** T. ii. 1335. a corruption probably of *Spere, SAK*.

**SPIRED.** See the n. on ver. 13733.

**SPIGUS, adj. Fr. Despitux.** Angry; spiteful. R. 979.

**SPIGUSLY, adv.** Angriely. 3476 5305.

**SPLAIE, v. Fr. Desploter.** To unfold. B. K. 33.

**SPONE, n. SAK.** A spoon. 10916.

**SPOONE, pa. t. of SPINNE, v. SAK.** Spun. T. iii. 735.

**SPORE, n. SAK.** A spur. 2305.

**SPOUNE, v. SAK.** To strike the foot against any thing. 4278. T. i. 797.

**SPOUSAILE, n. Fr. Marriage.** 7991. 8055.

**SPRAY, n. SAK.** A twig, or sprig. 13700.

**SPEINT, part. pa. of SPRENCE, v. SAK.** Sprinkled. 4642. 13370.

**SPRINGOLDS, n. pl. Fr. Espringalle.** Machines for casting stones and arrows. R. 4191. See Du Cange, in *v. MOSCHETTA*.

**SQUAMES, n. pl. LAT.** Scales. 10227.

**SQUAMOUS.** 3337. See the note.

**SQUIER, n. Fr. A squire.** See his CHARACTER, ver. 79—100.

— **v.** To attend as a squire. 5387.

**SQUIERIE, n.** A number of squires 10607. *And alle ther squierie*. P. L. 241. *And of his squierie gentille men aughtene*. Ibid. 289.

**STACE, pr. n.** Statius, the Roman poet 2296.

**STACKE, n. SAK.** A stack of wood, &c. P. 166, col. i, l. 19. — *pa. t. of STICK, v. SAK.* Stuck. R. 458.

**STAFF SHING.** 13758. means, I suppose, a sling fastened to a staff. Lydgate in his *Trag.* 33. b. describes David as armed

“*With a STAFFE SLYNGE, voyde of plate and mayle.*”

**STAKER, v. SAK.** To stagger. L. W. 2676.

**STALKE, v. SAK.** To step slowly. 8401. *Ful thefly gan he*

*STALKE, L. W. 1773. And to the bedde he STALKETH stylly.* Conf. Am. 32.

**STALKE, n. pl. SAK.** The upright pieces of a ladder. 3622. **STAMEN, STAMIN, n. Fr. Estamine.** A sort of woollen cloth. P. 171, col. 2, l. 25. L. W. 2349.

**STANT for STANDETH.** 3677. 3695.

**STARFE, pa. t. of STERVE.** Died. 925. 14141.

**STARKE, adj. SAK.** Stuff stout. 9332. 14376.

**STARLINGES, n. pl.** Pence of sterling money. 12041. See ver. 12684.

**STAUNCHE, v. Fr.** To stop; to satisfy. Ro. iii. pr. 3. m. 3.

**STELE, n. SAK.** A handle. 3783.

**STELLIFIE, v. LAT.** To make a star. L. W. 527. F. ii. 78.

**STENTE, v. SAK.** To cease; to desist. 915.

**STENTEN, part. pa.** 2970.

**STEPE, adj.** 201. 755. seems to be used in the sense of *deep*; so that *eyen stepe* may signify *eyes sunk deep in the head*.

**SIERE, v. SAK.** To stir. 12280.

**STERE, n. SAK.** A young bullock. 2151.—A rudder. 4968. 5253.

**STERELES, adj. SAK.** Without a rudder. 4659.

**STERESMAN, n. SAK.** A pilot. P. i. 436.

**STERN, n. SAK.** A rudder. F. i. 437.

**STERN, adj. SAK.** Pierce; cruel. 2612.

**STERNE, n. SAK.** A star. 2063.

**STERT, n. SAK.** A leap. *At a stert*. 1707. Immediately.

**STERT, pa. t. of STERVE, v. SAK.** Leaped. 11699. Escaped; ran away. T. iv. 93.

**STERTING, part. pr.** Leaping nimbly. 1504.

**STERTLING, as STERTING.** L. W. 1202. 1739.

**STERVE, v. SAK.** To die; to perish. 12799.

**STEVEN, n. SAK.** Voice; sound. 2564. 15297.—A time of performing any action, previously fixed by message, order, summons, &c. *At unset steven*. 1526. Without any previous appointment. *They setten steven*. 4381. They appointed a time.

**STEW, n. Fr. A small pond for fish.** 351.—A small closet. T. iii. 602. 699. **STEWES, pl.** Stews, bawdy houses. 12399.

**STEVE, v. SAK.** To ascend. T. L. i. 315 b.

**STEVENS, n. pl. SAK.** Stairs. T. L. i. 315 b.

**STIBBORNE, adj.** Stubborn. 6038. 6219.

**STIKE, v. SAK.** To shock; pierce. 2548.

**STILE, n. SAK.** A set of steps, to pass from one field to another. *By stile and eke by stete*. 12628. Everywhere; in town and country.

**STILLATORIE, n. Fr. A still.** 16048.

**STILLE, adj. SAK.** Quiet. 11782.

**STITHE, n. SAK.** An anvil. 2028.

**STIVES.** 6914. as **STEWES**.

**STOBE-GOOS.** 4349. A goose fed on stubble-grounds.

**STOCKED, part. pa.** Confined. T. iii. 381.

**STOLE, n. Fr. LAT.** Part of the ecclesiastical habit, worn about the neck. 9377. See Du Cange, in *v. STOLA*. 2.

— **n. SAK.** A stool. 5870.

**STONDEN, part. pa. of STONDE, or STAND, v. SAK.** Stood. 9368. **STONT, for STONDETH.** 3921.

**STOPEN, part. pa. of STEPE, v. SAK.** Stepped; advanced. 9383. 14827.

**STORE.** 10241. See the note.

— **n. Fr.** To stock, or ‘urnish. 13203.

— **n.** Any thing laid up for use. Hence the phrase, *to tell no store of a thing* 6735. 15160. means, to consider it as of no use or importance.

**STORIAL, adj. Fr.** Historical; true. 3179.

**STORVEN, pa. t. pl. of STERVE.** 12620.

**STOT, n. SAK.** See the n. on ver. 617.

**STOF, n.** A species of weasel; a polecat. 7212.

**STOUND, n. SAK.** A moment; a short space of time. 1214. 4065. *In a stound*. 3900. On a sudden. *In stound*. R. 1733. should probably be *In a stound*. The Orig. Fr. has *tantost*. **STOUNDES, pl.** Times; seasons. 5883. T. ii. 1758.

**STOUNDELE, adv.** Momentarily; every moment. R. 2304. T. v. 674.

**STOUPEN.** 14827. should probably be **STOPEN**.

**STOUR, n. SAK.** Fight; battle. 14376. T. iii. 1066.

**STRAKE, v. SAK.** To proceed directly. Du. 1312. Stricken. *Tendere*. Kilian.

STRANGE, *adj.* Fr. Foreign. 10403.—Uncommon. 10381.  
*He made it strange.* 3078. 11535. He made it a matter of difficulty, or nicety.

STRAUGHT, *part. t.* of STRECCHE, *v.* SAX. Stretched. 2918. *Conf. Am.* 1842.

STRE, *n.* SAX. Straw. 2920.

STREIGHT, *part. t.* of STRECCHE, *v.* SAX. Stretched. Bo. iii. pr. 1.

STREINE, *v.* Fr. To constrain. 15235.—To press closely. 9627.

STREITE, *adj.* Fr. Strait. *Streite sacer.* 15363.

STREMEDEY, *part. t.* of STREME, *v.* SAX. Streamed; flowed. T. iv. 247.

STREMF, *n.* pl. The rays of the Sun. 1497.

STRENN, *n.* SAX. Stock; race; progeny. 8038. R. 4859.

STRENGEST-FAITHED, *adj.* Endowed with the strongest faith. T. i. 1008.

STREPE, *v.* Fr. To strip. R. 6818.

STRETE, *n.* SAX. A street. 3758. *The maister strete.* 2904. See the note.

STRIKE, *n.* SAX. A line; a streak. *A strike of flax.* 678.

STRIPS, *n.* LAT. *Stirps.* Race; kindred. C. L. 16.  
 — *v.* 10974. as STREPE.

STRODE, *pr.* n. T. v. 1856. *The philosophical Strode*, to whom, jointly with the *moral Gower*, Chaucer directs his *Troilus*, was probably *Ralph Strode*, of Merton College, Oxford. A Wood, who had made the antiquities of that college a particular object of his enquiries, says only of him, "RADULPHUS STRODE, de quo sic vetus noster catalogus. *Poeta fuit et versificavit librum elegantium vocat. Phantasma Radulphi. Claruit ccccclxxx.*" Some of his logical works are said to be extant in print. Venet. 1517. 460. Tanner, in *v.* STRODUS.

STROF, *pa. t.* of STRIVE, *v.* Fr. Sirove; contended. 1040.

STRONDE, *n.* SAX. A shore. 13.

STROTHER, *pr.* n. A town in the North. 4012. See the note.

STROUTE, *v.* To strut. 3315.

SUBARRIS, *n.* pl. LAT. Suburbs. 16125.

SUBFUMIGATION, *n.* LAT. A species of charm by smoke. F. iii. 174.

SUBGET, *adj.* Fr. LAT. Subject. P. 171, col. 1, l. 64.

SUBLIMATORIE, *n.* Fr. LAT. A vessel used by Chemists in *Sublimation*, i. e. separating certain parts of a body, and driving them to the top of the vessel, in the form of a very fine powder. 16261.

SUBSTANCE, *n.* Fr. The material part of a thing. 14809.

SUCKINY, *n.* Fr. *Souquenie*. A loose frock, worn over their other clothes by carters, &c. R. 1232.

SUE, *v.* Fr. To follow. M. 114, col. 2, l. 2.

SUETON, *pr.* n. Suetonius, the Roman historian. 14638.

SUFFISANCE, *n.* Fr. Sufficiency; satisfaction. 492. 8635.

SUFFISANT, *adj.* Sufficient. 1633. 3551.

SUGRED, *part. pa.* Sweetened as with sugar. T. ii. 384.

SUPPLIE, *v.* Fr. To supplicate. Bo. iii. pr. 8.

SURCOTE, *n.* Fr. An upper coat, or kirtle. F. L. 141.

SURPLIS, *n.* Fr. A surplice. 16026.

SURQUEDRIE, *n.* Fr. Presumption; an overweening conceit. P. 155, col. 1, l. 50. 172, col. 2, l. 4.

SURRIE, *pr.* n. Syria. 4554.

SURSASURE, *n.* Fr. A wound healed outwardly only. 11425.

SURVEANCE, *n.* Fr. Superintendence. 12029.

SUSPECT, *adj.* Fr. Suspected. 8417. 8.  
 — *n.* Suspicion. 4781. 12197.

SUSPECTION, *n.* Suspicion. 3101.

SOSTER, *n.* SAX. Sister. SUSTREN, *pl.* 1021. T. iii. 734.

SWA, *adv.* SAX. So. 4029. 4038.

SWALE, *pa. t.* of SWELL, *v.* SAX. Swelled. 6549. 13490.

SWAPPE, *v.* SAX. To throw down. T. iv. 244.—To strike off. 8462. 15934.—*v. neut.* To fall down. 8975.

SWART, *adj.* SAX. Black; of a dark colour. C. D. 1862.

SWATTE, *pa. t.* of SWETE, *v.* SAX. Sweated. 13706. 16028.

SWEGH, *n.* SAX. A violent motion. 4716. Bo. i. m. 5.

SWELTS, *v.* SAX. To die; to faint. 3703.

SWELT, *pa. t.* 1358. 9650.

SWERNE for SWEREN, *pl.* n. of SWERE, *v.* SAX. Swear. R. 4834.

SWEVEN, *n.* SAX. A dream. 14902. 14928. SWEVENES, *pl.* 14929. In *ver.* 14927. it is written *Swevenis* for the sake of the rhyme.

SWICHE, *adj.* SAX. corruption of *Swike*. Such. 243. 487.

SWINKE, *n.* SAX. Labour. 189.  
 — *v.* To labour. 187. 12808.

SWIRF, *n.* SAX. The neck. R. 325. It is more commonly written *Suere*.

SWITHE, *adv.* SAX. Quickly; immediately. 5150. 12730.

SWIVE, *v.* SAX. See *Juni Etymolog.* in *v.*

SWOLOWE, *n.* SAX. A whirlpool. L. W. 1102.

SWONKEN, *part. pa.* of SWINKE. 4233.

SWOUGH, *n.* SAX. Sound; noise. 1981. 3619.—A swoon. 6381. 8976.

T.

TABARD, *n.* 20. See the quotation from Speght's Gloss. Discourse, &c. n. 6.

TABLES, *n.* pl. Fr. A game so called. 12121.—*Tables Tolcaines.* 11585. See the note.

TAPOURS, *v.* Fr. To drum. L. W. 354.

TACHE, *n.* Fr. A spot, or blemish. C. N. 192.

TAILLAGER, *n.* Fr. A collector of taxes. R. 6811.

TAILLE, *n.* Fr. A tally; an account scored on a piece of wood. 572.

TAKE, *v.* SAX. To deliver a thing to another person. 5137. 13334. 13691.  
 — for TAKEN, *part. pa.* 1868. 10789.

TAKEL, *n.* SAX. An arrow. 106. R. 1727.

TALE, *v.* SAX. To tell stories. C. D. 103. *And namely when they taken longe.* *Conf. Am.* 27 b.  
 — *n.* Speech; discourse. Bo. i. pr. 5.—Reckoning; account. *Little tale hath he told of any dreame.* 15124. He made little account of any dream.

TALENT, *n.* Fr. Desire; affection. 5557. P. 151, col. 1, l. 25.

TALING, *n.* Story-telling. 13364.

TANE for TAKEN. C. D. 889.

TAPES, *n.* pl. SAX. Bands of linen. 3241.

TAPINAGE, *n.* Fr. *En tapinois.* Lurking; skulking about. R. 7363. *Conf. Am.* 93 b.

TAPISER, *n.* Fr. A maker of tapestry. 364.

TAPITE, *v.* Fr. To cover with tapestry. Du. 260.

TAPPE, *n.* SAX. A tap, or spigot, which closes that orifice through which the liquor is drawn out of a vessel. 3890.

TAPSTER, *n.* SAX. A woman, who has the care of a tap in a public-house. 241. 3356. See the *n.* on *ver.* 2019. That office, formerly, was usually executed by women. See the *Adventure of the Pardoner* and the *Tapster*, in the *Continuation of the Canterbury Tales.* p. 594. Ed. Ur.

TARE, *pa. t.* of TEAR, *v.* SAX. Tore. Magd. 150.

TARGE, *n.* Fr. A sort of shield. 473. 2134.

TARS, *n.* Cloth of Tars. 2162. *Tartarium.* F. L. 212. A sort of silk. See Du Cange, in *v.* TARSICUS, TARTARINUS.

TAS, *n.* Fr. A heap. 1007. 1011.

TASSELED, *part. pa.* Adorned with tassels. 3251.

TASTE, *v.* Fr. To feel. 15971.—To examine. L. W. 1901.

TATARWAGGES, *n.* pl. R. 7211. The Orig. is—*Toutes fretelles de crottes.* All bedagled with dirt.

TAVERNER, *n.* Fr. The keeper of a tavern. 12619. 12641.

TAURE, *pr.* n. The constellation Taurus. 6195. 9761.

TAWE, *n.* SAX. Tow. 3772.

TECHE, *v.* SAX. To teach. 310.

TEINE, *n.* 16693, 7. 16708. seems to signify a narrow, thin plate of metal; perhaps from the LAT. Gr. *Tenia*.

TEMPS, *n.* Fr. Time. 16343.

TENE, *n.* SAX. Grief. 3108. *Conf. Am.* 140.  
 — *v.* To grieve; to afflict. T. L. ii. 338 b.

TERCELET, TERCELL, *n.* Fr. The male hawk. 10818.—The male eagle. A. F. 393.

TERINS, *n.* pl. R. 635. A sort of singi-bird, called in F. *Tas in.* See Cotgrave in *v.*

TERMAGAUNT, *pr.* n. 13741. See the note.

TERRESTRE, *n.* Fr. Earthly. 9206.

TERY, *adj.* SAX. Full of tears. T. iv. 821.

TESTERES, *n.* pl. Fr. Head-pieces. 2501.

TESTES, *n.* pl. LAT. Vessels for assaying metals. 16296.

TE-TIF, *adj.* Fr. Head-strong. 4002.

TEUCH, *n.* Fr. *Tache*. R. 6517.

TEWELL, *n.* Fr. A pipe, or funnel. F. iii. 553.

TEXTUEL, *adj.* Fr. Ready at citing texts. 17184. 17265.

THACKE, *n.* SAX. Thatch. C. D. 1771.

— *v.* To thump; to thwack. 7141.

THAN, *adv.* SAX. *Qudm.* LAT. 219. 242.

THANK, *n.* SAX. Thankfulness; good will. R. 2741. IN  
THANKE—is taken more—

EX plus grant GRE, *sont reccus.* Orig.

So the phrases, *his thankes, his thanker*, (see the *n.* on  
ver. 1623.) answer to the French, *son gré, leur gré*.

THANNE, TRAN, *adv.* SAX. Then. 12960. 12384.

THAR, *v.* SAX. *impers.* Behoveth. See the *n.* on ver. 4318.

THATTE, THAT, *pron. dem.* SAX. used as a relative. 10. 699.

*Thatte Saint Peter had.* So this verse should be written.  
—*That he mighte.* 5456. As much as he was able; *Quod  
potuit*.—It is sometimes put, not inelegantly, for the  
same. See ver. 194. *With gris, AND THAT the finest of  
the lond.* ver. 346. *Of fish and flesh, AND THAT so  
plentious.* ver. 3517. *Shal fall a rain, AND THAT so wild  
and wood.* See also ver. 563. 3933. 9280.

THATTIF, THAT, *conj.* SAX. *Qudd.* LAT. 131. 226, 8.

THE, *prep. art.* SAX. See the Essay, &c. p. xxiv. The when  
prefixed to adjectives, or adverbs, in the comparative  
degree, is generally to be considered as a corruption of  
þy, which was commonly put by the Saxons for þam,  
the ablative *ca. sing.* of the art. þat, used as a pronoun.  
THE merier. 716. *Bo lætdis.* THE more merry. 804. *Bo  
lættore.* Of the same construction are the phrases—  
*Yel fare they the worse.* 4348. *Yel fare I never the bet.*  
7533.

When the is repeated with a second comparative, either  
*adj.* or *adv.* the first *the* is to be understood in the sense  
of the LAT. *Quo.* See ver. 5955.

*The more it brenneth, the more it hath desire  
To consume every thing*—

—*Quo magis—eo magis*—And ver. 8389.

And ay the further that she was in age,  
The more trewe (if that it were possible)  
She was to him in love and more pemie.

Sometimes the first *the* is omitted, as in the phrases, *Eer  
lenger the worse.* 3870. *Eer lenger the more.* 8563. See  
P. 170, col. 1, l. 30. For certes, if a man hadde a dedly  
wound, *ever the lenger* that he taried to warishe himself,  
the more wold it corrupt—and also the wound wold be  
the worse for to hele.

— *v.* SAX. To thrive. See the *n.* on ver. 3962.

THEDOME, *n.* SAX. Thrift; success. 13335.

THEFFEL, *adj.* SAX. Like a thief. L. W. 1779.

THENNES, THENNE, *adv.* SAX. Thence. 5463. 6723.

THENNESFORTH, *adv.* SAX. From thenneforth. 13495.  
From that time forward.

THEODVIAS, *pr.* n. 9504. See the note.

THEOPHRAST, *pr.* n. 9170. See the Discourse, &c. n. 19.  
and the *n.* on ver. 9172.

THER, *adv.* SAX. There, in that place; is frequently used  
in the sense of *Where*. 7348. 7378. 12059.

Then, in composition, signifies that, without including  
any idea of place. See HERE. *Therabouten.* 939. *Ther-  
agan.* 7070. *Therbefore.* 2036. *Therby.* 7786. *Ther-  
fore.* 777. *Therfro.* R. 4941. *Thergaine.* R. 6555. *Ther-  
of.* 3781. *Theron.* 161. *Therto.* 153. *Therwith.* 3780.  
*Therwithall.* 568.

THEWES *n. pl.* SAX. Manners; qualities. 8285. 9416.

THIDER, *adv.* SAX. Thither, to that place. 1265.

THIDWARD, *adv.* SAX. Toward that place. 2532.

THILKE, *adj.* SAX. This same, that same. 5600. 5759.

THINKE, *v.* SAX. To consider. 12261. It is very frequently  
used as an *Impersonal* in the *pr.* and *pa. t.* in the sense  
of *SEEMETH*, or *SEEMED*. *Me thinketh.* 3170. *Him think-  
eth.* 3614. *Him thoughte.* 956. *Ive e thoughte.* 9633. *How  
thinketh you?* 7796. *Hem thoughte.* 6282.

THINNE, *adj.* SAX. Slender; small. 9556. *A thinne imagi-  
nation.* Bo. iii. pr. 3. *Tenui imagine.* *A thinne suspi-  
cion.* Bo. iii. pl. 12. *Tenui suspicione.*

THIRLE, *v.* SAX. To pierce through. 2712.

THIS, *pron. demonstr.* SAX. is sometimes put for the pre-  
positive article. 12619. *Thise,* *pl.* 6142. 11. 568.

THO, *prep. art. pl.* Du. SAX. used as a demonstrative pro-  
noun. Those. 2315. 2333. 12482. M. 114, *occol.* 2, l. 42.

THO, *adv.* SAX. Then. 2214. 2333.

THOLE, *v.* SAX. To suffer. 7198. *And what mischefe ani  
male case Christ for man tholed.* P. P. 63. b.

THORE, R. 1653. is put for THERE, for the sake of the  
time.

THORPE, *n.* SAX. A village. 8075. 17323.

THOUGHTEN, *pa. t. pl.* of THINK, *v.* SAX. 7612. pl.

THRALL, *n.* SAX. A slave, or villain. P. 169, *col.* 1, l. 42.

THRALLE, *v.* To enslave. T. ii. 773.

THRASTE, *pa. t.* of THRESTE. 12194.

THRED-BARE, *adj.* SAX. Having the threads bare, the nay  
being worn away. 16338.

THREMOT, Du. 376. should be written, in two words, *thre  
mot*, as in the *Bodl.* MISS. Mor. *n.* Fr. is explained by  
*Cotgrave* to signify, among other things, *that note wind  
ed by a huntsman on his horn.*

THREPE, *v.* SAX. To call. 16294.

THRESTE, *v.* SAX. To thrust. 2614. 9677.

THRESWOLD, *n.* SAX. A threshold. 3482. 8164.

THRETE, *v.* SAX. To threaten. L. W. 754.

THRETTENE, *num.* SAX. Thirteen. 7841.

THRIDDE, *adj.* SAX. Third. 1465. 2273.

THRIE, THRIES, *adv.* SAX. Thrice. 63. 564. T. iii. 89. 1285.

THRILLED for THRIED, *pa. t.* of THIRLE. R. 7826.

THRINGE, *v.* SAX. To thrust. R. 7419. T. iv. 664.

THRISTE, *pa. t.* of THRESTE. T. iii. 1580.

THRONGE, *pa. t.* of THRINGE. 10227.

THROPES for THORPES. A. F. 330.

THROSTEL, *n.* SAX. A thrush. 13699.

THROW, *n.* SAX. Time. *But a throw.* 5373. *But a little  
while.* *Any throw.* 14142. *Any space of time.* *Many  
a throw.* 16409. Many times.

THRUST for THURST, *n.* SAX. Thirst. R. 5713.

THRUSTY for THURSTY, *adj.* SAX. Thirsty. Magd. 708.

THURGH, *prep.* SAX. Through. 2614, 9.—By means of.  
1330, 1.

THURGHFARE, *n.* SAX. A passage. 2849.

THURGHOUT, *prep.* SAX. Throughout; quite through. 1098.  
2569.

THURROK, *n.* SAX. The hold of a ship. P. 154, *col.* 1, l. 54.  
See the note.

THWITEL, *n.* SAX. A whittle; *Cutellus*. 3331.

THWITTEN, *part. pa.* Chipped with a knife; whittled.  
R. 933. *Bien dole.* Orig.

TIDDE, *part. pa.* of TIDE, *v.* SAX. Happened. *Thes skulde  
never have tidde so faire a grace.* T. i. 908. So fair a  
fortune should never have happened to thee.

TIDIFE, *n.* 10962. See the note.

TIKEL, *adj.* SAX. Uncertain. 3428.

TIL, *prep.* SAX. To. 2067. 2906. *Hire-till.* 10812. To her.

TIMBERSTERE, *n.* R. 769. is supposed by Lye, (*Etym. Ling  
Angl* in v.) to mean the same with *Tombstere*. The  
Orig. French has been quoted above in v. *SAILGOUR*,  
which Chaucer has thus imitated.

*There was many a timberstere  
And sailours, that, I dare well swere,  
Ycouthe hwr craft full parityte.  
The tumberes up full subtilty  
Thei casten, and hent hem full oft  
Upon a finger fure and soft,  
That thei ne failed never mo.*

According to this description, it should rather seem, that  
a *Timberstere* was a woman, (see the *n.* on ver. 2019.) who  
plaid tricks with tumberes, basons of some sort or other,  
by throwing them up into the air, and catching them upon a  
single finger, a kind of Balance-mistress.

TIMBRES, *n. pl.* Fr. R. 772. Basons. See *TIMBERSTERE*.

TIPET, *n.* SAX. A tippet. 3951.

TIPPED, *part. pa.* Healed; covered at the tip, or top.  
7319. 7322.

TIPFOON, *n. pl.* SAX. Tiptoes; the extremities of the toes.  
15313.

TIRE, *v.* Fr. To pluck; to feed upon. in the manner of

- birds of prey. T. i. 768. *For take how that a goshaue*  
*tyrath.* (*conf. Am.* 132. b.)
- TISSUE, n. FR. A ribbon. T. ii. 639.
- TITE for TIDETH. T. i. 334. Happeneth.
- TITERING, n. SAX. Courtship. T. ii. 1744.
- TITLES, *adj.* SAX. Without title. 17172.
- TITUS LIVIVS, *pr.* n. 11935. L. W. 1681. The Roman historian.
- To, *adv.* SAX. Too. 877. 996.
- *prep.* SAX. To day. 7758. 7891. On this day. To morrow. 782. 1612. On the morrow, the following day. To yere. 5750. T. iii. 242. F. i. 84. In this year.
- To, in composition with verbs, is generally augmentative. 2611. *Th. helmes they to HEWEN and to-SHREDE*, i. e. hew and cut to pieces. 2613. *The bones they to-BRETE*, i. e. break in pieces. To-BROSTEN. 2693. To-DASHED. T. ii. 640. Much bruised. To-RENT. 12036. Rent in pieces. To-SWINK. 12453. Labour greatly.—Sometimes the *adv.* ALL is added. AL-TO-RENT. 12467. ALL-TO-SHARE R. 1268. Entirely cut to pieces. ALL-TO-SHENT. *Ibid.* 12003. Entirely ruined.
- TOFOR, TOFOREN, *prep.* SAX. Before. M. 113, col. 1. l. 55.
- TOGETHER, *adv.* SAX. Together. T. iv. 1322.
- TOLD, *pa. t.* of TELL, v. SAX. Accounted. 14404.
- TOUPE-RENE, n. SAX. A dancing-woman T. ii. 326. b.
- TOMBSERES, *pl.* 13411. See the note.
- TOMEDER, T. ii. 1201. should be written as two words. To *mede*, or to *medes*, according to the Saxon usage, signifies *for reward, in return*.
- TONE, n. *pl.* SAX. Tones. 14868. F. iii. 938.
- TONNE GRET, *adj.* Of the circumference of a tun. 1996.
- TOOS, n. *pl.* 13337. as TONE.
- TORLES, n. *pl.* FR. Rings. See the note on ver. 2154.
- TORNE, v. FR. To turn. 2320. *The devil out of his skinne*  
*Him torne!* 16742. May the devil turn him, inside out!
- TORNED, *part. pa.* 16679.
- TORTUOUS, *adj.* FR. Oblique; winding. 4722.
- TOTLER, n. A whisperer. L. W. 353.
- TOTELAR, *Susurro.* Prompt. Parv.
- TOTTY, *adj.* SAX. Dizzy. 4251.
- TOUGH, *adj.* SAX. Difficult. *And maketh it full tough.*  
 13409. And takes a great deal of pains. *Or make it tough.* T. v. 101. Or take pains about it. See also T. ii. 1025. lii. 87. *And make it neither tough ne quaint.* Du. 531. Made no difficulty or strangeness.
- Al be it ye make it never sa teuche,*  
*To me your labour is in vane.*  
 MS. Matland. *The mourning maiden.*  
*Will. Swane makis wonder teuche.*  
*Ibid.* *Pebilis to the play.* St. 21.
- TOUGHT, *adj.* SAX. Tight. 7849.
- TOUR, n. FR. A tower. 1032.
- TOURNET, n. R. 4164. should be written *Tourette*, as in MS. Hunter. A turret, or small tower.
- TOUT, n. The backside. 3810. 3851.
- TOWAIL, n. FR. A towel. 14663. 14671.
- TOWARDES, *prep.* SAX. Toward. 12640.
- TOWEL, n. 7730. is perhaps put for TEWEL; a pipe fundament.
- TRACE, n. FR. A track, or path. 176 —A train. L.
- TRAD, *pa. t.* of TREAD, v. SAX. Trod. 15184.
- TRAGEOUR, n. F. iii. 187. as TREGEOUR.
- TRAIE, v. FR. To betray. F. i. 390.
- TRAIS, n. *pl.* FR. Traits. The traces, by which horses draw. 2141. T. i. 222.
- TRANSSISENE, *pr.* n. A kingdom in Africa. See the n. on ver. 57.
- TRANSNEWIE, v. FR. To transform. 8261. T. iv. 467.
- TRAPPURES, n. *pl.* BARB. LAT. The cloths, with which horses were covered for parade. 2501. See Du Cange, m. v. TRAPPATURA.
- TRASHED, *part. pa.* Betrayed. R. 3231.
- TRATE, n. 7164. See the note. Bp. Douglas frequently uses *Trat* for an old woman. *Æn.* vii. 416. *in vultus sese transformant aniles*—he renders,  
*And hir in achape transformyt of ane trat.*  
 See also, p. 96, 22. *avid trat*—and p. 122, 39.
- TRAVE, n. FR. Travail. A frame, in which farriers put unruly horses. 3283.
- TRE, n. SAX. A tree; wood. 5682. *Cristes tre.* 3765. The Cross.
- TRECHOUR, n. FR. A cheat. R. 6306. 7168.
- TREDE-FOULE, n. A treader of hens; a cock. 13951. 15457.
- TREGEOUR, n. See the n. on ver. 11453.
- TREXCIAHT, *part. pr.* FR. Cutting. 3928.
- TRENTAL, n. See the n. on ver. 7293.
- TREPETET, n. FR. A military engine. R. 6279. See Du Cange, in v. TREBUCHETUM.
- TRESSE, n. FR. An artificial lock, or gathering of hair. 1031. See Du Cange, in v. TRICA, TRECIA.
- TRESSED, *part. pa.* Gathered in a tress, or tresses. 5926.
- TRESSOUR, n. An instrument used in tressing the hair; or an ornament of it, when tressed. R. 563. 3717. See Du Cange, in v. TRESSORIUM.
- TRETABLE, *adj.* FR. Tractable. P. 161, col. 1. l. 67. L. W. 411.
- TRETE, v. FR. To treat; to discourse. 10334.
- TRETEE, n. Treaty. 9565.
- TRETS, n. Treaty. T. iv. 64. 670.
- *adj.* FR. Long and well proportioned. 152. R. 1016. 1216.
- TREWE, n. FR. A truce. T. iv. 1312.
- *adj.* SAX. True, faithful. 2237. 3706.
- TREWE-LOVE, n. 3692. See the note. Since which Mr. Steevens has very obligingly suggested to me, that there is a herb called *True-love*, according to Gerard, in his *Herbal.* Ed. 1597. p. 328. "*HERBA PARIS One-herrie, or hebe True-love—at the very top whereof come forth four leaves, directly set one against another, in manner of a Burgunnon cross, or a true love knot; for which cause among the ancients it hath been called herbe True-love.*" This herb, however, to the best of my remembrance, is rather too large to be carried conveniently under the tongue—A *twelove*, of the same or another sort, is mentioned in the concluding stanza of the *Court of Love*.
- Eke eche at other threw the floures bright,*  
*The primroses, the violets, and the gold;*  
*So than as I beheld the royal sight,*  
*My lady gan me sodenly behold,*  
*And with a trevelove, pited many a fold,*  
*She smote me through the very heart as blive,*  
*And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.*
- TRIACLE, n. FR. corruption of *Theriacale*. A remedy, in general. 4809. 12248.
- TRICE, v. SAX. To thrust. 14443.
- TRIE, *adj.* 13785. f. Tried or refined. Gloss. Uv.
- TRILL, v. SAX. To twirl; to turn round. 10630.
- v. neut. To roll; to trickle. 7446. 13604.
- TRINE, *adj.* FR. Triple. *Trine compas.* 15513. The Trinity. See COMPAS.
- TRIPPE, n. 7329. evidently means a small piece of cheese. *Les tripes d'un fagot*, in FR. are *The smallest sticks in a fagot.* Cotgrave.
- TRISTE, v. for TRUSTE T. ii. 247.
- TRISTE, n. T. ii. 1534. A post or station in hunting. *Cowell.* This seems to be the true meaning of the word, though the etymology is not so clear.
- TROMPE, n. FR. A trumpet. 2176. 2513.
- TROMPOUR, n. A trumpeter. 2673.
- TROUCOUN, n. FR. A spear, without a head. 2617.
- TRONE, n. FR. A throne. 2531. 12776.
- TROPHIE, *pr.* n. 14123. See the note. It afterwards occurred to me that the reference might possibly be to the original of the *Troilus* and *Cresside*, which, according to Lydgate, was called *Trophe*; (see the n. on P. 173, col. 2, l. 23, in page 209 of this edit.) but I cannot find any such passage as is here quoted, in the *Flostrato*.
- TROTULA, n. FR. 6250. See the n. on ver. 6253.
- TROUBLE, *adj.* FR. Dark, gloomy. 8341.
- TROUHLER, *comp. d.* R. 7020.
- TROWANDISE, R. 3954. for TRAUNDISE.
- TROWE, v. SAX. To believe. 7139. 7567.
- TRUANDISE, n. FR. Begging. R. 6664.
- TRUANDING, R. 6721.
- TULLE, v. SAX. To allure. 4132. See ver. 5587.



TULLIUS, *pr.* n. M. 110, col. 1, l. 64. M. Tullius Cicero. See also R. 5286. A. F. 31.

TURKEIS, n. FR. A sort of precious stone. C. L. 80.

*adj.* FR. Turkish. 2897. See the note.

TURMENTISE, n. FR. Torment. 14435.

TURVES, *pl.* of TURP, n. SAX. 10109.

TWAIN, T. II. 651. TWAY, 794. TWEY, 1696. TWEINE 8626. *numeral.* SAX. Two.

TWEIFOLD, *adj.* SAX. Double. 16034.

TWIES, *adv.* SAX. Twice. 4346.

TWIGHT, *pa. t.* and *part.* of TWITCH, *v.* SAX. Pulled; Plucked. 7145. 10732.

TWINNE, *v.* SAX. To depart from a place, or thing. 837. 12364.

TWINNED, *part. pa.* Separated. T. iv. 476.

TWIRE, *v.* Bo. II. m. 2. *Twireth* seems to be the translation of *susurrat*; spoken of a bird.

TWIST, n. SAX. A twig. 10223.

TWISTE, *v.* SAX. To twist; to pull hard. 10880.

TWISTE, *pa. t.* Twisted. 9879.

## V.

VALENCE, *pr.* n. A. F. 272. Valencia in Spain. Gloss. *Ur.*

VALERIE, *pr.* n. 6253. See the Discourse, &c. n. 19.

VALERIE, 14638. VALERIUS, 6747. *pr.* n. Valerius Maximus.

VALURE, n. FR. Value. R. 5296.

VARIEN, *inf. m. v.* FR. To change; to alter. T. II. 3621.

VASSAUNT, *part. pa.* 16643. Changeable.

VASSALAGE, n. FR. Valour; courage. 3056. R. 5971.

VAVASOUR, n. 362. See the note.

VAUNTOUR, n. FR. A boaster. T. II. 724.

VECKE, n. ITAL. An old woman. R. 4286. 4495.

VEINE-MODE, n. Blood drawn from a vein. 2749.

VENDABLE, *adj.* FR. To be sold. R. 5904.

VENRIE, n. FR. Hunting. 105. 2310.

VENGES, *v.* FR. To revenge. M. 112, col. 1, l. 53.

VENIME, n. FR. Poison; venom. 2753.

VENTOUSING, n. FR. Cupping 2749.

VER, n. LAT. The Spring. T. I. 157.

VERAMENT, *adv.* FR. Truly. 13643.

VERAY, *adj.* FR. True. 6786.

VERDEGRESE, n. FR. *Verd du gris*. The rust of brass; so called from its colour, a grey green. 16259.

VERDITE, n. FR. Judgement; sentence. 789. A. F. 503.

VERGER, n. FR. A garden. R. 3618. 3631.

VERMEILE, *adj.* FR. Of a vermilion colour. R. 3645.

VERMELET, *adj.* C. L. 142. as VERMEILLE.

VERNAET, 9681. See the note.

VERNICLE, n. 687. diminutive of *Veronike*. FR. A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. Du Cange,

in v. VERONICA. Madox, *Form. Angl.* p. 423. Testam. Joh. de Nevill. an. 1396. Item Domino Archiepiscopo

Eborum Fratri meo i. vestimentum rubeum de velvet cum le verouike (i. veronike) in grants osarum desuper

brondata (i. broudata). It was usual for persons returning from pilgrimages to bring with them certain tokens

of the several places which they had visited; and therefore the Pardoner, who is just arrived from Rome, is

represented with a vernicle, sewed upon his cappe. See P. 28. b.

An hundred amplex on hys hattle sette,  
Sygnes of Sney and shelles of Calce,  
And many a crouch on his cloke and kayes of Rome,  
And the vernicle before, for men should knowe  
And se by hys signes, whom he sought hadde.

VERNISH, *v.* FR. To varnish. 4147.

VERRE, n. FR. Glass. T. II. 867.

VERSFIOUR, n. FR. A maker of verses; a poet. M. 116, col. 2, l. 45.

VERTULES, *adj.* Without efficacy. T. II. 344.

VERTOUS, *adj.* FR. Active; efficacious. 251.

VESSELL, n. FR. *Vaisselle*. Plate. 14154. 14310.

VIAGE, *adj.* SAX. Horrid; frightful. 8549.

VIAGE, n. FR. A journey by sea or land. 77. 794.

VICARY, n. LAT. A vicar. 17333.

VICK, n. FR. The newel, or upright centre of a winding stair-case. C. D. 1319.

VIGILE, n. FR. The eve of a festival. 374.—The wake, or watching of a dead body. T. v. 395. See the *no. ver.* 2609.

VIGILIE, n. LAT. as VIGILIE. 6138.

VILANIE, n. FR. Any thing unbecoming a gentleman. 79. 6733.

VIOLENT, *adj.* LAT. Full of wine. 6494. 7513.

VIRELAYS, n. FR. 11269. "A round, freeman's song." Cotgrave. There is a particular description of a *Virelay*, in the *Jardin de plaisance*, fol. xii. where it makes the *decima sexta species Rhetorice Gallicane*.

VIRGILE, *pr.* n. 7101. L. W. 924. F. i. 449.

VISAGE, *v.* FR. To front; to face a thing. 10147.

VISE, n. 1967. In MS. A. *rise*. Perhaps we should read *rise*, a Saxon word signifying *violence, impetuosity*. See T. iv. 350. where (according to Gloss. *Ur.*) instead of *rise* some MSS. have *rise*; and the *Prod. to the Contin. of the Cant.* T. ver. 498. 548. If this correction be admitted, we must also read in the next line *rise* for *rise*, with MS. A.

VITAILLE, n. FR. Victuals. 3551. 7945.

VITELLON, *pr.* n. 10546. See the note.

UNBETIDE, *v.* SAX. To fail to happen. Bo. v. pr. 6.

UNBODIE, *v.* SAX. To leave the body. T. v. 1549.

UNBOKEL, *v.* FR. To unbuckle; to open. 17337.

UNCE, n. FR. LAT. Ounce. 16722. 16734.

UNCOMMITTED, *part. pa.* A. F. 518. *Officer uncommitted of anyeth*. Compare ver. 16534, 5.

UNCONNING, *part. pr.* Ignorant. 2395.

— n. Ignorance. B. K. 608.

UNCOVERABLE, *adj.* Inconvenient. Bo. iv. pr. 6.

UNCOUPLE, *v.* To go loose; *Metaphor* from hounds. 14420.

UNCOUPLING, n. Letting loose. Du. 377.

UNCOUTH, *part. pa.* Unknown. See COTH.—Uncommon; not vulgar; elegant. 10598. T. II. 1813. F. L. 276. C. D. 93.

UNCOUTHLY, *adv.* Uncommonly. R. 584.

UNDERPARTABLE, *adj.* Not capable of departing. R. iv. pr. 3.

UNDERPONG, *v.* SAX. To undertake. R. 5769.

UNDERGOWE, *part. pa.* Undergrown; of a low stature. 155.

UNDERING, n. SAX. An inferior. F. 164, col. 1, l. 13.

UNDERMELE, n. SAX. 6457. See the note. Upon further consideration, I am rather inclined to believe, that

*undermele* signifies the time after the meal of dinner; the afternoon UNDERMELE. *Postmeridies*. Prompt. Parv.

UNDERN, n. SAX. The third hour of the artificial day; nine of the clock. A. M. 15228. See the *no.* on ver. 8136.

*Till it was UNDERNE hygh, and more.* Conf. Am. 103. b.

UNDERNONE, *pa. t.* of UNDERNIME, *v.* SAX. Took up; received. 15711.

UNDERPIGHT, *pa. t.* See PIGHT. *He dranke, and wel his girde! underpiht.* 5209. He drank, and stuffed his girdle well.

UNDERSPORE, *v.* SAX. To raise a thing, by putting a *spere*, or pole, under it. 3465.

UNDERSTONDE, *part. pa.* Understood. 4940. 9559.

UNDO, *v.* SAX. To unfold. R. 9.

UNDOUBTEOUS, *adj.* Undoubted. B. v. pr. 1. *Indubitata*. Orig. See DOUTOUS.

UNECHABLE, *adj.* SAX. Unavoidable. Bo. v. pr. 1. *Inevitabilis*. Orig.

UNESH, n. Uneasiness. C. D. 867.

UN-ETH, UN-ETHES, *adv.* SAX. Scarcely; not easily. 3123. 7685.

UNFAMOUS, *adj.* Unknown. F. III. 56.

UNFESTLICHE, *adj.* Not suitable to a feast. 10680.

UNGODELY, *adj.* Uncivil; ungentle. R. 3741. *That I n'olde holde hire ungodely*. Orig. *Que je ne tenisse a vilaine*.

UNGREABLE, *adj.* Unpleasant; disagreeable. Bo. I. m. 1. *Ingratus*. Orig.

UNHELE, n. SAX. Misfortune. 12050.

UNHIDE, *v.* To discover. R. 2168.

UNJOINE, *v.* To separate; to disjoin. Bo. III. pr. 12.

UNKINDELY, *adv.* Unnaturally. 12419.

UNKNOWABLE, *adj.* Incapable of being known. Bo. II. m. 7. *Ignorabiles*. Orig.

UNLETTER, *part. pa.* Undisturbed. C. D. 1829.

UNLOVEN, *v.* To cease loving. T. v. 1697.

UNLUST, n. Dislike. P. 162, col. 1, l. 9.

\* MS. Gales. Perhaps it should be *Gatice*. See ver. 468.

UNMANHOOD, *n.* Cowardice. T. i. 825.  
UNMIGHTY, *adj.* Unable. T. ii. 870.  
UNPREGAL, *adj.* Unequal. Bo. iii. pr. 1. *Impar.* Orig.  
UPPIN, *v. SAX.* To unlock. T. ii. 699.  
UPPIN, *v. SAX.* Cruel. Bo. i. m. 1. *Impia.*  
UNPITIOUS, *adj.* To unfold. Bo. ii. pr. 8.  
UNLITE, *v.* Want of rest. 6936.—Uneasiness; trouble. 6595.  
UNREST, *n.* Unquiet. T. v. 1354.  
UNRESTY, *adj.* Unquiet. T. v. 1354.  
UNRIGHT, *n.* Wrong. 6675.  
UNSAID, *adj.* Unsteady. 3871.  
UNSCIENCE, *n.* No science. Bo. v. pr. 3.  
UNSELY, *adj.* Unhappy. 4208. 15306.  
UNSET, *part. pa.* Not appointed. 1526.  
UNSHETTE, *part. t.* Opened. 1921.  
UNSHUTFULLY, *adv. SAX.* Without reason. Bo. iii. pr. 6.  
UNSLACKED, *part. pa.* Unslackened. 16374.  
UNSLIGHT, *part. pa.* Having had no sleep. C. D. 1834.  
UNSOFT, *adj.* Hard. 5698.  
UNSOLEMPNE, *adj.* Uncelebrated. Bo. i. pr. 3. *Incelebris.*  
Orig.  
UNSPERDE, *part. pa.* Unbolted. R. 9654.  
UNSTANCHABLE, *adj.* Inexhaustible. Bo. ii. pr. 7. *Inex-*  
*hausta.* Orig.  
UNSTANCHED, *part. pa.* Unsatisfied. Bo. ii. pr. 6. *Iner-*  
*pletam.* Orig.  
UNSUCCESSFUL, *adj.* Insufficient. 10351.  
UNSWELL, *v.* To fall after swelling. T. iv. 1146.  
UNTHANK, *n.* No thanks; ill-will. 4080. T. v. 699.  
UNTHANK, *v.* To unto. 214.  
UNTIL, *prep. SAX.* To. P. 171, col. 2, l. 20.  
UNTINE, *n.* An unseasonable time. P. 171, col. 2, l. 20.  
UNTO, *adv. SAX.* Until. A. F. 647.  
UNTRESSED, *part. pa.* Not tied in a tress, or tresses. 2291.  
8255.  
UNTRUSTABLE, *adj.* Not admitting any treaty. Bo. ii. pr. 8.  
*Bellum inexorable.* Orig. *Illoquos amoxores.*  
UNTRUST, *v. UNTRUSTE, v.* To mistrust. T. iii. 841.  
UNTRUST, *n.* Want of trust. 10080.  
UNTRUST, *n.* Distrust. Bo. ii. pr. 7. *Inocentia.* Orig.  
UNUSAGE, *n.* Unforeseen. 4847. 11668.  
UNWARE, *part. pa.* Unwieldy. 3884. R. 359.  
UNWEID, *adj.* Unspotted. 5344. 15695.  
UNWEMMED, *part. pr.* Not knowing. *Unwetting of this*  
UNWETTING, *part. pr.* Dorigen not knowing of this.  
*Dorigen.* 11248. Ignorantly. 12490.  
UNWETTINGLY, *adv.* Unknown. T. ii. 1294. *Unwist of him.*  
UNWIST, *part. pa.* Not knowing. T. ii. 1400.  
2979. It being unknown to him.—Not knowing. T. ii. 1400.  
UNWIT, *n.* Want of wit. 16553.  
UNWOTE, *v. SAX.* To be ignorant. Bo. v. pr. 6.  
UNWRITE, *v.* To uncover. T. i. 859.  
UNWOLDEN, *part. pa.* Not having yielded. 2644. 2726.  
UNWOTE, *v. FR.* To remove. 3786. 10592.—To quit; to make  
empty. 9682. 9689.  
—*v. neut.* To depart; to go away. 11462. T. ii. 912.  
VOIDED, *part. pa.* Removed. 11607. 11613.  
VOIAGE, *adj. FR.* Light; giddy. 17188. R. 1284.  
VOLATILE, *n. FR.* Wild fowls; game. 13002.  
VOLUNTARY, *n. FR.* Will. R. 5276.  
VOLUNTRE, *n.* A woman's cap. 3241. A night-cap. 4301.  
VOLYKRE, *KECHEN.* Teristram. Prompt. Parv. But  
teristram signifies properly a veil. See Du Cange in v.  
VOUCHE, *v. FR.* Vouch *sauf.* 11885. To vouchsafe.  
Vouchsafe *sauf.* 11355. Vouchsafe ye. *As ye have made*  
present, the king vouches it save. P. L. 260.  
UP, *prep. SAX.* Upon. *Ther lith on up my wombe and up*  
*myh led.* 4298. There leth one upon my belly and upon  
my head. *Up peme.* 1709. 2545. Upon pain. *Up p.rit.*  
6727. Upon peril.  
—*adv. SAX.* Up on land. 704. Up in the country. *Up*  
*so down.* 1379. 16093. P. 151, col. 2, l. 53. Up side down.  
The lande was tourned up so down. *Conf. Am.* 37. 153.  
But *Fandare* up. T. iii. 549. An elliptical expression,  
of which it is not easy to give the precise meaning.  
UPPER, *comp. d.* Higher. F. ii. 376.  
UPPEY, *part. t.* OF UPPEYE, *v. SAX.* Heaved up. 2430.  
UPPEY, *part. t.* SAX. Accumulation. Bo. ii. pr. 3. *Cumulum.*  
Orig.  
UPON, *adv.* 6364. He had upon a courtsey of grene. *He*

had on a courtesy, &c. Or perhaps it is an elliptical expression for *He had upon him*. See ver. 6141.

UPPERMOST, *adv. superl.* Highest. Ro. i. pr. 1.

UPRIGHT, *adv. Sax.* Strait. *Upright as a bolt.* 326.

Strait as an arrow. It is applied indifferently to persons *living*, as well as standing 4264. 6350. 13246. 13541. 14469. 15048.

URCHON, *n.* A hedge-hog. R. 3135.

URE, *n. Fr.* Fortune; destiny. B. K. 152. C. L. 634.

URED, *adv.* Fortunate. *W'ed w'nd.* C. D. 144.

US/GE, *n. Fr.* Experience; practice. 2450.

USANT, *part. pr. Fr.* Using; accustomed. 3939. P. 165, col. 2, l. 14.

UTTER, *comp. d. of Out, adv. Sax.* Outward; more out. 15965. T. iii. 665.

UTTERESTE, *superl. d.* Uttermost. 8663.

UTTERLY, *adv. Fr.* Outrément. Thoroughly; entirely. 8520. L. W. 1488.

UTTREN, *inf. m. of Utter, v. Sax.* To publish. 16302.

— *pr. t. p.* 6103. Give out; scil.

## W.

WADE, *pr. n.* 9290. See the note.—See also Cambrden.  
Bric 907. and Chailton's Hist. of Wintby, p 40.  
—— *v. SAK.* LAT. To pass through water, without swimming. 7666.—To pass, generally. 9338. 14412. q ?  
WAFERS, *n. pl.* Sellers of wafers; a sort of cakes. 12413.  
WAFURES, *n. pl.* Wafers; a sort of cakes. 3379.  
WAGET. 3321. See the note. But, upon the whole, I believe that a *light waget* should be understood to mean a *light blue colour*.  
WAINENTING, *n. SAK.* Lamentation. 904 957.  
WAINE, *n. SAK.* A waggon. Bo. iv. m. 1.  
WAITE, *v. FR.* To watch. 3295.  
WAKE, *v. SAK.* To watch. 7482. C. D. 1904.  
WALACHIE, *n. FR.* Walachia. Du. 1024.  
WALA wa, or WA LA wa, *intery. SAK.* Woo! alas! 946.  
See the note. *Wa la wa the while!* 4790. Alas the time!  
WALNOTE, *n. SAK.* A walnut, i. e. a French, or foreign nut. F. iii. 191.  
WALWE, *v. SAK.* To tumble about; to wallow. 6967. 6684.  
WALWING, *part. pr.* 3616.  
WAN, *pa. t. of* WIN, *v. SAK.* Gained 444. 7059.  
WANE, *v. SAK.* To decrease. 2080. 3027.  
WANER, *v. SAK.* A cheek-tooth. 4128.  
WANGER, *n. SAK.* A support for the cheek; a pillow. 3840.  
WANHOPE, *n. SAK.* Despair. 1251. P. 172, col. i, l. 21.  
WANTRUST, *n. SAK.* Distrust. 17230.  
WAPED, *part. pa. SAK.* Stupefied. An. 217.  
WARDECOATS, *n. FR.* Body-guard. 6941.  
WARPEIN, *n. FR.* A warden of a College. 3297.—A guard. T. ii. 606.—A keeper of a gate. T. v. 1177. WARDEINS, *pl. Guards; watchmen.* 6780.  
WARDERES, 4099. perhaps a corruption of the *Fr. Garde arriere*.  
WARDROPE, *n. FR. Garderobe.* A house of office. 13302.  
WARIANGLES, 6990. See the note; and Outgrave, in *v. Pte* and *Engroude*, where he explains "a *War tangle* to be a small Woodpecker, black and white of colour, and but half as big as the ordinary green one."  
WARICE, WARISH, *v. FR.* To heal. 12840.—*v. neut.* To recover from sickness. M. 107, col. i. l. 32.  
WARISON, *n. R.* 1537. seems to be put for Roward. *Son merite.* ORIG. WARYSON. *Donativum.* Prompt. Parv.  
WARNE, *v. SAK.* To caution; to apprise. 8942. 16050.—To refuse. R. 3652. 3730.  
WARNESTORE, *v. SAK.* To furnish; to store. M. 113, col. i, l. 23.  
WARRIE, *v. SAK.* To abuse, to speak evil of. 4792. T. ii. 1619.  
WASHEN, *part. pa. of* WASH, *v. SAK.* 3311.  
WASTEL-BREDE. 147. Cake-bread; Bread made of the finest flower; from the *Fr. Gâteau*, a cake.  
WASTOUR, *n. FR.* A spoiler. 9409.  
WATE, *v. SAK.* To know. R. 5399.  
WATERING OF SAINT THOMAS. 328. A place for watering horses, I suppose, a little out of the borough of South wark, in the road to Canterbury. The same place, I apprehend, was afterwards called St. Thomas a Water

- ings*, probably from some chapel dedicated to that Saint. It was a place of execution in Q. Elizabeth's time. Wood. Ath. Oxon. i. 229.
- WATLYNGE STRETE. F. ii. 431. An old street in London.
- WAVE, *pa. t.* of WEAFF, *v.* SAX. Wove. L. W. 2353.
- WAVE, *n.* SAX. A wave. 1960.
- WAY, *n.* SAX. is often put for the time in which a certain space can be passed through. *A furlong way*. 3637. 4197. *A mile way*. 13206. Any short time.—*At the leste way* 16144. seems to signify no more than *At the best*. 4458. At least.—*A devil way*. 3136. 7834. *A twenty devil way*. 3713. 4235. 16250.
- *adv.* Away. *Do way*. 3267. 13035. Do away; put away.
- WAVE, *v.* SAX. To weigh. L. W. 398.—To press with weight. L. W. 1796.
- WEBBE, *n.* SAX. A weaver. 364.
- WEDDE, *n.* SAX. A pawn, or pledge. *To wedde*. 1220. 13353. For a pawn. *And leyde to wedde Normandie*. R. G. 393.
- WEDDE, *n.* SAX. Clothing; apparel. 8739. *Under wedde*. 13845. See the note; and R. 6359 where *Under wedde* seems to signify simply *In my clothing*.
- *n.* SAX. A weed; an useless herb. T. i. 947.
- WEHER, A word to express the neighing of a horse. 4064. P. P. 36 b.
- WEIVE, *v.* SAX. To forsake. 17127. 17344.—To decline; to refuse. T. ii. 284.
- *v.* neut. To depart. 5337. 10298.
- WEIVED, *part. pa.* Depnited. 4726.
- WEKE, *v.* SAX. To grow weak. T. iv. 1144.
- *adj.* SAX. Weak. 889.
- WEL, *adv.* SAX. Well; in a good condition. 4372. WEL WAS THE WENCHE, *with him might mete*. C. D. 270. WEL WERE THEY, *that thider might twin*. It is joined to other adverbs and adjectives, as *full* and *right* are; and still more frequently to verbs; in the sense of the Fr. *bien*.
- WELDE, *v.* SAX. To govern; to wield. 7329. 14583.
- WELDY, *adj.* SAX. Active. T. ii. 636.
- WELDE, *adv.* for WEL. 928. 2233.
- *n.* SAX. Wealth; prosperity. 3103. 4595. 9166.
- WELFUL, *adj.* Productive of happiness. 4871.
- WELFULNESS, *n.* SAX. Happiness. Bo. ii. pr. 8.
- WELKE, *pa. t.* of WALK, *v.* SAX. Walked. C. D. 828.
- WEIKWD, *part. t.* *pa.* of WELKE, *v.* SAX. Withered; mouldy. 5850. 12672.
- WEIKIN, *n.* SAX. The sky. 9000.
- WELL, *n.* SAX. A spring. 7324. *Well of vices*. 4743.—*of perfection*. 5689.—*of alle gentleness*. 10819.
- WELLF, *v.* SAX. To flow, as from a spring. T. iv. 700.
- WEIMETH. R. 1561. seems to be put for WELLETH; Springeth.
- WEITE, *pa. t.* of WEIDE. 14016.
- WEL THEWED, *adj.* SAX. Endowed with good qualities. Bo. iv. pr. 6.
- WELWILLY, *adj.* SAX. Favourable; propitious. T. ii. 1263.
- WENNE, *n.* SAX. A spot; a fault. 10435. R. 930. *Without wenne*. P. P. 98 b.
- WENCHE, *n.* SAX. A young woman. 4165. It is sometimes used in an opprobrious sense. 10076. *I am a genti woman and no wench*.
- WEND for WENED, *pa. t.* of WENE. Thought; intended. 3693. 4257. WENED, *part. t.* T. iv. 683. 724.
- WENDE, *v.* SAX. To go. 21. 1393.
- *n.* SAX. Guess; conjecture. B. K. 463. perhaps for WENE.
- WENE, *n.* SAX. Guess; supposition. *Withouren wene*. R. 574. 732. Not by supposition; certainly.
- *v.* SAX. To think; to suppose. 2197. 5893.
- WENT, *part. pa.* of WENDE. Gone. 3665. 13470.
- WENES, WENT, *pa. t.* of WENDE. 78. 257. *Went at borde*. 6110. Lived as a boarder. WENTEN, *pl.* 822.
- WEN, *n.* A way; a passage. T. iii. 788. P. i. 182.—A turn, in walking. T. ii. 815. T. v. 605. in bed. T. ii. 63.
- *v.* F. L. 150. for WENT.
- WER, *pa. t.* of WEP, *v.* SAX. Wept. 2623.
- WEPRIY, *adj.* SAX. Causing tears. Bo. iii. m. 12.
- WEREN, *n.* SAX. A weapon. 1593.
- WERRE, *n.* & *v.* as WERRE.
- WERE for WEREN, *ind. m. pa. t.* *pl.* of AM, *v.* SAX. 18. 41. It is sometimes used for IAD, according to the French custom, with reflected verbs. 12595. *These ruelours—WERE set hem in a tavern for to drinke—STOIENT mis, STOIENT assis.*
- *subj. m. pa. t.* *sing.* 89. *As it were*. 149. *If on of hem were*. 1150. *Whether she were*. 2115. *Were it*. 2268. *It were a game.*
- *v.* SAX. To wear. 2177. 2950.—To defend. 2532.
- *n.* Fr. *Guerre*. Confusion. *His hert in such a WERE* is set. R. 5699. *Son cuer a mys en tel GUERRE*. Orig. 289. L. W. 2675. *And in a WERE gan I were and with myself to dispute*. P. P. 54. b.
- *n.* SAX. A wear; for catching fish. T. iii. 35. A. F. 139.
- WEREN, *pa. t.* *pl.* of AM, *v.* SAX. 28, 9. WERE.
- WERKE, *n.* SAX. Work. 3311. 12274. WERKES, *pl.* 3308.
- *v.* SAX. To work. 3153. 3530, 1.
- WERNE, *v.* 6915. as WARNE.
- WERRE, *n.* Fr. War. 47. 1673. In T. v. 1392. it seems to be used as WERE.
- WERREIE, *v.* Fr. To make war against. 1546. 10324. 14338.
- WERSE, *comp. d.* of ILL, *adv.* SAX. Worse. 4348. 5753.
- *comp. d.* of BAD, *adj.* SAX. Worse. 1226. 3877.
- WERSTE, *superl. d.* of BAD. Worst. 9094. 13091.
- WERY, *adj.* SAX. Wery. 4105. 4934.
- WESH, *pa. t.* of WASH, *v.* SAX. Washed. 2285. 4873.
- WESTREN, *inf. m.* *v.* SAX. To tend toward the West. T. ii. 906.
- WETE, *adj.* SAX. Wet. 9803.
- *v.* SAX. To wet. T. iii. 1121.
- *v.* SAX. To know. 7096. 10305.
- WETTER, *n.* SAX. The weather. 10366.—A castled ram. 3542. T. iv. 1374.
- WETING, *n.* SAX. Knowledge. 1613. 6231.
- WEVE, *v.* SAX. To weave. L. W. 2341.
- *v.* SAX. To put off; to prevent. T. ii. 1050. See WEVE.
- WEX, *pa. t.* of WAKE, or WERE, *v.* SAX. Waxed; grew. 4232.
- WEXING, *part. pr.* Increasing. 2080.
- WEYEDEN, *pa. t.* *pl.* Weighed. 456. See WAYE.
- WHAT, *pron. interrog.* SAX. is often used by itself, as a sort of interjection. 856. *What? welcome be the cutte*—3477. *What? Nicholas! what how? man!*—3491. *What? think on God*—See also 3900. 6495. 7820.
- *pron. indef.* Something. *A little what*. Bo. iv. pr. 6. *Mizen tu. What for love and for distress*. 1455. *Partly for love and partly t. d.* See 3065. 4441. 2. F. ii. 43. *What ye what?* 10395. 17031. Do ye know something? *Ne elle what?* F. iii. 651. Nor any thing else. *Oud' alles tu.*
- when joined to a *n. subst.* (either expressed or understood) is a mere *adj.* answering to *Qualis*. LAT. *Que*. Fr. 40. 41. *What they weren*. 1705. *What men they were*—*What so*. 524. 6873. *What that*. 5902. 7113. *What soever*.
- WHEDER, *conj.* SAX. Whether. 9638. 15141.
- WHELM, *v.* SAX. T. i. 139. To sink; to depress. *WHEI MYN A VESSELL*. *Supp. imo*. Prompt. Pair.
- WHENNES, *adv.* SAX. Whence. 12269.
- WHER, *conj.* SAX. Whether. 7032. 10893.
- *adv.* SAX. Where. 423. 899.
- in composition, signifies *Whith*. See HERE and THER. *Wherfore*. 8533. *Wherinn*. 13732. *Wherthrough*. R. 3733. *Wherwith*. 304.—or *What*, when used interrogatively. *Wher of*. 5654. *Wherwith*. 5713.
- WHETHER, *adj.* SAX. Which of two. 1858. 68. 6.
- WHETTE, *part. pa.* of WHER, *v.* SAX. Sharpened. T. v. 173.
- WHICH, *pron. rel.* SAX. Who. 16482. Whom. 13083.—*adj.* *What*; what sort of. 2677. 5621. 6875.
- WHILE, *n.* SAX. Time. *In this mene while*. 7027. In the mean time.—*How he might quite hire while*. 5004. *How he might requite her time, pains, &c.* L. W. 2225. F. 1542. *God can ful wel your while quite*. So MS. Hunte.
- WHILERE, *adv.* SAX. Some time before. 16796.
- WHILKE, *adj.* SAX. Which. 4076. 4169.

WHILON, *adv.* SAX. Once, on a time. 861. 9121.  
 WHINE, *v.* SAX. To utter a plaintive cry. 5068. See An. 158.  
 WHITE, *adj.* SAX. Fair; specious. T. ii. 1573.  
 — *v.* To grow white. T. v. 276.  
 WHO, *pron. interrog.* SAX. 1350. 1456.  
 WHOS, *gen. ca. sing.* 5439.  
 WHO, *pron. rel.* SAX. 3154. It is generally expressed by *that*.  
 WHOS, *gen. ca. sing.* 7908. 9047.  
 WHO, *pron. indef.* T. iii. 268.  
*For wel thou wost, the name as yet of her  
 Amonges the people, as who sayth, halowed is.*  
 Where *as who sayth* seems to be equivalent to *as one  
 should say*. See also Du. 539. In Bo. iii. pr. 4. the same  
 phrase is used to introduce a fuller explanation of a  
 passage; as we might use—*That is to say*.—Who so. 743.  
 WHO THAT 807. Whosoever. In ver. 4298. there is a  
 phrase which I know not how to explain grammatically.  
*But sickerly she n'iste who wasWHO.* See also C. D. 1305, 6.  
 WIDE-WIKKE, *adv.* SAX. Widely; far and near. 4556. T. iii.  
 405. *Conf. Am.* 162.  
 WIERDES, *n. pl.* SAX. The fates, or destinies; *Parcæ*.  
 T. iii. 618.  
 WIF, *n.* SAX. A wife. 2260.—A woman. 6590.  
 WIFHOOD, *n.* SAX. The state of a wife. 10064.  
 WIFLES, *adj.* SAX. Unmarried. 9112. 9124.  
 WIFLY, *adj.* SAX. Becoming a wife. 8305.  
 WIGHT, *n.* SAX. A person, male or female. 2108. 13017.  
 4234.—A small space of time. 4281.—Weight. T. ii. 1385.  
 A witch. 3484. WITCH CLEP'D NYGHT MARE. *Epiætes*.  
 Prompt. Parv.  
 — *adj.* SAX. Active; swift. 4084. 14273. *Of hem that  
 ben deliver and wight.* *Conf. Am.* 177 b.  
 WIGHTES, *n. pl.* Witches. 3479. See the note.  
 WIKE, *n.* for WIKKE. T. ii. 1273.  
 WIKET, *n.* Fr. A wicket. 9919.  
 WIKKE, *adj.* SAX. Wicked. 5449. 15429.  
 WILLIAM ST. AMOUR, *pr. n.* R. 6763. A doctor of the Sor-  
 bonne in the thirteenth Century, who took a principal part  
 in the dispute between the University of Paris and the  
 Dominican Filiers. See Moreri, in v.  
 WILLY, *adj.* SAX. Favourable. B. K. 623.  
 WILY, for WILLEN, *pl. n.* of WILLE, *v.* SAX. 6870. 12848.  
 WILKE, *v.* SAX. To desire. 2566.  
 WIMPLE, *n.* Fr. A covering for the neck. It is distin-  
 guished from a *veil*, which covered the head also. R. 3064.  
*Wifering a vaille, instead of wimple,  
 As nonnes don in hir abbey.*  
 WINDAS, *n.* Fr. Guindal. An engine to raise stones, &c.  
 10494.  
 WINDE, *v.* SAX. To turn round. 6384.  
 — as WENDE. To go. R. 2055.  
 WINE OF APE. 16993. See the note.  
 WINNE, R. 3674. *v.* SAX. To gain. 715. 7003. *To winne to*.  
 R. 3674. To attain. See L. W. 2416.  
 WIRRY, *v.* SAX. To worry. R. 6264.  
 Wis, *adv.* SAX. Certainly. 11780. See Ywis.  
 WISE, *n.* SAX. Manner. 1663. T. ii. 921.  
 WISLY, *adv.* SAX. Certainly. 1863. 3912.  
 WISSE, *v.* SAX. To teach; to direct. 6590. 6991. *So God  
 me wisse.* 7440. So may God direct me. WYSSYN ON  
 LNDYN. *Dirigo.* Prompt. Parv.  
 WISTE, *pa. t.* of WISTE, *v.* SAX. Knew. 1158. 8690.  
 WITE, *v.* SAX. To know. 9614. R. 7661.—To blame. 10051.  
 14568.—To impute to. *Wite it the ale of Southwark*.  
 3142. Impute it to the a. o. S.—or, Blame the a. o. S. for  
 it. 14756.  
 — *n.* SAX. Blame. 16421.  
 WITH, *prep.* SAX. is used in the sense of *by*. 4655. *Was  
 with the lion fette*; was devoured by the lion.—*In with  
 has thought.* 9460. *In with hire bosom.* 9818. Within his  
 t. Within hire b.—*With meschance.* 5316. 7797. *With  
 meschance and with misaventure.* 6916. *With sorwe and  
 with meschance.* 4410. *With sorwe.* 5890. 5922. are  
 phrases of the same import as *God yeve him meschance*.  
 5354. *God yeve me sorwe.* 6733. They are all to be con-  
 sidered as parenthetical curses, used with more or less  
 seriousness. And so are the following phrases. *With*

*evil prefe.* 5829. *With harde grace.* 7810. *With sory  
 grace.* 12810.  
 WITHHOLDE, *v.* SAX. To stop. 14002.  
 WITHHOLDEN, WITHHOLD, *part. pa.* Retained; detained.  
 513. M. 107, col. 2, l. 30. 15813.  
 WITHSAIN, *inf. m.* of WITHSAY, *v.* SAX. 1142.  
 WITHSAYE, WITTSWEYE, *v.* SAX. To contend; to deny.  
 15915. L. W. 307.  
 WITNESFULLY, *adv.* SAX. Evidently. Bo. iv. pr. 5.  
 WITNESSE, *n.* SAX. Testimony; a witness. *Witness on  
 Mida.* 6533. *Witness on Mathew.* 12568.  
 WITTE, *n.* SAX. Understanding; capacity. 748. *To my  
 witte.* 11187. F. ii. 194. In my judgement.  
 WITTES, *n. pl.* SAX. The senses of man. M. 114, col. 1, l. 61.  
 WIVE, *n.* for WIF. 1883.  
 WIVERE, *n.* SAX. A serpent. T. iii. 1012.  
 WIATSON, *adj.* SAX. Loathsome. 14542. 15059.  
 WO, *n.* SAX. Woe; sorrow. 1360. 1384. *Wo were us,* 8015.  
*Wher me were wo.* 10893. are expressions derived from  
 the Saxon language, in which *us* and *me* were equivalent  
 to *nobis* and *mihi*, without the addition of the prep. *to*.  
 — *adj.* SAX. Sorrowful. R. 312. C. L. 32.  
 WO BEGON. 3372. 3658. Far gone in woe. See Broom.  
 WODE, WOOD, *adj.* SAX. Mad. 3507. Violent. 3517. *For  
 uode.* L. W. 2409. F. iii. 657. Like any thing mad. See  
 ver. 2952. *Into the fore, that brent as it were wood.*  
 — *v.* SAX. To grow mad. 15935. Bo. iv. n. 3.  
 WODEWOLF, R. 658. *pr. n.* of a bird. WIDEWOLF BELO.  
*Onolus.* Kilian. According to Ray, our *Witwall* is a  
 sort of Wood-pecker. Synop. Av. p. 43.  
 WOL, *v.* *auxil.* SAX. To will. 42. 805. It is used some-  
 times by itself, the *infm.* *v.* being understood. 10810. *As  
 she to water wolde*; i. e. *she would dissolve* her w. 10903.  
*And to the wood he wol*; i. e. *will go.* 16453. *Ful many  
 a man hath he begyled er this, And wol*; i. e. *will  
 begyle.*  
 WOLKE, *pa. t.* Would. 144. WOLDEN, *pl.* 4603.—*pa. t. subj*  
*m.* *Wolde God!* 5932, 5. *God wolde!* Du. C61. 814. O  
 that God were willing! *Ne wolde God!* 11068. God  
 forbid!  
 WOLD, *part. pa.* Willed; been willing. M. 107, col. 1,  
 l. 67, 114, col. 1, l. 62. L. W. 1207.  
 WOMANHEDE, *n.* Womanhood; the virtue of a woman.  
 8931.  
 WONDE, *v.* SAX. Wandian. To desist through fear.  
 L. W. 1185.  
 — *pa. t.* C. M. V. 102. may perhaps be deduced from  
 WINDE; to turn; to bend. See T. i. 247.  
*The yerde is bet, that bowen wol and WINDE,  
 Than that that brest.*  
 — *pa. t.* of WONE. Dwelled. L. W. 2241.  
 WONDER, *adj.* SAX. Wonderful. 2075. 5465.  
 WONE, *n.* SAX. Custom; usage. 337. 13434. Du. 475.—  
 Habitation. 7687. 13730.—A heap; an assembly. R. 1673.  
 L. W. 2159.  
 — *v.* SAX. To dwell. 7745.  
 WONEDEN, *pa. t.* *pl.* Dwelled. 2269.  
 WONED, *part. pa.* Wont, accustomed. T. i. 511. Du. 140.  
 WONING, *n.* SAX. A dwelling. 604.  
 WONNE, *part. pa.* of WINNE, *v.* SAX. Won; conquered.  
 51. 59.—Begotten. L. W. 2553.  
 WONT, *part. pa.* of WONE. Accustomed. Bo. iv. pi. 4.  
 WOOD, *adj.* as WOD.  
 WOODNESS, *n.* Madness. 3452. 12430.  
 WORDLES, *adj.* SAX. Speechless. C. D. 514.  
 WORDLES, *gen. c.* of WORLD, *n.* SAX. is used in the sen-  
 of the *adj.* WORLDLY. *Every wordles sone.* 2351. *All  
 wordles bliss.* 15206.  
 WORT, *n.* SAX. A cabbage. 8102. 15227.—New beer,  
 in state of fermentation. 16281.  
 WORTH, *v.* SAX. To be; to go. C. M. 95. *Wo worthe!* T.  
 344, 56. Unhappy be! or *We be to!*—To climb:  
 mount. 13681. T. ii. 1011.  
 WOST for WOTEST. 1165. 1176. 6144. Knowest.  
 WOTE, WOT, *v.* SAX. To know. 1142. 1262, 4, 5.  
 WOT, *pa. t.* Knew. 4856.  
 WOVE (rather Woe), *v.* SAX. To woo. T. v. 791. L. W. 12

WOKE, *pa. t.* of WAKE, or WYKE, *v. SAX.* Grew. 7703.  
 WOKEN, *part. pa.* Grown. T. v. 1014.  
 WRAKE, *v. SAX.* To betray; discover. T. iii. 285.  
 WRATHEN, *inf. m. v. SAX.* To make angry. 17029. P. 148, col. 2. l. 41.  
 WRAWE, *adj. SAX.* Peevish; angry. 16995. WRAWE.  
 FROWARD. ONGOODLY. *Pereus* *sus. Bilosus.* Prompt. Part.  
 WRAWNESSE, *n.* Peevishness. P. 162, col. 1, l. 3.  
 WRAY, *v.* 11256. as WRAIK.  
 WRECHE, *n. SAX.* Revenge. 14521. 14533.  
 WRENCHES, *n. pl. SAX.* Frauds; stratagems. 16549.  
 WREST, *v. SAX.* To twist. B. K. 43. *The nightingale with so great might hire voice began out wrest.* To turn forcibly. T. iv. 1427.  
 WRETCHES, *Bo. ii. pr. 7.* should probably be WRETCHED.  
 WRETHEN, *part. pa.* of WRITHE. F. L. 57. *Wrethen in fere;* Twisted together. In Urry's Edit. it is printed—*Within in fere.*  
 WRETH, *v.* 3503, 7. as WRAIE.  
 WRIN, *v. SAX.* To cover. 7409. R. 6795.—To turn; to incline. 17211. T. ii. 906.  
 WRIGHT, *n. SAX.* A workman. 616.  
 WRINE, for WRHEN, *inf. m.* of WRIE. R. 6684.  
 WRING, *v. SAX.* To squeeze so as to express moisture. 13766.  
 WRITH, *v. SAX.* To twist; to turn aside. 3283. T. iv. 986.  
 WRITHING, *n.* A turning. 10441.  
 WRONGE, *part. pa.* of WRING. *His hondes wronge.* T. iv. 1171. Later writers have used the same expression of distress. I suppose it means to clasp the hands, and squeeze them strongly one against the other. I do not recollect a similar expression in any other language.  
 WROTE, *v. SAX.* To dig with the snout, as swine do. P. 149, col. 2, l. 30. *Or like a worm, that wrotheth in a tree.* Lydg. *Trag.* 33.  
 WROUGHT, *part. pa.* of WORKE, *v. SAX.* Made. 11184.

## Y.

Y at the beginning of many words, especially *verbs* and *participles*, is merely a corruption of the Saxon *Le*, which has remained uncorrupted in the other collateral branches of the Gothic language. What the power of it may have been originally, it is impossible, I apprehend, now to determine. In Chaucer it does not appear to have any effect upon the sense of a word; so that there seems to be no necessity for inserting in a Glossary such words as *glessed* *upgranted*, &c. which differ not in signification from *blessed*, *granted*, &c. Some, however, of this sort are inserted, which may serve at least to show more clearly the extent of this practice in Chaucer's time. Several other words are shortly explained under this letter, of which a more full explanation may be found under their respective *second* letters.

YA, *adv. SAX.* Yea. 3453. 8231. It is used emphatically with both. 4827. *Ya, bothe goyng and exile.* 6032. *Ye, bothe faire and good.*  
 YAP, *pa. t.* of YEVE, *v. SAX.* Gave. 493. 1902.  
 YALTE for YELTE. R. 4904. *Yalte him.* Yieldeth himself. *Se rend, Orig.*  
 YARE, *adj. SAX.* Ready. L. W. 2233.  
 YATE, *n. SAX.* A gate. 8889.  
 YAVE, *pa. t.* of YEVE. Gave. 304. 602.  
 Y-BE, *part. pa.* Been. 10275.  
 Y-BERIED, *part. pa.* Buried. 948.  
 Y-BETTE, 981. See the note. and R. 837.  
 Y-BLENT, *part. pa.* of BLEND. R. 1610. Blinded.  
 Y-BLENT, *part. pa.* of BLENCHE. 3751. Shrunk; started aside. See the note on ver. 1080.  
 Y-BLINT, *part. pa.* 3806. Blinded.  
 Y-BOR, *part. pa.* of BERE. 380. Born; carried.  
 Y-BOURDED, *part. pa.* Jested. A. F. 589.  
 Y-BRENT, *part. pa.* of BRENN. 948. Burned.  
 Y-CHAPPED, *part. pa.* 368. Furnished with chapes. From *chappe*. Fr.  
 Y-CLOUTED, *part. pa.* R. 223. Wrapped in clouts, or rags.  
 Y-CORVEN, *part. pa.* 2015. Cul. See CORVEN.  
 Y-COUPLED, *part. pa.* 9095.

Y-CRASED, *part. pa.* Du. 324. Broken.  
 Y-DELED, *part. pa.* 7831. Distributed.  
 Y-DIGHT, *part. pa.* T. v. 541. Adorned.  
 Y-DO, *part. pa.* 2536. Done; finished.  
 Y-DRAWE, *part. pa.* 946. Drawn.  
 YE, *adv. SAX.* as YA. 9212. *Ye wis.* T. ii. 887. Yea certainly.  
 YEDDINGS, 237. See the note. The Prompt. Parv. makes *Yedding* to be the same as *Geste*, which it explains thus. *GEEST or ROMAWNCE. Geste.* So that of *yeddings* may perhaps mean of *story-telling*.  
 YEDE, *part. pa.* of YEDE, *v. SAX.* Went. 13249. 16009.  
 YEFTE, *n. SAX.* A gift. 9185. YEFTES, *pl.* 2200. 9186.  
 YELDE, *v. SAX.* To yield; to give. 6494. 8719.—To pay. 8712. *God yelde you!* 7759. God reward you!  
 YELLEDEN, *pa. t. pl.* of YELLE, *v. SAX.* 15393.  
 YELER, *v. SAX.* To plate; to boast. 2240. T. iii. 308.  
 YELTE for YELDETH. T. i. 386.  
 YEMAN, *n. SAX.* A servant of middling rank; a bailiff. 6962. 6977.—THE KNIGHTS YEMEN. See his CHARACTER, ver. 101—17.—THE CHANONES YEMAN. See his PROLOGUE, ver. 10022—10187. YEMEN, *pl.* 2511. 2730. See the n. on ver. 101.  
 YEMANRIE, *n.* The rank of Yeoman. See the n. on ver. 101.  
 YERDF, *n. SAX.* A rod, or staff. 149. T. ii. 154. *Under the yerde.* 13027. See the note.  
 YERE for YERES, *n. pl. SAX.* Years. 4910. 11125.  
 YERNE, *adj. SAX.* Brisk; eager. 3237.  
 — *adv.* Briskly; eagerly. 6575. 12392. Early. T. iii. 337. *As yerne.* T. iii. 151. T. iv. 119. Soon; immediately.  
 — *v.* To desire; to seek eagerly. T. iii. 152. T. iv. 190.  
 YERNING, *n.* Activity; diligence. R. 5931. *Esveil. Orig.*  
 YETEN, *part. pa.* R. 5702. Gotten.  
 YEVE, *v. SAX.* To give. 507. 613.  
 YEVEN, YEVV, *part. pa.* Given. 1088. 1091. 7135.  
 Y-FALLE, *part. pa.* 25. Fallen.  
 Y-FEINED, *part. pa.* 8405. *Lordes hestes may not ben yfeined.* The commands of sovereigns may not be executed with a feigned, pretended zeal; they must be executed strictly and fully.  
 Y-FETTE, *part. pa.* 10488. Fetched.  
 Y-FONDE, *part. pa.* 10154. Found.  
 Y-FOSTERED, *part. pa.* 3944. Educated.  
 Y-FRETE, *part. pa.* I. W. 1949. Devoured.  
 Y-GETEN, *part. pa.* 3504. Gotten.  
 Y-GLOSED, *part. pa.* 10983. Flattered.  
 Y-GLUED, *part. pa.* 10496. Glewed, fastened with glew.  
 Y-GO, *part. pa.* 288. Gone.  
 Y-GRAVE, *part. pa.* 6078. Buried.  
 Y-HALOWED, *part. pa.* L. W. 1819. Kept holy.  
 Y-HEND, *part. pa.* 3734. Covered with hair.  
 Y-HOLD, *part. pa.* 1309. L. W. 1552. Beholden.  
 Y-JAFED, *part. pa.* 17094. Tricked; deceived.  
 Y-LESSED, *part. pa.* T. i. 1090. Relieved. See LISHED.  
 Y-LICHE, Y-LIKE, *adj. SAX.* Resembling. 594. 1541. Equal. 2736.  
 — *adv. SAX.* Equally; alike. 2526. 7796.  
 Y-LINED, *part. pa.* 6316. Lined; caught, as with bird-line.  
 Y-LOGGED, *part. pa.* 14997. Lodged.  
 Y-MASKE, *part. pa.* T. iii. 1740. Mashed, or Meshed. *Masche.* BELG. *Macula retis.* Kilian.  
 Y-MRINT, *part. pa.* 2172. Mingled.  
 Y-MELLE, *prep. SAX.* Among. 4169.  
 Y-MENEUS, *pr. n.* Hymenæus. 9604.  
 Y-NOUGH, YNOW, *adv. SAX.* Enough. 11020. 13908.  
 YOLDEN, *part. pa.* of YELDE. Given. 3054.—Yielded. T. iii. 1217.—Repaid. R. 4556.  
 YONGHEDE, *n. SAX.* Youth. R. 351.  
 YORE, *adv. SAX.* Of a long time. 4692. 7944.—A little before. 9990.—*Yore* *agon.* 13639. Long ago. *In olde times yore.* 9016. *Of time yore.* 11275.  
 YOVE, *p. t.* of YEVE. C. L. 688. Gave.  
 YOURV, *pron. poss. SAX.* is used for YOURS. 16716. T. ii. 537. L. W. 683. C. L. 855.  
 YOURS, *pron. poss. SAX.* used generally, when the noun, to which it belongs, is understood, or placed before it. 7495. 8379. 10911. *He was an old felaw of yours.* 12946. *He was an old companion of yours,* i. e. of, or among, *your companions.* See the Essay, &c. n. 29.

- YOUTHED, n. SAX. Youth. R. 4931.  
 YOXE, n. SAX. Tohickup. 4149. YXXN. *Singultia*. Prompt.  
 Parv.  
 Y-PICKED, part. pa. 367. Picked; spruce.  
 Y-QUENT, part. pa. 3752. Quenched.  
 Y-RIGHT, pa. l. F. iii. 281. Reached.  
 Y-REKEN. 3880. seems to be put for the old part. pr.  
 Y-REKEND. Reeking.  
 YREN, n. SAX. Iron. 1995. 6488.  
 Y-RENT, part. pa. 5205. Torn.  
 Y-RONNE, YRONNEN, part. pa. 3891. 2695. Run.  
 Y-ZATELED, part. pa. 10279. Settled; established.  
 YSE, n. SAX. Ice. F. iii. 40.  
 Y-SERVED, part. pa. Treated. 905.  
 Y-SETTE, part. pa. 10487. Set; placed. Appointed. 1637.  
 Y-SHENT, part. pa. 6894. Damaged.  
 Y-SHOVE, part. pa. L. W. 736. Pushed forwards.  
 Y-SLAW, part. pa. 945. 4904. Slain.  
 YSOPE, pr. n. M. 110, col. 2, l. 46. So the name of the Fabulist was commonly written, notwithstanding the distinction pointed out by the following technical verse.  
 "Ysopus est herba, sed Æsopus dat bona verba."

In this and many other passages, which are quoted from Æsop by writers of the middle ages, it is not easy to say what author they mean. The Greek collections of fables, which are now current under the name of Æsop, were unknown, I apprehend, in this part of the world, at the time that *Melhee* was written. Phædrus too had disappeared. Avienus indeed was very generally read. He is quoted as Æsop by John of Salisbury, Polycrat. L. vii. *Ut Æsopo, vel Avieno credas.*

But the name of Æsop was chiefly appropriated to the anonymous \* author of 60 fables, in Elegiac metre, which

\* Several improbable conjectures, which have been made with respect to the real name and age of this writer, may be seen in the *Menagiana*, Vol. i. p. 172. and in Fabric. *Bibl. Lat.* Vol. i. p. 376. Ed. Patav. In the edition of these fables in 1503, the commentator, of no great authority, I confess, mentions an opinion of some people, that "*Gallerus Angelicus fecit hunc librum sub nomine Æsopi*." I suppose the person meant was *Gualterus Anglicus*, who had been tutor to William II. King of Sicily, and was Archbishop of Palermo about the year 1170. I cannot believe that they were much older than his time; and in the beginning of the next century they seem to be mentioned under the name of *Æsopus*, among the books commonly read in schools, by Eberhardus Bethuniensis in his *Labyrinthus*, Tract. iii. *de Verificatione*, v. ii. See Leyser, *Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi*. p. 528. About the middle of the same century (the xivth) Vincent of Beauvais in his *Speculum Histor.* L. iii. c. 2. gives an account of Æsop, and a large specimen of his fables, *quas Romulus quidam de Græco in Latinum transtulit, et ad filium suum Tyberinum dirigit.* They are all, as I remember, in the printed Romulus.

Soon after the invention of printing, that larger collection of the fables of Æsop was made and published in Germany, which has been mentioned in this Vol. p. 202. It is divided into vi. books, to which is prefixed a life of Æsop *e Græco-Latine per Rimicium facta*. The three first are composed of the 60 Elegiac fables of the metrical Æsopus, with a few trifling variations; and to each of them is subjoined a fable on the same subject in prose from Romulus. Book iv. contains the remaining fables of Romulus in prose only. The vth Book has not more than one or two fables which had ever appeared before under the name of Æsop. The rest are taken from the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Calilah u Damah* (see p. 201, note \*; and p. 202, note †) and other obscurer authors. The vth and last Book contains 17 fables with the following title: *Sequuntur fabulæ novæ Æsopi ex translatione Rimicii*. There has been a great diversity of opinion among learned men concerning this *Rimicius* or *Rimicus* (see Pref. Nilant.), while some have confounded him with the fictitious Romulus, and others have considered him as the Editor of this collection. I have no doubt but the person meant is that *Rimicius* who translated the life of Æsop by Plautus and 96 of his fables, from the Greek into Latin, about the middle of the xvth Century. See Fabric. *Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. HIRTIUS. In his translation of the Epistles of Hippocrates, MS. Harl. 3527. he is styled in one place *Verdenis*, and in another *Castilhemensis*. All the fables from *Rimicius*, which compose this vth Book, as well as the Life of Æsop, which is professedly taken from *Rimicius*, are to be found in this translation by *Rimicius*. There is an Edition of it printed at Milan about 1480; but it might very possibly have

are printed in Nevelet's collection under the title of "*Anonymi fabulæ Æsopice*." I have seen an Edition of them in 1503, by Wynkyn de Worde, in which they are entitled simply "*Æsopi fabulæ*." The subjects are for the most part plainly taken from Phædrus; but it may be doubted whether the author copied from the original work of Phædrus, or from some version of it into Latin prose. Several versions of this kind are still extant in MS. One of very considerable antiquity has been published by Nilant, Lugd. Bat. 1709, under the title of *Fabulæ Antiquæ*, together with another of a later date, which is pretended to have been made from the Greek by an Emperour Romulus, for the use of his son Tiberinus. They all shew evident marks of being derived from one common origin, like what has been observed of the several Greek collections of Æsopian fables in prose (*Dissert. de Babrio*. Lond. 1778.); like them too they differ very much, one from another, in style, order of fables, and many little particulars; and, what is most material, each of them generally contains a few fables, either invented or stolen by its respective compiler, which are not to be found in the other collections; so that it is often impracticable to verify a quotation from Æsop in the writers of Chaucer's time, unless we happen to light upon the identical book of fables which the writer who quotes had before him.

I have printed in the Discourse, &c. n. 29. a fable of the Cock and the Fox, from the French *Esopo* of Marle, which is not to be found in any other collection that I have seen, and which, I suppose, furnished Chaucer with the subject of his *Nonnes Preestes tale*. In the same French *Esopo*, and in a Latin MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 15 A. vii. there is a fable, which, I think, might have given the hint for Prior's *Ladle*. "A country fellow one day laid hold of a faery (*un folet*, Fr.), who, in order to be set at liberty, gave him three wishes. The man goes home, and gives two of them to his wife. Soon after, as they are dining upon a chine of mutton, the wife feels a longing for the marrow, and not being able to get it, she wishes that her husband had an iron beak (*long com li Wilecoes*, Fr. long as the Woodcock) to extract this marrow for her. An excrescence being immediately formed accordingly, the husband angrily wishes it off from his own face upon his wife's."—And here the story is unluckily defective in both copies; but it is easy to suppose, that the third and last remaining wish was employed by the wife for her own relief.

A fable upon a similar idea, in French verse, may be seen in MS. Bodl. 1687; the same, as I apprehend, with one in the King's library at Paris (MS. n. 7089, fol. 189.) which is entitled "*Les quatre souhaits de Sainz Martin*." See *Fabliaux*, &c. T. iii. p. 311. The vanity of human wishes is there exposed with more pleasantry than in the story just cited, but as it often happens, with much less decency.

- Y-SOWN, part. pa. 5653. Sown.  
 Y-SPREINT, part. pa. 2171. Sprinkled.  
 Y-STICKED, part. pa. 1587. Sticked; thrust.  
 Y-STORVEN, part. pa. 2016. Dead.  
 Y-TAKE, part. pa. 3353. Taken.  
 Y-TYED, part. pa. 450. Tied.  
 Y-TRESPASSED, part. pa. M. 114, col. I, l. 52. Trespassed.  
 Y-VANISHED, part. pa. 6578.  
 YVEL, adv. SAX. Bad; unfortunate. 4172. 4182. YVEL, adv. SAX. Ill. 1199. 3715.  
 YVOIRE, n. Fr. Ivory. Du. 946.  
 Y-WIMPLED, part. pa. Covered with a wimple. 472.  
 Y-WIS, adv. SAX. Certainly. 3277. 3705.  
 Y-WRAKE, pa. t. T. v. 1467. Wreaked; revenged.  
 Y-WRAE, part. pa. 2906. Covered.

## Z.

ZEXUS, pr. n. 11950. A Grecian painter.

come into the hands of the German collector in MS. some years sooner, as the first translations of Greek authors were eagerly sought after and circulated through Europe at that time, when very few persons were capable of reading the original.

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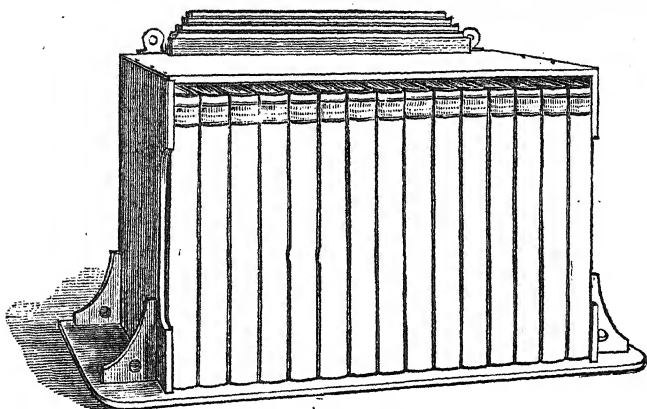
WORDS AND PHRASES NOT UNDERSTOOD.

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Afere. R. 4073.  
 Agathon, *pr. n.* L. W. 526.  
 Blakeberied. 12340.  
 Broken harm. 9290.  
 Cankedort. T. ii. 1752.  
 Carrenare. Du. 1029.  
 Consite. C. D. 1238.  
 Cost. 1480.  
 Countour. 361.  
 Cuppos. To turnen c. 3026.  
 Cytherus, *pr. n.* F. iii. 137.  
 Douced. F. iii. 131.  
 Dulcarnon. T. iii. 933, 5.  
 Durense. C. D. 1190.  
 Eclympasteire, *pr. n.* Du. 1c7.  
 Farewell feldefare. R. 5510. T. iii. 863.  
 Fortonid crese. R. 4875.  
 Frappe. T. iii. 411.  
 Gattothed. 470. 6185.  
 Gnoffe. 3188.  
 Hawebako. 4515.  
 Hermes Ballenus, *pr. n.* F. iii. 183.  
 Hugest and Collo. T. L. B. ii. p. 499.  
 Hyghet. F. iii. 1062.  
 Jack of Dover. 4345.  
 Kirked. R. 3137.  
 Limote. *pr. n.* F. iii. 184.

Louke. 4413.  
 Madrian. 13898.  
 Parodie. T. v. 1547.  
 Pavade. 3927.  
 Paysaunce. C. D. 1673.  
 Peil. F. iii. 220.  
 Popper. 3929.  
 Ponder marchant. 323.  
 Proserus, *pr. n.* F. iii. 133.  
 Radevore. L. W. 2341.  
 Rakat. T. iv. 461.  
 Rewel bone. 13807.  
 Sered pokettes, or pottcs. 16270.  
 Span-newe. T. iii. 1671.  
 Squalmous. 3337.  
 Temen. F. iii. 654.  
 Tidife. 10982.  
 Trippe. 7329.  
 Vitretote. 3768.  
 Vitremite. 14378.  
 Vounde stone. R. 7113.  
 Wades bote. 9298.  
 Whipul-tree. 2925.  
 Winder, Wintred. R. 1018, 20.  
 Zansis, *pr. n.* T. iv. 414.  
 Zedeories, *pr. n.* T. L. B. i. p. 485. b.

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